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H O G G ' S

WEEKLY INSTRUCTOR.

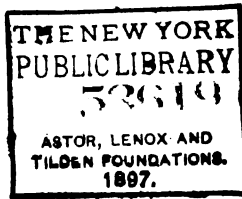
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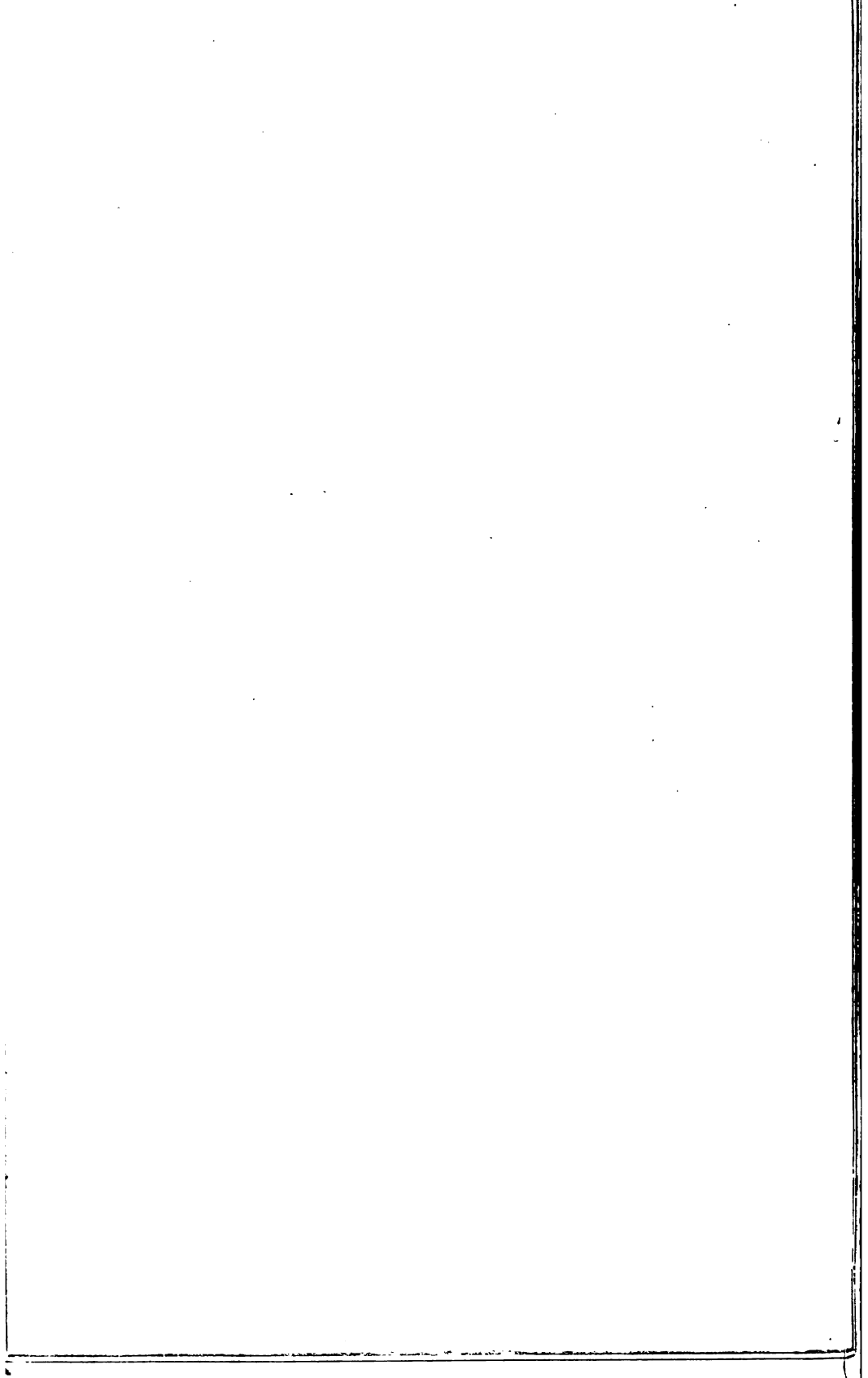
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H O G G ' S

WEEKLY INSTRUCTOR.

THE POETRY OF LIFE; OR, HOW D'YE DO?

FIRE and water have been exceedingly useful in domestic arrangements from time immemorial. We will not stop to illustrate a fact which commends itself to all readers, to say nothing of thinkers. Perhaps old clothes were not so useful in the olden times; although, judging from the friendly feeling with which we in these days regard an old coat or hat, which had been our close companion through an interesting part of our pilgrimage, even old clothes—rags—were not laid aside by our ancestors without a kindly feeling, a sort of mute 'good bye.' But fire and water are now adapted to new and higher uses. Our good mothers and housewives have no longer a monopoly of them, for railway directors have laid hold of them, and controlled their natural antipathies so far as to make them draw together in their swift and long-resounding 'trains.' So also with old clothes or rags. They have passed through a metamorphosis and become beautiful writing paper. Hence our modern literature, and the wonders of the printing press. It is all founded on old rags, but, lo, how magnificent the superstructure!

We mention these familiar changes to pave the way for a proposition which, put boldly forward, might be apt to excite a smile or encounter the ridicule of some amiable and well-disposed persons. We have no authentic account of the free-and-easy salutation, 'How d'ye do?' But probably the use of it in social intercourse stretches to as venerable an antiquity as the use of fire and water in the domestic economy. We would not urge this point, however, for a few hundred years more or less does not signify. All that we contend for is, that it has served long enough in a subordinate capacity to deserve promotion, and we would now submit to the reading public that it be promoted accordingly. That mere material things, as we have seen, have been promoted to a rank that our ancestors never dreamed of, is a reason for believing that there are latent capabilities in the social and friendly sentiment in question to entitle it to rank higher than the small change, the pence and hence, of conversation. What if it be a coin of purest gold? Think of the loss and waste which this supposes! It has passed current between man and man for six thousand years, as a bit of mere copper, impoverishing the giver and not enriching the receiver. 'How d'ye do?'—is it a golden salutation? 'Very well, thank you'—is the response *true*? Let us cast them both into the crucible of thought and subject them to its analysis.

'How d'ye do?' in the conventional and common use of it, does not mean 'how do you do,' but 'how does the *shell* in which you live do.' It is not the welfare of the man after which his friend inquires, but the condition of the tent or tabernacle in which he lives. The response, 'very well, thank you,' corresponds to the salutation. It is the body which is very well. The man is not referred to. He is kept in the background, as though he had no business to obtrude himself upon good company. This is playing

in the vestibule of life without venturing into the living temple. It is the play of children but not the work of men. It is talk but not communion. It is the easier but not the better way. It is a perversion of language, a waste of power, a self-deception, a voluntary abandonment of the light and heat which spring from the collision and communion of soul with soul; for thus souls never meet nor mingle, the mortal tissues are interposed between them.

We have royal societies and literary clubs without end. 'The torch of science,' says one of the greatest of living writers, 'has now been brandished and borne about, with more or less effect, for five thousand years and upwards, so that not the smallest cranny or dog-hole in nature or art can remain unilluminated;' and, therefore, he thinks that 'it might strike the reflective mind with some surprise that hitherto little or nothing of a fundamental character, whether in the way of philosophy or history, has been written on the subject of clothes.' But it is also surprising that no proposition has been made to institute a society with the special mission of elevating 'How d'ye do' to its literal and spiritual place in the intercourse of man with man. There is ample room for such a society, without encroaching on the domains of any now existing; and therefore we would venture to submit to our intelligent countrymen, that such a society be forthwith established. We would propose, as its fundamental principle, that its members shall use 'How d'ye do' in the true and literal meaning of language. They shall be allowed to retain the privilege of using it to 'outside barbarians' in its conventional sense, as housewives use fire and water, not as engineers, but simply as housewives; but all the members of the society shall use it to each other as the starting-point of true and manly conversation. We shall endeavour to show in this paper that such a society is the great desideratum of the times, inasmuch as the conventional use of our familiar salutation, by striking a low key-note, gives a low tone not only to our conversation but to our habits of thought and our popular literature; that it is the barrier which prevents us from entering into the most glorious temple in the world—our own life; the veil which hides from us its most holy place; the darkness which conceals from us our lost Eden, which lies hidden in our own hearts; the dull prose which interposes its miserable common-places between us and the poetry of life, which rings incessantly, which shines perennially, within and around every man, if he had ears to hear and eyes to see.

This poetry of life is something higher than knowledge. For

'The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,'

may be surveyed, and weighed, and measured, and yet be apprehended only as things of length, breadth, and thickness; things cold, inert, passive; without life, or the power of stirring and strengthening the inner life of the soul.

Knowledge is the quarried stones, the polished blocks, the columns and capitals of the intellect; science and art are the machinery by which we fit them into their proper places, and build up a Diana temple—a miracle of beauty and loveliness. But having built the temple, we may not be able to enter in, and stand in the presence of the Shekinah which fills it with a divine glory. We may be unconscious that there is a divinity within; the universe and human life may be presented to us like beauty shrouded in a cold eclipse; and though surrounded by the rich treasures of our knowledge we may be forced to exclaim, 'Oh, who will show us any good!'

What is the philosophy of this wail, which is always deepest in the most thoughtful and serious natures? In this investigation we must start with the faith that there is an antidote for this bane of life. Here, as in material things, there is a north and a south pole. The wail of sorrow has somewhere its corresponding song of joy and gladness. But how to bring the hooks and eyes together? How to neutralise the evil by bringing it in contact with its corresponding good? We will begin our search among the treasures which our laborious thinkers have dug up for us from the dark mines of truth, or brought down to us from the fields of space. All honour to this noble band of labourers. They give us light, if not warmth; strength, if not peace; the consciousness of greatness, if not the feeling of happiness. And if, after luxuriating among the triumphs and treasures which they have laid at our feet, that pathetic exclamation flows instinctively and all but involuntarily from our heart of hearts, we feel in that heart of hearts that we have no cause to reproach those industrious workers and most useful servants.

Then we must advance a step. If to those we must say 'Well done, good and faithful servants,' we must call others before us and ask what they have done. Our chemists and mechanics, our discoverers, geographers, and astronomers, can give a good account of themselves; call now our moralists and poets, the men who train us in duty and beauty; call them up to judgment! They come, a cloud of witnesses—the moralists with their systems, the poets with their songs. The moralists expatiate to us of causation, of the laws and principles of motives, the fitness of things, the essential nature of right and wrong, and of the gulf which separates these two things eternally. The poets strike their harps before us, and, lo, the deep-resounding hymn rings through all nature! the wind is musical, every tree of the forest has a voice, the lion and the lamb join in the chorus, and the anthem of the primeval morning stars is again heard ringing through the vault of heaven.

Must we not then dismiss those also with 'Well done, good and faithful servants?' Justice demands that we do so. Their works bear them noble witness. And if after all the truth and beauty, all the melting melodies and subduing harmonies which they have made to pass before our eyes, and to ring through soul and sense, and heart and brain, that old wail comes like an echo, or the mysterious messenger of a want, a feeling, a capacity, which the beauty and the song have not been able to reach or great enough to satisfy, we must just begin our search anew; nothing doubting, never despairing, but strong and bold in the faith, that the corresponding joy is somewhere to be found; perhaps that it is just at the door, and we ourselves the impediment to its entering.

Let us grapple a little more closely with this riddle of life. For we must solve it, else the sphynx who propounds it will for ever stand between us and our heart's peace. But as it is no light matter, we must be allowed to proceed cautiously and slowly. Here we cannot jump to a conclusion. It is the problem of a life with which we are engaged; and though we would by no means regard it as unsolvable, yet there is reason to think that the solution of it is a very slow matter, a thing of progress and degrees, which grows with our growth and strengthens with our strength; a thing which every good and true man ultimately reaches; only it is possible that in his best estate, when he stands on the summit of the Andes of life,

he may find that there is something about it which corresponds to those repeating decimals which perplexed his schoolboy days, and gave him the first glimpse of the paradox of everlasting approximation and the impossibility of touching.

Cautiously and slowly then, we would take our first step by planting our foot upon the proposition, that the human heart is a deep and serious thing. We lay this down as an absolute and universal truth. We speak of light and frivolous natures, and we speak correctly. We utter a conventional and accidental truth. There *are* light and frivolous natures, just as there are dwarfed and stunted oaks, and as there are dwarfed and stunted human bodies. But let us beware of making this utterance in levity or scorn; let us make it in sorrow not in anger. In those natures there are yearnings which are never satisfied, capacities which are never filled, or, more pitiful still, which are never developed. From those natures too, often there breaks forth that heart-wail of which we have spoken. Over them might we not pour the lamentation which Thomas Carlyle utters over the poor man, whose hard and dark toils shut him out from the temple of knowledge? 'What I do mourn over is, that the lamp of his soul should go out, that no ray of heavenly or even of earthly knowledge should visit him, but only in the haggard darkness, like two spectres, fear and indignation. Alas, while the body stands so broad and brawny, must the soul be blinded, dwarfed, stunted, almost annihilated! Alas, was this too a breath of God! bestowed in heaven, but on earth never to be unfolded! That there should one man die ignorant who had capacity for knowledge, this I call a tragedy, were it to happen more than twenty times in the minute, as by some computations it does!'

If, then, the heart is a deep and serious thing, it will long for something after its own nature. Things light and frivolous, which only amuse and divert, may be received for a moment only to be cast away as miserable comforters. There are no natural sympathies between them, and they can never coalesce. Even better things—knowledge that is truly valuable, knowledge extensive and profound, science with its clear and conclusive demonstrations, plastic art, divine philosophy—all may appeal in vain, with their charms and their magic, to fill the void of the heart and dispel the winter of its discontent.

We must dive deeper, we must soar higher. We must cultivate the habit of contemplation, we must hold communion with thought. We must, with steady eye and earnest heart, look through the atmospheric veil of phenomena at the realities which lie behind it. Thus only shall we come in contact and hold communion with the spiritual, which is the real, and with which alone our better nature has entire sympathy. For it is not a revelation of our German friends, that all this glorious and beautiful universe is but the vesture and manifestation of something more real, and far more beautiful and glorious. It is the doctrine of ancient seers and prophets; and the voice of reason, in our deepest hearts, gives forth the response—the doctrine is true. Here at last we find the key which unlocks the secret of our vacancy and discontent. Here we begin to hear the prelude of that triumphal song of joy, which is destined to still the heart-wail—'Oh, who will show us any good!' And here, if we might venture upon a little criticism, we would say that we meet with the grand defect of our popular literature. It wants completeness. It deals too much with the objective—the outward and visible, and too little with the subjective—the inner and intangible, but, *par excellence*, the good, the true, the beautiful. We can speak thus with more boldness after the frank admissions we have made in reference to that able and useful army who are engaged in conquering for us the material world; and that other army of moralists and poets, who conquer for us the spiritual world. We want more of the latter in our army of popular writers, though by no means to the exclusion of the former. We want the thought, and fire, and spiritualism of the one, to enliven and beautify the facts and demonstrations of the other. We want, first, the cunning artificers,

who can cut and quarry, and build up beautiful structures; and then we want Prometheus with his fire from heaven. All due honour to the devoted men who build the temples of knowledge; but greater honour and a heartier welcome to the seers and revealers, who show us that there is a Shekinah there, and teach us how to enter in, and worship, and enjoy.

We have been going upon the assumption that mere objective knowledge, however extensive and accurate, does not suppose a high degree of mental culture. A man may be conversant with the events of history; the exact sciences may be mirrored in his mind, as perfectly as their eternal axioms and principles are in the nature and source of things; he may have reasoned high 'of knowledge, providence, freewill, and fate,' and dived with his sounding-line into the abyss of being; and, after all, not have more experience than a child of the moral beatitudes, and enjoy far less than a child the poetry of life—that mood or condition of being, which is to life what midsummer is to the year, what midday is to the day; which is the ultimate end of all knowledge—which is a beacon-fire in the stormy night—which is a blessed presence that springs up in our daily paths, with the smile and the voice of a mother.

If we would attain to this poetry of life (which is simply a mood or condition of being); if we would enter into that temple of life of which we have spoken, and behold the cherubim spreading their wings, as of old, over the mercy-seat, and obtain a glimpse of the Shekinah which ever dwells there, we must begin by dismissing the notion that human life is a dull prosaic thing, and that the world, in which this flower of eternity is planted for a season, is less pervaded by the spirit of poetry than in what we call the old romantic times. The world may be old, and cold, and a prison to some of us; but it is ever young, and warm, and a joyous May-fair to the child. The world that seems old to the aged, is young, and seems as young to the child of this day as it was to the old man in his youth. Nature may be a sphynx to some of us, perplexing us with dark problems and unsolvable riddles; but she is at the same time a laughing fay—a rollicking, gambolling Pan, to the little children. She sings songs to them the live-long day; and if we, by our false conventions and social perplexities, would not come between them and the light of her motherly countenance, she would make them as happy as the day is long.

And is life a dull prosaic thing? Look at its origin, environments, and disappearance. See it springing from the abyss of non-existence—*beginning to be*. See its first appearance on the stage of time. Look reverently into that quiet room. See the babe of an hour old, nestling on the bosom of the mother, encircled by an atmosphere of love and sorrow. Mark that love, strong as death—the love of a mother's heart; that pain and sorrow which mingle with and chasten the love; those hopes and fears of husband, father, and friends. Mark the contrast presented by that interesting group: on the one hand, the intellects which have been disciplined and strengthened, and the passions which have been stirred, by intercourse and collision with the outer world; and, on the other hand, the unruffled bundle of life just drifted on the shore of time from the depths of eternity, and now lapped in its first sweet slumber. Follow the child out into the world. The sun, moon, and stars from on high; the seasons, as they march round the circle of the year; the rising and setting sun, measuring days and nights—all are his companions and teachers. As it was in the beginning, so is it now. The sun has not grown dim with age; the watch-fires of the night have not paled their lustre; and to the seeing eye and open heart 'the sunshine is a glorious birth,' the seasons are a hymn, as beautiful, as melodious, as in the old primeval times. Thus environed and serenaded, the child leaves the bosom and arms of his mother—passes into boyhood—into manhood—mixes in the strife of men—is tossed in the storm of passion—passes under the eclipse of temptation, the lights and shadows of good and evil—on to that portal on the western horizon of life—over that 'bourne from whence no traveller returns.'

Minds accustomed to the habit of contemplation, and to look closely at the vital reality of things, will perceive, from these remarks, that *sublimity* is a principal element in the poetry of life. 'We live, and move, and have our being' in this element; and the grand desideratum is to make us *feel* that we do so. To induce such a feeling, or consciousness, or state of being, is the ultimate aim of all true culture. But if we might judge from facts and results, it is of all things the most difficult. To say nothing of the mass of men to whom the stores of knowledge have never been displayed, it is to be feared that of the intelligent and the learned—a small per centage only are able to enter into the temple which they themselves have built, or are penetrated with the spiritualism of the truths with which they are conversant. They walk in the midst of them, as men do in the common atmosphere, unconscious that they are breathing a liquid fire, and living upon a subtle element, whose invisible but ever-operating force guides ten thousand ships unerringly across the trackless highway of the oceans. All is clear to the intellect, but all is cold to the heart—to the unity of the entire man. Noble triumphs have been won by the intellect; it has clothed itself, as with a garment, with truths battled for, and conquered from, the material and spiritual kingdoms of the universe; but that is all. They are worn as a prince wears his crown and his coronation robes; but they do not mingle with the man's life. They are not distilled into it, as the dew into the flower—as the sunbeams into the great heart of vegetation, building up, strengthening, beautifying, and blessing. Hence the coldness of our life; hence the vacancy of our heart. Possessed of the rarest and richest treasures, we are poor as a miser in the midst of his money-bags. We have, but enjoy not; we are rich, but we are miserably poor. Hence the apathy with which we look upon things of superlative sublimity and beauty. They pass before us, and excite no deeper emotion than the appearance of a departed friend in a dream. The spirit of the universe appeals to us with his splendours, but *our* spirit responds not. He appeals to us with his beauty, but the sympathetic response in our hearts is mute! We have an uneasy, half-awakened consciousness of his appeals; but, like men who in sleep grasp at the phantoms which flit across their path, and grasp in vain, we make an effort to respond. We desire to enjoy the dimly-imagined bliss, but our strength fails us—the beautiful vision melts away, and the common world again spreads around us.

The poets have by intuition that clear perception of the spirituality of things, which common men can attain to only by a severe process of mental discipline and culture. It might be worth while to inquire, whether the vivid perception of the poet is not the grand secret of his strength? The ancient prophets were poets, and the ancient prophets were called *seers*. There is a meaning in the name. It shadows forth a truth, of which we would do well to take cognisance. The prophets *saw* more than common men; so do the poets. What the prophets saw, they taught; so do the poets. Here we discover the mission of our teachers and guides; and, if we understood it aright, we should find that the first step in the process of mental culture which leads to the mood of being we have called the 'poetry of life,' is—to *open our eyes*. The faculty of observation is not at all so common as some would imagine; and more rarely still do we find it developed into a confirmed habit. But it is the faculty of *mental observation* to which we more especially refer, and that development of it called *contemplation*. It is in this mood that the poets build up their creations, and compose those anthems which stir the hearts of men for ages—voices which will never become mute. Such moods are *seeing* moods. In such moods they see for us; they proclaim to us their 'burdens' and their 'visions'; they communicate to us a portion of their spirit, of their capacity, and their power; and we see also, and love, admire, and enjoy. At the first reading of a good poem almost all men of moderate culture feel more or less of the poetic inspiration; a breath of the *afflatus* sweeps through the recesses of their being; and they experience the sensation of a new

and higher life. This divine mood may be of short duration; but it is of priceless value, as indicating our capabilities; and the cause which induced it should be cherished as a link of the golden chain which unites our common life with the spiritual world of thought and beauty—as our good angel, which brings us messages from heaven. Here we must pause on the very threshold of the noble theme, promising to return to it as soon as all the readers of the INSTRUCTOR have read, learned, and inwardly digested this symphony or prelude to the Poetry of Life.

THE LAST OF THE ROMAN TRIBUNES.

THE story of the rise and fall of Rienzi, which has engaged the congenial pens of Byron and Bulwer, and even kindled the phlegmatic Gibbon into a transient enthusiasm, is one possessed of no common interest. To the reader who has waded through the interminable chronicle of Italian wars and dissensions, the career of Rienzi has much of moral grandeur, and will probably be long eagerly turned to by the historical student as one of the few bright episodes in the waste of modern Italian history.

It was in 1346, five hundred years since, that Nicolas Cola di Rienzi appeared prominently on the stage of active life. But before sketching his brief but glorious career, it will be necessary shortly to glance at the social condition of Italy, and particularly of Rome. About the beginning of the eleventh century, Italy began to assume the form of regular and settled governments, and to emerge from the scene of universal anarchy which followed the breaking up of the Roman empire. Then the arts began to flourish; the nobles to acknowledge the authority of law; and commerce to give a legitimate employment to the people. But while Milan, Florence, and Genoa were thus forming independent republics, under whose shade civilisation was resuming its ancient march, Rome, the capital of the country, unhappily did not participate in the beneficial movement. The papal government was feeble and disorderly, and altogether incapable of repressing the license of the nobles, or curbing the unmanageable passions of the populace. Faction continued to oppose faction; pope was occasionally set up against pope; and foreign arms were not seldom called in to settle the rage of contending parties. In the midst of the confusion, the popes were often forced for safety to retire temporarily to the adjacent cities of Italy. At length the interference of the French power, and perhaps the wish of the papal, induced the latter, under Clement V., to prefer as a permanent residence the town of Avignon, in the south of France. This event took place in 1305. Rome, thus deprived of her chief magistrate, was left a prey to the discordant elements within it. The feuds of the rival houses of the Colonna and the Ursini were inveterate and had been of long standing; and the absence of a superior power was the prelude to the most outrageous abuses. The opposing nobles fortified their houses, whence they issued to oppress the people and plunder the peaceful ships which ventured into the Tiber. Even the wives and daughters of the citizens were not safe from the lust of those insolent lords. Battles were fought in the streets—rapacity and violence reigned uncontrolled.

In the midst of these lamentable social convulsions, Rome produced a mind worthy of the best periods of her history. Nicolas Cola di Rienzi was the son of an innkeeper, and was born in the humblest and most despicable part of the city. But his parents, though poor, managed to confer on their son an education much superior to his station; and as Rienzi grew to manhood, his susceptible mind dwelt with rapture over the pages of the old Roman historians. He beheld with deep chagrin the ancient magnificence and glory of his country in those times when Rome was the capital of the world, and could boast of her orators, poets, and warriors worthy to entitle her to the proud pre-eminence. His mind brooded in secret over the degradation of the evil times on which he had fallen, compared with the grandeur of the past; and, hopeless though the enterprise appeared, he determined to devote his life to the re-

generation of his country. An occasion for distinguishing himself was long sought and at length obtained. The people having arranged an embassy to their sovereign at Avignon, Rienzi's spirit and eloquence recommended him to a place amongst the deputies from the commons. At Avignon he met, and had the satisfaction of conversing with and securing the friendship of a kindred spirit, the illustrious Petrarch, then in the full blaze of his well-earned fame. A more important consequence of his visit was the approval of the pope, who seems to have been captivated by the bold and fervid eloquence of Rienzi while expatiating on the miseries of his country; and as a special mark of his favour, the pope, influenced, it is said, by Petrarch, conferred on Rienzi the office of apostolic notary in Rome. This office allowed Rienzi to draw a salary of five gold florins per diem; and, what was of superior consequence, permitted him certain powers of interference in the management of the affairs of Rome, in the use of which his influence was invariably exercised to protect the citizens against the oppressions of the nobles. The latter do not seem to have understood the character of Rienzi; and Rienzi himself was probably desirous that they should not, for it would appear that he was occasionally invited to their feasts to amuse them with badinage and buffoonery. For the people his entertainments were of a very different nature. The monuments and inscriptions profusely scattered through the city in the days of Rienzi were by him explained and commented on in a style which excited the passions and hopes of his audiences, and prepared them to anticipate a time when an attempt would be made to restore the ancient glory of the republic. 'The privileges of Rome,' says Gibbon, 'her eternal sovereignty over her princes and governors, was the theme of his public and private discourse; and a monument of servitude became in his hands a title and incentive of liberty. The decree of the senate, which granted the most ample prerogatives to the Emperor Vespasian, had been inscribed on a copper-plate in the choir of the church of St John Lateran. A numerous assembly of nobles and plebeians was invited to this political lecture, and a convenient theatre was erected for their reception. The notary appeared in a magnificent and mysterious habit, explained the inscription by a version and commentary, and decanted with eloquence and zeal on the ancient glories of the senate and people, from whom all legal authority was derived.'

The supineness of the nobles, confident in their own strength, was favourable to the designs of Rienzi. By them he was believed to be merely an eloquent and clever buffoon, and treated with no feeling save that of contempt. But they were speedily undeceived. The notary did not propose making them parties to his plans; and while they were allowed to riot and oppress, Rienzi was busily engaged amongst the citizens, stimulating the more trustworthy and resolute to join in his enterprise for the restoration of what he styled *la buona stata* (the good estate).

The moment at length approached for the development of his designs. He had already, by his persuasive address, secured the approbation of the pope's legate in Rome, the Bishop of Orvieto; and, after selecting a hundred trusty followers, it was arranged that on the evening of the next day, the people, unarmed, should be summoned by sound of trumpet, to attend before the church of St Angelo. Even yet the nobles did not take the alarm. The whole night was allowed to be spent in the church by the conspirators, in the celebration of religious rites; and in the morning Rienzi, bareheaded, but in complete armour, and surrounded by his friends, issued forth to begin his perilous enterprise. The pope's vicar marched on his right hand, and three great standards, emblematic of his design, floated above him. The procession, swelled by ever-increasing crowds, moved forwards to the capitol; and Rienzi, having ascended the citadel of the republic, harangued the people. His exposure of the miseries of Rome and the development of his own scheme of government were hailed with acclamation by the assembled thousands.

The revolution was in fact accomplished, for the nobles, destitute of arms or counsel, were paralysed. The most powerful, Stephen Colonna, was absent from the city; but despising the movement, and still more the humble instrument by whom it had been accomplished, he immediately returned with his retainers, threatening to throw Rienzi from the windows of the capitol. His threat seemed more likely to be turned against himself; for the proud old man was besieged in his own palace by the forces of Rienzi, and only saved himself by precipitate flight. His example was followed by the other nobles, who prudently and peaceably obeyed a general order to retire from the city, leaving the daring revolutionist at leisure to form laws for the restoration and maintenance of the tranquillity of Rome. To effect this object a council was appointed to co-operate with Rienzi, who, despising more ambitious titles, contented himself with the ancient and modest appellation of *tribune*. In this character he enacted the most salutary laws. The privilege which had been claimed by the nobles of fortifying their palaces was abolished; the defence of the state was provided for by a regular militia; and the barons were rendered responsible for the safety of the highways and the free passage of provisions. After restoring order amongst the forces and finances of Rome, it was determined that the haughty nobles should be recalled, and compelled to take the oath of allegiance to the new government and submission to its laws. The decree was obeyed; the heads of the Colonna and Ursini, the Savelli and Frangipani, successively appearing before the tribunal of the plebeian reformer, and promising, with oaths and adjurations, to uphold the new order of things. The success of the revolution was splendid and complete—marred by no violence and tarnished by no treachery. To use the striking language of the historian of the period—‘A den of robbers was converted to the discipline of a camp or convent. Patient to bear, swift to redress, inexorable to punish, his tribunal was always accessible to the poor and stranger; nor could birth, or dignity, or the immunities of the church protect the offender or his accomplices. The privileged houses, the private sanctuaries in Rome, on which no officer of justice would presume to trespass, were abolished; and he applied the timber and iron of their barricades in the fortifications of the capitol.’ ‘In his time,’ says another authority, ‘the woods began to rejoice that they were no longer infested with robbers; the oxen began to plough; the pilgrims visited the sanctuaries; the roads and inns were replenished with travellers; trade, plenty, and good faith were restored in the markets; and a purse of gold might be exposed without danger in the midst of the highway.’ The impartiality of the tribune’s laws was vindicated in the case of Martin Ursini, the head of the noble house of that name. Amongst other acts of violence, this baron was convicted of having aided in the pillage of a shipwrecked vessel at the mouth of the Tiber. He was condemned to death for the crime; and not all the influence of his name or relatives could shield the culprit from the offended majesty of the laws which he had contemned. The death of Martin Ursini was the signal for the flight of the idle and licentious from the city and territory of Rome; and the country, thus purged of the pests which had afflicted it, began once more to experience the blessings of settled government. To spread these blessings was the first desire of Rienzi. He had delivered Rome from the hands of its insolent and selfish tyrants; his next idea was to attempt the regeneration of the whole of Italy, by uniting the various scattered republics into one great federative body. With this object he detached ambassadors to the different states, who, if unsuccessful in their mission, were at least received everywhere with respect and distinction. The name of Rienzi became known and revered far beyond the confines of his country. The King of Hungary referred to his decision a weighty and important case; and Petrarch at Avignon sang his praises as the saviour of Italy.

A career of continued prosperity is probably as difficult to sustain as its opposite; and Rienzi, in the full flush of success, offended the people by displays of vanity and needless ostentation; and by summoning the pope and car-

dinals to Rome, there to reside during his pleasure, he lost the countenance of the papal power. In the meanwhile, however, the humiliation of the proud aristocracy of Rome was complete. ‘Bareheaded, their hands crossed on their breast,’ says a cotemporary (the first biographer of Rienzi), ‘they stood before the tribune while he sat—their looks downcast—oh! how frightened they were!’ But it was not in human nature to submit to this degradation without a struggle. The heads of the Colonna and Ursini families secretly associated together to murder the tribune and subvert his government. Their designs were discovered to Rienzi by the assassin they had employed; and while they were yet ignorant of the circumstance, Rienzi invited his leading enemies to a grand banquet, in place of which they found themselves prisoners, and a council assembled to adjudicate on their contemplated crime. After a solemn trial the conspirators were condemned to die on the following morning. But Rienzi, dreading the effect of this severity, which would have annihilated the Roman nobility, and raised up against him a new host of enemies, decided on offering the condemned their lives, provided they would renew their oath of allegiance to the state. Glad to escape from their peril on any terms, the oath was eagerly taken—to be again broken, and again to receive fitting punishment. Having escaped from the city, and raised the standard of revolt, they ravaged the country around, sweeping away the flocks and herds, and destroying the harvests and vineyards. Rienzi was at first unsuccessful in quelling the rebellion, and was compelled to retire into the capitol. The insurgents followed, with the intention of chasing him from the city. A dreadful reverse awaited them. Attempting to enter the gates of Rome, they were driven back by the forces of Rienzi with fearful slaughter. The house of the Colonna was the most extensive sufferer, its venerable head being left to mourn over the loss of six members of his family, including three sons.

This new danger successfully overcome, the tribune seems to have been betrayed into acts of presumption and injudicious ostentation, which tended to alienate the minds of the people. The ceremony of knighthood was conferred on his son on the spot where the nobles had fallen, and the people were scandalised to behold the son of the plebeian receive ablation from a pool of water yet mixed with the blood of the fallen Colonna. An opposition gradually arose against his measures. Attempting to impose a new tax, his council demurred and voted against the measure. The pope and college of cardinals, stung by the recent insult offered to them, stepped in to complete the unpopularity of Rienzi. A legate was sent to Rome, with power to excommunicate the tribune, in case he should prove refractory; and after several unsuccessful interviews, the dreaded bull of excommunication was fulminated against him. Rienzi, dispirited but not subdued, still maintained his position. He owed his elevation to the free suffrages of the Roman people; and till they deprived him of his office, he determined to retain the government. The fickleness and cowardice of the Romans speedily furnished him with a pretext to withdraw; for, on the Count de Minorbino, at the instigation of the remaining barons, entering Rome with a small force, the tribune found that the great bell, the sound of which had never as yet failed to collect thousands of devoted citizens to the help of the good estate, had now lost its charm. The count was allowed to seize the city without resistance; and Rienzi, deprived of everything but a few followers, dejectedly retired to the castle of St Angelo. The acts of the tribune were abolished, and his person proscribed; yet such was the influence of his name that he was allowed quietly to hold possession of St Angelo for some weeks, during which he vainly laboured to revive the affections of the people. Hopeless of regaining his power, the tribune doffed his splendid robes, and, assuming the disguise of a monk or pilgrim, escaped from the castle.

So ended the first act in the drama of Rienzi’s history. It was a stirring and grand, though brief, reign; for the whole of the events just recorded were crowded into seven

short months. A much longer period of exile and captivity awaited the tribune. For seven years he wandered from city to city. After having in vain implored the protection of the kings of Hungary and Naples, he was forced to conceal himself amongst the recluses of the Apennines, and wander in disguise through Italy, Germany, and Bohemia. A bold measure led to his being made captive, and subsequently to his re-elevation to the rulership of Rome. He presented himself suddenly before the Emperor Charles IV. This prince asserted dominion over the greater portion of Italy; and Rienzi, while in the height of his power, had dared to call his right of sovereignty in question, and to summon him before his tribunal to prove his prerogatives. He had therefore voluntarily thrown himself into the hands of an enemy. The emperor, however, listened patiently to his appeal; and Rienzi is represented as having astonished an assemblage of ambassadors and princes at the imperial court by his glowing denunciations of the tyranny which desolated his country, and his prophetic visions of the triumphs of liberty. Pope Clement V. having heard of the appearance of Rienzi at Prague, demanded his person from the emperor. The latter, it is presumed, glad to get clear of so dangerous a visitor, at once consented to the demand; and Rienzi was forthwith transferred in chains to Avignon. Here, however, none of the severities due to malefactors awaited him; he was indulged with an easy confinement and the use of books; and the preparations for his trial, on the serious charges of heresy and rebellion, never went beyond the naming of the cardinals to inquire into them.

On the exile of Rienzi from Rome, the city, deprived of the commanding intellect which guided it, speedily relapsed into the state of anarchy which, till his rise, had been its lot for centuries. The feuds of the barons, long smothered by the sense of a common danger, sprang into renewed and bloody activity when the power which had crushed them was removed. Their fortresses again rose to defy the legitimate authority of the state, and to oppress the peaceful citizens, whom, in the hands of the nobles, an old historian likens to a flock of sheep at the mercy of rapacious wolves. The new government, backed by all the authority of the pope (the papal legate with two brother senators exercised the chief power), found itself unable to cope with the prevailing disorders; and the Roman people were fain to look back wistfully to the quiet and prosperous days when ruled by their favourite tribune. Their hero was destined to be soon amongst them.

Pope Clement died in 1354, and was succeeded by Innocent VI. The new pope became convinced that Rienzi was the only person capable of reforming the furious anarchy of the metropolis. He was accordingly released from prison; the oath of fidelity administered to him; and with the title of Roman Senator, Rienzi proceeded to assume once more the government of Rome. He was accompanied as legate by a wily and ambitious cardinal named Albornoz, who seems to have looked with jealousy on the aspiring genius of Rienzi, and to have determined, instead of assisting, to thwart the new government. Rienzi, open and unsuspicious, did not fathom, or attempt to fathom, the designs of his companion; to him all other considerations must have been swallowed up in the idea of again beholding the capitol, and walking in triumph amongst the relics of his native city, the mighty Rome. And a noble sight it must have been to have beheld the senator enter, amidst the acclaims of multitudes, the scene of his former achievements—the people full of hope and excitement, looking up to him as their deliverer, and hailing him as the benefactor of his country. Alas! a few short weeks showed the hollowness of the shouts which greeted him, and transformed his triumphal procession into a funeral march.

The first days of Rienzi's return were prosperous and successful. His old enemies, the nobles, again deserted the city, and retired to the strongly fortified town of Palestrina. Thither they were followed by the forces of Rienzi, and driven from their hostile position. In short, peace and order were on the point of being once more restored to Rome, when the wretched and degenerate spirit

of the people stepped in to mar the fair prospect. To carry on the government efficiently and honestly (for Rienzi did not propose, like his predecessors, to depend on plunder) the senator found supplies of money to be necessary. But how were these to be raised? He had formerly, much to the displeasure of the pope, taken advantage of the revenues of the apostolical chamber; his oath now debarred him from this resource. The only fair expedient lay in a direct tax. But this had before proved his ruin. The people would consent to be plundered, but not to be taxed. Rienzi, however, depending on the grateful acquiescence of the citizens, proposed the obnoxious impost. He was doomed to be miserably disappointed. The *gabelle* (salt-tax) was the signal for clamour and insurrection. To add to his embarrassment, the papal power, although bound in honour to support its sworn servant, was sunk in sloth at Avignon, and, as represented by Albornoz, looked coldly on all his efforts for the restoration of order in the republic. A furious riot arose in the city. The base and vacillating populace, who had thrown open their arms to Rienzi on his second advent to power, before the lapse of three months were execrating his name and arming themselves to subvert his authority. The senator's residence in the capitol was surrounded by an infuriated mob; he found himself deserted by his civil and military servants, and left to cope singlehanded with the storm. Advancing to the balcony, and waving the banner of liberty, Rienzi laboured, with all the might of his eloquence, to appease the tumult. It was his last address. His oration was interrupted by shouts and imprecations; even missiles were thrown at his person; and one wretch discharged an arrow which pierced his hand. The indignant senator refused longer to maintain the hopeless contest, and retired to the inner chambers of the palace. He was besieged till the evening, when some of the more violent of the mob set fire to the doors of the capitol. Rienzi, then, as the last hope, attempted to escape in disguise. He was discovered, and dragged to the platform of the palace. Here he is said to have stood a whole hour, 'without voice or motion.' He no more attempted to speak to the people; he had made his appeal, and found it vain. He was in the hands of his enemies; he was prepared for their vengeance, but he scorned to ask mercy. The mob was awed into inaction by his mournful and majestic bearing; and if the deep loathing of the victim would have permitted him to have again raised his voice, the old spell might have taken effect, and the tide of sedition been stemmed. Even as it was, feelings of compassion might have gained the ascendancy, and saved Rienzi, had not a desperate assassin advanced and plunged a dagger in his breast. This was the signal for a thousand wounds; and the body of the popular hero was dragged amongst the dirt of the city and given up to the dogs.

Thus ended the mortal career of Rienzi. Had his lot been cast in more peaceful times he might have deserved and obtained the highest honours of the state. But he was unable to control the stormy elements which surrounded him. These demanded a despot, and Rienzi was none. He wished to rule by love—by the free voices of the people—a difficult, perhaps an impossible, undertaking with a nation so thoroughly debased by long centuries of misgovernment. He has been charged with cowardice and pusillanimity. This charge is unfounded; his apparent weakness proceeded from his sense of rectitude. He reigned by the will of the people; and he had not learned that he was justified in using force to uphold his position. Had he chosen, he might have imitated his predecessors in allying himself with some of the strong and successful robbers which desolated Italy. But he disdained the artifice; and he fell because the times were unsuited to his mild, just, and generous nature. 'He is almost the only man,' says Bulwer, 'who ever rose from the rank of a citizen to a power equal to that of monarchs without a single act of violence or treachery.' The moral deduced by the same writer from the history of Rienzi is apt and striking: 'It proclaims that to be great and free, a people must trust not to individuals but themselves—that there

is no sudden leap from servitude to liberty—that it is to institutions, not to men, that they must look for reforms that last beyond the hour—that their own passions are the real despots they should subdue, their own reason the true regenerator of abuses. With a calm and noble people, the individual ambition of a citizen can never effect evil. To be impatient of chains is not to be worthy of freedom—to massacre a magistrate is not to ameliorate the laws.'

NOTES ON DIET.

Why is it that man is the only cooking animal? Is it that he may have a greater range of food, and consequently a greater chance of a ready supply in every situation and every diversity of climate? Yet many animals, as the common pig, are as truly omnivorous as man. The pig eats everything, thrives on almost all kinds of food, and gets fat on roots, nuts, and grains, without any of the aid of cookery. Carnivorous animals attain the highest muscular power on raw flesh, and herbivorous and graminivorous tribes assume their full forms on raw vegetables. It is true, savages use little of the arts of cookery, and still they have a perfect enough animal frame, yet, on an average, they are inferior in muscular power to civilised man, and in mental vigour greatly deficient. Is it the higher mental organisation of man, then, that has rendered cookery necessary to him? We suspect it is. Though we are ignorant of the nature of the connection of mind with organised matter, yet experience clearly demonstrates that mental action reduces and weakens the vital apparatus just as much as animal or muscular. Not only does the act of thinking exhaust the system, but the emotions and passions of the mind are continually drawing upon the animal vigour. May not food, then, rendered more stimulating and refined by the art of cookery, be essential to the full mental development, nay, even necessary for its most ordinary manifestations? Hence, too, perhaps arises that propensity for narcotics and alcoholic stimulants common to most nations, but so apt to be abused and perverted. It is well known that carnivorous birds and quadrupeds can by habit be brought to live on an entire vegetable diet, but we have never heard of any trial having been made of feeding a graminivorous animal on an entirely animal diet; and yet vegetable feeding animals are extremely fond of flesh, or indeed any animal matter, when they can procure it. This is the case with cows and horses in a state of domestication, and with many graminivorous birds. A singular perversity of appetite not unfrequently incites rabbits and pigs to devour their young litters immediately after birth. This is especially the case with the first brood of the rabbit.

Some interesting experiments have lately been made by Dr D. Thomson on the food of cows, by which it appears that oil-cake, malt, and such concentrated substances, are not so nutritious or productive of milk as common hay, grass, or turnips. This agrees with similar experiments on human beings, where highly concentrated food, such as jellies, sago, sugar, or rich soups, are found not so suitable for digestion, or for the varied purposes of life, as plain flesh, or plainly cooked flour, meal, or that dish of nature's own compounding, milk. The food is of a compound nature, one part of it contributing to the nourishment and growth of the body, and consisting of albumen, the other contributing to the animal heat through the medium of respiration, and consisting of carbonaceous matter, as fat, oils, sugar, starch. Animals require different proportions of these ingredients in their food according to age, the degree of exercise taken, and to climate. Sedentary persons, who do not exercise their muscular powers much, require less food, and that food of a less nutritious nature, than those who pursue a life of great activity. In warm climates, as the expenditure of animal heat is moderated, fat meat and oily substances are less requisite than in cold countries, where a large supply of animal fat is absolutely necessary to keep up that internal heat which is constantly required to resist the cold of the elements. Animal food

contains the largest proportion of albuminous nitrogenised matter in the smallest space, but the mealy vegetable matters, especially the meal of grain plants, are also very nutritious. Thus the meal of the bean contains twenty-five per cent. of nitrogenised matter, linseedmeal twenty-three per cent., Scotch oatmeal fifteen per cent., Essex flour ten to eleven per cent. Sago, tapioca, prepared farina, and such substances, contain so low a proportion as two to three per cent., and though in many instances recommended as the food of delicate children, are in reality the weakest and most flatulent articles of diet on which they could be fed. In thus speculating on the nature of food, as analysed by the chemist, it must be borne in mind, however, that all food is taken into the stomach mixed with a large proportion of watery fluids, so that quantity often makes up for the actual amount per cent. of the really nutritious ingredients. Thus the common potato contains about one-twelfth part of the solid nutritious matter contained in beanmeal, and about a sixth part of that of common wheat flour, yet the bulk of potatoes taken renders them a sufficiently nutritious meal.

Grape Cure.—The Russian physicians have adopted a mode of regimen which they call the *cure de raisin*. It is practised in the southern parts of that empire and the grape countries there, and the class of patients are those nervous and debilitated *ennuyés* of the higher ranks that have become diseased from luxurious living. A lady of rank leaves her bed of down and cushioned canopy and goes to the country. She there turns a poor family out of their habitation (meantime making this family an ample recompense), and becomes the tenant of a filthy hut. This is part of the cure, to forego all luxury, to sleep in the peasant's crib, to sit upon his bench, and to avoid anything in the shape of comfort. The grape alone is taken as food, the grape for drink; a small quantity of dry bread is perhaps allowed. This is continued for the space of three weeks, and it is no wonder, if all circumstances are taken into consideration, that a cure is effected. People of the highest rank have subjected themselves to such discipline, and have all faith in its results. It is homeopathy and hydropathy in another shape; or it is, more properly speaking, a simple return to the system of nature and common sense.

Wilson, the American ornithologist, while pursuing his researches among the pestilent marshes along the banks of the Mississippi, was seized with fever and diarrhoea, and he relates that he cured himself by living on wild strawberries. Linnæus relates a cure which he also effected, while wandering over Lapland, by confining himself entirely to a species of wild mountain-berry, produced in that lonely region in great abundance.

The cuttlefish, which is nearly as abundant in the Ægean Sea as the herring in our friths, as it formed a savoury dish to the ancient Greeks, so is it no less sought after by the modern inhabitants of that country. Professor E. Forbes says—'One of the most striking spectacles at night on the shores of the Ægean is to see the numerous torches glaring along the sands and reflected by the still and clear sea, borne by poor fishermen, paddling as silently as possible over the rocky shallows in search of the cuttlefish, which, when seen lying beneath the waters in wait for its prey, they dexterously spear ere the creature has time to dart with the rapidity of an arrow from the weapon about to transfix its soft body.' The heaps of the cuttlefish-bone piled up beside the houses of the natives indicate the numbers which are thus captured and eaten. When well beaten to render them soft, then cut into slices and stewed in a savoury sauce, they form a very palatable dish; so that a modern Lydian dinner, where stewed cuttlefish forms the first course, and roasted porcupine the second night well deserve the notice even of the epicure.

The nest of the sea-swallow is deemed a great luxury by the Chinese. Those of the best quality sell for their weight in silver, or five guineas and a half per pound, and some of very superior quality even for their weight in gold. They are composed of a nutritious jelly, the real composition of which is not very well known. The most intelligent c

the natives of the islands where the nests are found say that the substance is procured from the juice of a submarine plant called agar-agar, mixed with a peculiar exudation from the rocky caverns on the sea-shore; and it is added that the bird in building time constantly inserts its sharp bill into the pulp of certain delicate fruits, and thence extracts that exquisite material which imparts so fine a flavour to the matter of the nest. On the coast of Java there is a singular cavern much frequented by these sea-swallows, in the interior of which they build their nests, arranged in close rows from the entrance far into the interior. This cavern can only be entered from above, through a narrow passage, and by a ratan ladder. In this way the collectors descend, and with imminent peril creep along the sides of the cavern and collect the nests. This they do before the eggs are deposited; and though every year great quantities of the nests are thus abstracted, the birds still continue to rebuild them. The nests are prized according to their transparency and freedom from all extraneous matters. The finest flavoured are those found in the inmost and darkest recesses of the moist cavern—those exposed to the light and dry air being least prized.

There are from twenty to thirty different kinds of *holothuria* or sea-slug which are found in the eastern seas, and which are eagerly sought after by the Chinese for converting into soups and ragouts. The fishing for and curing of these animals is now a principal source of wealth in the once famous Spice Islands of the Dutch, and in the newly-established British colony of Port Essington, on the northern shores of Australia. The same kind of animals swarm in great abundance in the sandy bays of this peninsula. The animal is called by the Chinese *trepang*, and in size and appearance it resembles a prickly cucumber, except that the colour is a whitish brown. According to Mr Earel, it is found in all the sheltered harbours or bays, where it gropes about the bottom and feeds upon weeds and mollusca. It is taken at low water upon the shoals or mud-banks, over which the fishermen wade knee-deep in water, dragging their boats after them, and when the feet come in contact with a slug, it is picked up and thrown into the boat. The fishermen occasionally search in deeper water, when they avail themselves of the services of the natives, who are expert divers; or if they cannot obtain such assistance, they prick for them with barbed iron darts, provided with long bamboo handles. The process of curing is very simple. The slug, on being taken from the boat, is simmered over a fire in an iron cauldron for about half an hour, after which it is thrown out upon the ground, and the operation of opening commences, this being effected by a longitudinal slit along the back with a sharp knife. It is then again placed in the cauldron, and boiled in salt water, with which a quantity of the bark of the mangrove has been mixed, for about three hours, when the outer skin will begin to peel off. It is now sufficiently boiled; and after the water has been drained off, the slugs are arranged in the drying-houses upon frames of split bamboo, spread out immediately under the roof. Each slug is carefully placed with the part that has been cut open facing downwards, and a fire is made underneath, the smoke of which soon dries the trepang sufficiently to permit its being packed in baskets or bags for exportation.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE SONG OF DEATH.

From hell I sprung,
When Eden rung
To the wailings of earth's first daughter;
And with joy I shriek'd
When the young world reek'd
With the blood of Cain's dire slaughter.

The pestilence pale
That taints the gale,
And famine with callous eye,

At my command
Scour sea and land,
Till the trembling nations die.
When the crimson rain
Of the battle-plain
Falls fast on helm and shield,
I guide each dart
To my victim's heart,
And exult 'mid the din of the field;
When the battle-tide
Rolls deep and wide
I spread my banquet-hall,
And bird and beast,
To the carrion feast,
Come, rejoicing, at my call.
When the downtrodden slave
On land or wave,
Weeps wildly in his pains,
With my bony hands
I break his bands,
And I cast away his chains.
The despot may prate
Of his power and state,
But I laugh at his boasted pride;
He may trample and scorn
The bondsman at morn,
But at night he shall sleep by his side.
When hunger, and care,
And fierce despair,
Haunt the poor man in hovel and den,
From his pillow of clay
I bear him away,
To know never want again.
I glide round the walls
Of the palace-halls,
When they echo with mirth's gay tone,
And my grasp I fling
Round the haughty king,
And I hurl him from his throne.
Ere the new-born child
Hath look'd and smiled
On the glad some light of day,
To the couch of its sleep
Unseen I creep,
And snatch its soul away.
I spare not the son
Of the widow'd one,
Nor the fair in her blooming time;
Unrelenting I slay
The mournful and gay,
And the strong in his manhood's prime
And hand in hand,
O'er sea and land,
By my daughter, the grave, I tread;
And my kingship shall last
Till the angel's blast
Change the living, and waken the dead.

R. P. S.

KAPLAN,

A CIRCASSIAN TALE.

THERE are few regions in the world where the temperate in all things so admirably blend as in the region of the Caucasus. The seasons maintain an almost mean temperature through their whole gradations. Summer softens to autumn, autumn fades away into a sort of tearful cool winter, winter revives to a sweet and vivifying spring, and spring blends again into summer, so gently and imperceptibly, that the cycle of the year goes on in a system of rotatory uniformity, like the healthy advancement and decay of the physical systems of the men who pass their temperate lives among its flowery valleys or green sloping hills. Man is beautiful here, and true to the law of sympathies; all things of beauty are formed to delight his senses. The stunted juniper and gloomy fir are meet companions for the stunted darkened Laplander. Flowers of beauty, and birds of Paradise, and tall green spreading

trees, would not live in his clime, nor would their beauty delight his sensual mind; but the Circassian is chief of men by nature, and, true to her love of harmony, nature has lavished her chief treasures of beauty upon the land that is truly meet for the home of the good, and true, and beautiful. Where the arrangements of God in nature have not been disturbed by that social rebel man, how beautiful and perfect they are! Where he, in his irresponsible egotism, has come to disturb those arrangements, alas, how incongruous and antagonistic do man's relations to his little world around him become! Smoking desolation and sterile ruin ill consort with dewy showers and genial sunbeams; and swords, and spears, and screams, and painful wounds, and murder, seem strange sights and sounds amid scenes that invite the songs of birds, the bleat of sheep, the low of cattle, and the cheerful cries of the soil-tillers, with the sound of the shepherd's lute and the milk-maiden's song. These last are the harmonies of life and melody that the Caucasian region and climate demand; and those who were born and reared in that lovely country are willing that peace should make it so; but the ignorant, superstitious, bloodthirsty czar, who sits upon the throne of Russia, and whose cupidity is equal even to his cruelty, like a demon of discord, has sent disorganization and desolation into the Caucasus that he may call it his own, even though it should become as cold and sterile as his heart, and a land of nothing but graves.

In 18— there stood at Sujuk Kaleh a Russian fort. This fort was built of stone and lime, was encircled by a strong stockade towards the north, and laved by the waters of the Black Sea on the south. Sujuk Kaleh had originally been a Turkish bazaar; but Russian influence had destroyed the trade, left the mart a ruin, and had raised upon the foundations of its stores, where cloths of wool were wont to be sold, stones where ugly black cannon and their munitions lay, as if impatient to destroy human life. The grave men who used to sit crosslegged, with chebouks in their mouths, and sell carpets to the Circassian princes or *pushes* for their divans, woollen cloths to the nobles or *orks* for tunics and gala-dresses for their wives and daughters, or salt and oil to the serfs or *pehils* who came from the valleys to the north of Psadug because their masters would have no dealings with the Muscovs on the Kuban, were gone now, and lazy, sleepy, dirty, whiskered soldiers mounted guard upon certain points of the garrison looking to the north, or loitered about its stone-paved square and gazed towards the sea. The little harbour, along whose busy pier the open feluccas of the Moslem merchants used to lie, was unvisited now save by the transports of Russia, and the broken dilapidated pier was no longer trodden by the stately boatmen of Anapa and Sukwa, its crumbling footway being seldom walked save perhaps by those wretched soldiers, who, weary of the tyranny of their commanders, and frightened from desertion by their officers' tales of Circassian cruelty, sped along at night to cast themselves into the Black Sea for the rest and liberty of death. One of the popular delusions, which used to exercise a chilling enervating influence over our young faculties, was that which attached to the upas tree. This vegetable vampire, we believed, breathed decay and desolation to every plant within a large circumference of where it stood. The very air grew fevered that dared to sigh through its branches; men sickened and died who laid them down to rest beneath its sombre deadly shade. Neither grass, nor flower, nor shrub, nor bird, nor beast dared to enter the region which this poisonous plant had usurped to itself. It was a centre of counteraction to all the life-bringing sweets of air, and to all the life-sustaining properties of the soil; it usurped the theatre of human life, and transformed the green mead into the arid desert. This was a fable which first floated in the mind of some dreamy idealist, and then was ejaculated as a prophetic metaphor which now fully finds a parallel in a Russian fort. All was dreary and desolate round that centre of cruel oppression and spoliation; and as the open country round Sujuk Kaleh had frequently been the theatre of battle, it was as desolate as the cannon of the fort could render it.

From one of the bastions of the fort several soldiers, in the uniform of the Russian chasseurs, lay and looked towards the hills of Ozerek, which, rising in successive ridges, receded far into the distant horizon. The war between the hill tribes and the soldiers of Russia was being prosecuted with great vigour just now, and scouts were coming and going to and from the fort bearing news of gatherings in the valleys, and proceeding to warn the several leaders of the forts forming the cordon between Anapa and Sujuk Kaleh to be on the alert. The soldiers seemed to look with more than their usual attention towards the mountains and to commune with each other more eagerly than was their wont, as they lay and gazed from the battlements.

'Ah, Eric, they say that he is taller than Machel Hoff, the tanner of Smolensk,' said a young soldier, as he turned to a companion, 'and that he is as fierce as Machel's wolf-dog.'

'Well, that he is as tall as Machel I doubt not, but that Machel's Brand is as fierce as he I will not believe. Ragnar Oloff, who lost an arm last spring by the sword of this Kaplan, told me that his eyes are as red as the night-lights of the hospital, and that his hirsute face is disfigured with tusks like boars. I wish he was in Siberia rather than in these valleys.'

'Does he come from the valleys on the Kuban, Eric?' said a young man, modestly, as he approached the talkers and joined the conversation.

'I know nothing of where he's from, Twenty-three,' said the Russian, sulkily. 'It doesn't do to tell thee of such a rebel, who hast thyself rebel blood in thee.'

The youth without a name turned in silence, and slowly leaving the bastion walked musingly to the courtyard, as a tall rawboned porutshik entered into the fort, and calling him to him by his number, threw the reins of his horse towards him as he dismounted, and muttering some imperious mandates, proceeded towards the quarters of the commandant.

'Hillo, Demdoff, whither so fast?' cried a young subaltern, as he thrust his head through the broken window of what was termed the smoking-room. 'What news?'

'Ah, Rigovitch!' drawled the equestrian, as he expectorated a mouthful of tobacco juice, and curled his catlike moustache, 'there will be mounting and dismounting soon, I tell you. I hear that Kaplan has come to Ozerek.'

'When did he come?' inquired the young officer.

'I do not know, but report goes that he has left Fort Nefil a ruin, and has come with five hundred horsemen at his back to raze Sujuk Kaleh.'

'Ha, ha! his corps would need to be Polish engineers, with five thousand mattocks, then,' cried Rigovitch, laughing. 'I suppose he'll make you messenger when he means to visit us.'

'Let me tell thee, Rigovitch,' said Demdoff, coming close to his comrade and speaking lowly, 'it is said that that nameless chasseur who holds my horse is as much a Russian as he is a Circassian, and he knows more of fort-building than he gets credit for; but he's a fierce foe and a dashing leader, that I know,' continued Demdoff, in a low tone; 'and now for General Koff, he too must know that the hornets of the north are gathering in the valleys, and that Kaplan has come.'

At the last sentence, uttered with unusual emphasis, Rigovitch drew in his head as if he had been stung by a wasp, and in an instant the bevy of Russian officers, who had been smoking beside him and listening, were engaged in a tumultuous and noisy discussion about sieges, marches, and night attacks, and all the probabilities and contingencies likely to follow the coming of this Kaplan to Ozerek.

'Kaplan is come!' muttered the man who held the brown horse of Demdoff. 'Ah, has he come?' and he raised his head from its abject recumbent position and glanced towards the hills with an eye that gleamed like an eagle's. It was but for a moment, however, for, looking rapidly and uneasily around him, he immediately settled down into his former condition of apathetic listlessness, and looked stupidly at the ground.

'Come, you number Twenty-three, why do you loiter there with my good horse?' cried Demdoff, as he again crossed the square towards the rendezvous where sat his comrades. 'Take him to the stable beyond the outer bar-bican, where the horses of the chasseurs put up; rub him well down, and let him have corn and hay. Do you hear now, you lazy dog?' and he struck the passive groom with his riding-whip, who, quietly, and without lifting his head, proceeded to the stables with the steed, while the coarse porutshik joined the carousal of his warrior companions.

Number Twenty-three was a Pole; in his own land, when it was the land of Poles, his name was Polaski; his lands were broad, and his home a happy one; but the czar had destroyed his nationality, had robbed him of his heritage, his home, and the very name of his ancestors, and had hung a brass plate upon his breast in lieu of the appellation which his father bore and had bequeathed to him. Ernest Polaski was no longer an individual whose personal identity might be understood by distinguishing sounds peculiar to himself, he was number 'Twenty-three' of the chasseurs, and woe unto him if he dared to recognise any other title. It is wonderful that nature knows none of those adventitious attributes of men, which have grown out of a state of sin and crime. One would suppose that twenty-three articulations of bone might have supplied this inferior creature with enough of the human form for all the purposes of one so vile; but, strange as it may seem, there were few more stately or handsome men to be seen than he. His shoulders were broad and square, and his frame tapered towards his clean and light flank; his limbs were straight and handsome, and his feet, you could perceive, were small and arched, despite of the lumbering boots which covered them. His face was sad and dispirited in its expression, for a suffering spirit had written its characters deeply upon it; but the sudden gleam that had passed over it at the name of this redoubted chief, Kaplan, showed that neither the hope nor fire within him was dead. He was in bondage, and he felt the iron in his soul, but he had heard that Kaplan was come to join the warriors of Adighe, and his heart beat high although he strove to suppress its emotions; for, many years before, the brother of Polaski had fled across the Kuban, and, he had heard it whispered, was adopted by the tribe of this same Kaplan.

'I have never drawn sword against these brave sons of the mountain,' muttered Polaski, 'and I never will. I have heard that this Kaplan, this tiger of Circassia, is as generous as brave, and that the Pole is welcome to his divan. Oh, if the wrongs of his own country have made him fierce to the Russ, sympathy may make him welcome me, an outcast Pole, and the brother of Stanislaus!'

'Come, number 'Twenty-three,' you are muttering in a proscribed tongue,' said a Russian serjeant, who passed him at that moment, and was glad to have something to report; and as he marked down the numerals which were Polaski's, he looked at him with eyes that certainly reflected nothing save the halberts and the cat-o'-nine-tails.

'I was talking to Lieutenant Demdoff's horse, good serjeant,' replied the exile, quietly; 'I am going to the plain to air him.'

'Ah, then, take care and go quickly; the shades are falling from the mountains, and I heard the echoes of the horns of the Tcherkesses myself.'

'Yes, good serjeant, we had need take care, for I heard Lieutenant Demdoff say too that Kaplan was come to Ozerek.'

'Eh! what?' and the serjeant opened his eyes very wide, and then hurried away to tell his comrades the news.

Polaski passed from the large square through a high arched gateway, leading the steed towards the plain, and he proceeded, with the easy confident air of a man on business, beyond the sentinel at the gate of the stockade. Soldiers were loitering around the fort, and officers were talking in groups; but as the Pole made the reeking horse walk backward and forward, they took no notice of his motions, believing that he was obeying instructions from

its owner. As he gradually widened the distance between him and the fort, his heart beat high with the hope and anxiety of escape; for Polaski had determined that Demdoff's courser should bear him to the hills. The evening mists were gathering over the blue peaks of Ozerek, and the trees that waved upon the distant slopes were blending with the shades of evening, when the bugle rung out from the fort its peremptory mandate to close the gates.

'Hillo, you chasseur, stop your cantering and hurry in to the muster!' shouted an officer to Polaski, as, leading the horse by the bridle, he run it out to the greatest distance yet from the fort. The young man stopped at the call, as if to catch the import of the mandate, and then, as if eager to obey, he leaped upon the steed, and, pricking it with his spurs, urged it across the plain, while he appeared to struggle to restrain its boundings.

'Ay, that is a good steed of thine, Demdoff, or else he is a miserable chasseur who bestrides him,' said the officer, laughing, as the lieutenant joined him at the entrance to the fort, and, foaming with passion, beheld Polaski borne forward on the plain.

'I shall teach the boor to stable my horse when I order him,' shouted the porutshik, furiously, and, drawing his sword, he hurried towards the mounted Pole.

'He is light of foot,' muttered Polaski, with a calm smile, as he watched the approach of Demdoff, 'and he is strong of hand; but I shall let him feel that the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong.'

Suddenly wheeling the horse, which yielded to the rein with the docility of an Arabian, Polaski dashed furiously upon the lieutenant, and presenting one of his pistols, which he had taken from the holster, at his head, so disconcerted and stunned him that the sword dropped from his nerveless hand, and he looked at the stern soldier in wonder. Polaski smiled grimly as he sprang from the saddle, and, seizing the officer in his powerful grasp, bound him with the scarf which encircled his waist, and threw him on the ground. 'Demdoff!' he shouted, as he lifted the sword from his side, and waved it over the prostrate soldier; 'you struck me, but I spare you. I am a Pole, who shall soon be in the camp of Kaplan; and I leave you the vile badge of your tyrant.' As he spoke he tore the hated number from his breast, and dashed it to the ground; then, mounting the charger, once more, he urged it to its utmost speed towards Ozerek.

It was night when the weary and jaded horse entered the valleys known to be occupied by the hostile Circassians; and as Polaski was utterly unacquainted with the language of the hill people, and ignorant of the localities where he now rode, he was meditating to seek shelter till morning in a thicket of oaks, while he allowed the horse to rest and refresh himself with the long grass amongst which he trod, when the swell of a mountain-horn rose high upon the night air almost close beside him. The weary steed seemed to revive at the sound, and the fugitive's heart leaped gladly in response to its echoes, which, taken up by sentinels on the hills, were borne quickly from peak to peak, far away into the abyss of the night; and then suddenly the flames of beacon-fires shot up with forked, jagged tongues into the darkness from shelving rocks which overlooked the little valleys, and revealed to the eyes of the fugitive flitting forms of men and horses, and the tall dark peaks of mountains that loomed in the lurid light like the lofty steeples and towers of some gigantic city. Sometimes the flash of a weapon of steel would sparkle in the glaring beacon-light, and sometimes the smoke would roll between him and the panorama which lay around him, shutting it out like an illusion of the brain; but the neigh of some impatient charger, and the long drawn sound of a horn, would come booming on his ear again, awakening his attention and his wonder.

As Polaski sat and gazed upon this sudden apparition of light and warriors, and in his wonder forgot his own position and danger, a strong, powerful grasp was suddenly laid upon his arm.

'Art thou a Muscov?' said a deep, manly voice in his ear; and, as the language in which this question was de-

livered was good Russian, the Pole quickly replied—'I am of Polaski; I am of the sons of Sarmatia, who would rather be the slave of Kaplan than the friend of the czar.'

'Kaplan has no slaves,' replied his interrogator, in softened tone, 'and he has few friends. He has many wrongs, however, and he has consequently many sympathies. The enemy of the czar must ever be the friend of Kaplan. But dost thou know, my brave youth,' continued the speaker, 'that every step thou hast taken, and may take, is dangerous to thee? the Adighe have long rifles and sharp sabres.'

'Welcome a sabre stroke or bullet in these valleys, rather than a downy couch at Sujuk Kaleh,' replied Polaski, boldly.

'I must go to the camps in the valleys,' replied the Circassian in the same quiet tone, and in the same fluent Russian, 'so that I cannot accompany thee to a place of safety. But hold!' The mountaineer gave a low whistle, when immediately a fire of dry twigs and mountain-fern was kindled on the shoulder of the hill beneath which they stood, and threw its broad light on the Pole and his companion. The Circassian leaned with his left arm upon the saddle of Polaski's steed, and looked in his face with such a kind and earnest look, that one would have supposed him an elder brother greeting a returned traveller to his mountain home. The Circassian, if his flowing brown beard had been taken away, and his picturesque garb exchanged for that of a Russian chasseur, might easily have been mistaken for Polaski, so much did they resemble each other in height and form; but in the eye of the chief there shone the light of a spirit that had never been subdued, while the fitful gleams of energy that flashed across the face of the fugitive were alternated by that despondent aspect which years of servility had superinduced.

'Do not move from this spot until thou art bidden,' said the Circassian, rousing himself from a reverie. 'Thou hast come amongst us at a stirring time, and will be required to prove thy truth otherwise than by words; but true men are ever safe with the Adighe.' The chief waved his hand, and, motioning Polaski to remain steady, vanished in the shade of the dark trees that grew on every hand.

Polaski had time to observe that above him, on the rock beside the beacon-fire, several men reclined, and he was sensible that they observed him, for they looked steadily, but at the same time indifferently, towards the spot where he stood. He heard too the sound of voices in the wood, and he thought he could recognise the tones of him who had so lately accosted him. There was life and motion all around him, and he felt that he had been seen long before he had reached his present position. The mountaineers offered no obstruction to single individuals entering the valleys at night; but to unto the man that would dare to leave them clandestinely. He had stood in his half-lonely, disagreeable position for but a few minutes, when he was again saluted.

'Come,' said a warrior, advancing towards him from the shade, and holding out his hand, 'thou art welcome. Thou hast fled from bondage; thou hast sought the friendship of Kaplan, whom thy oppressors and his call a tiger, in preference to bearing the tyrant's badge and his musket. Come with me; yonder are Kaplan's friends; this rough rock is Kaplan's Keep, and thou shalt be welcome, if Hadgi Bey has any influence in the council.'

'I am strong, father,' said Polaski, eagerly grasping the hand of the Circassian, and addressing him with much deference; 'and before I was one of a conquered nation, I was esteemed skilful in several arts. My strength I will dedicate to thy country's service, and my skill I will employ to oppose the inroads of the Russian.'

The mountain-warrior remained for a few minutes silent; then drawing his scimitar, and presenting its hilt to the fugitive, he solemnly adopted him as a brother Circassian, and then, grasping him by the hand, led him up through a dark, broken pass, to the rock where the watchfire was streaming. 'This is a deer that has broken from the hunter's toils,' said the Circassian, as he presented Polaski to his friends; 'he is a brother of Hadgi Beg; let him be welcome.'

The Circassians are a simple people, if simplicity means truthfulness and openness of disposition; and consequently, without any other introduction or inquiry regarding the new comer, the friends of Hadgi shook him by the hand, and motioned him to be seated, while the youngest of the party spread out the evening's repast, as Polaski's new friend seated himself beside him.

Hadgi Beg was rather under than over the ordinary size of men, and his long flowing white beard gave him more the appearance of a sage than a warrior; but although his frame was spare and his limbs inclining to thinness, his broad shoulders and capacious chest, together with the light, easy, springy motion of his step, showed that he was vigorous, and capable of enduring vast fatigue. One of the most beautiful characteristics of a primitive people is their veneration for age, and to Hadgi Beg, the tall, handsome, and stately men around him paid the most marked respect; his words were listened to in the deepest and most respectful silence, and his opinions treasured as words of wisdom. And there were few assemblies, no matter how high their pretensions to dignity, where the gravity of a council or the proprieties of manly deportment were so well assumed and preserved as in that little assembly of chiefs who bivouacked round the beacon-fire.

'And where is Kaplan?' thought Polaski, as his eye fell upon the manly form of Arslan of Dogwal, whose clear shirt of chain-mail glanced in the light of the fire, as he sat and gazed on the glen below; but then Gezil of Ozerek, with his tunic of brown cloth, trimmed with silver lace, was as tall and powerful as Arslan; and Tughuz of Anapa was as agile and well-appointed and dauntless-looking as either; wherever his eye fell he beheld a man capable of being a brave and hardy leader of men, and none that was not likely to be the redoubted Kaplan.

'Now, my brother,' said Hadgi Beg to his protégé, when all had laid them to sleep save the old man, 'you have come to Kaplan's tower in a stirring time. Perhaps you heard that the chasseurs from Sujuk Kaleh were to leave at nightfall for Ozerek, and that it was determined that the wives and widows of the Adighe should wait before morning upon the hills.'

'I fled from Sujuk Kaleh, father, with the steed of a porutshik named Demdoff, when the mists were gathering on the mountains,' replied Polaski, 'but I heard not of an expedition; all that I knew was that Kaplan had come to Ozerek.'

Hadgi Beg smiled for a few moments silently, and then replied, 'Brother, you must don the garb of the Adighe, and go to rest, for when morning breaks you shall have to meet your foes, the Muscovs.'

'Father,' said Polaski, eagerly, as he threw away the raiment of Russia, and dressed himself in a uniform to which the grave and stately Hadgi pointed, 'are there any of my countrymen with the Adighe?'

'Many,' replied the old man, calmly. 'It was because I love all the sons of Sarmatia for the sake of one, that I opened my palm to thee.'

'Father, dost thou know this hero—this Kaplan?' inquired the young man, as he seated himself by Hadgi's side, and respectfully laid his hand upon the old man's shoulder.

'Ah, yes, I know Kaplan well! We have fought together, and have bled together, and we have sorrowed together;' and the aged chief looked even sadly in the face of his catechist as he spoke.

'Does he come from the valleys on the Kuban?' asked Polaski, rapidly; 'and dost thou know if he opened his divan-door to my countrymen who fled from the forts in the north?'

'All were welcome to Kaplan who were unfortunate,' said the old man, quietly—'but, hark!' and in a moment his form was as rigid and motionless as the rock beside him, while, with his nervous hand pressing painfully on the shoulder of the Pole, he bent his head over the cliff, and listened for a few minutes to the whispering wind that came sighing on his ear from the valleys below. 'Arslan, Gezil, Tughuz,' said the old man, as he touched the sleep-

ing warriors, and awoke them, 'I hear the horns of the scouts at Ambista. Awake, and to your posts; the Muscovs are on the march.'

The sleeping warriors rose in silence, and hurried away, while Hadgi and Polaski followed them down the steep, and soon found themselves amongst a mounted band of the warriors of Ozerek. Polaski and his guide had scarcely time to throw themselves upon their steeds, when a manly voice shouted the word, 'Forward!' and the tumultuary corps of mountaineers was thundering down the valley.

'Keep by me, my brother,' said old Hadgi to his protégé, as he gave his horse the rein, 'and when the sun rises you shall see Kaplan ride into the midst of the Muscov chasseurs, or Hadgi Beg is not the grandsire of his boys, nor the father of that Zeda who fell not a moon since by the stroke of a Russian sabre, to save the father of her children, when he was down and wounded.'

Sunrise in any country is one of the most beautiful and interesting of natural phenomena, but in a mountainous region it invests the heavens with a grandeur and sublimity baffling language to describe—varying with the rapidity of light from the first faint streaks of grey dawn to the yellow, purple, and then roseate hues of blushing morn. The sun's precursor beams streamed over the tops of the hills, as if to halo them with a mild, radiant glory, when the band reached the oak woods above Ambista, and halted; and as many of that band had been taught from their communication with the Turks to perform morning ablutions and repeat their orisons, many stern men, who were waiting for the bugle-notes of war, knelt by a little stream, and, muttering their matin-prayers, washed their hands with its sparkling pure water.

Ambista was the last station of the mountaineers, between Ozerek and Sujuk Kaleh. It was a little glen, where perhaps a hundred people dwelt with their flocks, herds, and horses; and, as it was difficult of access from the plain on the sea-coast, but easily invested from the hills, it had hitherto been free from invasion. Now, however, the flames were streaming upwards from its burning homes, and the loud shouts of the chasseurs were echoing in the ears of its frightened inhabitants.

'Dost thou hear them, soldier?' muttered Hadgi, as the sounds of destruction came swelling up the glen, and startled the horses of the band. 'They are slaying my people and razing their homes.'

'Come, father—come to the van—to the van,' said the impatient Pole, as he sprang forward with his sword drawn in his right hand, and the reins of Hadgi's horse in his left; 'I hear them, the spoilers of my heart and home.'

'Kaplan! Kaplan!' shouted the sons of the Adighe, as Polaski rode to the van; 'there goes the tiger of the Kuban with his atalek at his side.'

Again the deep manly tones of the leader shouted 'Forward!' and scouring round the shoulder of the hill on which grew the oaks behind which they had ambushed, the Circassians dashed headlong on the foe.

The Caucasian mountaineers are foolhardily brave; they are tinctured so much with the fatalism of the Mussulman as to believe that death comes to man only at Allah's special time, and, impressed with this belief, two Circassians have been known to charge five hundred Russians, cutting their way through their ranks, and returning unhurt to the camp of their friends, to confirm them in their superstition.

'Kaplan! Kaplan!' shouted the horsemen of Ozerek, as they charged with the fury of the north wind, and swept the chasseurs from before their furious onset. 'Kaplan! Kaplan!' cried the warriors of the north, as, pressing behind old Hadgi, Polaski, and their fair-haired furious chief, they flashed their red scimitars in the faces of the foe.

Alas! that the green grass, where, scarce an hour before, the peaceful kine had lain waiting for the milk-maiden, should be dyed with blood, and that blackened ruins and grinning corpses should be seen where happy homes and sleeping children, not an hour before, had been! But ambition and batt'e have no life but in the death of

all that man may love; and as the victorious Circassians gazed on their battle-field, and looked at the fruits of even their conquest, they sighed to think that such things should be.

When the route began, Hadgi Beg was seated upon a rock, and the blood was welling from his left shoulder, while over him bent a tall and powerful warrior, who rent his white scarf from his waist, and strove to stanch the gory current.

'You are hurt, father,' said the warrior, sternly, as he busied himself in dressing the wound, 'and you must rest while we go in pursuit. I have bound up your shoulder, and Jantha will bring thy steed till thou returnest to the keep.'

'Let my grandson bring the horse,' said the old man, proudly, 'but I must go with you. I saw the poor fugitive youth fall into the hands of his foes, and if he opens his mouth he dies. By the word of a pshe of Notwhatah, I shall rescue him or fall.'

It was enough, Hadgi was old, and he must be obeyed. He slung his left arm in his hazir-belt, and drew his sabre with his right, and the warrior to whom he had spoken seizing the reins of his steed, they galloped away in pursuit of the flying Russians. The frequent and irregular discharge of firearms, the shout of triumph, the yell of pain or despair, and the groan of fainting humanity, mingled with the balmy sigh of the west wind and the exhalations of the flowers.

It was as beautiful a morning as ever a clear and sunny heaven looking on a green and scenic spot of earth could in their combined beauty form; but man, full of hate and fury, was there, and the vale of Ambista seemed a theatre of demoniac passions.

About a hundred Russian chasseurs had formed themselves into a square, and, covered by a piece of ordnance, they kept the Circassians at bay, while they slowly retreated down the glen. It was in this square that the fugitive Pole was a wounded captive, and, as his death was inevitable should he be recognised, old Hadgi Beg, who believed his honour to be involved in his rescue, urged his companions to intercept and cut off this phalanx, if possible. Again and again had the wounded old man led his countrymen to the charge, and again and again were they driven back, until almost weeping with vexation, when he saw the Russians about to deploy from the pass of Ambista into the plain of the Euxine. Hadgi turned to speak to him who had bound his wounds, as if to ask him to rush upon the foe and die with him rather than return without the Pole, when suddenly he saw a man, scimitar in hand, spring his horse from a cover, and shouting 'Kaplan! Kaplan!' cleave a pathway for himself over the chasseurs who opposed him, and bury himself in the Russian square. The echo of his last cheer had scarcely died away when the steeds of the Adighe were snorting among the Muscovite ranks, and their hot breath was paralysing the sword arms of the chasseurs. They were broken, taken, or dispersed, as if a storm had shattered their elements of organisation in pieces, and in a short time the triumphant Circassians were proceeding once more to their stations at Ozerek, bearing Polaski on a litter, which they compelled Dendoff and three of his brother prisoners to bear.

The wounded man was conveyed to the height where he had first bivouacked with Hadgi, and, by some strange and latent impulse, the fair-haired chief of the expedition tended him with indefatigable care and patience. If he murmured water, Kaplan, the proud and the dauntless, would bring it from the stream, and hold it to his burning lips with tender hand; if he raised his head and looked around him in wonder, the tall and athletic chief would kiss his fevered brow, and pillow his head once more upon his garments; and if he muttered of home and kindred, the tear would start into the tiger of Circassia's eyes, and he would answer him back in his own native tongue, with blessings in a brother's name.

'Ay, Ernest Polaski,' he would say, while he bent over him and spoke to him words of comfort and love, 'little

did our mother know when she cradled thee and me, that we, the lords of broad lands, should be nameless soldiers in a tyrant's army, and then that we should meet as freemen at last—I the chief of a band of Caucasian mountaineers, thou a fugitive from our country's destroyers! I have a home in Notwhatsch,' he would continue, 'although it is lonely now, and thither thou shalt go with me and dwell. Hadgi will be to thee as to me—a father; and we shall yet claim home and kindred.'

'My brother—my own Stanislaus,' the invalid would reply, 'and is it thy name that makes the Russian tremble in his towers, and shrink from these hills and valleys as if the destroying angel were king over them? Is it thou, an outcast and a proscribed man, who hast found a home and dominion amongst these mountains and their inhabitants?'

'Ay, Ernest; and despite the name they give me—despite of the appellation of tiger and ruthless foe, which the Russians heap upon me—I have taught that porutshik Demdoff and his companions that the fierce chief of the Adighe can temper his power with mercy. I have sent them to Sujuk Kaleh with an intimation that I shall yet raze it to the ground.'

And Kaplan kept his word. Assisted by his brother and other fugitive Poles, he organised a corps of mountaineer artillery, and introduced the tactics of what is called civilised warfare into his operations.

Sujuk Kaleh is a ruin again, and the sea lashes over its crumbling pier, while the winds moan fitfully round its ruined walls. Russian aggression still plods its ruthless, blighting track over the plains of Circassia, and the Christian nations of Europe look on, and do not say to the czar, 'This is wrong.' They leave it to the sword of Schamyl and the vengeance of Kaplan and the fugitive Polaski to resist this invasion of a hundred years. But, alas! there is not a nation in Christian Europe unstained with blood; there is not one that can lift her voice and say to the autocrat of all the Russias, with an unstained conscience, 'For shame! this is wrong.'

WHAT'S BEYOND THE HILLS?

I HAVE lived many years in the world and seen many stirring scenes, but I do not know that any events of the past afford such pleasure in review as the adventures and incidents of my boyhood. Why time should invest the comparatively trifling events of that period with so much interest, I cannot say; but there is a lightness and innocence thrown around them which seldom fails to captivate most minds.

My mother's cottage stood on the outskirts of the beautiful village of —. I say my *mother's* cottage, for all I can recollect of any other parent is like some dark and troublesome dream. Oft have I played the long summer's day before its door, whilst she sat sewing just within it. The cot stood upon a slightly elevated ground, and for a long distance there was nothing to be seen but a succession of fields, marked off by hawthorn-hedges into every angle and shape. In the far distance rose a range of hills which seemed to change with every change of the sun—from their remoteness, generally blue, and to me always beautiful. When wearied with play, or in trying to commit to memory the morrow's lesson, I have sat and traced for the thousandth time their well known outline. Many were the tales the village boys told of the wonders to be seen and the treasures to be obtained at their base—birds' nests of every kind, sloes and nuts in the greatest abundance; yet I cannot say that these had much influence in creating a wish to visit Waydon Hills as they called them. I had long been taught the cruelty of plundering the nests of the feathered tribe, and as to the nuts and sloes, even then I had my scruples whether they could be obtained honestly. No; there was an indefinite mixture of curiosity and ambition that made me long to reach their summit, and wave my hat in boyish triumph over the highest peak.

One summer's evening we were sitting at the door (for,

let me tell you, the widow had no child but myself), and the sun was setting beautifully behind Waydon. The hills assumed a dark aspect and rose into most prominent relief; the light of the setting sun streamed from behind them in golden rays. Though a child, I was delighted with the scene. I had been watching the changing hues for some time before I perceived that my mother had laid down her work, and, leaning back in the chair, had fixed her eyes upon me. 'Mother,' said I, breaking the silence, 'what's beyond the hills?' I knew not where her thoughts had been wandering, but she slowly replied, 'Heaven, my dear—heaven; where your father is gone.' From that time Waydon heights were more frequently looked at and never disassociated with my mother's answer.

Time stole away, and I had made many longer journeys than to the village school. I had been more than once with a neighbouring farmer to the market town; still I had never stood on Waydon, though I now attached a different meaning to my mother's language.

The auspicious morning came. My mother, ever kind, entered with spirit into our little excursion. There were the little party and the sandwich prepared, and neatly wrapped up. The sun had risen on a fine clear morning, when my companions stopped before the little garden-gate, each mounted on a farmer's hack, with a borrowed one for myself. Half an hour after saw us making, though in not a very direct line, for Waydon Hills. I need not detail the incidents of the day, though every joke and every tale is yet unforgotten; nor need I speak of the toil experienced in climbing the rugged sides of Waydon. The sun had begun to set when the top was reached. Such a scene burst upon us that we shouted in the excitement of our youthful hearts. It was indeed a glorious sight. From the base of the hills the sea stretched to the far, far distant horizon. It lay calm as a mountain lake, and as bright as if it were molten gold. Over our heads, and bending down to meet the ocean, was stretched a summer's evening sky. The light and fleecy clouds were richly crimsoned with the rays of the setting luminary, and threw down a soft tinge of their light upon all beneath. Not a vessel, not a speck, on the burnished bosom of the deep—nothing above or below to remind us of anything that was human—nothing before us but light, and calm, and vastness. The first rapture being past, my whole soul became absorbed in the scene. Under the influence of that strange power which imagination possesses, the ocean fled away, and in its mirrored surface beneath, and in the heavens above, were seen the illimitable depths of space. The sun became like the throne of God, on which no mortal can gaze; each cloud assumed a spirit's form, bending before the bright and glorious One in silent and profound devotion, or, far remote, were wrapped up in calm meditation and peaceful repose. With a power unfelt before or since the answer of my mother came to my mind—'Heaven my dear—heaven is beyond the hills.' I covered my face with my hands and burst into tears. Were you to ask me why I wept I could not tell.

I never stood on Waydon heights again, and am now too old to toil up its steep and rugged sides; but in my old age, after a godless life, I have been led to embrace the faith of her who lived in the little cot and taught me in my childhood that heaven was beyond the hills, where my father was gone.

FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

ONE would almost be inclined to suppose, that the most natural, and consequently universal mode of disposing of the dead among men would be that of interment; that to simply consign the inanimate dust of humanity to the earth from whence it sprung were the true and appointed manner of completing the cycle of life; yet in no custom have men so essentially and materially differed as in that of burial. From the earliest recorded times we have accounts of the human body being consigned to the tomb,

and this mode of burial prevails, we know, amongst what are generally called savage nations, as well as the most civilised at the present day. Yet the children of men, when they fell from the condition of purity and life in which they were created, departed in this, as in all their nature and habits, from that state which was a state of unity, and purity, and consistency, and truly fell into a condition of sin and misery, of moral perversion, and of physical suffering.

The nation of whom we have the earliest authentic accounts is Egypt; and consequently the funeral customs of the Egyptians are the most ancient upon record. This people, influenced by the belief in the resurrection of the body, and persuaded that a second and eternal principle of life would come to reanimate the human form, embalmed and dedicated it to the god Osiris, before they consigned it to the private catacomb, public necropolis, or kingly pyramid, to await the fiat of a second life. The funeral rites of the Egyptians were important parts of their social economy; and as they were both interesting and complicated, involving an amount of curious actions and strange superstitions, we purpose to give our readers a more detailed view of them in a future number than would be possible in this article, and shall consequently pursue our intention of noticing the different customs of nations relative to funerals.

In Scotland, it is the office of the next of kin to close the eyes of the departed one; and this is a custom which prevailed amongst the Jews. When one among that ancient and peculiar people died, the corpse was washed and embalmed, and then the deceased was mourned for during threescore and ten days. It is probable that the process of embalming was acquired by the Israelites during their sojourn in the land of Egypt, for Jacob is the first mentioned in Scripture as having been buried after being subjected to this process. The patriarch was mourned for during the number of days already mentioned, thirty of which his body lay in nitre, and during the other forty he was anointed with gums and spices, thus fulfilling for him 'the days of them which are embalmed.' This process was one of great tediousness, and it involved great pecuniary expenses, and gradually fell into desuetude, as the Jewish nation became subjected to those trials and that poverty incidental to her conquered position. The custom of embalming gave place to the simple mode of wrapping a linen cloth round the body, and consigning it, with spices of myrrh, balm, and sweet aloe, to the grave which had been prepared for it and its kindred dust. The Jews, when mourning, went bareheaded and barefooted—the first, that they might scatter dust and ashes on their heads, and the second, in sign of humiliation. They closed their lips in silence, and closely muffled them up. They partook of a funeral banquet, called the 'bread of mourners,' or the 'bread of men,' and they drank of the 'cup of consolation.' They removed all the hair from their heads, clipped their beards, arrayed themselves in sackcloth, and, in accordance with a ferocious custom which they had been taught by the priests of Baal, they gashed their hands and bodies, and employed mournful music. The custom of mutilation was one of those barbaric innovations which the perverse Israelites were so prone to adopt, in despite of the warnings and denunciations so frequently conveyed to them by their prophets, and it was expressly forbidden in Leviticus xix. 28. It is sometimes inferred, from passages of the Old Testament, that the Jews occasionally burned the bodies of their dead. This custom was not of frequent use, however; and the Rabbinical commentators are of opinion that the burning spoken of referred not to the actual consuming of the corpses, but to the burning of spices over the graves of the deceased—to the burning of their beds or personal utensils, or to the lighting of funeral lamps upon their tombs. Carnal interment, as we have already said, seems however to be the most ancient mode of sepulture. Indeed, there is a tradition in the East that Adam was buried near Damascus, on Mount Calvary. It is certain, however, that Abraham, who purchased from the children of Heth the Cave of Macpelah as a tomb, and his successors the patri-

archs, followed this process of burial. The tombs of the Jews were generally hewn out of the solid rock. They were six cubits in length, and four in breadth, and contained from eight to fourteen niches, which, as they were filled, had the entrance to them closed by large stones, which were rolled to them. The entrances to these tombs were kept very clean, and whitewashed with the greatest care—a superficiality of ornament which, when metaphorically applied to the Pharisees, contained a deep and powerful reproof. These tombs were generally built in secluded places, or in fields, and afforded asylums for those tormented with devils, or for robbers and assassins.

The funeral rites of the modern Jews differ from those of their ancient progenitors. According to the rabbi, Leo of Modena, who wrote in the seventeenth century, the corpse is first laid upon the ground, with the feet towards the door, being wrapped in a sheet, and the face covered. A waxlight, in an earthen pitcher, or vessel full of ashes, is placed at the head; and the body is then washed in warm water, with chamomile and dried roses, and dressed in fine linen. A white nightcap is placed upon the head, and over the body is thrown a square covering, with four pendants attached to it, which vestment is called a *talith*. For men of high repute, the coffin is made sharp-pointed; for a rabbi, it is covered with books; and as soon as it leaves the residence of the living, the house is carefully swept. It is considered meritorious to attend a funeral, and assist to bear the dead to their final resting-place. Sometimes torches are borne in the funeral procession, and hymns are chanted. An oration is spoken over the corpse at the grave; a prayer is offered up; *just judgment* is delivered, beginning with the fourth verse of the twenty-third chapter of Deuteronomy; a little bag of earth is placed beneath the head of the deceased; and the coffin, hitherto left open, is then nailed down, and consigned to the earth. In some places, the custom is to lay the coffin near the edge of the grave, and then, if the deceased be a man, ten persons go seven times round it, repeating a prayer for his soul. The nearest kinsman then slightly rends his garments, and the coffin being lowered into the grave, all present assist in covering it with earth. On their return, each individual twice or thrice plucks a turf from the ground, and casts it over his head, repeating at the same time the sixteenth verse of the ninety-second psalm. After this, they wash their hands, and sit down and rise up nine times, repeating the ninety-first psalm. The burying customs of the modern Jews, despite of the exclusive character of that widely-scattered people, have of course been considerably modified, according to the practices of the various nations amongst whom they sojourn. The above is, however, the general mode of procedure. There are various other customs connected with the funeral formula, such as feasts of mourning and consolation, and the setting apart of the personal raiment and utensils of the deceased, all of which accord with the practices of old times.

Amongst the Greeks, sepulture was a subject of the greatest social importance, and an act of high religious piety, and was considered to be necessary for the repose of the deceased's spirit. The soul of the unburied was supposed to wander for a hundred years on the bleak and sterile banks of the dark and rolling Styx, before it could cross that infernal river; and it was the very utmost extent of malevolence to which a Greek's spirit could attain, when he wished that his dead enemy might never find a tomb. In consequence of this belief in the necessity of burial, the Greek dreaded shipwreck as one of the greatest of calamities; and, in his estimation, man's inhumanity had scarcely a darker phase than that of leaving exposed a corpse whom the waves might niggardly cast in his seabeaten path. The erection of monuments to their honour was supposed to alleviate in some degree the *post mortem* agonies of those who perished in circumstances that precluded the possibility of sepulture, and of these monuments spirits were invoked to become the guardians. If the fate of the Greek whose corpse was not consigned to the earth was supposed to be miserable, so was the destiny of him considered to be bright and happy who was laid to rest

in the bosom of his native country, amongst the ashes of his fathers, amidst the sorrow of his kindred, and with all the funeral pomp which either their pride or piety might prompt them to lavish upon his obsequies. Public opinion, or custom, which now regulates the procedure in these cases, was supported in Greece by statutory laws, and he who neglected to perform the rites for a dead kinsman, was excluded from the Athenic magistracy by peremptory decree. Creditors had also power to prevent the funeral of those who owed them, until their relatives had redeemed them; and persons who had fallen under the hatred and intemperate antipathy of the state were denied burial, as the most ignominious and abhorrent punishment that could be inflicted upon them. When a Greek fell sick, two boughs of acanthus and laurel were suspended over the door of his house. The first possessed the power of driving away evil spirits; the second was a propitiation to the god of medicine. When the life of the sufferer began to wane, the mourners round the couch turned their thoughts from Esculapius to Mercury, and, instead of addressing their prayer to the health-bringer, they offered up their orisons to him who was to conduct the departing spirit to Hades. Sometimes a pious relative caught the last breath, in his open mouth, of the beloved one who had gone away for ever; and then the eyes were closed, the limbs composed, the body washed and perfumed—dressed in rich clothing, the brow wreathed with flowers, and green leaves scattered over the bier. A cake of flour and honey was placed beside the corpse, in order that it might be given to the three-headed dog which watched the freights which Charon paddled over Styx; and in the mouth was placed some money, as a fee to that boatman. Laid out in these trappings, the body was then extended for two or three days in the vestibule of the house, as a precaution against the entombment of the living; and beside it was placed a vessel of water, in order that those who touched the corpse might purify themselves readily. The period between death and burial varied according to the custom of the state, and the hour of commencing the procession was also different.

In Athens it was enjoined by law that burial should take place before sunrise, when the body was either placed upon a car or borne upon a bier, and the company followed upon foot (which was reckoned most respectful), or rode on horseback. The attendance at funerals was not, as with the Scotch, for instance, special, but, like the English custom, promiscuous—the men walking before and the women behind the bier, and all having their faces muffled, as they strode along with slow solemn pace, to the sound of mournful music. The common garb was exchanged by mourners for one of dark coarse grey stuff, and all ornaments and jewels were laid aside, while the hair was shaven or cut off, in order to be cast into the grave or upon the funeral pile of the deceased; for while interment was the more ancient mode of sepulture, burning was as commonly practised. If the former method was adopted, the head of the interred was laid towards the west, in order that it might face the orient sun; and if the latter, the body, with all the richest clothes of the deceased, was placed upon a pile, and cerements, and perfumes, and wine being poured upon them, the nearest relative lighted the heap, and all was consumed. It is supposed that the earthen vessels, and vases, and lachrymatories found buried with the ancient Greeks were pious offerings from friends and relatives, to show their respect for the departed. After the burning was finished, the ashes of the dead were collected, and placed in perhaps one of the most beautiful and costly urns. Sometimes a panegyric might be pronounced over the remains of private individuals, but a person was specially appointed to deliver an oration at the tomb of him who had so distinguished himself, either in war or the arts, as to deserve a public burial, and then the attendants at the funeral assembled at the house of the next in kin to the departed, and the banquet of sorrow was spread, the fragments of which were carried to the tomb. At this solemn feast the conversation consisted of laudations of the deceased. If he had been very celebrated,

games constituted part of the funeral obsequies; and otherwise the ceremonies involved great trouble and expense.

The Romans, who received from the Greeks many of their arts and customs, pursued almost the same ritual in the burying of the dead. One ancient law, however, forbade a son to close his father's eyes in open daylight, although to receive the last breath and to close the eyes were the office of the next of kin. There was one strange custom prevalent amongst the Romans, which had its origin in the same cause which induced the Greeks to lay out the dead in the vestibules of their houses previous to interment. After the eyes of a corpse were closed, the bystanders called repeatedly upon the name of the person deceased, and sometimes, it is affirmed, their cries recalled the inanimate clay to vitality. After this ceremony, the body was placed upon the floor, and then washed and perfumed by the slaves of those who had charge of the temple of Venus Libitina, where all undertakers' goods were sold. The body was dressed and laid out completely in the Greek manner, and the funeral was conducted in an almost identical way. Burning only began to supersede the original practice of inhumation about the end of the republic, although it must have been in use during the reign of Numa, who expressly ordered that his body should not be burned. Under the imperial government, burning was nearly universal; but the practice gradually fell off until the fourth century, when it became extinct. Toothless infants and those who were stricken with lightning were excluded from the rite of burning, the latter being buried where they fell, and the ground being dedicated to the sacrifice of sheep, was enclosed with a wall, and called *Bidental*. On the occasion of public funerals, when the body was retained for eight days, the people were summoned to attend by criers, and the form of invitation was prescribed. Sometimes, when it was intended to have a burial apart from the pomp and ceremonials attendant upon public ones, a finger was cut from the corpse, and reserved for that purpose.

In the early ages universally, and always for common funerals, the procession took place by torch-light at night, although latterly, for those of fame, an early hour in the morning was generally named; but whether in light or darkness, the funeral torch was always borne along lighted. A Roman funeral procession was more like a joyous triumph than a sad and solemn journey to the 'house appointed for all living.' In the van were musicians making as much noise as they could with their instruments; and then came women, hired to howl out their *Oh, heus* and *misericordias*, and to chant the *nenia*; then followed a band of laughter-producing buffoons, one of whom personated the deceased, and performed as many antics and grimaces as a clown in a pantomime; and after this jester-crew came the freedmen with their liberty-caps. Immediately before the corpse were borne waxen images of all the members of the family who had not disgraced themselves; and all the trophies which the dead had won in battle, and pictures representing his heroic actions, were also here introduced. If the face of the person about to be buried was not painfully distorted, it was exposed, and the sons, daughters, and near relatives immediately followed—the sons veiled, the daughters uncovered. Sometimes the women indulged in the most extravagant demonstrations of grief, not refraining from even mutilating their persons; and such was the extent to which they carried this practice that it was finally prohibited by law. In passing the Forum, or market-place, on the Capitoline Hill, the procession stopped before the Rostra, or stages, from which the officers of state and others sometimes addressed the assembled people, and here a funeral oration was pronounced. The common burial and burning grounds were beyond the walls of the city, but the vestals and a few noble families possessed the privilege of burying within the city, if they had been inclined so to do. The *rogus*, or funeral pile, as prescribed by statute, was of rough-hewn wood; and as soon as the corpse was laid upon it, the eyes were opened, and the nearest relatives, with averted faces, applied fire to it, while perfumes, oils, rich garments, dainty

food, the richest and most elaborate ornaments, and whatever else might be deemed agreeable to the known tastes and habits of the deceased, were thrown into the flames. If it was the funeral of a military leader, the soldiers and other attendants marched thrice round the pile from right to left with inverted arms, which they sometimes also cast away to be consumed. The expiring flames were quenched with wine, and then the *ossilegium*, or collecting of the bones into the urn, took place, which was the special duty of the nearest relatives. A small glass phial, containing tears (*lachrymdorium*), was placed beside the ashes in the urn, and the latter was consigned to a tomb, when a priest sprinkled the mourners three times with a branch of olive or laurel steeped in lustral water, and then dismissed them with the word *Ibect* (begone). Pronouncing the word *Vale* (farewell), or *Salve* (God save thee), in a sorrowful tone, and wishing that the turf might lie lightly on their lost friend, the mourners depart. Games and gladiatorial combats, and the sacrifice of wild beasts and men, were reckoned to add to the dignity of these funerals, where the horrible, the grand, and the ridiculous were strangely blended; for shows, and games, and merry-makings generally closed the most solemn obsequies.

The funeral practices of the barbarian Scythians, as detailed by Herodotus, were somewhat similar to those which yet prevail amongst the natives of Old Calabar. When a king amongst the ancient barbarians died, the corpse was embowelled, the belly stuffed with aromatic herbs, and sewed up again; and then it was placed upon a car and paraded through all the provinces which had been subject to the dead monarch, the people manifesting the most savage appearances of grief, sometimes cutting off pieces of their ears, shaving their heads, gashing their arms, forearms, and noses, and transfixing their left hands with arrows. A large square pit had been dug upon the demise of the king, in a spot set apart for the royal tombs, and after the oration was ended the corpse was brought to its final repository, when it was laid upon a bed of turf and straw, over which, supported by upright spears, were hurdles of wood, covered with a thatch of hurdles. One of the king's women, his cupbearer, his cook, his groom, valet, and courier, having been previously strangled, were thrown into the pit, together with horses and utensils of every kind, which were calculated to conduce to the comfort of a living king; and then the pit was filled up, each man striving with all his might to raise the barrow to as great a height as possible. After the monarch had been buried a year, fifty native slaves, carefully selected on account of their superior physical qualities, were strangled, together with their horses, upon the grave, and were embowelled and stuffed with straw. The horses, supported by a framework of hoops and strestles, surrounded the barrow; their heads were fastened by bridles to upright stakes; and upon them were mounted the corpses of the slaves, each being supported by a stake which impaled him, and was fixed into the pole which passed through the horse. Private burials were conducted upon a process somewhat similar to the preceding, save with regard to the sacrifices. The relatives conveyed the body to the houses of their friends in a car, at each of which a feast was prepared, and the viands offered to the dead as well as the living. After forty days of perambulation the body was consigned to the dust.

The funeral ceremonies of the ancient Persians were rigorously concealed from the Greek historians, so that the account of Herodotus is little more than conjectural. It was asserted to him, however, that no Persian was buried until the body had been torn by a dog or lacerated by a bird of prey. This custom was openly practised with the magi, however, which gave him authority for believing it to be general. Their bodies were exposed until they had been partly denuded of flesh; they were then covered with wax and buried. The Persians paid adoration to the elements, as they termed them, of fire, air, earth, and water, and would neither burn nor bury without incensing, nor consign to the deep a dead body, lest it would pollute things so sacred; the dead were consequently left to birds

and beasts, which soon skeletonised them. It seems, however, as in the case of Cyrus, that a reservation was made in favour of royalty, and that a king could extend the favour of immediate sepulture to his especial favourites.

The Ethiopians were very careless with regard to the burial of their dead, and the usages of some tribes are characterised by an Italian historian as so beastly and ridiculous that he believed they would be esteemed incredible, although they were well-established facts, proved by the history of the Troglodytes. The Sindians, a tribe in European Scythia, now Russia, buried with each of their dead warriors as many fishes as he had slain men in battle; the Bactrians, an Asiatic nation living on the borders of Scythia, gave their dead to dogs kept expressly for the purpose of devouring them; the Calatians, a people of India, practised the horrible custom of devouring their own dead; the Pontines, an Asiatic nation near Medea, dried and preserved the heads of their relatives; the Colchians, a neighbouring people, wrapped their dead in the newly-stripped hides of animals, and hung them upon willow-trees; the Coans beat their remains in a mortar until they were reduced to a dust, and then they shook them through sieves into the sea. The Gauls were particularly extravagant in the celebration of their funerals: they burned their dead, and threw upon the pile everything that they thought the deceased's spirit would have the least desire for, and slaves and other animals were added to the oblation. The Germans performed their rites with more regard to economy, neither casting robes, nor spices, nor other expensive substances upon the pile; sometimes, however, they buried the horse and arms of a warrior, piling up earth and stones as a monumental record.

A specification of the remaining phases of superstition indulged in upon occasions of death and burial will form materials for another paper on this interesting subject.

USES OF FALLEN LEAVES.

In the eyes of nine-tenths of the world, the man who permitted the dead leaves to accumulate among his shrubs would be set down as a sloven; and yet that man would be a better gardener than he who is continually exercising the broom and the rake, and treating his garden as the housemaid treats her chambers. When nature causes the tree to shed its leaves, it is not merely because they are dead and useless to the tree, but because they are required for a further purpose—that of restoring to the soil the principal portion of what had been abstracted from it during the season of growth, and thus of rendering the soil able to maintain the vegetation of a succeeding year. Every particle that is found in a dead leaf is capable, when decayed, of entering into new combinations, and of again rising into a tree for the purpose of contributing to the production of more leaves, and flowers, and fruit. If the dead leaves, which nature employs, are removed, the soil will doubtless, upon the return of spring, furnish more organisable matter without their assistance, because its formality is difficult to exhaust, and many years must elapse before it is reduced to sterility. But the less we rob the soil of the perishing members of vegetation which furnish the means of annually renewing its fertility, the more will our trees and bushes thrive; for the dead leaves of autumn are the organic elements out of which the leaves of summer are to be restored to the mysterious laboratory of vegetation. They contain the carbon or humus, and the alkaline substances essential to the support of growing plants; and although such substances can be obtained from the soil, even if leaves are abstracted, yet they can never be so well obtained as through the decay of those organs. The dead leaves of autumn then should not be removed from the soil on which they fall. Neatness, no doubt, must be observed; and this, we think, will be sufficiently consulted if leaves are swept from walks and lawns, where they do no good, and cast upon the borders in heaps, where they will lie and decay till the time for digging has arrived, when they can be spread upon the earth like so much manure.

THE RAGGED PHILOSOPHER.

POVERTY is sometimes associated with discontent, but it is not necessarily nor by any means invariably so, and even when it is there may be much excuse to be made for the association. Wealth is still more frequently associated with discontent, and this unholy alliance is an object at once of surprise and disgust to the reflective mind; but there is an association so admirable that it warms one's heart to its possessor, and makes one rejoice that honest old human nature hath some fragments and vestiges of its original excellence discernible under the wreck and ruin of its fall. The connection to which we allude is that of poverty and content—happiness in humility—philosophy in rags.

It is hardly too much to say that discontent is the peculiar portion of the rich. It is not the shivering pauper, with whose looped and windowed raggedness the bitter wind makes merry, in whose scanty silvery hair the hail-stone lingers before it melts, that is found generally giving vent to murmurs; and if it *were* we could not wonder. It is not the long sick lazar, whose weary hours have been cast away in the sad exercise of counting them; it is rather the man who suffers from the plethora of prosperity who gives way to the mutterings of disquietude. Anticipated wishes, pleasures un hoped, the absence of excitement attendant upon continual gratification, this is too often the well-spring of the bitter waters of discontent. He who can taste life's pleasures at any time has seldom any relish to taste them at all; he who has the enjoyments of the world continually within his reach, can have little excitement in the pursuit of them. Thus the rich and powerful too often become the slaves of mental lassitude and moral weariness. Of course there are exceptions. Many a rich and prosperous man enjoys the good gifts of Providence with a warm heart and an open hand; and, alas! many a poor man looks with an eye of envy and a heart of bitterness upon his wealthy neighbour. Misled by appearances, hiding blasphemy in his bosom—the blasphemy of the heart if it extend not to that of the tongue—he entertains hard thoughts of the Most High, and hates the prosperity of his neighbour—prosperity that he identifies with happiness. Such, we say, are the exceptions; the general rule, it is to be feared, is that of contented poverty and murmuring wealth. It is indeed amusing to observe how some men take infinite pains to make themselves miserable. They are the most unhappy of mortals because they have no legitimate cause for unhappiness. They have, comparatively speaking, no cares, no troubles, no wants, no wishes. Having no real troubles they are compelled to coin fictitious ones, so they have the double trouble of coining and carking.

Here is a man of easy fortune, of prosperous circumstances; what then? He has a fine house, but the ceilings are cracked; a beautiful garden, but it has a bad aspect; a capital horse, but he does not like its four white feet. Nothing, in short, is there which ought to give him pleasure but gives him pain. He cannot rejoice in the flower of his own happiness, because there may be a worm in the bud unseen by him. His wife is as bad as he; never were such fenders and fire-irons to rust, and pier-glasses to spot in the silvering, and picture-frames to tarnish in the gilding, as she is plagued withal; never had woman such servants to annoy her, such children to agitate her. And so this misery-making pair proceed, agreeing in nothing but to disagree with one another. They have been nursed on the soft lap of luxury until they have become the spoiled children of prosperity, the pampered pets of fortune. Not so the healthy-minded man of labour and fatigue, the hardy son of indigence and toil; he has little time to make miseries, and less to heed them if they fall upon him. Hence it is not uncommon to find a philosopher in rags.

We remember one of this sort in a poor fellow who inhabited the neighbourhood in which we dwelt. We are quite right in the expression 'inhabited the neighbourhood,' for never had dame fortune afforded him a 'local

habitation or a name.' House or home he had never enjoyed—the stable-stall of that house, the empty barn of this, the hayloft of another—such were the scenes of his nocturnal hours; and when he was awake he inhabited *the neighbourhood*, and yet he was an instance of contentment, displaying a cheerful hilarity, a buoyancy of spirit that did you good to see. He was called 'Frank.' We suppose he must have had a surname, and it is barely possible that he knew it himself, unless, indeed, from long disuse, he had forgotten it; of *this* we are quite sure, that if he knew it he was in possession of a piece of information peculiar to himself—the world knew it not, the 'oldest inhabitant' had never heard it. Frank he was called, and to Frank he answered; and as soon should we expect our dog Charlie to demand 'Charlie what?' as Frank to be so superfluous as to seek a surname. This poor fellow was the most complete stray waif on the highway of the world that ever we met with. He had no home, no friends, no money. He was every man's man, but no man's money, and seldom was any man's money found in his pockets. He would do anything for anybody, and yet nobody would permanently employ him. You see, he was not exactly the stuff out of which you could make anything. He was not smart enough for a footman, nor skilful enough for a gardener, nor careful enough for a groom. He was a hard-featured, undersized, elderly man; nobody remembered him young, nobody could imagine him young; we never noticed the least change on him in that respect. He was probably one of those old-fashioned fellows who seem old when they are young, and never change their appearance until they 'shuffle off this mortal coil.' But his dress! that was the oddest part about him, the strangest medley you can imagine. You see, everybody gave him old garments; his services, indeed, of whatever kind, were generally recompensed with cast-off clothes; and as these sundry garments were the *exuviae* of all sorts and sizes of people, one article of clothing would be as much too long as another was too short, one as much too large as another was too little. We verily believe that, in the whole course of his life, he never possessed a single article of apparel that was made or purchased expressly for him; and yet, from the days of Diogenes, there never was a more complete philosopher in rags. Diogenes! catch Frank saying to the meanest of her majesty's subjects, 'get out of the way, you shade me from the sun.' Frank's civility was invincible, his good-humour indomitable. Yes; this man was practically, if not theoretically, a great moral philosopher. Shame! shame upon the discontent of the rich and great! This man, a servant of servants, without hopes, prospects, or anticipations; this man ever wore a smile and whistled a tune, and was a standing sarcasm on all the spleen-engendered woes, the home-made miseries, the idle cares, that fortune fancies and the world believes. Whistle! we wonder whether Frank was born with his mouth in the proper position, and whistled instead of weeping in his babyhood—*now* he never ceased. On the Sabbath, indeed, for which he had a profound respect, he allowed no breath to come through his pursed-up lips; but if you only looked at him you thought he was whistling, and some of our savans opined that he whistled internally, *inspiring* instead of *expiring*; but as he was never known to catch a cold in his inside by the act, their theory fell to the ground—a thing so common among modern theories as to excite little alarm in the minds of men. Frank probably 'whistled as he went, for want of thought;' howbeit, he certainly whistled for want of care, and few things could stop his mouth in that particular. We once saw him placed in one of those predicaments which, having no danger in them to make a man energetic and his misery respectable, are sufficiently vexatious to make a man angry. He had received the extraordinary donation, from a gentleman in the neighbourhood, of a pair of white cord knee-tights, but as they had been made for a man half as big again as himself, instead of buttoning under the knee, they fastened somehow above the ankle. This, however, according to Frank, *saved stockings*, and was therefore an advantage. He was not a little proud of the novelty of

his appearance, and was in the very act of admiring the proportions of his nether man when he walked off the high path into a marsh by which it was skirted. This morass was formed of a kind of adhesive clay with mud and water, and Frank, at the first plunge, went well nigh up to his knees. There he stuck as fast as if his legs had been wedged into the iron boot; struggling only made matters worse, he could not stir a foot. What did Frank do—stand and fret? Not at all. A tuft of rushes happened to be within convenient distance, and upon it he contrived to sit down, whistling all the while ‘O’er the muir among the heather.’ There sat our philosopher until some persons passing that way came to his assistance. It was some time before they could render this, for the *cacoethes loudendi* came over them too strongly, and Frank laughed the loudest of the three. At length they got him fairly under the arms, and with a stout pull his legs came out with a heavy swash. No sooner was he landed high and dry than he regarded his muddy continuations and said, with a smile, ‘There, I wanted no stockings before, now I need no gaiters.’

One of Frank’s unfortunate propensities, and that which stood most obstinately in the way of his worldly advancement, was a tendency to make mistakes. With the best intentions, and the most active zeal in your service, he often did more harm than good. Ready! never was dog, when he watches his master’s eye and wags his tail, his whole body full of alacrity, more ready to run for a stone than was Frank to do anything and everything you required. Indeed, he was rather too ready, for, like the aforesaid dog, which often overshoots the stone and kicks up the dust some yards ahead of it, Frank in his readiness overdid his commission. He could not wait till the stone was out of your hand, he would not stop to hear half your commission, or in his indiscreet zeal he added so much as to mar the whole. We saw him once most effectually annoy a young lady whom he would have laid down his life to serve. In the dark afternoons in December he was sometimes employed to light people across the common in our neighbourhood—though, by the way, he generally contrived to interpose his person between his lantern and your footsteps—and his services had been bespoken for this lady and her sister on a particular afternoon. Now, it so happened that a celebrated public-house stood on the skirts of the common, contiguous to the house of their friend, and so far was Frank to go with his lantern. The people were coming out of church on the Sunday morning, when Frank, in his indiscreet zeal, hailed the ladies from the other side of the road, and exclaimed with startling energy, as he lifted his old shapeless hat from his head, ‘Miss Mary, I’ll meet you to-morrow at the Black Lion.’ The idea of an appointment with such a man, at such a place, and that before all the people, made the eloquent blood mantle in the young lady’s face most cruelly. Indeed, it not only brought a blush into her face but a tear into her eye, with sheer vexation, for explanation was out of the question. A very audible titter was heard, and I fear poor Frank lost the patronage of that family, for Miss Mary took a disgust against the man, which she could not perfectly overcome. He had, however, done it ‘for the best,’ and that was his invariable source of consolation under such circumstances. He had been ordered by a third party to attend, and wished to be particular. ‘Well, sir, you know I did it for the best,’ quoth Frank, when rallied upon the subject; and truly this is no mean consolation to men of wiser heads than Frank, when they can truly take it to themselves. It is worse than worthless to regret unavoidable disappointments, and particularly when we can say with poor Frank, ‘Well, sir, you know I did it for the best.’

One of the most serious disasters that to our knowledge ever befell our hero—for a hero he was—a much greater one than some who have slain their thousands—was the breaking of his arm. The poor fellow was taken to the hospital, and for a considerable time confined there. It was rather a tedious case, the bone having splintered, and gave much trouble in the setting; but it was attended with considerable inflammation and subsequent debility. We

met him soon after his leaving the hospital, emaciated in appearance, pallid in countenance, his knees tottering under him. He was still whistling—whistling the Easter hymn: but it was in a thin, small pipe, like the shrill treble of a bird.

‘Well, Frank, you have been a sad sufferer.’

‘Eh! but, sir, what a grand place is yon hospital. Such beds, and such beef-tea, and such gruel, my stars! My broken arm has kept me better all this time than ever my two hands did in all my life.’

‘Well, it will be a warning to you not to get on the way of a runaway horse again.’

‘Why, you know, sir, I did it for the best.’

And so the poor fellow had. The gentleman whose horse had broken his knees, fretted and fumed, and, as he sat in his stuffed elbow-chair, surrounded by every luxury, bored his friends to death about the disaster; and Frank, who had broken his arm, and received not so much from the gentleman as to pay for a plaster, lay on his truckle-bed, and thought of the grand hospital and the glorious beef-tea. And, putting the ‘grief of the wound’ out of the question, which was the happier man—the rich gentleman, in his easy-chair, or the poor peasant, on his simple mattress? Nay, taking the grief of the wound into the question, was not the balance of happiness in favour of Frank?

Another great misfortune that befell our philosopher was the finding of a five-pound note. It happened upon a certain day, the date of which we do not know, nor would it be of any consequence if we did, Frank, having quitted a house at which he had been employed, in the garden, espied a piece of paper lying on the path, and discovered it to be a five-pound note. It was not far from the gate, but it was in the middle of the pathway, and it never entered into Frank’s head that it might have been dropped by his late employer, when he pulled the latch-key of his garden-gate out of his pocket.

Frank knew very well that the money must be restored if he could find the owner, and if not, what was he to do with such a formidable sum? Besides, if he should lose it! His pockets were anything but the most secure of receptacles, so he ripped up a portion of the lining of his waistcoat, and secured it in that. This was all done ‘for the best,’ but sometimes bad’s the best. Next morning Frank was aroused from his slumbers by the presence of a policeman. Frank scratched his head and rubbed his eyes, and wondered what in the world he could have done to procure him the honour of a visit from so dignified a public functionary. It was soon explained. The gentleman at whose house he had been working as a lowly assistant to the gardener had lost a five-pound note. Frank had been the only stranger about the premises, and naturally enough suspicion fell upon him. The gentleman’s dressing-room had a window opening upon the lawn on which Frank had been employed. Why, it was as clear as the daylight: the gentleman must have put the five-pound note upon his dressing-table with some other articles. He did not remember to have done so, but of course he had; and as the dressing-table was at a low window, Frank must have put his hand into the room and the money into his pocket. All this was plausible enough, certainly. As to dropping the note near his own gate, such a thing never entered the gentleman’s head. The policeman laughed at Frank’s relation of the fact. It was not the first time that truth has been laughed at for a lie. The note was found concealed on his person—not in his pocket, mark you, but concealed on his person. Frank was carried off to a magistrate. The gentleman who had lost the note—a good-natured man in the main—was sorry for the circumstance. He would have retracted, but it was now too late. He was committed, and so was Frank. We all appeared to speak to Frank’s character, but what could we say? The first question floored us—What was his trade, profession, occupation, calling? Why, he had none at all—no regular or ostensible means of obtaining a livelihood. Where did he live? Why, somewhere about the neighbourhood—no stated home—no business or profes-

sion; why, he was the very man to steal a five-pound note. We were brow-beaten and insulted by the little prig of a magistrate for attempting to speak to the character of such a fellow; and Frank, having been duly bullied, was sent to the tread-mill for some months. We thought this would have effectually broken the poor fellow's spirit; his honesty had never before been impeached, and confinement was a hard thing upon his habits, which, it certainly must be admitted, were of a most vagrant and erratic character. But it was not so. When we met him after his release he was whistling 'Such a gettin' up stairs,' and was more happy-looking than ever. 'Well, Frank,' quoth we, 'how did you like the tread-mill?' 'Why, sir, the work's hardish and the company low, but the living's certain and the lodging dry. For a man in want of regular employment, the tread-mill is no bad place.'

This last misfortune, indeed, turned out pretty well for Frank. The gentleman who had dropped the five-pound note, desirous to make some reparation for the disaster that he had occasioned, advanced Frank to the post of under-helper's assistant in the stable. So our philosopher has shifted out of his rags into a fine yellow-striped waist-coat and leather leggings. He wears a daisy in the corner of his mouth, and yet most ingeniously contrives to continue his whistle. Frank has thus at last a permanent employment, a stated place of residence, and tells with great glee that the only step up in the world that he ever got was—the tread-mill.

Now, beloved reader, can you contemplate such a character as this (not altogether fictitious) and go on grumbling at the petty miseries of life? The game of life, like many another pastime, is very much 'as you make it.' One man grieves more over a bruised shin than another over a broken leg. Physical evils, indeed, are real substantial things; and we are none of those who expect a man to be cheerful with a touch of the toothache, or gay under a fit of the gout, though even such things are mightily lightened by a cheerful spirit; and as most of our troubles are rather from within than without, a cheerful spirit will half-annihilate them. For our own part we would rather be Democritus in a hovel than Heraclitus in an ecurial—*Jean qui rit in rags than Jean qui pleure in gold and diamonds.*

THE BASS ROCK.

In the extensive valley that lies between the Ochills on the north, and the Lammermoor and Pentland hills on the south, the eye accustomed to scan the physical features of a country detects numerous round-topped isolated hills. Some assume the perfect dome-shape, and present the idea of a magnificent rock-bubble, fully inflated, but not burst. This sort of hill is generally cultivated far up its sides, and capped with a mingled covering of furze and broom. In the winter, when

'Chill November's surly blasts
Make fields and forests bare,'

it retains its deep dark green, and greatly relieves the wide-spread desolation; and in spring, when the rich blossom makes its appearance, it shines afar, like a canopy of burnished gold. Others appear as if the bubble had burst; and then, in the course of ages, the one half of the elevated matter has been carried away by some mighty agent, which, though leaving behind it numerous indications of its presence, has now disappeared. The eastern half is uniformly left; consequently, this class of hills present an abrupt face to the west. Such are the eminences on which the martial genius of our ancestors has erected the castle of Stirling, and other strongholds. Others, again, assume the appearance of a regular cone, and rise several hundred feet above the level of the sea, and constitute a bold feature in the landscape. Such is Arthur's Seat, under whose shadow our good city lies in calm security, and North Berwick Law, the ancient and dauntless sentinel, placed by dame nature over the channel that winds round its base. There is still another species of hill that diversifies the great Scottish coal-field. This may be described as a truncated cone—a noble pillar of rock ris-

ing several hundred feet above the level of the ocean, with the top abruptly broken off. Such is the rock on which Edinburgh Castle is built, and such, too, is the Bass Rock, the subject of this article. We shall speak of its geology before we close; meanwhile, the reader is informed that it constitutes an uninhabited island in the mouth of the Frith of Forth, three miles east of North Berwick, and two from the coast of East Lothian. But why write an article on an uninhabited island? Gentle reader, bear with us a little, and thou shalt receive full satisfaction on this important question. In the meantime, the two following answers may suffice:—First, if men of acknowledged talent and discretion write a *book* about it, surely we may write an *article*. In the second place, there is, beyond all doubt, not a little about the Bass Rock deeply interesting and highly important, in a national point of view.

The 'Bass Rock'—we mean the book, not the island—is rather a singular production, and it has also a singular history. Some time ago, a spirited gentleman projected the idea of having a work of this sort—a work that should at once contain a faithful and full account of its civil and religious history, and interesting sketches of its geological character, its plants and creatures. He took upon himself the responsibility of the novel undertaking. Several gentlemen, greatly distinguished in their various walks of science and literature, were corresponded with, and ultimately engaged to supply each his portion of the forthcoming work. Professor Thomas McCrie undertook the civil history of the island—a part which he has performed with judgment and good taste. The Rev. James Anderson furnishes full sketches of *thirty-nine* individuals who were, in the days of the Stuarts, confined on this island, and are thence called the 'Martyrs of the Bass.' Those were certainly trying times—in the expressive language of the day, it was *killing time*—and our ancestors were compelled to endure much, many of them yielding up their lives in behalf of a good conscience. But though we ourselves claim relationship to the spirited and dauntless Covenanters, yet there creeps over us a feeling of disappointment and regret when we read their lives. Close contact with them dispels many a fancy, which, from our earliest childhood, we have cherished, when first our imagination was roused into (perhaps undue) exercise, upon reading the 'life and prophecies' of the good but eccentric Alexander Peden. The truth must be told; and it is told by Mr Anderson, but with a cautious and tender pen. The partisan is obvious throughout; and the indignant denunciations of the spirit of persecution, when harassing and consuming the poor but conscientious Covenanters, are spothed into the most gentle terms, when the same spirit, though powerless through circumstances, manifests itself among the leaders of the suffering party. The case of Gillespie is a notable illustration of our remark. No man is perfect; and perhaps we unconsciously place our suffering ancestors in a brighter day than that in which their lot was cast, and in the light of our own times judge of their infirmities and eccentricities. We admire and reverence their stern but Scriptural principles; let us not be critically severe on the friend who generously casts a covering over their infirmities, or refuses to expose their faults and inconsistencies to the rude gaze of every passer-by. The geology of the island was intrusted to Mr Hugh Miller. All will agree that it could not have been committed into better hands; for where will you find one more intimately acquainted with the geologic history and features of his country? and where shall the pen be sought for that can aspire to his power of description? From his fertile pen there flows forth a delicious strain of geological description, extending over *ninety* pages. From some acquaintance with the district, we can affirm its accuracy; and assure our readers, that though they are occasionally treated to what is, in strictness, extraneous matter, yet they will find it replete with interest. Professor Fleming, of the New College, Edinburgh, furnishes a sketch of the zoology; and Professor

* The Bass Rock, its Civil and Ecclesiastical History, Geology, Martyrology, Zoology, and Botany. Edinburgh · W. F. Kennedy.

Balfour, of the Edinburgh University, does the same for the botany of the Bass. In the spring of last year, a select party, including four of the gentlemen already mentioned, left Edinburgh, and spent a day on the rock, previous to the execution of their respective parts in the magazine-book. It was a delightful morning, and the scene was most animating. In high spirits, they quickly traversed the scene, so beautifully described by 'Delta' of 'Blackwood's Magazine,' stretching eastward from our ancient city—

Traced like a map, the landscape lies
In cultured beauty, stretching wide;
There Pentland's green acclivities—
There ocean with its azure tide—
There Arthur's Seat, and, gleaming through,
Thy southern wing, Dunedin blue!
While in the orient, Lammer's daughters,
A distant giant range, are seen—
North Berwick Law with cove of green,
And Bass among the waters.'

Arrived at their destination, each betook himself to the ardent investigation of his own subject. One examined the ruins of the ancient-chapel and fortress; another occupied himself in studying the nests, and watching the evolutions of the solan geese, and other birds; a third pleasantly spent the time in examining the plants, from the delicate fichen to the well-developed tree-mallow; while the whole admired the stupendous rock, whose southern sloping surface is so beautifully exposed to the sun, and whose stubborn perpendicular cliffs resist the everlasting dashing of the waters.

In the first place, we shall take a glance at the history of this rock 'among the waters.' Old Hector Boece, in describing it, says, it is 'ane wonderfull crag, risand within the sea, with so narrow and strait hals (passage), that na schip nor boit may arrive bot allanerlie at ane part of it. This crag is callit the Bas; unwinneble by ingine of man. In it are coves, als profitable for defence of men, as if they were biggit be crafty industry. Every thing that is in that crag is ful of admiration and wounder.' It were useless to enlarge on the old man's description, so we shall pass on. The first notice we have of the Bass is at the close of the sixth century. The peep with which we are favoured is dim, but is admirably fitted to cast a shade of rich romance over the singular character whose name is first associated with it. It appears that, so early as the above date, a hermit, by name St Baldred, had taken a fancy to this rock as a dwelling-place; and sure we are he could not have made choice of one less likely to be exposed to the intrusion of his fellow-men. There was then, as there is now, for several months in the year, vast numbers of gannets (solan geese), who make their nests upon the cliffs, and rear their young amid a perfect babel of guttural and discordant voices. Then, as now, the waves of the German Ocean rolled their thunder around its base; but no foot of mortal pressed its green sod, and no human voice relieved the melancholy monotony of the gannets' chatter. St Baldred was *alone*; but how he occupied his leisure hours tradition gives no information. Some will have him to have been bishop of Glasgow, and successor to the famous St Mungo, the patron saint of that city. But this is obviously absurd. The hermit we take to have been a simple, good-hearted, earnest man, who found it necessary for retirement, and perhaps also for safety, to take shelter on this island, just as Columba did in Iona, and Adamnara in Inchkeith. Curious stories are afloat concerning the sayings and doings of this saint. For example, it is said that he observed, with deep sorrow, that a certain rock, between the island and the shore, frequently, in stormy weather, caused shipwrecks. St Baldred, moved by piety as well as by pity, caused himself to be placed upon the rock, and, at his *nod*, up it rose, and, like a ship, was driven to the nearest shore, where it may now be seen, as a memorial of the miracle, and is to this day called St Baldred's Coble. Another rock is called St Baldred's Cradle, which is said to be rocked by the winds and the waves. It would seem that St Baldred died on the Bass in the year 606. The stories circulated of the disputes relative to his body, and the place where it should be de-

posited, we leave in their monkish archives, whence they never should have been brought forth to the light of day.

The earliest proprietors of the Bass on record were the ancient family of the Lauders, hence called 'the Lauders of the Bass.' There is a charter in existence in favour of Robert Lauder from William de Lambert, Bishop of St Andrews, dated 1816. This is a curious document, but too long for us to transcribe. The following extract will be interesting to the reader. It sets forth that 'the island in the sea called the Bass,' is 'TO BE HOLDEN by the said Robert and his heirs, from us and our ancestors, for ever, with all liberties, commodities, and easements, and with the pertinents, freely and quietly, in all and by all, without any reservation; paying, therefore, the said Robert and his heirs, to us and our successors at Tynnyngham, at the term of Whitsunday, yearly, *one pound of white war*, in name of feu-favour, for all lands, services, and demands which can be exacted or demanded by us and our successors for the said island with the pertinents.' It remained in the possession of this ancient family for several centuries. A curious episode happened in the history of the Bass, about the middle of the seventeenth century. At this time it is said to belong to the 'Laird of Wauchton.' Cromwell was on the eve of his departure to invade Scotland, and it was feared that the public records of the church would be in danger. It was proposed 'that the Bass might be made secure for the registers, as it had been in a former day of calamity.' The proprietor 'most gladly offered to receive them, promising his outmost care to secure and preserve them from all danger.' But the precaution was vain. The Bass soon submitted to the indomitable Cromwell; and in the following spring the Parliament order 'the Records of the Kirk' to be 'packed up in cask' and sent to the Tower, there to remain in the same custody that the 'other records that came from Scotland are.' These documents perished in the conflagration which occurred in the House of Commons, October, 1834.

From the Laird of Waughton it passed into the hands of Sir Andrew Ramsay, lord provost of Edinburgh, and great-great-grandfather of the present Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, the lineal descendant of 'the Lauders of the Bass.' It was purchased from Sir Andrew, in October, 1671, by Lauderdale, in name of the government, to be used as a state prison. A pamphleteer of that period, referring to the matter, says, 'My Lord Lauderdale, to gratify Sir Andrew, moves the king, upon the pretence that the Bass was a place of strength, like to a castle in the moon, and of great importance, the only nest of solan geese in these parts, to buy the rock from Sir Andrew, at the rate of £4000 sterling, and then obtains the command and profits of it, amounting to more than £100 sterling yearly, to be bestowed upon himself.' The history of this rock now presents, for a number of years, a series of acts most cruel and oppressive. About forty individuals, chiefly clergymen, were confined here, for periods averaging from two months to six years, on no other accusation than that they followed their own conscientious convictions in matters of religion, rather than yield compliance to the will of the king. A great part of the time spent there by the persecuted servants of God was spent in solitary confinement. No one was permitted to see his neighbour, and seldom were they allowed to leave their cells. Sometimes, indeed, they would be permitted, two by two, to walk on the rock above, and within the fortress; but this was more a precaution against the approach of bad health than the evidence of the cruelty of their persecutors relenting. Diseases were caught there by not a few, which cleaved to and enfeebled them for life; and poor Blackadder's cell proved his grave.

'Five years on the lone rock, yet sweet abode,
He Enoch-like enjoyed, and walked with God;
Till by long living on this heavenly food,
His soul grew up by love too great, too good
To be confined to jail, or flesh, or blood.'

The landing of the Prince of Orange in England, in 1688, changed the entire aspect of things; but for two

years the Bass Rock held out for the exiled king. In 1690 it is surrendered into the hands of the new government, but speedily, by accident, fell again into the hands of the adherents of James. A few young officers, who had been taken prisoners at Cromdale, were imprisoned on the Bass. They soon formed a plan to take it by surprise, and succeeded. For several years they contrived, with great bravery, to keep their ground, and every effort to dislodge them proved ineffectual. Their friends supplied them with provisions from the shore; and as they grew more fearless, they plundered various merchant vessels, and made all pay tribute who came incautiously within range of the guns. The siege cost Fletcher of Saltoun, the new governor, a vast amount of trouble and expense; and it was not till two ships of war were dispatched to cut off supplies, that the marauders were brought to the necessity of capitulating. By an ingenious stratagem, they succeeded in obtaining honourable and advantageous terms. Thus the Bass was the last place in Scotland that held out for James. After the surrender, an order was issued that the fortress and buildings should be dismantled, and the cannon and ammunition removed; but this was not finally effected till 1701. The property of the Bass was acquired by President Dalrymple from the crown, by charter, in 1706, and the island has ever since been in the uninterrupted possession of that family.

The ruins on the rock consist of the old fortress, which stretches across that part of the island where alone a landing can be effected, and the old chapel, situated about midway between the former and the northern extremity. Upon landing, which cannot be done with comfort except when the weather is fine, you are met by the wall of the fortress, which serves to enclose the patch of pasture where about a score and a half of sheep are grazing, and through which you pass by a door which is kept locked by the person who farms the island. Within the door you stand at the foot of a gentle declivity, covered with a thin coating of soil, which supports a rich though precarious pasture. Half way up the declivity stands the ancient chapel, built, as is supposed, on the site of the cell of St. Baldred. It has obviously seen several centuries come and go; but it cannot claim an antiquity equal to that of the good hermit. The Bass, it appears, was once a parish, but where the parishioners came from it is hard to guess, unless we understand certain references in old documents to imply that it included the neighbouring parishes of Aldham (now Whitekirk), Tynninghame, and Preston. Beyond the chapel there was, in the olden time, a garden, the fruit of which cheered and refreshed the good Mr. Fraser of Brea during his confinement on this rock. But now, alas! both fruit-trees and flowers have disappeared, and not even a rose is left on its stalk, 'to mark where a garden had been.'

The second part of our article was intended to discuss the natural history and geology of the island, but on these points we must exercise brevity. Several birds take up their abode on the Bass, the chief of which is the gannet or solan goose. It is smaller than a domestic goose, and ranker in flavour, owing perhaps to the fact that it feeds upon fish. It is the young bird only that is used. At one time they were greatly in demand, but they are yearly becoming less so. The rent of the Bass is paid out of the proceeds of the young birds and the few sheep which it supplies with pasture. It was long believed that this was the only nest for the gannet in Scotland, but this is now known to be a false impression, as several other rocky islands shelter them in large numbers. It is said that the numbers that annually frequent the Bass are decreasing; and no wonder, when it is stated that the sum realised in former times by the sale of the young amounted annually to no less than £100 sterling. Vast numbers must have been slaughtered before this sum could have been realised, since even when most in demand the price per bird did not exceed eighteenpence. The birds make their nests on the surface of the rock, and along the shelves in the perpendicular cliffs. They are said to be very tame, nearly as much so as the penguins found on Possession Island by Sir James Ross, in his late expedition to the South Pole.

They will, at certain seasons, allow you to approach them within arm's length, but are generally more timid, and float away from the precipice as you approach. They cannot rise from the level rock, but must throw themselves from the cliff, and in falling catch the wind. They rise too from the top of a wave. They are capital fishers. Floating over the waters, a number of yards above the surface, when they perceive a fish below they fold their wings and dart down beak first. The impetus frequently sends them several feet below the surface, but they never miss their prey. For the geology and botany of the island we must urge our readers to go to the volume itself. On these we should have had great pleasure in dilating, but the length of our review peremptorily forbids it. The delicious morsel of description with which we conclude is from the pen of the author of the 'Old Red Sandstone':—'We had now spent a considerable time on the island, and a lovely day was passing into a still lovelier evening. The sun hung low over the western shoulder of North Berwick Law, in a sky embrowned along the horizon by a diffused vapour, the effect of an incipient frost; and the light, tinged as if with blood, fell in one ruddy sheet athwart the glassy surface of the sea, now undisturbed by a single ripple, and imparted a deep tinge of purple to the brown ruins at our feet and the lichened rock around us. The shadow of the Bass, elongated for miles, stretched in darkness towards the east, like the shadow of the mysterious pillar of cloud of old along the sands of the desert; while, dim in the haze towards the north, we could discern, and barely discern, the uncertain outline of the grey cliffs of May, with its white Pharos atop, that seemed a sheeted spectre—the solitary inhabitant of some island in cloudland. The steep precipices of the neighbouring coast frowned dark and cold in the shade, but the red beam slanted warmly along the level expanse of fields atop; and though the stern Tantallon presented to us his shady side, there was a strange brightness in the gleam of his eyes; the slant light, passing sheer through window and shot-hole, traversed, in long rules of ruddy bronze, the stratum of frosty vapour behind. There was a magnificent combination of fairy wildness and beauty in the scene, and yet it was all a reality.'

UTOUCH AND TOUCHU.

BY L. MARIA CHILLO.

[From the American Union Magazine.]

It was a bright autumnal day when two boys went forth to gather nuts. One was keen-eyed, and self-important in his gait. The other had mild, deep eyes, and his motions were like flowers swaying to a gentle breeze. Alfred, the keen-eyed, mounted the tree and shook it. 'I should like to own a dozen such trees,' said he, 'and have all the nuts to myself.'

'Oh, see how beautifully the setting sun shines slanting through the boughs on the trunk and branches! It glows like gold!' exclaimed Ernest.

'If the sun were like old Midas, that we read about at school, there would be some fun in it,' replied Alfred; 'for if it turned all it touched into real gold, I could peel off the bark and buy a horse with it.'

Ernest gazed silently at the golden sea of clouds in the west, and then at the warm gleams it cast on the old walnut tree. He stood thus but a moment; for his companion aimed a nut at his head, and shouted, 'Make haste to fill the basket, you lazy fellow!'

The nuts were soon gathered, and the boys stretched themselves on the grass, talking over school affairs. A flock of birds flew over their heads toward the south. 'They are flying away from winter,' said Ernest. 'How I should like to go with them where the palms and coconuts grow. See how beautifully they skim along the air!'

'I wish I had a gun,' rejoined Alfred; 'I would have some of them for supper.'

It was a mild autumn twilight. The cows had gone from the pastures, and all was still, save the monotonous bass of the crickets. The fitful whistling of the boys

gradually subsided into dreamy silence. As they lay thus, winking drowsily, Ernest saw a queer little dwarf peep from under an arching root of the walnut-tree. His little dots of blue eyes looked cold and opaque, as if they were made of turquoise. His hands were like the claws of a bird. But he was surely a gentleman of property and standing, for his brown velvet vest was embroidered with gold, and a diamond fastened his hat-band. While Ernest wondered who he could be, his attention was attracted by a bright little vision hovering in the air before him. At first, he thought it was a large insect, or a small bird; but as it floated ever nearer and nearer, he perceived a lovely little face with tender luminous eyes. Her robe seemed like soap-bubbles glancing in the sun, and under her bonnet, made of an inverted white petunia blossom, the little ringlets shone like finest threads of gold. The stamen of a white lily served her for a wand, and she held it toward him saying in tones of soft beseechment, 'Let me touch your eyes.'

'You had better touch my wand. You will find it much more to the purpose,' croaked the dwarf under the walnut-root. 'Look here! wouldn't you like to have this?' and he shook a purse full of coins, as he spoke.

'I don't like your cold eyes and your skinny fingers,' replied Ernest. 'Pray, who are you?'

'My name is Utouch,' answered the gnome; 'and I bring great luck wherever I go.'

'And what is yours, dear little spirit of the air?' asked Ernest.

She looked lovingly into his eyes, and answered, 'My name is Touchu. Shall I be your friend for life?'

He smiled, and eagerly replied, 'Oh yes! oh yes! Your face is so full of love!'

She descended gracefully and touched his eyes with her lily-stamen. The air became redolent with delicate perfume, like fragrant violets kissed by the soft south wind. A rainbow arched the heavens, and reflected its beautiful image on a mirror of mist. The old tree reached forth friendly arms, and cradled the sunbeams on its bosom. Flowers seemed to nod and smile, as if they knew him very well, and the little birds sang into his inmost soul. Presently, he felt that he was rising slowly and undulating on the air, like a winged seed when it is breathed upon; and away he sailed on fleecy clouds under the arch of the rainbow. A mocking laugh roused him from his trance, and he heard Utouch, the gnome, exclaim jeeringly, 'There he goes in one of his air castles, on a voyage to the moon!' Then he felt himself falling through the air, and all at once he was on the ground. Birds, flowers, rainbows, all were gone. Twilight had deepened into a dreary evening; winds sighed through the trees, and the crickets kept up their mournful creaking tones. Ernest was afraid to be alone. He felt round for his companion, and shook him by the arm, exclaiming, 'Alfred, Alfred, wake up! I have had a wonderful fine dream here on the grass.'

'So have I,' replied Alfred, rubbing his eyes. 'Why need you wake me just as the old fellow was dropping a purse full of money into my hand?'

'What old fellow?' inquired Ernest.

'He called himself Utouch,' answered Alfred; 'and he promised to be my constant companion. I hope he will keep his word; for I like an old chap that drops a purse of gold into your hand when you ask for it.'

'Why, I dreamed of that same old fellow,' said Ernest, 'but I didn't like his looks.'

'Perhaps he didn't show you the full purse?' said Alfred.

'Yes, he did,' replied Ernest; 'but I felt such love for the little fairy with tender eyes and heart-melting voice, that I chose her for my life friend. And oh, she made the earth so beautiful!'

His companion laughed and said, 'I dreamed of her too. So you preferred that floating soap-bubble, did you? I should have guessed as much. But come, help me to carry the nuts home, for I am hungry for my supper.'

... ..

Years passed, and the boys were men. Ernest sat writing in a small chamber that looked toward the setting sun. His little child had hung a prismatic chandelier-drop on the window, and he wrote amid the rainbows that it cast over his paper. In a simple vase on his desk stood a stalk of blossoms from the brilliant wild flower, called the cardinal. Unseen by him, the fairy Touchu circled round his head and waved her lily-stamen, from which the fine gold-coloured dust fell on his hair in a fragrant shower. In the greensward below, two beautiful yellow birds sat among the catnip blossoms, picking the seed while they rocked gracefully on the wind-stirred plant. Ernest smiled as he said to himself, 'Gone are the dandelion blossoms, which strewed my grass-carpet with golden stars, and now come these winged flowers to refresh the eye. When they are gone to warmer climes, then will the yellow butterflies come in pairs; and whenever they are gone, here in my oboë sleep the soft yellow tones ever ready to wake and cheer me with their child-like gladness.'

He took up the instrument as he spoke, and played a slight flourish. A little bird that nestled among the leaves of a cherry-tree near by, caught the tones of the oboë and mocked it with a joyous trill, a little sunny shower of sound. Then sprang the poet to his feet, and his countenance lighted up like a transfigured one; but a slight cloud soon floated over that radiant expression. 'Ah, if thou only wert not afraid of me!' he said, 'if thou wouldst come, dear little warbler, and perch on my oboë, and sing a duet with me, how happy I should be! Why are man and nature thus sundered?'

Another little bird in the althea bush answered him in low sweet notes, ending ever with the plaintive cadence of a minor-third. The deep, tender eyes of the man-child filled with tears. 'We are not sundered,' thought he. 'Surely my heart is in harmony with nature; for she responds to my inmost thought, as one instrument vibrates the tones of another to which it is perfectly attuned. Blessed, blessed is nature in her soothing power!' As he spoke, Touchu came floating on a zephyr, and poured over him the fragrance of mignonette she had gathered from the garden below.

At the same hour, Alfred walked in his conservatory among groves of fragrant geraniums and richly-flowering cactus. He smoked a cigar, and glanced listlessly from his embroidered slippers to the marble pavement, without taking notice of the costly flowers. The gardener, who was watering a group of japonicas, remarked, 'This is a fine specimen that has opened to-day. Will you have the goodness to look at it, sir?' He paused in his walk a moment, and looked at a pure white blossom, with the faintest roseate blush in its centre. 'It ought to be handsome,' said he; 'the price was high enough. But after all the money I have expended, horticulturists declare that Mr Duncan's japonicas excel mine. It's provoking to be outdone.' The old gnome stood behind one of the plants and shrugged his shoulders, and grinned. Without perceiving his presence, Alfred muttered to himself, 'Utouch promised my flowers should be unequalled in rarity and beauty.'

'That was last year,' croaked a small voice, which he at once recognised.

'Last year!' retorted Alfred, mocking his tone. 'Am I then to be always toiling after what I never keep? That's precious comfort, you provoking imp!'

A retreating laugh was heard under the pavement, as the rich man threw his cigar away, exclaiming impatiently, 'What do I care about the japonicas! they're not worth fretting about.'

Weeks passed and brought the returning seventh day of rest. The little child who made rainbows flicker over the father's poem, lay very ill, and the anxious parents feared that this beautiful vision of innocence might soon pass away from the earth. The shadows of a Madeira vine now and then waved across the window, and the chamber was filled with the delicate perfume of its blue-

soms. No sound broke the Sabbath stillness, except the little bird in the althea bush, whose tones were sad as the voice of memory. The child heard it, and sighed unconsciously, as he put his little feverish hand within his mother's, and said, 'Please sing me a hymn, dear mother.' With a soft clear voice, subdued by her depth of feeling, she sang Schubert's Ave Maria. Manifold and wonderful are the intertwining influences in the world of spirits! What was it that touched the little bird's heart, and uttered itself in such plaintive cadences? They made the child sigh for a hymn; and bird and child together woke Schubert's prayerful echoes in the mother's bosom. And now from the soul of the composer, in that far off German land, the spirit of devotion comes to the father, wafted on the wings of that beautiful music. Ernest bowed his head reverently, and sank kneeling by the bedside. While he listened thus, Touchu glided softly into his bosom and laid her wand upon his heart. When the sweet, beseeching melody had ceased, Ernest pressed the hand of the singer to his lips, and remained awhile in silence. Then the strong necessity of supplication came over him, and he poured forth an earnest prayer. With fervid eloquence, he implored for themselves an humble and resigned spirit, and for their little one, that, living or dying, good angels might ever carry him in their protecting arms. As they rose up, his wife leaned her head upon his shoulder, and with tearful eyes whispered:

'God help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.'

That same morning Alfred rode to church in his carriage, and a servant waited with the horses till he had performed his periodical routine of worship. Many coloured hues from the richly stained windows of the church glanced on wall and pillar, and imparted to silk and broadcloth the metallic lustre of a peacock's plumage. Gorgeous, in crimson mantle, with a topaz glory round his head, shone the meek son of Joseph the carpenter, and his humble fishermen of Galilee were refulgent in robes of purple and gold. The fine haze of dust on which the sunbeams fell, gleamed with a quivering prismatic reflection of their splendour. From the choir descended the heavenly tones of Schubert's Ave Maria. They flowed into Alfred's ear, but no Touchu was with him to lay her wand upon his heart. To a visitor, who sat in his cushioned pew, he whispered that they paid the highest price for their music, and had the best that money could command. The sermon urged the necessity of providing some religious instruction for the poor, for otherwise there could be no security to property against robbery and fire. Alfred resolved within himself to get up a subscription immediately for that purpose, and to give twice as much as Mr Duncan, whatever the sum might be. Utouch, who had secretly suggested the thing to him, turned somersets on the gilded prayer-book, and twisted diabolical grimaces. But Alfred did not see him; nor did he hear a laugh under the carriage when, as they rolled home, he said to his wife—'My dear, why didn't you wear your embroidered crape shawl? I told you we were to have strangers in the pew. In so handsome a church, people expect to see the congregation elegantly dressed, you know.'

But though Utouch was a mocking spirit, Alfred could not complain that he had been untrue to his bargain. He had promised to bestow anything he craved, from his kingdom of the outward. He had asked for honour in the church, influence on 'change, a rich, handsome wife, and superb horses. He had them all. Whose fault was it that he was continually looking round anxiously to observe whether others had more of the goods he coveted? He had wished for a luxurious table, and it stood covered with the rarest dainties of the world. But with a constrained smile he said to his guests—'Is it not provoking to be surrounded by luxuries I cannot eat? That piecrust would torment my sleep with a legion of nightmares. It is true I do not crave it much, for I sit at a loaded table 'half famished for an appetite,' as the witty Madame de Sevigné used to say.' Again and again he asked himself why all the fruit that seemed so ripe and tempting

on the outside was always dry and dusty within. And if he was puzzled to understand why he seemed to have all things, and yet really had nothing, still more was he puzzled to explain how Ernest seemed to have so little, and yet in reality possessed all things. One evening, at a concert, he happened to sit near Ernest and his wife while they listened to that most beautiful symphony by Spohr, called the 'Consecration of the Tones.' Delighted as children were they, when they began to hear the winds murmur through the music, the insects pipe, and one little bird after another chirp his notes of gladness. How expressively they looked at each other during the tender lulling cradle-song! and how their expression brightened and softened, as the enchanting tones passed through the wild allegro of the dance, into the exquisite melody of the serenade! But when cradle-song, dance, and serenade all moved forward together in delightful harmony, a three-fold chord of lovely melodies, the transparent countenance of Ernest became luminous with his inward joy. It was evident that Touchu had again laid her thrilling wand upon his heart.

'How the deuce does he contrive always to delight himself?' thought Alfred. 'I wonder whether the music really is anything uncommon.'

In order to ascertain, he turned from Ernest to watch the countenance of a musical critic near by—one of those unfortunate men who enjoy music as the proof-reader enjoys the poetry he corrects in a printing-office. How can a beautiful metaphor please him while he sees a comma topsy-turvy, or a period out of place? How can he be charmed by the melodious flow of the verse, while he is dotting an i, or looking out for an inverted s? The critic seemed less attentive to his business than the proof-reader; for he was looking round and whispering, apparently unconscious that sweet sounds filled the air. Nevertheless, Utouch whispered to Alfred that the critic was the man to inform him whether he ought to be delighted with the music or not. So at the close of the symphony he spoke to him, and took occasion to say—'I invited a French amateur to come here this evening, in hopes he would receive a favourable impression of the state of music in America. You are an excellent judge of such matters. Do you think he will be satisfied with the performance?'

'He may be pleased, sir, but not satisfied,' replied the critic. 'The composition is a very fine one, but he has doubtless heard it in Paris; and until you have heard a French orchestra, sir, you can have no conception of music. Their accuracy in rhythmical time amounts to absolute perfection.'

'And do you think the orchestra have played well to-night?'

'Tolerably well, sir. But in the cradle-song, the clarionet lagged a little once or twice; and the effect of the serenade was injured because the violoncello was tuned one sixteenth of a note too low.'

Alfred bowed, and went away, congratulating himself that he had not been more delighted than was proper.

The alleged impossibility of having any conception of music unless he went to Europe, renewed a wish he had long indulged. He closed his magnificent house, and went forth to make the fashionable tour. Ernest was a painter, as well as poet; and it chanced that they met in Italy. Alfred seemed glad to see the friend of his childhood; but he soon turned from cheerful things, to tell how vexed he was about a statue he had purchased. 'I gave a great price for it,' said he, 'thinking it was a real antique; but good judges now assure me that it is a modern work. It is so annoying to waste one's money!'

'But if it be really beautiful, and pleases you, the money is not wasted,' replied Ernest; 'though it certainly is not agreeable to be cheated. Look at this ivory head to my cane! It is a bust of Hebe which I bought for a trifle yesterday. But small as is the market value, its beauty is a perpetual delight to me. If it be not an antique, it deserves to be. It troubles me that I cannot find the artist and pay him more than I gave. Perhaps he is poor, and has not yet made a name for himself; but

whoever he may be, a spark of the divine fire is certainly in him. Observe the beautiful swell of the breast and the graceful turn of the head!

'Yes, it is a pretty thing,' rejoined Alfred, half contemptuously; 'but I am too much vexed with that knave who sold me the statue, to go into raptures about the head of a cane, just now. What makes it more provoking is, that Mr Duncan did purchase a real antique last year, for less money than I threw away on this modern thing.'

Having in vain tried to impart his own sunny humour, Ernest bade him adieu, and returned to his humble lodgings, out of the city. As he lingered in the orange groves, listening to nightingales, he thought to himself, 'I wish that charming little fairy, who came to me in my boyish dream, would touch Alfred with her wand; for the purse the old gnome gave him seems to bring him little joy.' He happened to look up at the moment, and there, close by his hand, was Touchu balancing herself tip-toe on an orange bud. She had the same luminous, loving eyes, the same prismatic robes, and the same sunny gleam on her hair. She smiled as she said, 'Then you do not repent your early choice, though I could not give you a purse full of money?'

'Oh, no indeed,' replied he. 'Thou hast been the brightest blessing of my life.'

She kissed his eyes, and waving her wand over him, said affectionately, 'Take then the best gift I have to offer. When thou art an old man, thou shalt still remain to the last a simple, happy child.'

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET.

Why do I fancy in my noon of life,
Ere any furrows yet unsmooth my brow,
That this fair globe no more of beauty now
To me can show,—that Time, so lately life
With joys that compensate all terrene strife,
May not henceforth with these my path endow?
Before such dark imaginings I bow,
Yet most reluctantly. Firmly the knife,
Touching the keen nerves of this mortal frame,
Could I endure, and smile away the smart
Of all defacing ills that come with years;
But feelings are there, which we cannot name.
The wrinkles of my days are on my heart—
It is the eye of thought that drops sad tears.

T. S.

GREGORY'S GONG.

TOLL THE TWELFTH.

GREGORY continued, during his convalescence from the effects of Tipoo's teeth, an inmate of M'Allan's hermitage; in a few days he was able to walk about, and felt highly delighted with the character and locality of M'Allan's dwelling-place; and more so with the affectionate hospitality, the gifted mind, and manners of his host; whose love of retirement was so much in unison with his own, that he was therefore much disposed to accept M'Allan's urgent entreaties to continue to make the pagoda his home while the regiment should be quartered at Sorajpore. Though both delighted in solitude, they each acknowledged the truth of the poet's aphorism,

'Yet grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper—solitude is sweet.'

Gregory had only one scruple against the acceptance of the kind proposal—the previous invitation of the major; but on M'Allan's waiting upon him and asking him as a personal favour to waive his claim, that officer kindly said, 'Though unwilling to resign my right to our young friend, you are doubtless best entitled to the society of one whose life you have been the means of saving; but I make the stipulation that you will both frequently on an evening forego the sweets of your hermitage to enliven my poor lonely bungalow.' To this M'Allan most readily agreed.

As soon as Gregory's strength permitted, he zealously

attended all drills and parades, and everything else connected with his duty, and, under the banian shade, derived great advantage from M'Allan's profound knowledge of military tactics. After their studies and animated conversations, the friends would walk out under the far-extending magnificence of the forest monastery. No one but such as have experienced it can conceive the exulting privilege of walking beneath a tropical sky in such a splendid sylvan amphitheatre. Sometimes M'Allan, taking down broadswords and shields, invited Gregory to the open terrace of the hermitage and taught him the attack and defence of Highland conflict; at other times, placing a target down one of the noble vistas, they practised rifle-shooting and archery. The major often joined them in their conversations and recreations, they being the only officers with whom he could hold any intellectual intercourse, and they, in return, often spent the evening most agreeably at his bungalow. With these exceptions, they were left almost entirely to themselves, the rest of the officers being occupied in riding their respective hobbies; they all mustered occasionally round the colonel's sea-pie at dinner, and they were sometimes asked to dine with the doctor, who often forgot his invitation, and had no dinner to give them.

About a month after Gregory had joined his regiment the periodical rains set in. In four-and-twenty hours the parched and arid plains were clothed in a mantle of living green; the iron skies were melted into pure and fluid ether. The soul-reviving influence of the blessed change is no less delightful than sudden. The rain has poured down in torrents during the night, and in the morning

'The clouds in airy tumult fly,
The sun emerging opees an azure sky;

and, in the language of M'Allan's epic poet, 'Over the green plains fly the inconstant shadows.' Gregory never felt before the full force of Milton's expression, 'vernal delight,' and he hailed the exhilarating change in the words of his own country's and nature's bard—

'Again rejoicing nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hue;
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
All freshly steep'd in morning dew.'

But the surpassing charm of that season was the revelation made of the sublimest scene under heaven. The Himalaya glory had hitherto been completely veiled. Never shall we forget the first time we were privileged to look upon nature's metropolitan temple. It was one of the first dewy mornings after the rainy season; we had walked out at daybreak towards the south, over the unvaried plain, little aware of the splendour that awaited us. On turning round to retrace our steps, the cloudy curtain had risen, and presented to our astonished gaze a vision of overpowering religious sublimity, amid the dread silence of a tropic morn. Beyond the far-stretching level champagne line rose a range of blue hills, higher than our loftiest Grampians, and towering above them, kindled as by the mystic light of a yet unrisen sun, the awe-inspiring snow-clad spires of the everlasting mountain fanes, unpoluted and unapproachable by mortal's path, and rising to a height towards their great Creator's heaven, with which we never conceived this earth had any communion. Poetry may charm so enchantingly, that we become in imagination ourselves enchanted; but for once, and for once only in this life, we stood entranced with a reality that can never be repeated, as we gazed with devotional rapture on the holy of holies of nature's inmost shrine. We think the effect of this unequalled sublimity is much increased by its foreground; there is no gradual transition from plain to mountain—the vast level, with all its graceful palms, forms a magnificent and befitting outer-court to this great temple of nature.

The beginning of November, in the upper stations of India, sees the conclusion of the rainy season, when the pure calm unclouded autumnal skies set in, and a refreshing coolness wantons in the gentle western breeze. The season for military operations, designed by the government during the rains, has then arrived. On the first of

the above mentioned month, the regiment, according to custom, had held muster on the morning parade, and the officers of the corps, as usual on that most important occasion, had met round Colonel Broadside's bounteous breakfast-table, where a great deal of fun and good-humour was always exhibited, much promoted, no doubt, by the consciousness of another month's pay being then due. The colonel was loud and hearty in his hospitality, after ship-board fashion, and kept up a raking fire amongst his crew. In the midst of the merriment the doctor arrived, late, and on foot.

'Come along, you lazy, lagging, land-lubber leech!' cried the colonel, from the far-end of the table; 'what Flying-Dutchman experiment have you been giving chase to now, that you are so far astern?'

'No very pleasant one,' said the doctor; 'to use your own sea-lingo, in taking a near cut through the fields, my horse *carpeted* with me into one of those old confounded dry wells; I scrambled out with difficulty and a whole neck.'

'And how did you get out your horse doctor?' cried Turf.

'My horse!' said the doctor, with an astonished recollection; 'I never thought of him; he is still there!'

This, of course, produced a tremendous roar at the doctor's expense; while Turf, ordering some of the colonel's tackling, and mustering all hands of his black crew, set off, quite in his element, to extricate the unfortunate Rozinante.

In the meantime, breakfast being finished, the hookas had just begun to add their more than usually animated rattling to the running fire of jokes and laughter of the company, when a hurkara entered with despatches for the colonel. Broadside, having glanced them over, bawled out, 'Avast there, with your squibs and crackers, my lads, here is more serious fun for you; the regiment is ordered to join a force at Jummapore, to reduce the fort of Zubberghur, without a moment's delay.'

'That's my death-warrant,' said M'Allan, calmly. This was received with another roar of laughter. 'Ay, laugh on, gentlemen, you will see how it will be; but rest assured my Highland blood will neither disgrace the mountain from which it springs, nor the gallant corps to which I have the honour to belong.'

'Long may you live, shipmate, to be an honour to it!' cried the worthy old colonel; 'but there is no time to be lost in getting our camels and tents under weigh.'

The company, accordingly, broke up, to prepare for the campaign, and the next morning saw the regiment on the line of march.

Nothing particular occurred during the different stages of the route. Though there was no officers' mess in cantonments, they, as usual while in the field, dined together in the evenings. M'Allan and Gregory belonging to the same company, their tents were pitched close to each other, and their intercourse and friendship continued to be cultivated. At sunrise, on the fifteenth of the month, they saw in the distance the camp of the army they were come to join. To Gregory, who had never seen such a military assembly before, the far-extending white city, with its superior style of Indian tents, and its numerous distinguishing flags, had an intensely imposing appearance; and when the regiment joined its encampment to the vast array, Gregory was delighted and surprised to find, amid all the multitude of neighing horses, roaring camels, grumbling elephants, gongs, drums, and bazaar cries, such complete seclusion and peace within his own little pavilion—a hermitage in a camp. In a few days the army moved in the direction of the fortress it was to reduce; the place was within the compass of a forced march, and by sunset the lofty embattlements of Zubberghur stood in stern relief against the evening sky, in front of the army, which now encamped.

The powerful zemeendars or landholders of the newly

conquered provinces, who, amidst the anarchy and misrule which prevailed among the contending parties during the decline and fall of the Mogul empire, had attained in their own zemeendares a kind of feudal despotism, and consequently celebrity among their countrymen, though not denying or inclined to dispute the British right of conquest, they could ill brook what they conceived a degradation to their dignity; they were not unwilling to render the sordid tribute of rents which now fell due to their European lords, but when, besides these, they were to be made amenable in person for any misconduct or undue exercise of authority among the serfs on their domains, by a summons to appear before the British judge of the district, they often disdained to hold their lands by such a tenure, and resolved at the same time not to yield them unrevenged; their whole ambition was then directed to resign their pride of place and power, like high-minded chivalric warriors, on the battle-field, in one last, brave, though hopeless combat with the Feringee foe. Fortifying, therefore, their castles to the utmost, storing them with magazines and provisions, and assembling followers and partisans of all descriptions, they treated the summons of the British authority with contempt, desiring the sender to come and carry his warrant into execution. Such was the position of the brave Zubber Khan, whose isolated stronghold now stood in open rebellion and stern defiance to the British, in the midst of a subdued kingdom, with all its resources and armies around them. No sooner had the army encamped, and the evening shades darkened the scene, than a fearfully grand prelude to the bloody game took place. A single rocket ascended from the fortress, and in a moment all the villages throughout the extensive open plains, belonging to the zemeendar, burst into flames, and brought out in bright terrific relief the only uninfamed objects—viz., the frowning embattlements of the foe and the far-spreading white camp of the besiegers.

On the following evening, as soon as it was dark, to such of these ruined villages as were within cannon-shot of the fortress, troops were sent, who, stealing in among the ruins under cloud of night, established outposts among them. The one nearest the enemy's walls, directly in front of the camp, was the principal post, as from it the approaches were to be made. To relieve the force there, on the third evening, Gregory was detached from his regiment with a party of sepoy, to join the main body for that service on parade; and as soon as night favoured them, they marched directly upon the village before mentioned. The movement was performed in profound silence, and when the detachment reached the skirts of the black, burned little town, they halted. The commandant then went quietly from officer to officer, and told them how to dispose of their men among the ruins, and where they would find a rendezvous for themselves for the next four-and-twenty hours. Though the besieged could neither see nor hear anything that was going on, they were aware, through their spies, that the relief of the post took place at this time, and kept up a fire of cannon and matchlocks upon the village. Gregory felt a novel, strange, and stirring excitement at finding himself for the first time under the fire of an enemy—an enemy which had a mysterious association, from its unconnectedness with himself and his country, and with a quarrel the cause of which he scarcely knew, and in which he felt little concerned, farther than it was the quarrel of his employers, whom he felt it was his imperious duty to aid and abet to the utmost of his power. He tried to picture to his imagination the appearance and behaviour of those who, on the battlements, within the dark veil of night, were levelling their guns in hopes of his destruction, and fancied what would be their friendly wishes towards him as they discharged their artillery. The deep silence that prevailed through the deserted village, and the want of any active employment for the moment, left room for these cogitations. The word was now whispered round for the party to move into the town. After winding some way in silence, through narrow lanes, with houses even blacker than the night, they came up with an officer, stationed at the corner of a

* This may appear too improbable, even in an ultra absent-minded person, but it occurred exactly as here mentioned.

street, who intimated to each officer as he passed that the next turn would expose him to the raking fire of the fort, and therefore to hurry on till they came to a large mud-butt on the left hand, and there to order their men under cover among the ruins, and that they would find shelter for themselves in the said hut. Gregory having received in his turn the above hint, now turned the corner, and entered the street exposed to the enemy's fire. A most interesting display here greeted him. Right in front a bright blaze presented for an instant, amid utter darkness, a high overhanging bastion, manned with black artillerymen with their spunging-rods; soldiers with spears, swords, and shields, all stood for the moment revealed in savage relief, and, as Walter Scott says, 'seemed forms of giant height,' and as he elsewhere sings, 'were instant seen were instant gone;' for ere the ball rattled among the ruined walls, like Alloa kirk after Tam's exclamation, 'in a moment all was dark.'

Gregory having reached the hut alluded to, which had belonged to the head man of the village, and from its greater height had escaped the general conflagration, lodged his men within the shelter of the neighbouring walls, and entered the rendezvous. The brown mud walls were lighted by a candle or two stuck upon them. The officers they had come to relieve stood ready to depart, and soon left the relieving party in possession of the den, which was in sport dignified with the name of 'Head-Quarters,' bequeathing them as a legacy a mist of tobacco-smoke and fumes, and one of a more intellectual nature, viz., rhymes and verses of various degrees of merit, from the lowest doggerel to the highest heroic, scrawled by 'desperate charcoal' on the Hindoo walls, the last place in the world where English poetry ever expected to figure. Here was seen a travestie of the siege of Troy, in allusion to the siege of Zuberghur; there 'a bold defiance to the host;' and yonder a tender address of some love-sick ensign-swain 'to the girl he left behind him,' &c.

The relief being effected, the commanding officer proceeded to allot to each officer his post and duty in the event of a sally from the garrison. 'We require,' said he, 'a party to go out to cover the pioneers at the opening of the trenches; for this duty I find by the roster Captain Bluff and the subaltern Ensign Gregory. You will therefore be pleased, Captain Bluff, to proceed to the open plain to cover (at this word he smiled) the working party, and be all night on the alert to meet and repulse any sortie that may be made by the enemy to obstruct or frustrate the operations at the trenches.'

Captain Bluff grumbled the acquiescence of 'very good' with a bad grace. Gregory turned his eyes on the officer under whom he was destined to serve in the first of his fields. 'He may well be sent out to cover,' thought Gregory, 'for such a man of enormous size and fatness I never saw or heard of save in Chinese pictures of overgrown mandarins. He looks, as a friend of mine once said of another officer, more skilled in the art of cookery than the art of war.'

'Where is my ensign?' growled Bluff.

'Here I am, at your service, sir,' said Gregory.

'Not at my service, sir, but of thankless John Company. I have just one wish,' continued the mass of obesity, 'and that is, that my dear kind papa, who sent me to be out of his way into such a situation as this, was now in it himself. But come along, there is no help for misfortune, and no use of grumbling; I only wish that those rebel rascals would come out and fight it out at once on the green,' as Paddy says, and be done with it. I have no objection to a regular battle through a regular tour of duty, but being thus ordered at a moment's notice, out of my turn and unprepared, is abominable.' So saying, he squeezed himself through the narrow hut-door, followed by Gregory and a titter of laughter from the more fortunate officers left to pass the night, with the thermometer at that season down to the freezing point, under the shelter of the village head-quarters and the fire of their pipes instead of that of the enemy.

'You must not suppose,' said the capacious captain to

Gregory in an under tone, as they proceeded silently across the open plain, followed by their sepoy to cover the working parties, 'that I am averse to the performance of my duty—far from it; I only dislike being put out of my way. You must know that I was invited to a large dinner-party, and was all prepared to set out to join it with a raging appetite, when an order arrived, requiring me to proceed immediately with my company on out-post duty, in lieu of Captain Slim, reported sick (sick of the service, I suppose), and such was the hurry that, having nothing cold in my tent, and no time to have anything cooked, I was obliged to be off with an empty stomach and a great desire to eat, to sit down on this cold open plain before this confounded fort, instead of being under a comfortable tent, set down to attack the embattled crust of a smoking pie; oh, 'tis shocking!'

As he spoke they arrived at their assigned position. The sepoys were ordered to lie down on the ground; a servant who had followed the captain took from his head a reversed armchair, which he now planted on its feet for his master's reception and accommodation. This, indeed, was a necessary and allowable indulgence, for had he followed the example of his sepoys, his prostration on the ground must have been permanent, 'through downright inability to rise.' Bluff having received from his bearer an enormous labada or cloak, made of cashmere shawl worked with layers of loose cotton, and having enveloped himself in its ample folds, sat down on the chair, growling, 'Cold and hunger! oh, ill-matched pair,' as your Scotch poet says.

'Captain Bluff,' said Gregory, 'as I was not taken by surprise like yourself, I was able to secure a roasted fowl, which I have here in a towel with some bread.'

'Have you really?' cried the enraptured gourmand; 'then we'll do yet, for here is a bottle of lal (red) that I clapt into my cloak pocket. Give us hold of the dear moorgees.'

Gregory produced the hen, which Bluff took on his knees. He first tore off the legs or drumsticks, which he presented to Gregory as his share, and the rest he speedily devoured himself, ever and anon washing it down with a swig from the bottle, which he handed once to Gregory, remarking, that being English claret it was apt to go to the head of young toppers, which would be highly improper in their present responsible situation.

This novel picnic being finished, and the stomach of Bluff being appeased for the meanwhile, he again wrapt himself in the folds of his quilted cashmere cloak, and said, 'I have given you, my young friend, I hope, satisfactory and cogent reasons for not passing the bottle oftener to you; and should you be inclined to think that I took the lion's share of your splendid chittigong, which did credit both to the feeder and roaster, I can give two equally satisfactory reasons for so doing; in the first place, you will not deny that my corporeal state requires at least threefold sustentation of yours; and secondly, it is a well-known fact that we Englishmen fight best under the satisfaction of a full belly, while you Scotchmen lay about you to most effect under the irritation of an empty one; and as there is no saying what we may have to do in that way before morning, you will allow that I have acted the part of a skilful general in being prepared for the worst; and now, my young friend (friend in need, I may truly say), it affords me great pleasure to think that I have it in my power to make some return for your opportune supply of commissariat. As I am the responsible man on this most responsible duty, I must keep strict watch during the night; go therefore, my lad, and enjoy your sleep; I'll call you up if anything particular occurs, unless some one of those straggling shots that are hissing around us takes away the power of speech, in which case you will excuse me giving you a rousing kick with my foot.'

Gregory not approving of beginning his actual service by sleeping on his post, politely declined the proffered indulgence, saying he would prefer the pleasure of keeping his honour company.

'I will not hear of such a thing,' said the kind-hearted captain, who was now all good-humour and good-nature—

'I will not hear of it—it is yours to obey and mine to command, so go and sleep this instant.'

Gregory, seeing that it would be more than useless to dispute the point with his well-meaning commanding-officer, thought the best way would be to practise a *ruse de sommeil*; so, pretending to comply with the captain's mandate, he stretched himself on the ground at his feet; had he wished a secure protection from either the cannon or matchlock balls whizzing through the air he might have taken up a very safe position under the captain's lee. Having lain down, the next business was to feign a slumber-breathing. It was well for both captain and subaltern that it was only a feint on Gregory's part, for in five minutes a snore, in which there was no mistake, announced that the worthy commandant was oblivious, and almost at the same moment the ensign saw the field-officer of the day, through the dusky night, advancing in his round of visits to the outposts and pickets. Had Gregory been in the same state as his captain, that night might have proved both the first and the last of his fields. Gregory sprang up, shook the snoring centurion, and said, 'The field-officer!' In a moment Bluff was on his legs, his *roquelaure* was cast behind him, his sabre flashed from its scabbard; he advanced to meet the visiting-officer, saying, as he came up with him, 'The parole?' 'Vigilance.' 'All right,' said the captain, dropping his sword; 'we are all vigilance here; pass visiting rounds.' The officer and his staff having passed on, the captain sheathed his sword, resumed his cloak and armchair, and then addressed Gregory as follows, 'Ay, that was something like a surprise. But the best will err, *aliquando dormitat Homerus*; 'tis well you kept awake!'

'I think it was,' said Gregory. 'I hope you wont order me to sleep again while under your command.'

'Certainly not—*experientia docet*. I must profit by my error, and be more true in future to the parole of to-day, as I value my commission; for the loss of that and a dinner on the same night would be too much of a good thing.'

It was now midnight, and the fire from the fort had entirely ceased, and all was profound silence. But this was soon broken, in rather an amusing and laughable way, though attended at the same time with a solemn kind of effect, tending greatly to assist Bluff in keeping himself from nodding again. The Indian tactics within the fort were not of that regular and systematic order practised in the besieging army. Instead of relieving the batteries and different posts by successive watches, the whole were under arms till a certain hour of night, and then went to sleep for a certain number of hours. To supply their place in the interim, the spiritual adviser and oracle of the fortress, a burly and strong-tongued dervise, took his seat on the loftiest pinnacle of the citadel, and, though all unseen, was heard distinctly, to a mile's distance all around, exclaiming, in a deep, solemn, impressive tone, 'Come on, come on, ye craven-hearted Englishmen! Why do ye not come on in fair daylight to open combat? why work ye, like cowardly moles and rats, under ground at night a subterranean road to our ditch? Beware, beware how you show your noses through your hole at our glacis; we've got snuff here that will set you a sneezing. Give over such grovelling ways, keep above ground, like men, and cease to degrade yourselves like burrowing bandicoots!' This fire of abuse was kept up till the first streak of dawn appeared in the east, when the captain and Gregory, according to the orders they had received, withdrew their detachment, and returned to camp.

FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

The primitive Christians were very careful in observing funeral rites, many of which they had adopted from the pagans. These were forced to give way, however, before the denunciations of the Church. The decent customs of composing the limbs and closing the eyes were too natural to be reprehensible; but the lavish expenditure of unctions, and fine robes, and perfumes, was condemned as vain and

even sinful. The early Christians, who were careful in distinguishing themselves in all things from the Jews, were particular in their use of coffins, in contradistinction to the Hebrews, who wrapped their dead in linen. The corpse was placed in its narrow receptacle, adorned and covered with a pall, and friends and relatives watched it constantly till the time of interment, while attendants chanted psalms. The body was borne to the grave amidst torch-bearers and chanters of psalmody, and then an oration was pronounced over the grave; this custom is still prevalent, under a modified form, amongst all the Christian churches save those in Scotland. The death of a relative was considered a peculiar season of charity. The beautiful practice of adorning the grave with flowers seems to have been confined to the more humble portion of the Christian community, and to have been viewed with leniency by the censors; and the adoption of mourning weeds is also one of the earliest practices. The burial-places of the ancients were all without the walls of their cities, and the Christian emperors were long peremptory in their prohibition of burials within the walls; but the pestilent habit of interment in churches and in grounds surrounding them began about the beginning of the sixth century, when Gregory assumed to be head of the Christian church, and commenced to consecrate the earth for such purpose.

The following was the formula at Roman Catholic funerals, as described by Picart, in the beginning of the seventeenth century. Immediately after decease, the body was washed and stretched, a crucifix placed in its hand, a vessel of holy water was laid at its feet, that visitants might sprinkle it, and priests remained beside it, to pray, until interment took place. If the deceased was an ecclesiastic, he was dressed according to his order, and borne by his brethren only. The clergy never wore mourning for their relatives; being dead to all relationship save that of the church, they only attended funerals, even of their own fathers, in their sacerdotal character. The rites of ecclesiastical burial were denied to the Jews, apostates, infidels, heretics, schismatics, excommunicated or interdicted persons, those who had struck an ecclesiastic without rendering satisfaction previous to death, suicides, duellists, blasphemers, and those who lived in open mortal sin, and died unconfessed. The coffin was generally placed in the hall of the house, with the feet to the door, and surrounded by waxen tapers. When the priests arrived to form the procession, the crucifixer stood at the head, the minister officiating at the foot, and the holy-water carrier to the right of and a little behind the minister, who sprinkled the corpse with holy water, while the priests who were ranged around chanted the *De profundis* and *Miserere*. The light-bearers headed the procession towards the church; then followed the seculars; next came the clergy, two and two, preceded by the crucifix and water-basin; and the minister immediately preceded the body. Psalms and requiems were chanted as they moved along. The body was supported on each side by children bearing flambeaux, while the friends and relatives followed, in long black cloaks. The service for the dead was then performed, concluding with mass, the sprinkling of holy water, and the delivery of an oration. All stood uncovered at the grave, over which the body was placed, with the feet towards the east. A prayer was now pronounced, the grave and body again sprinkled and censed, and then the anthem, 'I am the Resurrection,' was begun, while the body was again three times sprinkled. A prayer and two anthems followed, when the body, being lowered into the tomb and sprinkled by the mourners, was covered up. The practice of the Armenians possibly varied little from that of the Roman Catholics. Easter Monday was reckoned a day of commemoration of the dead in that church, and most unseemly howlings, screechings, and scenes of dissolute festivity took place on these occasions.

The ancient Scandinavians burned their dead, and then they buried in barrows, laying the corpse on the surface of the ground, and covering it with stones and earth. The Anglo-Saxons adopted this method even in the churches, thus rendering them too pestiferous for the celebration of worship; and feasts of the most rude and boisterous cha-

racter were kept up from death to interment, often reducing the family of the deceased to poverty, from their excessively expensive nature. The burial customs of the English gradually became modified as the people advanced in civilisation. The wake was common, as in Scotland and Ireland. There was very little solemnity observed in the obsequies of the departed Scottish highlander, the scene being rather one of merry-making than of mourning. A piper and dancers were engaged during the time of lying for funeral, and the Coronach was howled over the corpse by the women at intervals. Sometimes even a hundred cattle and three hundred sheep would be slaughtered at the funeral of a Highland chief, while upwards of a thousand people would feast and drink, and then follow the corpse to the grave. In some parts of England and Scotland, a pewter or wooden platter, containing salt and a candle, were laid upon the breast of the corpse, for what purpose is not very well understood. In Wales, an old superstitious custom prevails at funerals, which is worthy of notice. Poor people were hired to take upon them the sins of the departed, which they did by eating bread over the corpse, drinking a bowlful of beer or milk, and then accepting a sixpence, in consideration of which they became answerable for all the sins of the dead, and thus freed them from walking about in ghostly form.

The original burial rites of the Mahomedans were certainly as simple as they are now otherwise. In the Koran there is no specification and scarcely any allusion to the procedure concerning the burial of the dead; but from the Sunnah, or oral law, which is a collection of all the traditional sayings of the Prophet, one of those elaborate and complicated formularies has been created which characterises the doings of every rich and powerful priesthood. Sectarianism prevails amongst the Mussulmans to almost as great an extent as with Christians, and these differ in several things regarding burial as much as in their interpretations of the doctrines of the Koran. Abu Hanifah, one of the most celebrated and extensively followed Moslem sectaries, prescribes the following ritual:—On the approach of Azriel, or death, the invalid is laid on his back, with his right side turned towards the holy city of Mecca, where slumbers the body of the Prophet. All present then join in repeating the thirty-sixth chapter of the Koran, and whispering the confession of faith into the ear of the dying man, taking care, however, neither to disturb nor irritate him, lest he should approach death in other than the calm, dignified manner becoming one of the faithful. At this time, the chamber is fumigated with odoriferous herbs. The limbs of the corpse are stretched out, a sword is laid upon the body, and the mouth and eyes are closed at the moment of death. The interment is not a work of delay, for the Prophet has enjoined that his followers should 'make haste to bury your dead; that, if the deceased have done well, he may go forthwith into blessedness; but, if he have done evil, let him depart far from you, to the children of hell-fire.' Four things are required in the funeral service, namely, ablation of the corpse, winding-sheets, prayer, and interment. It is universally obligatory among Mussulmans to wash the corpse. The upper part of the body is then stripped and washed by persons of the same sex as the deceased, which ceremony takes place either upon a flat stone at the mosque, or upon one at home, called 'The stone of the house of prayer.' The water used by the rich is highly perfumed, that of the poor is sweet water from the spring. After the corpse is carefully dried, the head is covered with aromatic herbs, and the eight parts of the body used in prayer, which are the nose, forehead, hands, feet, and knees, are rubbed with camphor. The body is then wrapped up in the winding-sheet—the poor having only a garment, which is deemed necessary, the rich being dressed in a more sumptuous manner. The winding-sheets must all be white, and are tied at the extremities, being also perfumed an unequal number of times, for unity is an odd number, and therefore odd numbers must be used upon all sacred occasions. Whenever the body is laid upon the bier, the funeral service begins, by the Imaum of the district, or natural guardian of the deceased,

standing at the head and reciting four prayers, accompanied by certain signs and salutations. The Moslem dead are never carried to the mosque, which is said to be exclusively for the living, but are at once conveyed to the grave. The bier is borne by at least four bearers, each of whom must successively support all the corners of it. Forty steps taken with this mortal burden are believed to expiate forty sins, and the proudest Moslem will dismount from his steed, and assist in this carriage, from what motive will easily be seen. Great despatch is used in the procession, the bearers hurrying along as quickly as possible, according to the mandate of Mahomet, who said, 'If he is good, hurry on, that he may the sooner enter Paradise; if he is evil, deliver yourselves of your burden as soon as possible.' On reaching the place of sepulture, the body is immediately consigned to the earth, the face being turned towards Mecca, while the Imaum cries aloud, 'In the name of God, and according to the religion of the prophet of God,' when the company disperses, no one manifesting the least emotion of feeling; for it is strictly enjoined by the law that the will of God shall be acquiesced in without a murmur. The law forbids the erection of monuments to the memory of the deceased; but the strong natural desire of perpetuating the recollection of those who have been honoured and beloved is stronger than sumptuary enactments, and so little tombs are built, and the virtues of the departed are chronicled in letters thereon. The sultans, and members of the imperial family, have had chapels built over their tombs, in which sheiks and dervishes are maintained to pray their souls out of purgatory—the Sunnites, a Mahomedan sect, believing in that intermediate state, as do the Roman Catholics. The covering of the bier is generally of embroidered cloth, and, if the relatives can purchase it, is part of the covering of the Holy House at Mecca, which is annually renewed, the old one being sold to devotees. The service for martyrs differs in some respects from the common formula, for they are believed to pass immediately into Paradise. The blood which covers them at death, and the clothes which are dyed with the same red tide, are reckoned sufficient for their purification, although their pelisses, cotton-garments, boots, and arms, must be removed at burial. Persons who were murdered, or who were taken suddenly away by plague, or otherwise, were considered to be martyrs of an inferior degree, and were also interred in the manner of such. Infidels are excluded from all participation in the funerals of the 'faithful,' nor, according to Mr Colebrooke, can they be buried in the Mussulmans' cemetery.

The rites of the Hindoos are most laborious and burdensome. A Sudra in his last agonies is either laid upon a bed of cusa-grass, in the house or out of it; but this is a privilege accorded to no person of any other tribe, who must be taken to the open air. When yet expiring, propitiatory alms should be given in his name, his head smeared and sprinkled with clay and water from the Ganges; a sacred stone should be placed near his body, and passages from the Vedas should be repeated in his ear, while the fresh leaves of the basil are scattered over his head. The corpse is then washed, perfumed, decked with flowers and some gem or other; pieces of gold are placed in each ear, nostril, and eye, and a piece of coral in the mouth; a cloth, perfumed with fragrant oil, is then thrown over the body, no matter of what condition. Fire and food are carried before the corpse in an unbaked earthen vessel, which, supported by the nearest relatives, is conveyed to some holy, secluded spot in the greenwoods, or by the quiet waters. A Sudra is carried through the southern gate of his town, a Brahmin through the western; one of military caste through the northern, and a merchant through the eastern. Those bearing the corpse pass all inhabited places on the road clandestinely, if possible, and, when arrived at the pile, place the corpse with its head to the south. The relatives bathe in their clothes, and then mark off a spot for consecration, upon which they erect the pile. The face of the corpse is turned towards the north, a cloth is thrown over it, and a relation, holding his right hand towards it, walks thrice round the pile, re-

peating the benediction—'May the gods, with flaming mouths, burn this corpse!' He then drops upon his left knee, after shifting the sacrificial cord to his right shoulder, and applies fire near the head, saying certain words, while the priest cries, 'Fire, thou wast lighted by him; may he therefore be reproduced from thee, that he may attain the region of celestial bliss.' A child under two years of age is interred, and a Hindoo who dies abroad is burned in effigy. After the body is consumed, all who have touched either it or the pile walk round the latter, keeping their left hand towards it, and carefully averting their eyes from the fire. They then walk towards the river, and bathe according to their seniority. When in the water, they perform several ceremonies, supposed to consummate purification, such as stirring the water with the ring-finger of the left hand, and throwing up some water towards the south with the same finger of the right hand. They then quit the water, put on dry garments, and, sitting down on the grass, calmly, and without any apparent feeling of sorrow, repeat some aphorisms regarding man's fragility. If the corpse has been burned during the day, an altar is raised by the nearest relative at night, and if the burning has been at night, the same is raised during the day, at a place of worship, or by a river, and there is offered upon it to the deceased a rice cake, fruits, honey, milk, butter, and sugar; and then flowers, raisins, a lighted lamp, and betel leaves are placed upon the cake, and then the kinsman presents woollen yarn, and an earthen vessel full of tila and water. In the evening, earthen vessels, containing milk and water, of which the deceased is invited to partake, are suspended before the door; and this must be repeated every evening during the period of mourning. Various other most particular and trifling observances occupy the relations of a deceased person, during the prescribed period of mourning, which it would be tedious to describe. At their termination, however, the bones or ashes are gathered, which ceremony is preceded by a most solemn oblation of food to the departed. After feeding the Brahmans who are assembled, the next of kin, dressed in clean raiment, approaches the pile, with eight vessels, containing flowers and roots, all of which he presents to Siva, and other fancied deities. The bones are then interred with much ceremony, and stones, a tree, a pond, or stake, marks the spot. Finally, however, the ashes are exhumed, and cast into the Ganges. After the first series of rites follows a second, and then a third, rendering the whole formula one of painful and protracted toil.

We come now to a part of their funeral customs that has engaged the earnest attention, and brought upon the barbarous enactors of it the reprobation of Europeans, that is, the system of immolating widows upon the pile with a deceased husband. It is curious to trace the origin of customs, and our readers will perhaps be astonished to know that this one sprung from the dread of husbands more than the devotion of wives. Amongst the Thracians this custom prevailed of immolating wives; and the relics of a warrior often had serious disputes regarding this high mortal honour. The suffrages of relations, however, settled the dispute, and then the lucky victim was sacrificed upon her husband's tomb amidst the plaudits of the multitude. In India, anciently, marriages were contracted by young people, without either the consent or the knowledge of their parents, and often when they were extremely youthful and could not form the least conception of each other's dispositions. Subsequent disgust often led to the sacrifice of the husband, through the agency of some of the many poisonous herbs that abounded in the country; and as a protection from this practice, it was enacted that the widow should perish on the pile that consumed the dead husband; this was soon considered to be a duty of the wife instead of a punishment, and the custom yet prevails amongst the Hindoos, although it is gradually sinking before the light of Christianity. The duties of the widow, before immolation, are particularly specified, and a devoted Sati woman will not neglect any of them. Having first bathed, she dresses in two clean garments, and holding out some cusa grass, sips water from the palm of her

hand. Having tila and cusa in her hands, she looks towards the north and east, while the Brahmin or officiating priest mutters the mystic word *om*. She then bows and begins a declaration of the reasons that induce her to die, which are all founded upon love and duty, and the hopes of immortal felicity. She then calls upon the guardians of the eight regions of the world, 'sun, moon, air, fire, æther, earth, and water, my own soul, day, night, and twilight, and thou conscience bear witness I follow my husband's corpse on the funeral pile.' She then walks three times round the pile, while the Brahmans utter an adjuration, after which she mutters the mystical word *namah*, and then ascends the mass of timber. Here she performs some ceremony, while the nearest of kin applies the torch. There is no receding from immolation after the ceremony has commenced, for the relations consider it a dreadful disgrace for the widow to do so, and would compel her to die did she manifest any inclination to forego this horrid holocaust. Butter and wood are thrown upon the heap by the bystanders, who believe that they earn eternal merit from such acts. Between the years 1815 and 1824, the enormous number of 5997 widows so perished. The British government, in their occupancy of India, have done no more to abolish this revolting practice than to cause to be published several regulations which the Hindoos have never obeyed; for there is nothing of which the Indians are so jealous of as interference with their national religion.

In Coromandel, the revolting custom of interring the widow with the husband prevails, the bystanders throwing earth upon the two bodies, and dancing and shouting round them until they suppose the woman to have been stifled. In Old Calabar, the horrid custom of sacrificing the slaves and wives of chiefs or kings yet prevails, and is carried out to as fearful an extent as amongst the ancient Scythians. The recent death of Eyamba, a prince of Old Calabar, was the occasion of one of those sad and cruel butcheries which our intrepid missionaries are too often doomed to witness, but which, with God's blessing, they will yet see abolished.

The decent and solemn interment of the departed we consider to be a Christian grace and duty, and surely it is no vain or sinful act to plant sweet fragrant flowers upon the turf, beneath which reposes the ashes of those we loved, who will yet rise and ascend to heaven like the balmy exhalations of the dew-scented thyme and sweet-brier. Ah, holy thoughts are often born of death, cold hearts melted by its stroke, and distant ones drawn together over a new-made grave! The season of death is a season of soul-communion that grief and resignation dignifies and purifies; but surely there cannot be a season more unfit for pomp and formality, those conventional hypocrisies which cover up the heart and smother its holier throbbings with a superficial robe of falsehood. Simplicity is the test of sincerity in all things, so that vain expensive oblations at funerals are essentially distressing to survivors, and they cannot affect the dead. There are many other customs, which were prevalent amongst diverse tribes, which are too numerous to mention; but in the history of every country few ceremonials occupied more of the attention of mankind; and when we reflect that death has been the great climax and mystery of active existence to all speculative humanity, we cannot wonder that many superstitious customs have been created to celebrate an event which, from intuition, even the most savage nations felt to be an event of translation and not of annihilation.

THE OLD NEWSPAPER.

BY RICHARD OLDMAKENEW.

CAMPBELL.

Campbell has been justly designated, 'the poet of Nature.' Let us look at him as described by the Very Rev. Principal Macfarlane, of the College of Glasgow, at a public meeting held in honour of him, and at which he was present, while he was Lord Rector of said University. 'You all know,' said Mr Macfarlane to those whom he ad-

dressed—'you all know that our illustrious guest is a native of Glasgow; that here he was educated; that here he first poured out his soul in song, and breathed forth the first accents of his enchanting poetry. With his well-earned fame we feel ourselves associated: and well it becomes us to hail his re-appearance in his native city with the pure unmixed tribute of respect for his great talents, and admiration of his poetic genius. That admiration is co-extensive with the language he has cultivated, co-extensive with the wide range of English literature, and unalloyed by any contradictory or debasing feeling. No passage in his works offends the eye of purity; none can disgust the most fastidious delicacy; none that any reader would, for a moment, wish to be blotted out. The feeling of admiration which we now indulge in is most gratifying; but it is mingled with one still more delightful—the effusions of gratitude. On this last feeling he has a most powerful claim. It is the triumph of the true poet that he recalls to us those deep emotions which we have experienced without being able to clothe them in adequate expressions; that he invests them with the glowing colours of his own imagination; that, flowing from him, they become 'thoughts that breathe and words that burn'; and consequently that, in presenting to us sentiments and language of which we recognise at once the truth and energy, he furnishes us with additional means of expressing our feelings, and even adds to those feelings additional warmth and interest. How does every one who has felt the pangs of parting dwell on the solemnly pathetic farewell of the banished man to his daughter! How sadly does the bosom of the patriot beat over the downfall of Sarmatia's hero! Who that has tasted the sweets of domestic bliss can ever forget the lonely repose, the tranquillity of affection, which encircles the abode of Gertrude? What soul of excursive fancy and pensive musing but has melted at the sad, bewildering tale of 'O'Connor's lone and lovely child?' Oh! lives there a son of Britain whose heart has not leaped, as at the trumpet's sound, to hail the meteor flag of England, and glory in the renown of her mariners? How deeply then are we indebted to one who has contributed so largely to augment a most valuable class of our purest and most enraptured enjoyments! Yet we owe still more to our distinguished countryman. We owe to his presence, and his kind acceptance of our invitation, the pleasure of this day's meeting. Each of us has had his day-dreams—his happy moments of bright illusion, in which his fancy soared above the dull realities of life, and roamed in fields of visionary bliss. As we advance in years, the crushing and wasting pressure of earthly engagements, the incessant toils of this hard-working world, render such moments in indulgence, if they visit us at all, few and far between. But when we meet on such a day as this, these gay visions must return in all their greenness and freshness; the atmosphere of poetry is breathed around us; we rise for a time above the anxious cares, the dull routine of every-day occupations, and revel in a luxury of enjoyment purely intellectual and imaginative.'

While, from the above remarks, something of the poet Campbell may be learned, and a desire excited to know more of him, admirable was the reply which he returned to the compliments so frankly heaped upon him. 'The thought,' said he, 'has frequently crossed my mind since I came among you, and I have before expressed it, that if my guardian spirit had appeared to me in early life, and put into my hand a blank book wherein to write my future history, though many of the circumstances arising from the faults of my fate I should have gladly amended, yet, in coming to the present time, I could not have bespoken any chapter of events more justly gratifying, or any reality more shaped on the image of ideal felicity, than the reception I have met with in my native Glasgow. I vow to you that I would scarcely exchange the consciousness of your disposition to exaggerate my merit for the cold triumph of believing myself independent of it. For who could wish the brethren of his own household not to be calculators of his character and talents? Tokens of

fraternal cordiality could my born brothers have bestowed beyond what you have now shown? Every circumstance, therefore, which hushes the more selfish vein of vanity in my breast, only deepens the calm and holy *sabbath* of my social affections on this occasion. Yes, my friends, this jubilee era of my existence has been religiously solemnised by many touching associations. I have laid my hand on the heads of the grandchildren of those who laid their hand on my youngling head—who gave me fruit from their gardens when I was a child, and books from their libraries when I was a boy, and their blessing when I departed, a young man to seek my fortune in the world. And when I shall have been gathered to my fathers, it will be no mean record of my existence to tell that, in this reputable city, not consanguinity and friendship alone have met me, but that worth, and public respectability, and genius, and learning, and talents, have sent their representatives to bid me welcome. Gentlemen, I cannot use guarded or cautious expressions whilst my breast is brimful of emotions; I speak only what I feel in assuring you that there are not on the face of this earth those who could be the substitutes of your presence, or excite in my mind the pride and gratification that now visit it. When I look round on this assembly, within a bow shot of the spot where I was born, within the hearing of our native bells that make me forget the present in thinking of departed time—recognising among you brother-like kindred and kindred-like friends—seeing on all sides my well-wishers, and seeing their meeting academic as well as civic, by its including the principal and heads of our *alma mater*, I use nothing of hyperbole, in farther declaring that, by this day and its connected events, I have been more blessed than I could have been by the acquisition of enormous opulence. What would it have been to me to have returned to you with equipage, and outriders, and grooms, besmeared with gold, if you had cast on me the cold gaze of alienation, compared to my being thus welcomed by the extended arms of your hospitality?'

FOX AND BURKE.

No event in the life of Mr Fox was the source of such constant regret to him as the loss of Mr Burke's friendship; and, even after their political separation, it would have given him great pleasure for them to have remained on terms of private intimacy. But Burke, who seemed to love extremes, whenever Mr Fox's wishes were mentioned, positively declared that nothing should induce him to hold any communication with that great statesman again, unless he would publicly abandon the principles he then supported. Insulting as such a proposition was, Mr Fox's affection for the author of it was never diminished; and, when Mr Burke was in his last illness, Mr Fox, anxious for a reconciliation, wrote to Mrs Burke, informing her that he should pass through Beacon's Field in a day or two, and would, if permitted, call to see Mr Burke. Mrs Burke acknowledged the receipt of Mr Fox's letter, and said she had mentioned the subject of it to Mr Burke, who had desired her to reply that, *living or dying*, he would never swerve from the declaration he had made.

BYRON.

Of this poet, numerous and lengthened descriptive references of a biographical nature might be selected from old newspapers—all of them characteristic. But I shall content myself with a description which he is represented to have himself given of one part of his history, and close this section with the letting down of life's curtain upon him. 'His address,' it is said, 'was the most courteous and affable, perhaps, ever seen; his manners, when in good humour, and desirous of being well with his guest, were winning—fascinating in the extreme, and, though bland, still spirited, and with an air of frankness and generosity—qualities in which he certainly was not deficient. He was *open* to a fault—a characteristic probably the result of his fearlessness and independence of the world; but so *open* was he, that his friends were obliged to live upon their guard with him. He was the

worst person in the world to confide a secret to; and if any charge against any person was mentioned to him, it was probably the first communication he made to the person in question. His vanity was excessive—unless it may with greater propriety be called by a softer name; a milder term, and perhaps a juster, would be, his love of fame. He was exorbitantly desirous of being the sole object of interest; whether in the circle in which he was living, or in the wider sphere of the world, he could bear no rival; he could not tolerate the person who attracted more attention than himself; he instantly became animated with a bitter jealousy, and hated, for the time, every greater or more celebrated man than himself. It was dangerous for his friends to rise in the world; if they valued their own fame more than his friendship, he hated them. It cannot be said that he was *vain* of any talent, accomplishment, or other quality in particular; it was neither more nor less than a morbid and voracious appetite for fame, admiration, and public applause; proportionably he dreaded the public censure; and though, from irritation and spite, and sometimes through design, he acted in some respects as if he despised the opinion of the world, no man was ever more alive to it. 'He hated scandal and tittle-tattle—loved the manly straightforward course; he would harbour no doubts, and never live with another with suspicions in his bosom—out came the accusation, and he called upon the individual to stand clear, or be ashamed of himself. He detested a lie—nothing enraged him so much as a lie; he was by temper and education excessively irritable, and a lie completely *un-chained* him—his indignation knew no bounds. He had considerable tact in detecting untruth—he would smell it out almost instinctively; he avoided the timid driveller, and generally chose his companions among the lovers and practisers of sincerity and candour. At times he was excessively given to drinking. In his passage from Genoa to Cephalonia, he spent the principal part of the time in drinking with the captain of the vessel. He could bear an immense quantity of liquor without intoxication, and was by no means particular either in the nature or in the order of the fluids he imbibed. He was by no means a drinker constantly, or, in other words, a drunkard, and could indeed be as abstemious as any body; but when his passion blew that way, he drank, as he did everything else, to *excess*. He was very difficult to live with. He was capricious, full of humours, apt to be offended, and wilful. When Mr Hobhouse and he travelled in Greece, they were generally a mile asunder; and though some of his friends lived with him of and on a long time, it was not without serious trials of temper, patience, and affection. In travelling, he was an odd mixture of indolence and activity; it was scarcely possible to get him away from a place under six months, and very difficult to keep him longer. The deformity of his foot constantly preyed upon his mind and soured his temper. With respect to Lady Byron, her image appeared to be rooted in his mind. She had wounded his pride by having refused his first offer of marriage, and by having resisted all his efforts to compel her again to yield to his dominion. Had Lady Byron been submissive—could she have stooped to become a caressing slave—she might have governed her lord and master. But no; she had a mind too great, and was too much of an Englishwoman to bow so low. These contrarieties set Lord Byron's heart on fire, roused all his passions, gave birth, no doubt, to many of his sublimest thoughts, and impelled him impetuously forward in his zig-zag career. Most persons assume a virtuous character; his ambition, on the contrary, was to make the world imagine that he was a sort of *Satan*. His mind was like a volcano, full of fire and wealth, sometimes calm, often dazzling and playful, but ever threatening. It ran swift as the lightning from one subject to another, and occasionally burst forth in passionate throes of intellect, nearly allied to madness.' Colonel Leicester Stanhope, who distinguished himself by his exertions in the cause of Grecian liberty, and whose words have been just now partly quoted, states that, Lord Byron's apartments being

immediately above his own, 'he sometimes heard him in the dead of night, and was frequently startled from his sleep by the thunders of his voice, either raging with anger or roaring with laughter, rousing friends, servants, and, indeed, all the inmates of the dwelling, from their repose. He was dreadfully alarmed at the idea of going mad, which he predicted would be his sad destiny.'

'There was one act,' said Byron to Captain Medwin relative to Lady Byron, 'there was one act of which I might justly have complained, and which was unworthy of any one but such a confidant (as Mrs Charlmont, whom he considered to have poisoned her mind); I allude to the breaking open of my writing-desk. A book was found in it that did not do much credit to my taste in literature, and some letters. The use that was made of the latter was most unjustifiable.'

On one occasion, also, according to his conversations with Captain Medwin, when he had shut himself up in a dark street in London, that he might bring out some piece of authorship, and had refused to see any one till it was finished, he was surprised when two individuals—a doctor and a lawyer—almost forced themselves into his room, being employed by interested persons to provide proofs of his insanity. This certainly was calculated to fire his bosom with indignation. But still it may be said, and certainly not without cause, why did not the erratic bard honour with his presence his own home for such a purpose?

'You ask,' said he to Captain Medwin, 'if Lady Byron was ever in love with me. I have answered that question already: No! I was the fashion when she first came out. I had the character of being a great rake, and was a great dandy—both of which young ladies like. She married me from vanity and the hope of reclaiming and fixing me. She was a spoiled child, and naturally of a jealous disposition; and this was increased by the infernal machinations of those in her confidence. She was easily made the dupe of the designing, and thought her knowledge of mankind infallible. She wrote pages on pages about my character, but it was as unlike as possible.'

One evening he declined all general conversation or amusement with Captain Medwin, without assigning any reason—hardly spoke a word; and it was evident that something weighed heavily on his mind. 'There was a sacredness,' says the captain, 'in his melancholy, that I dared not interrupt. At length he said, 'This is Ada's (his daughter's) birth-day, and might have been the happiest day of my life. As it is'—He stopped, seemingly ashamed of having betrayed his feelings. He tried in vain to rally his feelings by turning the conversation, but he created a laugh in which he could not join, and soon relapsed into his former reverie.'

His death was most melancholy, and on his part most unexpected—probably unprepared for. His illness, according to the statement of Fletcher, who had been his servant during more than twenty years, began with something like a slow fever. He had been out riding; got wet; a cold which had been hanging about him more or less for a considerable time previously was increased; complained of pains in his bones and headache; but still went out next day. His illness increased; could sleep none, and eat as little; medical men were sent for—who thought there was no danger, and hoped all would be well with him in a few days; continued to get worse. 'They tell me,' said his lordship, 'that it is only a common cold, which I have had a thousand times,' and expressed the idea that the nature of his disease was not understood. He lived during eight days with scarcely any food; was bled: blood of a most inflamed appearance; still considered out of danger; was again bled twice on the same day; fainting fits followed. Again and again he said to his servant, 'I cannot sleep, and you well know I have not been able to sleep for more than a week;' and he added, 'I know that a man can only be a certain time without sleep, and then he must go mad, without any one being able to save him.' Some short time afterwards he said, 'I now begin to think I am seriously ill;' and, lest he should be 'taken off suddenly,'

gave some directions to be observed after his decease. 'You will be provided for,' he said to his servant. 'Oh, my poor child! my dear Ada! My God, could I but have seen her!—Give her my blessing; and my dear sister Augusta and her children; and you will go to Lady Byron and say—Tell her everything—you are friends with her!' His lordship appeared to be greatly affected at this moment. His voice failed him; he could only repeat a few words at a time, such as, 'My wife! my child! my sister! You know all—you must say all—you know my wishes.' The last words he said were, 'I must sleep now.' 'When I saw my master,' said the servant after Lord Byron's death—'when I saw my master open his eyes and then shut them, but without showing any symptom of pain, or moving hand or foot, I exclaimed, 'I fear his lordship is gone!' The doctors felt his pulse, and said, 'You are right—he is gone!'

PARK'S SONGS.*

THIS handsome little volume is another contribution from a Glasgow bard to that numerous family of minors which preserve to Scotland her name of 'land of song and story.' Mr Park, if he has not evidenced the highest poetic talent in this work, has shown wonderful industry and versatility; and if his idealism is not so chaste as we could wish, it is at least vigorous and prolific. A rash, robust intellect is observable in all his songs. He is a very poetic pugilist—at one moment dashing at some absurdity or other with hard satire and knocking it down as effectually as he can; at the next he is a gladiator, waving a lyrical sword, and rattling on a shield. He is now meltingly discoursing in the mellifluous language of love, and now acting a species of advertising buffoonery, in stringing together, in incongruous rhyme, the names of books. He is flying with the roe-deer over the hills and glens of his native land—soaring with the eagle that flashes its dark wing in the face of the sun—or bounding with the bold fisherman over the sea, in his light tiny bark. Ode, epigram, lyric, dramatic poetry, or Ossianic magniloquence, are all served up by this versatile son of the muses, in a somewhat unequal, but, at the same time, ample manner. We think Mr Park a little deficient in the *suaviter in modo*. Enthusiasm is an essential element of poetry, and this, it is easy to be seen, Mr Park has no lack of; but a fastidious taste is also indispensable to the man who wishes to deck his brow with Parnassian laurels, and to the acquirement of this our poet seems to pay little regard. Burns, whom Mr Park will acknowledge to be no mean authority, was most careful in the arrangement of his syllables, and his lyrics are now as much models of fine diction as they are of glowing fancy and fervid feeling.

We do not admire this poet's vehement war-spirit. We are almost sick of hearing about war and its so-called 'glories;' and therefore trust soon to see Mr Park strike the harp to lays of a more gentle and peaceful character than he sometimes indulges in. Many of his pieces were public property long ago—living in the memories of the lovers of song, and permeating through society in beautiful tuneful harmonies. The following is a sweet little

'SONG FOR CHILDREN.

'Hark! the Sabbath-bells are pealing,
Sweetly on the silent air,
To the Christian heart revealing
Pleasures unalloy'd with care.
Happy, happy, happy morning!
O how dear to us you are!
Sweeter sing the birds this morning;
Brighter shines the sun above,
Flowers appear still more adorning
Every bower and every grove.
Happy, happy, happy morning!
All is beauty, all is love!
Let us, then, in heart uniting,
Hail this ever-blessed day,
Which all nature doth delight in—
Let us to our Maker pray.
Happy, happy, happy morning!
Blessed be the Lord for aye!

The subjoined extract is also very fine in sentiment and execution.

'THE SECRET.

'A secret is a latent thing,
Hid in the wreathes of an ocean-shell;
Which neither peasant, seer, nor king,
Are able, in their might, to tell.
A brilliant gem that trembles far
Within the caverns of the deep;
A radiant, yet mysterious star,
And which too few are apt to keep.
A secret is a maiden's vow,
Made when no listening ear is nigh;
Bright as a gem on virgin brow;
Pure as the lustre of her eye.
A little trembling, fluttering thing,
That lies conceal'd in virtue's breast,
And often spreads its weary wing,
Impatient to be all express'd.
A secret is a modest thing,
Which all apparent show doth shun;
Deep in the soul it has its spring,
And dies if known to more than one.
A sigh may prove its dwelling near;
A look may charm it from the heart;
It may illumine a falling tear;
But these do not the theme impart.'

Another and we have done with the extracts which please us most, though perhaps they may not illustrate the happiest phases of Mr Park's mind.

'EUTH.—A SACRED SONG.

'Entreat me not to leave thee,
Nor to return from following thee;
The thought, alas! doth grieve me,
For where should I so happy be?
I'll go where'er thou goest,
However hard thy fate should be!
And any grief thou knowest,
I shall a sharer be with thee!
Thy people also shall be mine—
Thy home shall be my loved abode;
I'll worship at thy sainted shrine;
Thy God shall also be my God!
And where thou diest I shall die,
And there shall I be buried too;
If aught but death part thee and I,
May worse than death the act pursue!
Entreat me not to leave thee,
Nor to return from following thee;
The thought doth wildly grieve me,
For where should I so happy be?'

In humorous writing our author is very happy. The quaint, dry drollery of his country finds no bad vehicle in his muse, although wit, we must confess, does not at all become him. Our Scottish capacities are not attuned to wit—we are not airy enough for it; there is about us too much of that solidity which Professor Johnson, by a careful analysis, has proved to reside in oatmeal. We cannot get above drollery; and even that is something requiring an effort, our forte being humour. Mr Park's humorous pieces, when his subject and vehicle are Scottish, are very excellent; but in trying to skirmish with an Irishman in the matter of wit, a Scotchman is putting himself in the way of being *scotched*. We had rather, then, for his own sake, that he had not written his 'Irish Beggar.' There are some things, besides, too sacred to be sported with, or made the subjects of jest and sarcastic animadversion. A dead man's conscientious deeds are of this number, and Scotchmen have hardly an excuse for the indulgence of such humours. Mr Park, if he were trying, could write pretty good imitations of several of the poets. The Anachronetic lightness of Moore, the swelling lyrics of Campbell, the vehement poetic bursts of Scott, and the songs of our own era, seem to be familiar to him.

To those whose capacities have not yet gained mastery over the higher conceptions of poetic genius, this volume will be a welcome tribute. There is great sweetness pervading many of the pieces which it contains, and not the worst compositions in it are the complimentary letter of Charles Dickens to the author, and his own very excellent preface. We know that Mr Park, if spared, will write many more poems; we hope they will be sustained by the spirit of love, in a broad, universal sense; and in this way will he honour 'Scotia, land of song and story,' which he loves so well.

* Songs by ANDREW PARK. Glasgow: Thomas Murray.

ANCHORITISM.

MANKIND, when we look to its individual members, is full of contradictions. Designed for social existence, and gifted with instincts which in that life alone can find their end and their enjoyment, man, nevertheless, has in all ages shown himself to be at the mercy of a stray gust to drive him from his proper sphere. Let but the breath of malignity blow upon him, or the cloud of adversity cover him, in bitterness or in hopelessness he will seek to hide himself from his fellows; he will turn from the scene where there are hands and hearts ready to lift him from his despondency, and demand his lost happiness from the barren solitude. Alas! the heart makes its own happiness, and he leaves its best aids behind. But what meets he in the solitude? Grief, too, can live in the desert. At best, the loneliness, perhaps grandeur, of the scene awes down the memory of his sorrow: but a thousand instincts and passions are within him, which find no vent in solitude, and which not to gratify is pain. These, then, must be rooted out. Say he succeeds: what then? He came to find happiness, and he only shuts out pain—to quench one sorrow, he closes a thousand springs of pleasure.

For man to withdraw himself from the world is in many respects unnatural—is in many respects to nullify the instincts which his Maker has given him to sweeten life. It is to repress that yearning for love which is so deeply implanted in some natures as to form the mainspring of action, the chief source of enjoyment; and which, in its due regulation, tends greatly to promote our moral welfare, and in its prudent gratification constitutes our highest earthly happiness. It is to deny ourselves the beneficial influence of good example, and to remove us from many an encouragement to good, and from the kind and sustaining sympathy of friendship, when struggling with the many trials of our earthly lot. Many have adopted anchoritism to withdraw themselves from 'the evil that is in the world.' This is unsound reasoning. An anchorite who shuns *all* society, can unquestionably shun a part. He to whom the ties of blood are as nothing, to whom the scraps of the desert yield all that he desires, may truly be able to avoid the company of those whose presence he deems hurtful. But again, he takes this step from a deep consciousness of the proneness to evil in his own heart. How fares he, then, in seclusion? External incitements to virtue and vice being withdrawn, the good and evil tendencies of his nature will develop themselves in their natural proportions. He has already declared the predominance of evil in the heart of fallen man; consequently evil, unless counteracted, will be more present with him than good. He rejected the aids to virtue furnished by the counsel, example, and kind encouragement of good men in the world: what exists in solitude to supply their place?—So much for himself alone. But no one is made to live wholly to himself; man is designed to benefit his fellows, physically and morally, as far as he has power. How does the recluse discharge this important end of his being? To confer physical benefits, he makes no pretension; in regard to the moral benefit of his example, he hides his light under a bushel.

Some very learned and pious men have adopted anchoritism, in order, by subduing all carnal passions, by mortifying the body by penance and fasting, to exalt the mental faculties to a loftier height than naturally they can attain; and, by shutting out all worldly interests, to devote their whole thoughts to God and divine things. Much of the previous reasoning would equally apply to this case; but in regard to it, we will only make two remarks. We would suggest, in answer to the second motive here mentioned—Would it not be more suitable for man to remain in the sphere of life for which his all-wise Maker designed him, than to think to render his worship more acceptable by following after an opposite device of his own? In regard to fasting, we not only think its tendency in many respects good, but we consider it might be beneficially adopted in many cases in ordinary life. Viewed in the light of an expiatory penance, it is nothing; but its occasional observ-

ance would not only strengthen habits of self denial, but also leave reason more unclouded, and the mind freer from the influence of the passions. But when the anchorite trusts to attain preternatural exaltation of spirit through an excess of penance, of fasting, and of vigil, he leans upon a broken reed; for when man seeks to raise himself above his nature, he too often sinks below it.

Is anchoritism, then, unmixedly bad—bad at all times and in all circumstances? No. There have been times in the world's history in which external events, and the spirit of the age, have imparted to anchoritism a virtue and efficacy not inherent in it. Such a combination of circumstances can only occur at long intervals—possibly may never occur again. No new gospel has still to appear on earth, and, yet in its cradle, struggle with the unbridled passions of a polluted world. But in any case, the example of the anchorite is ever to be regarded with distrust: he who embraces it for earthly happiness grasps a cloud—he who clings to it as to his soul's safety, may find himself the dupe of Satan's craftiest wile—he may be taking to his bosom a shape of hell. In that era of miracles and marvels, the first three centuries from the advent of the Messiah, there appeared one Simon Stylites—i. e., the column-stander—who, from religious motives, subjected himself with strange energy to this unnatural penance. Is he held up by the fathers as a model for imitation? On the contrary, his conduct seems to have been permitted only upon some extraordinary special grounds. Paganism has exhibited thousands of self-torturing devotees—the religion of Christ but *one*.

The leading classes of anchorites which history presents to us have chiefly had their origin in religious fanaticism, in mingled religion and philosophy, and in a devotion of self to the exaltation of religion. Religion, when duly felt, is the most powerful impeller to action of which human nature is susceptible; and here, accordingly, we find it entering as an important element into every form of anchoritism—a system of all others the most repugnant to man's nature, and some of the shapes of which, we make bold to say, no other motive could have induced man to adopt, or could have sustained him in their endurance. There is a fourth form of anchoritism, which springs more from disappointment and consequent misanthropy; but it is the least important of all, and arises from a pettier source. It is a phase of individual minds, not of classes: it is ever-varying in spirit, in form, and in degree: its description would be a series of anecdotes, and we have but scant room for generalisation.

The earliest instances of solitary life occur among the old Hindoos; and among that imaginative and sensitive race it assumed the most singular and appalling form of any recorded in history. It was not solitary life—it was solitary torture. It had its source in their religious belief. They believed that the soul was an emanation from the Deity, and that its transmigration after death through different forms of inferior life was necessary to its purification from the sins done in the flesh. This transmigration was ever a painful idea to the Hindoo mind, and, if possible, to avoid it was the highest aim of their religion. The only way to attain this end, they considered, was by concentrating all the energies of the mind upon the thought of the Deity, by which means the soul became disengaged from its fleshly fetters; and in some mysterious manner, losing its individuality, became merged in the divine essence from which it had originally emanated. From this belief sprang the sect of the Yogis—if sect it may be called—in which each individual acted according to his own impulse, and independent of the others. Withdrawing into the wilderness, they there strove to work out the soul's emancipation by the most fearful struggle with the flesh that ever man engaged in. Despite our increased knowledge of the wondrous flexibility of the human frame, and of the mighty powers that slumber concealed within it—especially the phenomena of trance, which modern science is now beginning to unfold—any description of the Yogis' penance would fail to gain credence, if the facts were not so common, and the witnesses so numerous and unimpeachable,

that scepticism would be even a greater marvel than the facts themselves. Yogism existed in India from the earliest times, and its hermits attracted the notice of the Greeks in Alexander's army, who styled them *Gymnosophists*, from the nudity generally adopted by them. In this state they would sit sometimes for years in a single spot, in a state of abstraction from all the impressions and notions of sense, and suspension of all outward, and in part even of inward life, effected by the energy of a will tenaciously fixed and concentrated upon one point—the thought of the Deity. The Indian poet, Calidas, who flourished two thousand years ago, gives the following graphic and most impressive picture of one of these strange human phenomena. Indra's charioteer, in pointing out his way to King Dushmanta, says—'A little beyond the grove, where you see a pious Yogi, motionless as a pollard, holding his thick bushy hair, and fixing his eyes on the solar orb. Mark—his body is half covered with a white ant's edifice of raised clay; the skin of a snake supplies the place of his sacerdotal thread, and part of it girds his loins; a number of knotty plants encircle and wound his neck; and surrounding birds' nests almost conceal his shoulders.'* Extraordinary and even fearful as this picture is, it must not be regarded as a creation of the fancy, or even as an exaggeration of poetry. Many of these singular beings are still to be met with in various parts of India, especially in the neighbourhood of the regular resorts of pilgrims, such as the stupendous rock-temples of Ellora, whither myriads of Hindoos repair from every quarter of the country. Even in recent times the severity of their penance has but little if at all decreased. In the beginning of last century, beneath the sacred banian trees at Surat, were seen several of these fanatics, 'who actually endured penances so terrible, that they will seem fabulous to the reader, and impossible of execution without the aid of a demon. Some were suspended under the armpits by a cord attached to a tree, the feet merely touching the ground, and the rest of the body quite bent. They continue in this posture for several years, without altering their position night or day. Others hold their arms straight up, so that in time callouses form under the armpits, and prevent their being lowered; others are seated, and only hold up their hands, without ever moving; some stand on one foot; and others are stretched on the ground, with their arms under their head, as if listening. In short, one sees here such extraordinary postures, that he has difficulty in believing his eyes, and not thinking it all a delusion. They remain all the year round, exposed to the rains, to the sunbeams, and to the stings of musquitoes and other insects, without driving them off. Their hair becomes extremely long, as also their nails. At this place there were other *fagirs*, who had the care of feeding them.'†

In no other country do we find examples of endurance at all comparable to those of the Hindoos. Their will seems indomitable; it compels the body to things most repugnant to its passions—and all this with a calmness and composure which to the stranger appears insensibility. Among the Yogis this energy of will was ever subservient to the dictates of religion; and some twenty centuries ago, when India was more thinly populated, and the country more in a state of nature—when refinement was less common, and fanaticism even more highly prized than now—the penances of these recluses seem, if possible, still more terrible. In the forest, in the desert, amid the ruined temples of their ancient gods—alone, voiceless, motionless, passionless from excess of suffering—day by day they gaze with undimmed eye upon the dazzling sun, and the stars by night find them ever the same; the dew falls, and they do not fever; reason totters, and they do not waver; life is outraged, and they do not die. Appalled by such a picture, the mind doubts in the face of the clearest testimony: it is from its impotency to conceive or to explain the phenomenon. In this 'magical intellectual self-exaltation,' as Schlegel says, the excessive concentration of the mind

upon one thought may induce not merely a figurative but a real intellectual self-annihilation—reason totter on her throne, and fanaticism end in madness. Such is the penance of the Yogi—calling forth our admiration by the energy of the self-martyrdom—exciting our pity for the ignorance from which it springs, and the vanity and the agony in which it results.

The next form of anchoritism which we shall notice is one which existed among the Mussulmans of the ninth and tenth centuries. This was *Soufism*. It proceeded neither from religion nor from philosophy, yet both these elements mingled in it. It was a rule of life adopted by a kind of monastic sect, and it counted among its members some of the Arabian school of philosophy. A singular resemblance exists between it and Yogism. In its originating idea, it is the same; in its aim, it is partially different; in its form, it is infinitely milder. Like the Yogi, the *Soufi* believed that the soul was an emanation from the Deity; like him, too, he believed that by fasting and prayer, and solitude, it could rise to the knowledge of truths which common humanity was incapable of conceiving; and that, by its entire concentration on the thought of God, it lost its individual consciousness and became absorbed in its divine source. This last stage among the *Soufis* was called the 'ecstasy.' This state was only transitory, and apparently could not be counted upon at all times—so much depended upon the favourable physical condition of the *Soufi*, and on the tranquillity of the passions and purity of the desires. Some of the more daring of the sect, however, maintained that in their case the soul was not merely brought into transient connection with the Divine Essence, but that it remained so permanently, absorbed as it were in the Godhead. But by the wiser and better part of the *Soufis* this was regarded as blasphemy. 'From the very first,' says one of their number, 'the *Soufis* have such astonishing revelations that they are enabled while waking to see visions of angels and the souls of the prophets; they hear their voices, and receive their favours. Afterwards a transport exalts them beyond the mere perception of forms, to a degree which exceeds all expression, and concerning which we cannot speak without employing language that would seem blasphemous.* This is the language of one of the most distinguished and the most moderate of the sect—the celebrated philosopher *Algazali*, the Arabian *Descartes*. He had been educated under a *Soufi*, and subsequently distinguished himself so highly as to be chosen professor of theology at Bagdad. *Soufism* was the goal to which his philosophy brought him; happy in this, that faith, though mixed with error, saved him at last from the cold scepticism embraced by the great philosophers of the past age, whose route was similar. After studying the doctrines of every sect of philosophers, and still finding no sure solution of the doubts that beset him, he last of all turned his attention to *Soufism*, to see if by the supernatural ecstasy, he might attain to that certainty of knowledge which was denied to the ordinary powers of the soul. He came to the conclusion that he could. But he long delayed the execution of his resolve; the ties of family, and the praises of the public who thronged to hear his lectures, induced him to put off from day to day. At last, one morning he was about to commence his lecture, his tongue was palsied—he was dumb. This seemed to him a divine punishment of his procrastination, and it preyed so much upon his spirits that the physicians declared that if he did not shake off the despondency his life would be the forfeit. He now no longer hesitated, and after distributing his wealth he retired into the deserts of Syria, among whose solitudes, by fasting and prayer, he strove to fit himself for experiencing the exaltation of the ecstasy. He was at length successful; but he preserves silence as to the higher portions of his experience, as of things not lawful to be divulged to common ears. *Algazali*, as appears from his writings and the course which his philosophy took, was possessed of great good sense and mo-

* Sir W. Jones's translation of 'Sacotala.'

† Voyage autour du Monde, de GEMELLI CARERI; vol. iii., pp. 35-36. Paris, 1727.

* *Algazali*, in M. Schmülder's 'Essai sur les Ecoles Philosophiques chez les Arabes.' Paris, 1842.

deration of thought. He was pious, and duly venerated the Deity; and the great aim of his studies was to establish a harmony between religion and philosophy. After two years spent in retirement, he again emerged into the world. He seems never to have been fitted for the heart-deadening life of the ascetic recluse; and the apology he makes for abandoning it, namely, the interests of his family, though all-powerful to human nature in general, is powerless against the rigid anchorite.

The third and last form of anchoritism to which we shall allude is to Christians the most interesting of all. It is that adopted by the early fathers, who, to keep themselves free from the corruptions of a profligate age, and to give a pattern of faith in action to the lifeless world of paganism, retired to the caves and solitude of the desert. Of these the most remarkable were the anchorites of the Thebais or Upper Egypt. No more impressive scene could have been chosen for their seclusion. The haunt of the Yogi was indeed a desert, because no man dwelt there; but it was a wilderness of luxuriance—a desert where nature unseen robbed herself in beauty—a 'solitary place' made musical by the singing of birds, and where the shadow of the feathery palm found a mirror in the waters of the wandering streamlet. Turn from this to gaze on the stern solitudes of Upper Egypt. Grandeur is there, and desolation. The place awes by its very stillness, by its sterility. Huge rocks rear their bare masses above a waste of sand, and blaze in the scorching sun-rays with a glare that no eye can stand. There is no life near, and around spreads the immensity of the desert. Here and there are ruins of temples, of tombs, of immense necropolises—quarries exhausted of porphyry, and become vast caverns. Such was the scene in which the early Christians sought oblivion of the world. What a strange spectacle, these solitudes peopled by religious enthusiasm! 'Say if the imagination conceives anything more impressive than that mute adoration of God in the silence and immensity of the desert: God everywhere, God always, without temples, without rites; God contemplated in a meditation which lasts all life, without interruption, without weariness, without satiety; incredible austerities, prodigious fasts, endless vigils—the flesh subdued in its passions—nay, even in its wants.*' Such was the spectacle presented to the pagan world; such was the contrast they exhibited to voluptuous Rome: we shall afterwards inquire if it were labour lost.

Among the fathers of the desert, St Antony was the most celebrated; he was their founder and their leader, and the influence of his example was so powerful, that at his death the number of recluses of both sexes, in the monasteries of Upper Egypt, amounted to seventy-six thousand. Every one has heard how St Antony was tempted, and in how many different forms. But what are these temptations of St Antony? Are they really apparitions of the evil spirit? Or are they only the thoughts which disturbed the breast of the saint, and to which his excited imagination gave body and shape? When St Antony renounced his family and his patrimony, in order to become anchorite, the devil, it is said, tempted him first by regret at parting with his sister and with his fortune. St Antony is young, ardent; the devil tempts him with voluptuous visions;—he tempts him also by fear. St Antony, alone in his grotto, sees it of a sudden full of wild beasts and venomous reptiles—lions, tigers, dragons, serpents, fierce bulls—and all these seem ready to spring upon him. This kind of temptation belongs to the class of fears that beset children; but it sprang naturally from the kind of life led by these anchorites. Alone in the recesses of a grotto, itself lost and alone amid the vast deserts, what wonder that their spirit quailed at times, and that they felt those involuntary terrors, the offspring of solitude and of night? Once the soul was shaken by fear, solitude would become insupportable, and the recluse return to the world. This, they thought, was what the devil aimed at.

This overheated fancy, this unnerving of the mind, is a necessary consequence, an inseparable evil, of the solitary life. St Antony, in effect, never doubts that the regrets for his family, the voluptuous visions, the terrors of the solitude and the night, are all the work of the evil spirit. Went to wrestle with the powers of hell, he makes a discourse to his brethren to teach them the wiles and artifices of the demons.* In it he observes that the demons accommodate their apparitions to the thoughts they find in us; but he never doubts for a moment the reality of these apparitions as external existences. The devil is ever near: he hears St Antony, but he cannot prevent him from speaking. 'He threatens to dry up the sea, and take the earth in his hand as a bird's nest—and he cannot hinder your pious exercises; he cannot even hinder me from speaking against him.' In another place he says: 'The devils assist at our meetings; they hear us, and will go tell through the earth what we have been saying against them.' The thing is clear: St Antony with the devil peoples and animates the desert: it is no longer an immensity void and sterile—it is a vast battle-field with the powers of evil.

Was all this austerity and seclusion, it may be asked, of any service to Christianity? In the circumstances of the times, we consider that it was. Let us look to the then state of the Roman world. Imperial Rome, still mistress of the world, was enamoured and enslaved by that strange and excessive voluptuousness in whose arms she finished her decline. The flesh reigned there supreme. In the desert, the flesh was contemned and trodden under foot. The austerities of the anchorites were not superfluous: nothing less would have sufficed to expiate the sensuality of the voluptuaries of Italy—to overcome its contagious power—to impart to the world a higher and a nobler aim.

In another respect the example of the hermit fathers did service to the infant church. In the second and third centuries, the Roman world—in this respect too closely resembled by our own—displayed great knowledge and ability; it reasoned, it debated with exquisite skill and subtlety. But it created nothing. All its systems, political and religious—all its conceptions—all its works, were stamped with the sign of abortion. As long as speaking or writing sufficed, they flourished; when the moment for action came, they fell to the ground. Look at the impotence of their Stoic philosophers to effect anything—at the powerlessness of the religious systems then attempted to be introduced—at the creed and false miracles of Apollonius of Thyane—the worship of the Persian sun-god Mithras, and of the Egyptian Isis. For a brief season they dazzled as novelties, and then died out. The age was deficient in character; and it is from character that action springs—not from intellect. Double your intelligence and your knowledge, and you will still effect nothing, if there is not character—that is to say, the force that acts and creates. Whence came in the Roman world this want of action and of character? From want of faith. To act is to risk; and for one to risk, he must believe. Rome, believing nothing, risked nothing; what, then, could it create?

It was in this effete Roman world that Christianity appeared; and from the first it marked its character—it acted. Not only had it apostles and learned men; but it had martyrs. Ever alongside of the intelligence which persuades by words, is to be seen the action which persuades by example. It was St Antony and his disciples who kept up this action in the church, and by this they did it most important service. The sacrifice of fortune and of life to a religion is a bad argument to a philosopher; but to the people it is everything. Among the recluses of the Thebais, they saw faith developed in action, and enabled by self-devotion, and they yielded to its ascendancy.

An event soon occurred which showed the utility of the pious austerities of the desert, and the influence of the anchorites over the minds of the people. St Athanasius entered the lists with the Arian heretics: he disputed with

* Girardin's *Essais de Littérature et de Morale*, vol. ii. p. 25. Paris, 1845.

* See 'Œuvres de Saint Athanase.'

earnestness and ability, but scepticism alone seemed likely to be the issue of the contest. A religion which has nothing to oppose to heresies but discussion will soon be ruined. St Athanasius felt his need of better support, and it was to the recluses of the desert that he turned for aid. Quitting their grottoes and their austerities, several of these hermits, with St Antony at their head, came to Alexandria to exhort the people to orthodoxy; and the people, tired of endless speaking and discussion, at once flocked in crowds to see and to hear these men of action, these new martyrs of Christianity. And such was the influence of these monks over the people, that before the Arian judges, sent to Alexandria by orders of the emperor, ventured to try an orthodox rebel, they used to forbid the recluses to enter the hall of trial, and sometimes even ordered them to quit the city. To St Antony especially the people listened with a mysterious respect, as to a man inspired of God. 'Every one wished to see him: the Gentiles themselves, and their priests, went to the house where he lived, saying, 'Let us see this man of God.' Many of the Gentiles wished to touch his garments, believing that it would bring them good fortune.' Amidst all this excitement, St Antony was untroubled—he had the calmness and the confidence of men of action: when he addressed the multitude, no emotion of joy or of sadness broke the serenity of his countenance. The object of his mission accomplished, he made haste to return to the desert with his brethren. 'Fishes,' he said, 'die when brought on land, and monks become enervated when they remain too long in the cities: let us return to our mountains.' Thither they returned to resume their austerities. But the noise of the affairs of the age followed him even to his solitude: the emperors, who knew the great influence of this anchorite, wrote to him with their own hand. Then, despite their renunciation of the world, the monks of the desert were moved with pride. A letter from the emperor was a great event, an especial honour; but St Antony was unmoved: 'Do not wonder,' he said, 'that the emperor writes to us—he is but a man. Wonder rather at the condescension of God, who has written the law which we ought to follow, and who has sent us it by his only Son.'

Such was the calm decided character of the founder of the anchoritism of the Thebais, and such was the important service which he and his followers rendered to our religion in one of its earliest and most imminent perils. Nor need we be surprised at the ascendancy of these men of action in an age wholly given to dispute. See in our own day, when a man has, not written or spoken, but done something great,—gained a battle, performed a perilous journey, faced some extraordinary dangers—see how popular admiration is fixed upon him, how crowds run to see him;—so great is the influence of action! so great is its ascendancy over the mind! This is quite natural in an age of words and theories: action is for it something strange and new which surprises it, which impresses it, which makes it run to see the wonderful man who acts, and who makes his will be ever followed by an effect.

While thus doing full justice to the merits of these early Christian anchorites, and adequately appreciating their influence on the age in which they lived, we would in conclusion consider for a moment the effect of the solitary life upon themselves. It will scarcely be doubted that in their case anchoritism necessarily assumed the form of all others most likely to prove beneficial. Its professors were men whose religion had stood the test of suffering and of temptation; they latterly became so numerous, even when scattered over the wastes of Upper Egypt, as to a certain extent to preserve among them many of the advantages of social life; and moreover, the interest which the perils of the time naturally excited in them for their co-religionists in the world, and their constant prayers to God in their behalf, warded off the insensibility, the deadening influence on the heart, which seclusion is so apt to produce. Everything was propitious to the favourable development of anchoritism: yet how many extravagances, how much that is gro-

tesque, do we not find in these wise and good men. The account of the temptations of St Antony in many respects resembles a book of wonders for a child; an indifferent casual reader would regard it as a barefaced attempt to impose on his credulity. Yet we know that the marvels it contains were but the offsprings of an over-excited fancy—of a body weakened by fasting and vigil, and of a mind at times unbinged by the involuntary terrors of solitude and of night. Apart, then, from many considerations even more cogent, can that state of existence be beneficial under which the boldest spirit quails and the strongest reason is shaken? or can that mode of life be promotive of true religion and of pure worship, where the mind sees through a distorted medium, and the soul is a prey to imaginary terrors?

GREGORY'S GONG.

TOLL THE THIRTEENTH.

WHEN Gregory arrived at his tent, he found M'Allan had marched before daybreak for the outpost village in front of the camp, to take a share in the day-duties of protecting the works already constructed; but it being dark, and his party keeping more to the right, the friends had missed meeting. At the trenches the first parallel was finished, and terminated in a breaching-battery for eighteen-pounders. The guns had been lodged during the night, but the battery was as yet unmannned with artillerymen, or supplied with a magazine. Into this battery an officer, with a party of sepoy, was detached. At the entrance of the trenches, M'Allan and another officer were stationed to support that in advance, if necessary. Betwixt the battery and the glacis of the fort was a level plain of waste-land, covered with high spear-grass. As every man of the besiegers at the post during the day was under cover, there was nothing to draw the fire of the fort upon the works, and all was still, under the calm, hot, and cloudless sky of an Indian noon. Another scene, however, presented itself to the besieged, where the battlements overlooked the plain on the opposite and uninvested side of the fort, and hid from the view of the British camp and outposts. A body of armed native troops was seen from the walls advancing towards the castle, under the distinguishing banner of Zuber Khan; and on a nearer approach, a son of the zemeendar, a youth of about eighteen, was seen at its head. The gate leading into the country on that side was accordingly opened, and the band admitted. Having arrived at the wicket of the citadel, or inner fort, his father's residence, the young soldier, leaving his men outside, entered it alone. His father was sitting in durbar with his officers. On the youth's entrance, his sire betrayed signs of high displeasure, drew his fingers through his noble black beard, then twisted his moustaches rapidly and alternately, and in an angry tone demanded of his son—who was a youthful image of his own noble self—what brought him there. 'How came you, sir, to leave your post as commander in the fortalice of Zorghurry?'

The youth calmly folded his arms across his breast, and replied, 'Because there is as yet nothing to do there, and at such a time I do not like to be doing nothing. When it comes to its turn to be besieged, I hope to show that I will do my duty in defending it; but as the enemy seems to have no immediate intention of attacking it, I thought I might as well see if I could be of any service here, in defending the place of my birth and my boyhood.'

'Your duty at present,' said the father, sternly, 'is to obey orders. Return immediately to your post; when we are so far reduced as to require the aid of a boy, we will send for you.'

'A boy! Yes, a boy, if you will have it so, but that boy is the son of Zuber Khan. My only reply to your cutting taunt is, show me where these Feringhees are making their approaches.'

'And what would you do?'

'Drive them from their position!'

The father could stand no longer a parent's feelings; he laughed away a tear that attempted to rise in his eye, and

* 'Œuvres de Saint Athanase.'

exclaimed, 'Shabash, my boy! but that would be of no ultimate avail. I thank you for your gallant offer of service, I admire your spirit, but must decline your brave proposal. Return to your post, and signalise yourself when a fitting opportunity occurs.'

The son was silent; his folded arms dropped by his side, he fixed his eyes, for a moment fondly but brightly kindled, on his father, then bending low his turbaned head, he first touched the floor with his hand, and, raising it slowly to his bent forehead, said, in a submissive but firm tone, 'Salaam.' The next moment he proudly resumed the high bearing of a soldier, turned on his heel, and disappeared. Before descending from the citadel, he desired one of the officers on the wall to point out the enemy's approaches, and then, joining his men, proceeded through the gate he had entered, into the open plain; but, instead of marching in the direction of his post, due north, he kept along the glacis of the castle, in earnest conversation with his followers. Wheeling round the western angle, he entered with his train the jungle of concealing reeds which connected the fort with the British battery. The movement, though hid from the besiegers, was seen from the wall, and instantly communicated to the zemeendar. 'Mad, rash, brave boy,' said Zuber Khan, repairing to the battlements, and gazing on his son, distinctly seen far below leading on his men, 'there he goes to his early and certain destruction!' All eyes were now bent in anxious gaze, from the walls, upon the advance of their chief's young son, while Zuber Khan ordered all the guns on that side of the fortress to be laid for the advanced post of the British, to support the daring sortie.

Meanwhile, all was unsuspicion and silence at the battery and trenches. The officer and his men in the former were squatted behind its bulwarks, and the sentry, who kept a look-out in front through the embrasure, was unable to give any notice of the concealed approach of the foe, which moved with the silence and stealth of the tiger. With a bound, sudden as the first lightning-flash from a summer cloud, the son of Zuber Khan, armed with sword and shield, bore the sentry to the earth, and in a moment the battery was in possession of himself and followers. This sudden and unexpected assault was seen by M'Allan and his companion, and greeted by a tremendous cheer that burst from the crowded walls of the fort. M'Allan, who, besides his small regulation-rapier, carried always his Highland broadsword with him into the field, made the plains of India resound with the exulting cry of 'Claymore!' and the two officers, like stag-hounds vying in the chase at the death, were seen sweeping along the open plain towards the captured battery, followed by their sepoy, amidst a heavy fire from the fort, which was returned by a shower of shells from a howitzer-battery at the village post. Breast to breast the two officers entered the battery. The young Hindoo hero marked out M'Allan as his antagonist, and, with his shield and sabre raised, advanced to meet him. The Highlander bounded at him like a mountain-deer, and with one irresistible thrust sent his broadsword through the Hindoo shield, as if it had been pasteboard, disabling the wearer's arm, and laying him prostrate at his mercy. The fall of the chief was instantly followed by a charge of sepoy bayonets, which drove the assailants from the battery. M'Allan was much struck with the appearance of his youthful foe, and said, 'Who are you?' 'You deserve to know—I am the son of Zuber Khan.' 'You are more—you are a noble fellow by nature. Rise, and follow your brave routed soldiers; and tell your sire, with my salaam, that if you have been overmatched, it was by one older in arms, and sprung from a race as renowned in song as your own Roostam Khan. I only ask the shield from your disabled arm, to hang up in the hall of my fathers, a memorial of this day's meeting; accept, in return, the claymore that pierced it, as a token of friendly remembrance.' The exchange was made, a friendly grasp of the hands given, and the young warrior disappeared in the cover, on his return to the fort.

The gallant exploit was soon circulated through the British camp. The officers of M'Allan's regiment had as-

sembled round the mess-table in the evening, and were loud in their praises of their brave brother-officer, who, being relieved from his duty, now entered the mess-tent, when 'Hurrah for M'Allan!' brought the blush into his manly face. Gregory was deeply affected. He rose from his seat, and, unable to speak, grasped his friend fondly by the hand. The major also rose, as he passed his chair, and heartily wished him joy of his fresh laurels. 'Come along, shipmate,' said Broadbrosides, as M'Allan reached the further end of the table, where a place had been reserved for him on the right hand of the colonel; 'come away, my lad. Thanks for the honour you have done our corps to-day; and I hope, now that the battle has been fought and won, and you still above board, you will send adrift all your dreaming imaginations.'—'In this little skirmish,' said M'Allan, with a smile, 'I saw no Ensign Gregory by my side. But enough of that.'

The approaches continued to be carried on against Zuberburghur, and breaching was commenced in one of the curtains.

When not on duty, M'Allan and Gregory spent much of their time together. In the course of conversation, M'Allan informed his friend that his ancestors had possessed extensive domains in the Highlands, but, having taken part in the attempts to restore the Stuart dynasty to the throne, their estates had been confiscated. 'My father,' continued M'Allan, 'who was too young to be a rebel, as they were called, served long and faithfully under the house of Hanover, and, on retiring in his old age, endeavoured to get the forfeited lands and castle restored to him as the rightful heir, but I have lately heard from him that all hopes were lost, and that, abjuring his name and the Highlands, he had retired to the Lowlands of Scotland with his only daughter. I was in hopes I might live to redeem our ancient halls and hills, but that hope is now, I fear, for ever over.'

The day appointed for the storming arrived, and the hour was fixed for noon. Gregory having equipped himself for the field, and finding he had a few minutes to spare, proceeded to his captain's tent.

M'Allan had just taken down a claymore, which he held in his left hand. Placing his right on a small pocket-bible that lay on the table—the parting gift of an affectionate mother, blessed by her prayers, and bedewed with her tears—he said, 'I hope that, amid all the darkness of this pagan land, I have in some degree kept the faith, and, amid many disadvantages, to some extent fought the good fight. One battle more for my country, and then the unfading wreath. But there is the bugle-call. When next the trumpet sounds for me, you, Gregory, will be again by my side. May our short-lived but pleasing friendship on earth be then renewed, and for ever!' The friends embraced in silence, and then hastened to their posts on parade.

'With ball and cartridge, prime, and load!' shouted Broadbrosides. There is something truly thrilling in the word, heard for the first time, and in the ring of the returning ramrods, that announces all is ready for the work of death. Broadbrosides' battalion was ordered to form part of a force that was to make a diversion by attacking an outwork, or fortified garden (which had been entrusted, as a reward for his bravery, to the son of Zuber Khan), situated on the opposite side of the fort to the one breached. The march upon that outwork was through a ruined village to the right, half way between the camp and fort. As soon as the force in column defiled through it upon the open plain, the enemy's cannon opened upon it. Sometimes the balls fell short, and then bounded over the ranks—sometimes too high, and went at once over the bayonets, on which occasions they were hailed with mock salutations of merriment by the gallant sepoy—sometimes they fell with destructive sweep among the files. Having arrived within a thousand yards of the enemy's embattlement, the column halted, and wheeled into line. At that moment, M'Allan, in passing Gregory, hastily pulled a ribbon and locket from his neck, and said, 'Take care of that—the last gift of a beloved sister.' Gregory cast one short

ance on the likeness, and there saw, unconsciously smiling on the death-devoting field, the charms that had captivated his lonely heart. He thrust the miniature under a breastplate, next that heart, for protection, and moved on, at the brave order, 'Advance,' amid a tumult of indomitable feelings.

At a hundred yards from the walls, the enemy's breastwork was instantly lined with soldiers, who started up with their matchlocks. 'Claymore!' once more was shouted by M'Allan, as he rushed to the centre of his company to lead it on. This brought him close in contact with Gregory. The line of matchlocks was levelled, and a volley fired. M'Allan and Gregory were both struck. The gallant Highlander, shot through the head, fell back and into Gregory's arms. The latter was saved by his breastplate, the blow shattering the miniature to atoms. Laying his friend on the ground, Gregory now stood on the verge of the ditch. The British detachment had opened its fire, and all was one spirit-stirring roll of musketry. The native spies in the British pay had been bribed by the enemy, and betrayed them to believe that the ditch was insignificant, and, in consequence, the scaling ladders had been reduced to a length that rendered them useless. After standing long under a destructive fire, the party was obliged to retire, having had every fifth man killed or wounded. M'Allan's body was borne to his tent.

Splendid as had been the British victories on the plains of India, fort-taking was not quite our forte in those days. Simultaneous with the assault on the fortified garden, the brave army had moved to the storm of the fortress, and section after section dashed gallantly into the ditch; but the breach in the walls was found quite impracticable, and against this the most determined bravery was unavailing. After suffering severely, the troops were recalled.

In the dusk of the evening Gregory came to take a last look at his lamented friend. As he gazed in sadness and tears, a native entered the tent, and unfolding a rich cashmere shawl, embroidered with gold, spread it in solemn silence over the body, and then said, 'I am commissioned to pay this mark of respect to your friend, by the son of Zubber Khan.' He then made a low salaam and withdrew.

Gregory resolved to watch through the night beside the remains of his friend, and took his seat on a chair at the opposite side of the tent, facing the couch where the body lay. A flood of moonlight streamed into the chamber of death and fell full on the bier. Overcome with grief and fatigue, Gregory at last sunk into a slumber, but the scene continued the same to his sleeping senses. As he gazed on the illumined gorgeous shroud, a well-known female form, beautiful and ethereal as the pure light through which it moved, gliding in, stood with her hands clasped in agony over her brother, and, struggling with her grief exclaimed, 'Farewell, best and bravest of brothers! You have fallen in the midst of your fame, and no bard to record your deeds. I saw thy spirit borne on the cloud through the skies of our native land. Mine will not linger long behind. Farewell, for ever, on earth! Soon may we meet 'in the pleasant fields of our rest!' Last of our race, farewell!' As she turned to retire, Gregory, spell-bound by his sleep, strove in vain to rise, and in vain his bursting heart strove for utterance. The departing Malvina looked in tenderness and pity upon him, and sadly said—'It may not be. Thanks are all I have to bestow. Friend of my brother, farewell! The silence betwixt us is broken—and again it is silence for ever!' The stern peal of the morning gun dispersed the distracting yet delightful vision of the night, and Gregory was restored to the reality of sorrow.

There is always something impressive in a soldier's funeral; but there was something oppressively mournful when, at sunrise, the biers of eight officers, with union-jacks for their palls, emerging slowly from different quarters, assembled in front of the camp, and then moved on with military honours to rest in their fame 'on a far distant shore.' Over the colour-pall of one of the biers was

seen a rich embroidered shawl, mingling with a plaid of chequered tartan, and surmounted by a Highland broadsword and Hindoo shield. The devoted sepoy of M'Allan's company, casting aside all religious prejudices of caste, insisted on carrying the body to its resting-place. In the chief mourner was seen a veteran sailor-soldier, bending beneath years and grief, supported by his sorrowing officers; while, better than scattered votive garlands, the path of M'Allan to the tomb was hallowed by the tears of affection and regret.

Zubber Khan, with a bravery that would have graced a just cause, had now obtained the wreath for his turban for which alone he fought—the victory which he keenly coveted; and, carrying with him what he conceived his honour, under cloud of night, he silently withdrew with his followers, making the British welcome to the battered fortress—a stern monument of his indomitable courage; and when the next morning dawned, the army was lying before a mass of vacant ruins.

Tibby observed that, after this toll, Gregory passed sorrowfully by her, as he left his room for his walk; and it was long ere the sound of the gong was heard again.

LITERARY NOTABILIA.

THE literary wars of former days were frequently carried on with a personal animosity which would now be considered disgraceful. The accidental or ignorant mistakes, and even the personal defects of an opponent were held up to ridicule, while his name was distorted or dismembered, that it might become the vehicle of some ghastly attempt at a pun. In the controversy between the learned Augustus Pfleiffer and Peter Poirétus, a mystical religionist, the latter had stated that, the sun of orthodoxy being in danger of an eclipse, the university of Heidelberg, in imitation of the Chinese on such an occasion, had sent forth a drumming and trumpeting array of divines with the great Pfeiffer (piper) at their head, to frighten away the monster that was devouring their sun. Pfeiffer, in reply, after correcting the spelling and grammar of his antagonist, alludes indignantly to the play upon his name, and fiercely declares that, before he has done with him, he will be able to say, 'I have piped unto thee, and thou hast not danced.' Notwithstanding his wrath at Poirétus's trifling with his name, however, he cannot conclude the paragraph in which he reproves it without a pitiful attempt to point out the analogy between Poirétus and *poirette*, a little pear, of which the merit is nearly equal to the execution. It is amusing to observe that, in the classified index of authors at the end of his works, while one is pointed out as Historicus, and another as Exegeticus, to poor Poirétus's name the terrible letter is affixed that brands him as Fanaticus.

Another example of extreme virulence was displayed in the celebrated dispute between Milton and Morus, named the '*Salmasius* controversy,' from the *nom du guerre* assumed by Morus. The continental writer attacked Milton and his principles in a work called '*Defensio Regia*' (Defence of Kings), in which he reproaches our great poet as 'being but a puny piece of man; an homunculus, a dwarf deprived of the human figure, a bloodless being, composed of nothing but skin and bone; a contemptible pedagogue, fit only to flog his boys, &c., &c.' To all this nonsense Milton thought it necessary to furnish a formal refutation; and accordingly, with as much anxiety that he should stand well with posterity on account of the comeliness of his person as he has displayed in doing justice to his great literary powers, he seriously proceeds to remark that 'he does not think any one ever considered him as unbecomingly; that his size rather approaches mediocrity than the diminutive; that his face, far from being pale, emaciated, and wrinkled, was sufficiently creditable to him; for though he had passed his fortieth year, he was in all other respects ten years younger;' and very pathetically he adds, 'that even his eyes, blind as they are, are unblemished in

their appearance; in this instance alone, and much against my inclination, I am a deceiver!'

Morus next compares Milton to a hangman, his disordered vision to the blindness of his soul, and vomits forth his venom. When Milton first proposed to answer Salmasius, he had lost the use of one of his eyes, and his physicians declared that if he applied himself to the controversy, the other would likewise close for ever! Unhappily, the prediction of his physicians took place. Thus a learned man in the occupations of study falls blind, a circumstance even now not read without sympathy. Salmasius considers it as one from which he may draw caustic ridicule and satiric severity. Salmasius glories that Milton lost his health and his eyes in answering his apology for King Charles.

Impartiality of criticism obliges us to confess that Milton was not destitute of rancour. When he was told that his adversary boasted he had occasioned the loss of his eyes, he answered with ferocity, 'And I shall cost him his life!' He actually condescended to enter into a correspondence in Holland, in order to obtain little scandalous anecdotes of his miserable adversary Morus.* The conclusion of this bitter personal encounter is instructive. Milton lost his eyesight, and Morus, finding himself neglected by a former patron, who took the side of Milton, retired into obscurity, and died soon afterwards, it is supposed, of grief.

D'Israeli, in his valuable work, presents many curious particulars of the manner in which some of the early Reformers and Catholics conducted their disputations. 'Luther was not destitute of genius, of learning, and of eloquence; but his violence disfigured his works with singularities of abuse. Hear him express himself on the Catholic divines: 'The Papists are all asses, and will always remain asses. Put them in whatever sauce you choose, boiled, roasted, baked, fried, skinned, beat, hashed, they are always the same asses. . . . What a pleasing sight it would be to see the pope and the cardinals hanging on one gallows in exact order, like the seals which dangle from the bulls of the pope! What an excellent council they would hold under the gallows!' Luther was no respecter of kings; he was so fortunate, indeed, as to find among his antagonists a crowned head. Our Henry VIII. wrote his book against the new doctrine. Luther in reply abandons his pen to all kinds of railing and abuse. He addresses Henry VIII. in the following style: 'It is hard to say if folly can be more foolish, or stupidity more stupid, than is the head of Henry. He has not attacked me with the heart of a king, but with the impudence of a knave. This rotten worm of the earth, having blasphemed the majesty of my King, I have a just right to bespatter his English majesty with his own dirt and ordure. *This Henry has tied!*' Long after, the court of Rome had not lost the taste of these 'bitter herbs;' for in the bull of the canonisation of Ignatius Loyola in 1623, Luther is called *monstrum terribilissimum et detestabilis pestis!*' [a most hideous monster, and most detestable of plagues!]

Of Calvin it is stated that 'his adversaries are never others than knaves, lunatics, drunkards, and assassins! Sometimes they are characterized by the familiar appellations of bulls, asses, cats, and hogs!'

The fathers of the church were proficient in the art of abuse, and very ingeniously defended it. St Austin affirms that the most caustic personality may produce a wonderful effect in opening a man's eyes to his own follies. He illustrates his position with a story, given with great simplicity, of his mother, St Monica, with her maid. St Monica certainly would have been a confirmed drunkard had not her maid timely and outrageously abused her. The story will amuse: 'My mother had, by little and little, accustomed herself to relish wine. They used to send her to the cellar, as being one of the soberest in the family: she first sipped from the jug and tasted a few drops, for she abhorred wine, and did not care to drink. However, she gradually accustomed herself; and from sipping it on her lips she swallowed a draught. As people from the smallest faults in-

sensibly increase, she at length liked wine, and drank bumpers. But one day, being alone with the maid who usually attended her to the cellar, they quarrelled, and the maid bitterly reproached her with being a *drunkard!* That single word struck her so poignantly that it opened her understanding, and, reflecting on the deformity of the vice, she desisted for ever from its use.'

A Jesuit has collected 'An Alphabetical Catalogue of the Names of *Beasts* by which the Fathers characterised the Heretics!'

The Hebrew points have long furnished a wide field of disputation, and the acrimony with which the contest raged for several generations is really surprising. The anti-punctuists stigmatised the adherents of the opposite system as blinded believers in an exploded figurement, while the followers of Buxtorf, on the other hand, looked down from the height of their rabbinical learning with sovereign contempt on their *pointless* antagonists. But we introduced this subject principally for the purpose of relating an anecdote of a late worthy minister of this city, distinguished for his rigid attachment to the points. Being at one time in ill health, he was assisted in his official duties by a licentiate of the church to which he belonged, who resided in his house. His young friend attempted in vain to overcome his taciturnity, or draw him into conversation; and, happening one day to meet with a brother preacher in the city, communicated to him the discomforts of his situation. 'Oh!' said Mr B., 'I'll call on you to-morrow forenoon at eleven, and show you how to make Mr A. talk.' About the time promised he accordingly made his appearance, and Mr A. after saluting him, returned to the book on which he was employed, and took no farther notice of his presence. The visitor accordingly began to converse with his disconsolate brother, and, after doing so for some time, gradually introduced the subject of the Hebrew points. 'By the by, Mr C., do you read Hebrew with or without the points?' 'I have always been accustomed to read without them, sir.' 'Well, so have I, and I think the system of the punctuists a collection of useless absurdities.' 'Great *leears*,' said the old minister, in indignation, throwing down his book, 'how can you do without the points?' and immediately launched forth into a disquisition on the antiquity, authority, and necessity of the points; enlarged on *zarguas* and *pashtas*, *shevas* and *zaqueph-quations*; touched on the accents, distinctive and conjunctive; and, sometime in the afternoon, wound up with a bitter anathema on Levita, Parkhurst, and all their followers. But whether or not the gentleman for whose benefit the experiment was performed ever ventured to repeat it, we cannot tell.

About the middle of the seventeenth century a race of scholars arose who maintained that the language of the New Testament was not what it had always been considered to be—a dialect abounding with Hebrew thoughts and expressions—but pure and classic Greek. Georgius, one of the most furious of them, averred that his antagonists had committed the unpardonable sin, and argued that because the Old Testament was pure Hebrew, *therefore* the New Testament was pure Greek: a piece of reasoning which reminds us of a statement of Robert Turner, who 'transplanted into Albyon's garden' Nuysement's treatise on the elixir vitæ, entitled, 'Sal, Lumen, et Spiritus Mundi Philosophici.' 'You see,' says Mr Turner in his address 'to the reader whose studies are seasoned with salt, 'our natural vulgar common salt will preserve dead flesh from putrefaction; *what then will the true prepared philosophical salt do?*'

In the controversy to which we have referred, the title-page of one book announced 'The burial of the Hellenists;' and that of another their 'bone-breaking;' while a third, if we are not mistaken, dug up their ashes, and consigned them to the winds of heaven. Passing to the titles in another contest, we meet with 'Something Good, or the Reply of a Student to Mr Hoadley;' to which the Bishop replied by 'Something Better;' but was finally surmounted by the student in his 'Best of All.'

In the common language of former generations there

* D'Israeli's 'Curiosities of Literature.'

were many proverbial, or stock comparisons, that were considerably obscure, such, for example, as, 'like the bairns of Falkirk, ye mind naething but mischief,' or 'like Macfarlane's geese, ye ha'e mair mind o' your play than your meat : ' but the present age, above all others, is that of extraordinary comparisons. We have heard, for example, of an old gentleman 'singing like bricks,' and have seen a vessel in full sail, which, according to some one standing at our side, was 'coming into harbour like a hatter.' Now, although we have long been aware that bricks have had an ear for music ever since the days of Orpheus, who turned the circumstance to account in building the walls of Thebes, we always considered them merely as amateurs in the science, and never knew that they had made any proficiency in its practical departments. We must confess our ignorance, also, with regard to the peculiar capability of rapid motion attributed to our respected friends the hatters; although we believe that any one who should make free with one of their best Paris short naps at sixteen shillings would have reason to entertain a very high idea of their locomotive powers ever afterwards. If he intended to escape their pursuit, he would require, to use another unintelligible metaphor, to 'run like the mischief.'

We read with interest the minute occurrences of former days, such as are contained in the household book of the Earls of Northumberland, and can even be content to laugh over such humble details as the following in the manuscript journal of a country weaver for 1716: although we may observe that, in the first extract, the worthy writer seems to have given too much scope to his imagination:—

'The 24 night and 25 day of Sept. terrible for wind, a great shaking on qt. was left; and blowing people's victuals throw oyr [other], and driving it over the hills lyk sheep; and making branches fall aff the trees, both green and rotten. The moneth of Sept. for the most part, such as the husbandman would not have had.

'In the year 716, in the summer-time, we made ink of the droppings of black. We took 4 or 5 pints and boil'd it with about an ounce of caprose, and we had about a quart of good black ink.

'I counted in the end of the 16 year qt. coper was in the box, and yr was 38 crowns or little more, and 9 guineas and a half.

Of six sp. of yarn from William Jackson yt we quit to ye minister's wife, I reckon she had 6 grots of it yt we might have had.'

In the same volume from which these scraps are extracted occurs a very coarse 'satyre on our Scots nobility, who were keen and active in carrying on the Union.' Almost the only transcribable lines in it inform us that

'They said the church, they said the state and nation,
They said their honor, name, and reputation.
They said their birthrights, peerages, and places,
For which they now do look with angrie faces.'

ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS WRITTEN AMONGST THE RUINS OF NORHAM CASTLE,

In which (as Sir Walter Scott informed the authoress) the skeleton of a lady was discovered, who had disappeared on her bridal day in a very mysterious manner, and whose remains, after the lapse of more than a century, were found enclosed in an old chest, within the dungeon of the castle.

Here let me dwell, 'midst ruins grey,
In this deep solitude, and dream
The remnant of my life away,
By classic Tweed's meand'ring stream.

'Twas here—but ages since have flown,
And time bears ruin on his wings—
William the Lion met King John:
The audience-chamber *this* of kings!

These stones, had they but tongues, could tell,
While pity o'er such woes must weep,
How warrior-bishops fighting fell—
How captives groan'd in your dark keep!

A voice, methinks, pervades these halls,
Now desolate, and bare, and cold—
A tale seems written on these walls,
Which better 'twere to leave untold!

No royal colours flying, show
That hither kings and queens resort:
Here sits enthroned the hooded crow,
And here she holds her sable court!

In princely halls, the flocks and herds
Seek shelter from the noontide heat;
In queenly bowers, the songs of birds
Awake the morn in cadence sweet!

Old time assaults that tower in vain—
His iron hand it has withstood;
The guardian of the dark domain,
It frowns defiance o'er the flood!

And here were found, as bards have sung—
Here, where the owl and bill-fox hide,
That donjon's fearful depths among—
The ashes of the long-lost bride!

Methinks these tott'ring turrets speak—
A voice there seems in each grey stone,
To blanch the rose on beauty's cheek,
And scare her with a skeleton!

HEERMIONE.

LIMNINGS OF SOCIAL LIFE.

GALEN PESTLE—THE MAN WHO CODDLED HIS FAMILY.

'MARTHA, love, have you put the flannel waistcoat on John yet?'

'No, but to-night I shall,' meekly replied she.

'Oh, my dear, how can you be so negligent in this changeable weather? For any sake, don't allow this night to pass over. And Tommy, has he got the infusion of senna and prunes, slightly rhubarbed, and sweetened with coarse sugar, as I directed this morning?'

'Yes.'

'How often?'

'Twice since rising.'

'Only! I think Buchan says six times a-day. You really ought to be a little more attentive to these matters. I hope you have got the list nailed securely to the nursery-window, and the grating round the fire fixed better. Sir James Clark says, you know—but stop! I'll go and see myself, and, while up stairs, I'll mix Ann's powders, and you can get dinner ready.' He had gone a moment, but immediately returning, and putting his head in at the door, anxiously said, 'Tell Betty to run and fetch in the children. There's a shower brewing, I see, from the smoke of the chimneys falling so low. Lose no time, now.'

Mr Pestle again hurried off, leaving his partner to execute the order. She looked after his thin careworn figure with a sigh, as she turned away. Sighs are the food of sorrow, but Mrs Pestle had not found much nourishment in them. She hadn't thriven on the aliment, if one might judge from the close resemblance she bore to her husband. She had the same careworn depressed look; the same continual weariness of aspect, ever looking like one struggling under an impracticable load. But the appearance arose from an involuntary cause. Her husband created his own annoyances and sufferings, and, according to apostolic injunction, made his wife sharer of them. She, honest woman, was naturally a good-natured, kindly soul, disposed to take the world's wrongs and fleshly ills as lightly as might be; but Galen manufactured so many of them, and kept them up so fresh, that Mrs Pestle was ever in a sea of troubles, and a very tempestuous one it was; so, notwithstanding this natural tendency of hers, the continual dropping did wear her down. And these troubles of her husband's arose chiefly from his having a large family and little to do. Like most men, he had a hobby, and he rode it well too; but his hobby was, like that of many other husbands, the wrong one for him to ride. He was physician in ordinary, cook in ordinary, and housemaid extraordinary to his family. His whole soul was wrapped up in

the temporal well-being of his progeny; and to have them right and keep them right, pelican-like, he consumed his own flesh and blood in endeavouring to accomplish, but never after all fairly managing it. He doctored them, drugged them, fed them, led them, washed them, and trimmed them, but to little avail. They were always sickly and pining, always having a variety of puzzling complaints, and always the more physic they got requiring the more. In vain the father studied Buchan, Combe, and Southwood Smith; in vain he tried homoeopathy, cold water, and warm water; in vain he ransacked the whole pharmacopoeia of medicine, to find cures for complaints entirely apocryphal; and in vain he watched them in-doors and out-doors—nursed them, clothed them, and cooked for them—they wouldn't be right, and when right they wouldn't keep so. His wife's health suffered in consequence, as may be well supposed. What woman, indeed, could bear the fatigue, the care, the sleepless vigils, she endured, without suffering? But of this Galen was less observant and less regardless than of the manifold complaints, actual or assumed, of his offspring. So much for the outline of our characters.

Up stairs, Galen found the list properly fixed, and the wire-fence round the fire-place properly secure, and nothing to mar the harmony of his parental feelings. He next proceeded to his laboratory, and compounded, from a variety of glass bottles and packages, the powders, washed his hands, and descended to dinner. As in duty, if not in etiquette, bound, Galen sat at the head of his own table; but he filled a double office, inasmuch as he generally performed the part of waiter to the children, who clustered on each side, the eldest next the father, and the younger graduating down towards the mother, at the foot. And what sickly, exotic-looking plants they were—not lean and shrunk by any means, but fat unhealthy creatures, totally destitute of the rosy hue of youth, or the glistening eye of sturdy childhood. After a grace, more like a weary yawn than an expression of grateful sincerity, he uncovered the soup. 'Fat, fat, my love,' said he, glancing over to his wife, 'and I feel the smell of onions in it, too,' sniffing above it at the same time. 'Ring that bell, John.'

The maid appeared in answer to the summons, and stood, rounding the corner of her apron.

'Betty, did you make that soup with onions, after what I said to you, eh?'

'Ye didna speak aboot ingins the day, sir. Aweel a wat, I ne'er thoct o't, sir; or, sure's I'm leevin', sir, I wadna wi' ma gude will. But there was jist ane, chappit vera sma'; an' Mrs Glasse says, sir, in the buik—ye pointit it oot till me—add pepper an' flavour, wi' ingins, till taste.'

'But it's my taste not to have it flavoured—remember that in future.'

'John,' pursued the father, 'have you taken your quinine to-day? if not, you'd better have it in your soup. And Mary, you remembered the barks before lunch, I hope? That soup's too fat, Louise; you can't get any.'

'I think a little drop would do no harm,' interposed his wife. 'It might—'

'Really, woman, you're quite vexatious. Don't I know how to manage them best? Give a child afflicted with heart-burn soup! Monstrous! Magnesia alba thrice a-day, and a light diet, always in such cases. Robert don't drink water—cold water and anything oily on the stomach, combined, are indigestible; get it warmed.'

'But I'm thirsty, papa.'

'Bless me, what a flushed face you have! Put down that tumbler, sir, and come here. Show me your tongue. Ha! the face turns pale, and pulse rather high. Here's some disorder. It can't be measles, as there's no loss of appetite; the tongue is not white, and no running at the nose. Flushed face,' pursued he, soliloquising. 'Do you feel hungry, Robert?'

'I should like a bit of pie very much.'

'And pale by turns. Do you feel very hungry, child?'

'Yes!—no!—yes! I don't want any medicine, papa.'

'It must be ascarides. My love, you'll please take him to bed to-night, and observe if his teeth grind while asleep.'

Whether tickled by pepper, or a too hasty disposal of a mouthful, or from some other gastronomic error, one of the children gave a cough. The parent looked hastily up with an anxious eye, dropped his fork, uttering, 'There, don't smother it. I see it, Agnes, quite plainly. Where was you during the shower to-day?'

'Nowhere, papa.'

'Come, I insist. Martha, love, was that child out to-day? Could you be so foolish? Poor little lamb, will that careless mother of yours never learn—the influenza raging too, and yet, notwithstanding all my precautions—'

'She wasn't in the shower, I'm sure,' murmured the meek helpmate.

'Don't tell me so. That child's as sure caught the epidemic as I'm sitting here. Bless me! we'll all have it too now; our house will be an absolute hospital! Agnes, you'll bathe your feet in hot water to-night; take a nice little powder that I shall make up, and sleep alone.'

After dinner, this paragon of fathers devoted an hour or two to study, eschewing all light and unprofitable treatises, and confining himself entirely to the *utile*. But it was neither the currency, politics, moral philosophy, nor mathematics, that formed the subject of his inquiry. He was not a politician in any sense—a philosopher in its widest sense—far less a literary man in its lowest sense, being nothing less and strictly nothing more than a family man, and hence his books were of a peculiar cast. And, by the way, it is remarkable that the books often possessing the fewest literary merits are the books we cherish most—they have attained the highest popularity, and possess the deepest interest. All the store of our juvenile library, from the 'Babes in the Wood' up to the imperishable 'Thousand and One Nights,' what mere literary merit had they? what fine writing—what elegant diction—what truthfulness of description or character did they possess? Yet where in after years have we found aught more intensely interesting; and where, amid the glittering galaxy of names spangling the history of our literature, will you find productions more popular than that store of our boyhood's leisure study, written when, where, or by whom, alike unknown? Again, what a melancholy idea of literature does an old 'Post-office Directory' suggest? yet where, in any bibliopolist's store, will you find a work of more unwearying interest? Every line has a story of its own, beginning with John Adams, who married your cousin, emigrated to the far west, and now figures in the republican senate, down to Will Young, who was transported for forgery; each name is replete with the story of a life. The true 'book-life' is within its boards. Give us an old 'Directory' during a dull hour, and we undertake to extract more amusement and instruction from it than from a whole bevy of Bentley or Colburn's last issues. But the 'Directory' was not Galen's study. Such a luxury he never knew. His, we said, was a family taste. One might suppose from that, Soyer and Ude would have refreshed his mental appetite as well as his bodily; but Galen did not aspire to the first-class books. Mrs Glasse, Meg Dods, Buchan, the Manual of Domestic Medicine, and a small duodecimo treatise on the diseases of infants, formed the staple of his study, with Combe, Clark, and Southwood Smith, as the lighter reliefs. From one of these he rose each afternoon, if not the happier, at least, as he thought, the wiser man.

Then, after tea was finished, it was quite a study to watch him compounding his drugs, making up pills, opening stoppers of phials with filthy smells, and measuring out small quantities of their contents into small receptacles, and sometimes pounding them all up together, as a remedy for something very dreadful. And when the distribution of these came, before bedtime, it was quite a treat to witness it. There were little noses to hold, while repugnant mixtures were being poured down little throats: there was coaxing, wheedling, and threatening in operation, to sway infantile minds; tempting promises of tremendous generosity, to break juvenile stubbornness; and dark hints at bodily pain and sickness, to influence the swallowing of nauseous doses; and pots of jelly temptingly ranged, to seduce natural dislike into compliance, when

little belouses and whitey grey mixtures were coated over with it, and gulped down; and there were little feet to lave in hot water, and little limbs to swathe in flannel, and large woolly nightcaps and cumbrous woolly coats to tie down and fasten on little heads and bodies—warm drinks to take away complaints of queer tastes in them, and sometimes an assent that it was very nice from those who didn't share in it. But above all, there was the gloating, gratified eye of the father, who did all this, and more, with his own hands, and the sometimes anxious, sometimes submissive gaze of the wife, who sat and witnessed the process, and who was privileged with exemption from duty and doses of all kinds.

But why need we trace the disposal of the olive Pestles, after being 'cribb'd, cabined, and confined' in their dormitories till gentle slumber visited their eyelids, or note the watchings of the father, and the compulsory vigils kept over them by the mother, to ascertain whether their teeth ground, or the nightmare visited them, or restlessness or flushings marred their little countenances? And why need we follow the father into the kitchen in the morning, bent on overlooking, in the fullness of his parental care, the cooking of their breakfast, to the annoyance and contempt of the maid, or listen to his multifarious orders for their guidance during the day in his absence? Let us limit our observations to what more immediately may be conceived as the proper matter for our sketch.

As we have already stated, Mrs Pestle's health and spirits gradually sunk under the load of troubles she was compelled to bear, and that self-pride so necessary to woman's nature—necessary to maintain the direction of her household and training of her children—was being fast crushed. In fact, she was little more than a cipher in her family. Her authority was a dead letter over her husband's better rule, her influence rendered nugatory; and it was with pain that she saw her children did not thrive under the system pursued by Galen. But what to do to regain her position as a wife and a mother she knew not; and even though many expedients suggested themselves, her meek retiring nature shrunk from executing these, in the first instance. But what will a mother's heart not attempt, when fairly tested, for the wellbeing of her offspring—let history, let daily life bear witness! Galen, never peculiarly sweet, became, as time waxed older, irritable and sour. His views and his precepts must be wholly coincided in, and not one hairbreadth interfered with. Neither wife nor domestic dare infringe or modify his rules, and indeed the latter came to have a sorry enough time of it. One was turned away for allowing a child to run out on damp streets—another for supplying sweetmeats by stealth—a third for not travelling up stairs behind them—a fourth for giving them food too hot—and a fifth because she would not take new medicines by way of experiment; and during all this time Mrs Pestle's struggles and duties were multiplied, and thanklessly so. But even the meekest spirit, saith some proverb, will turn upon oppression; and what woman ever formed the exception to it?

Mr Pestle came home one day in a peculiarly acrid frame of mind. It was washing-day, and the juveniles were having much their own way of matters, to his great horror and dismay.

'I tell you what, woman,' said he, in a boiling rage, 'these children might as well want a mother as call you one. What interest do you take in them—what care over them? None! I get the whole work to do, and were it not for me, it would have been a miracle had one of these lived till to-day.' Mrs Pestle thought the miracle consisted in their being still alive under the fostering influences, but waived stating this opinion. 'Yet you're always complaining, madam, notwithstanding; and though I've offered you advice and powders, cordials and tonics, you have stubbornly refused them. Ay, you needn't 'phoo, phoo.' That's all the thanks, is it? Very well; just suffer the consequences, and rightly served, too.'

'That's scarcely language to a wife, Mr Pestle. You well know if I have complained I have had good cause, and the cause is in you.'

'Like your sex, madam, like your sex—injure yourself, and blame your husband.'

'I suppose you think you'd do better wanting me, Galen?'

'You needn't suppose it, madam, you know it.'

The wife and mother felt stung. Quickly she retorted. —'Since that's the case, you shall have a trial, I'm determined. For the sake of my health and your comfort, I shall go off to Margate to-morrow with my sister—proceed I shall.'

'Very well, madam; and, pray, don't return till your body and mind are both cured.'

Little more was said that night, but next morning, true to her threat, Mrs Pestle packed up a small trunk, and, bidding good-bye to her family, set out, to the surprise of her children, and gloomy disregard of her husband.

The family man was now alone, and certainly he did feel a little queer at entering his novitiate. A cipher does bear often an important relationship to adjacent figures, and Mr Pestle very soon found his wife had really something to do among the nine children, but *what* remained a puzzler. The first day, however, was got over tolerably well, and not much went agog in his management. He saw them all at length physicked and sent to bed as usual, and then his trials began. About two o'clock in the morning he was awakened by a fearful squalling in the nursery. Instinctively he bade his wife rise and go to these children, but a moment's waking reflection impressed on him the fact that he must do it himself. Shivering in his shirt, Galen groped and stumbled along up stairs. A little one had fallen out of his crib, and his cries had become epidemical among the others.

'I want mamma! I want mamma!' shrieked the unfortunate.

'Hush—hush-a-bay!' &c., began Galen, trying to soothe it in his arms, nursery fashion.

'No! no!—Mamma! mamma!' squalled the urchin vehemently, and the others re-echoed the cry.

In vain Galen walked up and down the floor, shivering with cold, humming, coaxing, and wheedling; the child wouldn't pacify. A full half-hour was thus spent before it fairly cried itself asleep, and the father was again *en route* to his own dormitory. Stiff, frigid, and with teeth chattering, he tumbled in, and attempted to restore warmth. It just came at length, bringing the dreadful suggestion that he had forgot to shut the nursery-door. The awful idea of colds, sore throats, or something worse, pervading the inmates next day, left him no room for pause. Perspiring with terror, he jumped up, rushed up stairs again, and found—the door shut. Back again he came, taking the skin off his shins on a chair by the way, and after the enjoyment of a few hours' uncomfortable slumber, he started up, on feeling some object crawling across his body, and pulling at his nose. He looked up: two children were saddled a-top of him, one with his nightcap in hand, and the other dragging off the clothes. The father rubbed his eyes.

'Oh, where's mamma?' exclaimed the juveniles. 'We want to get dressed; it's so cold.'

'Papa, you'll dress us: here's my clothes,' shouted one.

Papa looked around. Other throats in the nursery piped a shrill treble for him and mother. It was barely five o'clock yet, but the children had been put earlier to bed last night than usual. Galen rose. He felt queerish; an awful pang suddenly shot up one side of his head—he had got the toothache. Uttering a dismal groan, he clapped his hand on the spot.

'Put on my clothes first, papa,' said one, pushing a diminutive petticoat and pair of stockings into his hands.

'No! mine first—mine first!' urged another, trying to supplant his sister.

A tremendous shout arose in the nursery. Galen, almost yelling with pain and vexation, pulled at the bell, like a madman, for Betty. She came, half-dressed and half-awake.

'Go up stairs to these children! Are you deaf, that you don't hear them crying?' shouted he.

After some bungling attempts, he managed to get the clothes of the two applicants clumsily fastened on, and

then rushed up stairs to superintend the others. After rendering what assistance he could, and getting them tolerably pacified, he was assailed with cries of 'Oh, papa, I'm so hungry!'—'Papa, I want a piece!'—'Papa, when will breakfast be ready?'

'You'll have breakfast in a little, my dears; meantime, John, you'll take your bitters; and, Agnes, you must come and get a nice little dose of turpentine and molasses. Let me feel your pulse this morning, Tommy. Ah! yes; fever abated; I thought it would—but you'll continue your powders to-night.'

Breakfast was got through without any serious accident or incident other than the father's inability to eat with the raging pain in his jaw; thereafter calling on Betty, he proceeded to instruct her preparatory to going out.

'You'll be particular in watching these children when I'm absent to-day, girl.'

'Yes, sir.'

'Tommy and Agnes don't go out at all; nor the others unless you're with them; and take care of carts on the road. Don't let them speak to any other children; small-pox is prevalent just now, keep them by your side.'

'Yes, sir; by my side, sir.'

'You'll give these powders to Jane at twelve—mind at twelve; and that pill to Tommy at one, in a little jelly. Observe they don't fall down stairs; and remember to keep them back from the fire.'

'Yes, sir; the fire, sir.'

'Now, notice, they are not to have anything to eat till I come home; and watch if the pavements are damp before you go out to walk. Be sure to put a shawl on Mary, and see that John has his greatcoat on.'

'Yes, sir; nothing to eat, a shawl, and a greatcoat, sir.'

'Have some chicken soup and salad for dinner, and a little bit of roast; and go to the apothecary's and give him this note for some new medicine I want.'

'Yes, sir.'

'There is nothing else I remember of.'

'Nothing else, sir.'

When Galen returned home, he was in no enviable humour with the unabated toothache. But what a scene here presented itself to his view. Betty sitting wringing her hands; Tommy rolling on the floor groaning, and rubbing his diaphragm; Agnes, with a foot rolled in flannel, slowly sobbing; and the rest of the younger branches doing much as they pleased, sitting on their haunches around some pots of jelly, with which their countenances were liberally smeared.

'Oh, what'll I do? Oh, maister, maister, dinna kill me! Och, och home! Mercy, maister, I couldna help it! Vanished, clean gaed af like a shadow, and never set my een on him mair. Oh, maister, dinna hang me! The precious lamb—the dear creature—whisk'd awa' frae my verra hauns.'

Incoherently, Betty, on her knees, roared and wrung her hands together; Tommy rolled on the floor; and Agnes resumed the bleat she had nigh ceased from on the appearance of Galen.

'In the name of wonder, woman, what have you done? What does all this mean?' stammered Galen, with his eyes staring almost out in intense anxiety, clutching the prostrate domestic by the arms. 'Speak, huzzy, can't you speak?'

'Oh, it was a' my fault! But, mercy, maister! Ane stown awa', anither pushioned, an' me at the bottom o't! Oh, gudeness, I'll be hang't for it! Mercy, maister, spare me! Dinna gie me up yet!'

'Hag, jade, wretch! Can't you tell me what you've done, or what's gone wrong? Can nobody tell me—will nobody speak to me?' screamed the father.

'Oh, winna ye kill me when ye come to ken?' gasped the domestic.

'Confound you, speak; speak, I command you; I entreat you. Do you hear?'

Betty recounted her story of disasters. While walking in the forenoon, she had lost John suddenly at a fruitshop window. She came home, left the others, and set out alone

in search of him. On returning, half distracted and unsuccessful, she found Tommy, allured by its taste, had swallowed nearly the whole of the new medicine, inadvertently left on the table; Agnes had scalded her foot in the pursuit of knowledge, by overturning a pot on the fire; and the youngest lot had secured the liberty of the press, and, like all others in the early possession of a hitherto denied privilege, had abused it.

The father gave a fearful groan as the summary of his miseries was recapitulated; he sank on a seat, and gazed a moment at the scene. Tommy's yells brought him round, however, to a sense of duty. Clutching that unfortunate up in his arms, he roared to Betty to run for a doctor.

Betty ran, and speedily returned, dragging after her a pale-visaged adjacent apothecary, who, after being brought to understand the case, and examining the contents of the phial, yet unconsumed, delivered an opinion to the effect that the dose would be more inconvenient than deadly, and its worst effects would be entirely counteracted by a nice little prescription he would make up and send. Tommy soon got the nice prescription, and felt his pangs considerably allayed. The next matter was the recovery of the missing one, and this was found rather more difficult of accomplishment. Informations were lodged with the police, and parties set on his track, but for a time to no purpose. Night set dismally in on the family. Everything had gone wrong, and was rapidly going worse. Betty was almost stupid—Tommy moaning in bed because he got no dinner—Agnes performing the same feat by the fire—the more juvenile, ill with too much sweets, undergoing a physicking—and the father distracted with anxiety and a swollen face. About ten o'clock a rap came to the door, and a gruff policeman carried in poor Johnny rolled up in a greatcoat. He had been found crying on a deserted stairhead, whither some one had enticed him and disencumbered him of any loose articles of clothing—these being everything save his shirt and a bit of flannel round his throat, put there by his father to prevent him catching cold. The charley was rewarded and dismissed, and John plunged into a hot bath, preparatory to being nigh smothered in bed and comforted with scalding gruel. By and by all were got safely stowed away, and the father left alone in his misery; what his reflections particularly were we know not, but the conclusion of them was, '*I wish Martha were here!*'

Next day the unhappy parent was again dragged at an untimely hour out of bed to dress his family, or such of them as could get up, for John was in a fever, and Tommy and Agnes unable to rise, or unwilling. These, of course, had to be seen to and prescribed for, as well as the residue who were sick from yesterday's enjoyment and unable to eat breakfast. There are few things more annoying in life than a houseful of really sick children. They form a domestic misery sufficient to test the patience and fortitude of the most philosophic mind. Galen experienced the truth of this. Previously, he had experimented a little in medicine, and believed hard in his own sufficiency, but now that the trial was fairly come, his philosophy and experience both completely forsook him; and, besides, the toothache had fairly prostrated all moral energy. He had tied a bag of hot sand up his cheek, burned his throat with brandy, half-suffocated himself with tarred cotton, sickened himself with smoking, tied on a stocking dipped in cold water, applied a hot iron, which had blackened the outside, now swollen and disfigured, but all in vain. Absolutely miserable, he went out that day, and, a martyr to the most dismal forebodings, grumbled away the hours till the time of his return home.

'Bless me, what's all this uproar about?' exclaimed he, rushing up stairs to ascertain the cause of a fearful hubbub that greeted his ears on entering the house.

The room-door opened with a fearful crash of falling chairs, as he pushed his way in. On the floor the table lay inverted, and part of the youngsters playing with some ornaments inside of it; the chairs were strewn on their backs, doing the duty of hobby-horses; the contents of an inkstand improving the pattern of the carpet; and some

books, with illuminated bindings, converted into the foundation of a house built with chips of coal and cinder. To add to the confusion, two of the hopefuls had been fighting, and now sat apart, the one holding a bloody nose and the other blubbering at intervals.

'Was ever father so tormented?' roared Galen. 'I'll teach you other tricks, I wager. Take that, you little rascal, and that,' continued he, administering kicks and cuffs all round with a hearty good will. A momentary calm ensued, but only a prelude to a fearful storm of yelling and screaming.

'Hold your jabbering tongues, and be silent, will you, or I'll drub the life out of you,' shouted the parent. 'Confound it, but I'll see what the meaning of all this is. Betty, come here.'

'Was ye wantin' me, sir?' said the maid, popping in immediately.

'What do you mean, girl, by allowing such goings on while I'm absent? Do you think I can for a moment tolerate them, or will allow any person, got for the very purpose of taking charge over these children, to remain here, who doesn't seem to care a straw about doing their duty?'

'Really, sir, I canna'—

'I tell you what; you needn't try to put me off. It's all a pretence you're going to forge for your own remission. But you'll walk out of this. I'm not going to be imposed upon. Get your things packed then, and set off. You don't stay here longer.'

'Much obleeged t'ye sir. Hope ye may be lang able to guide your ain. I'll be ready to gang in an hour or twa.'

The maid was gone by the appointed time, and Galen left master of all he surveyed. He scowled, fumed, and fretted, ill pleased now with himself, and worse satisfied with every other body. By dint of some perseverance, and considerable ingenuity, he managed to get an impromptu dinner, and saw it administered properly, for his ruling passion was still unsubdued; and, with an equally creditable degree of skill, contrived to have tea prepared by the proper time, and saw it also safely disposed of. But a chill smote through his heart at night, as, sitting alone, he reflected he must now wash up all the dishes, scrub the knives, and brush nearly a dozen pair of shoes, for children whom he must get up to dress shortly after daylight. Secretly, he cursed his own imprudence in dispatching Betty so summarily, and as he looked at the waning fire, which he knew he must kindle next morning, he half involuntarily muttered, '*Martha must come back.*'

Tremendous, next day, were the struggles of Pestle to do his duty. He found himself completely in that state popularly termed a 'mess.' Everything went wrong that he did, and a score of things required to be done which he could not. He put wrong dresses on wrong bodies, and made them worse trying to right them; he administered physic by mistake, and upset a dozen boxes of different kinds of pills on the floor; he brushed shoes with black-lead; could not get the fire kindled at first, and when it did kindle, could not find coals to burn; broke the dishes in trying to clean them; cut his fingers with the knives; spoiled his clothes with grease; upset pails of water, and mopped himself in mopping it up; cooked a breakfast, and brought up hot water instead of tea; cuffed the children, and coaxed them into silence; sent for an elderly female to keep the house, whom he found drunk on his return, and the house nearly on fire by her management; gave her in charge to a policeman, and sent for another. By night the cup of his misery was nigh full, and his nerves completely shaken. He could have wished himself at the bottom of the Thames or the Serpentine, but had not courage requisite to secure such a lodging. His good genius came to his aid, and he ruefully resolved, '*I'll write Martha this very night.*'

'Forgive me for anything harsh I have said to you; I was very wrong. Do return, if you have any love for me or your children. I am heartily ashamed of my conduct. Unless you return I shall take leave of absence, and bring them all down to Margate to you.'

So the letter ran Mrs Pestle received next day. The natural impulse of the wife and mother was to hasten home, but she was better advised by her sister, and the result of that counsel was, that Galen received an answer thus:—

'MY DEAR HUSBAND,—I am very glad you do feel your error, and are sorry for it. So you find *I am* of some use after all. But I feel it would be wrong of me to return just to occupy my old position. That was not my right one, Galen, and unless you agree that I am to be *wistress* as well as mother of my family, I cannot indeed think of it. Now, tell me, will you agree to burn the whole contents of your laboratory, give no physic unless the doctor orders it, and allow me the whole management of their food, clothing, and exercise. If you say you will, I am sure no wife will be happier to forget all her wrongs, and love her husband more truly, than—*MARTHA PESTLE.*'

This was a bitter pill for Galen, worse than any new or old medicine he ever read of, or tasted, or administered. But it was the only efficacious one, and its result, after a little more misery and conscious helplessness, was—

'MY DEAR WIFE,—I agree to your terms. You are quite right. The laboratory is all destroyed. I am coming down to-morrow with the children.—*GALLEN PESTLE.*'

Martha's sister and her husband saw Galen tied down fairly to the terms of reconciliation that night, and Martha herself, with tearful eyes and a glad heart, welcomed her spouse and little ones. In Galen, for a while, there was a hard struggle to overcome his old propensities of physicking, coddling, and administering to his successors, and a strong instinct to be overcome in the way of poking himself into the kitchen and interfering with the maids. But time and resolution conquered all; and were you, dear sister or brother, to know the Pestles as we once knew them, and to know them now, you would hardly believe that the half plethoric gentleman, who carries the big stick and wears a flower in his button-hole, is the once lean and anxious father; and these children, some of whom are starting into man and womanhood, but all so fresh and healthy, made up the group of once sickly exotic-like humanities.

What moral then, reader, may you deduce—you who think that every story should have one. Just this, if you read it aright. As in nature there are providential laws, by which no part of its machinery can supply another section, so in the social relations of life are the same happy and wise principles of adjustment existing, by which man and woman have their own spheres of duty, and when the one interferes with the other, that interference must be a violation of a true position, unhappy in its workings and mischievous in its results.

OUR OCCUPATIONS.

How are we occupied? what are our employments? from what sources do we derive our means of subsistence? are interesting and important questions—interesting to all who are engaged in producing, and important as forming the basis of sound legislation. An excellent analysis of the population returns has lately been published by Mr Spackman,* which gives the answers to the above questions in a clearer and more satisfactory manner than has yet come under our notice. As was to have been expected, it is found that considerably the largest portion of the inhabitants of this country are engaged in the production of food—the raw material of life and labour. These are the most numerous class, inasmuch as they are the root from which all others derive their origin and are maintained; and also because, having no mechanical aids such as are employed in the production of cotton, woollen, and other fabrics, they must mainly depend upon individual manual labour and industry. These have still, in an especial sense, to fulfil the condition assigned by Providence, that man should cultivate the soil by the sweat of his brow.

* An Analysis of the Occupations of the People, &c. By W. F. SPACKMAN.

Next in number and importance come the great manufacturing classes of the community—they who, by the aids of mechanical ingenuity and skill, have almost realised the wonders of Aladdin's lamp—converting the ore dug from the bowels of the earth into all forms and fashions of beauty and usefulness; fabricating, of the floss of the cotton shrub, the excretion of the silk worm, the fleece of the sheep, and the fibres of the flax-plant, the clothing and the exquisite adornments for men and women in all climes and countries. The growth and development of this portion of our industrial population have been of comparatively recent date. It has been almost brought into existence by the magnificent inventions of Watt, Arkwright, and Crompton. At the period when the gigantic power of steam suddenly burst upon us, all the continental nations were exposed to the horrors of war. The insular position of Britain, and the strength of its navy, preserved it against those insecurities from which settled industry flies away. We became the manufacturers for the world. Mills, workshops, and factories arose on all sides, aggregating around them immense masses of population. Towns and cities sprung up as if by incantation. Buildings arose, 'like an exhalation.' An impulse was given to trade and manufactures which produced an expansion of population almost unprecedented in the history of nations. Our productive power, by the aid of machinery, became increased a million-fold; and at this hour, the machines of Great Britain produce an amount of manufactured goods equal, it is said, to the productions of the unaided hands of 800,000 millions of men. These circumstances mainly account for the rapid increase of the manufacturing as compared with the agricultural population during the last half century.

Next come the professional, trading, and shopkeeping classes, who are dependent for their maintenance on supplying the wants of one or the other of the above divisions. Then we have the independent classes—those living on the fruits of accumulated industry, either of themselves or of others—a part of the population even more rapidly on the increase than any other. The following were the numbers of the persons employed throughout the United Kingdom in the following occupations in 1841:

In Agriculture—	
Farmers and graziers.....	779,381
Agricultural labourers.....	2,402,807
Gardeners, nurserymen, &c.....	61,072
Herdsmen, caretakers (Ireland), &c.....	40,447
	3,344,207
In Manufactures—	
Of cotton.....	377,662
Of hose.....	60,955
Of lace.....	35,347
Of woollen.....	244,946
Of silk.....	85,549
Of flax and linen.....	220,516
Spinners and weavers (Ireland), branch not specified.....	425,287
Miscellaneous fabrics.....	247,747
All other manufactures.....	177,918
	1,865,927
In trade and commerce.....	2,413,951
In Mines—	
Of coal.....	118,233
Of copper.....	15,407
Of lead.....	11,419
Of iron.....	10,949
Of tin.....	6,101
Of other minerals.....	34,812
	196,921
In shipping.....	216,350
Professional persons.....	81,099
Bankers, merchants, clerks, literary men, &c.....	175,436
Independent persons (England and Scotland only)	511,440
Engaged in the government civil service.....	21,949
Parochial, town, and church officers.....	38,208
Domestic servants.....	1,494,122
Labourers—as quarriers, porters, messengers, &c.....	793,120

The remainder of the population consists of those who are dependent upon the individuals classified under the above heads. On comparing the census of 1841 with that of ten years previous, it appears that during that period the agricultural population had increased by about 900,000. The number of the population dependent on the several occupations of agriculture and manufactures is of course considerably greater, in both cases, than the number

actually employed in them. These include the women and children, the shopkeepers and tradesmen whom they support, and the producers of the various materials used in their several callings. The total number of persons actually employed in agriculture in the United Kingdom is 3,344,207; and in manufactures 1,910,338; whereas, the number of persons dependent on agriculture in Great Britain is estimated at 14,125,686; and in manufactures at 7,445,858.

The proportion of inhabitants employed in manufactures is the highest in Scotland, embracing very nearly one-half of the entire population; and it is the lowest in Ireland, where only about one-fourth are so employed. In England, rather less than two-thirds of the population seem to be dependent on manufactures for their subsistence. The following is the general result for the entire United Kingdom:

Total of the agricultural interest (including all those dependent on agriculture).....	17,469,893
Total of the manufacturing interest (including all those dependent on manufactures).....	9,356,196
Travelling on the night of the census.....	6,016
Total of the United Kingdom.....	26,831,105

During the ten years ending 1841, the increase of the persons employed in manufactures had been by far the most rapid in proportion to their numbers. In that period they had increased by 874,096, though the increase in the early part of the present century was considerably more rapid. A very large proportion of the whole population—not less than twenty millions—belongs to the labour class, who are dependent upon wages for their living; in other words, are in that dependent position which the absence of all realised property insures. This portion of the population is steadily and even rapidly on the increase, as are also the 'independent' and capitalist classes, who subsist on the accumulated savings of industry.

It is matter of interesting speculation, though not at present within the scope of this brief outline, to consider whether this present tendency of the population is safe—whether an increasing population mainly dependent on weekly wages, and without any accumulated savings—engaged as they mainly are in working up the productions of other countries, for the supply of the markets of other countries (the demand being necessarily fluctuating and unreliable)—is not hazardous to the security and well-being of our social state considered as a whole; and whether to these circumstances are not in a considerable measure to be attributed those frightful checks to productive employment which, at ever-recurring intervals, plunge tens of thousands of our labouring population into misery and destitution.

An interesting feature, if not a painful one, in the returns, is the large number of females employed in our principal manufactures. Thus, out of a total population of 877,662 employed in the cotton manufactures, we find 180,379, or about one-half, are females; of 85,347 persons engaged in the manufacture of lace, 27,027 are females; of 88,778 employed in the silk manufacture, 42,556 are females; and of 85,218 employed in flax manufactures in Great Britain, 35,667 are female operatives. The total number of persons employed in manufactures, in the United Kingdom, is 1,865,927, of which 979,183 are women or girls; whereas, of the 3,344,207 persons employed in agriculture, only 226,650 are of the female sex.

There are several curious items to be gathered from the summary of persons engaged in trade and commerce in England, Scotland, and Ireland, which have a remarkable bearing on the comparative social and intellectual condition of the three kingdoms. For instance, we find 'book-sellers, bookbinders, and publishers,' distributed as follows: 10,908 in England, 2,447 in Scotland, and 1,028 in Ireland—the population of Ireland being about four times as numerous as that of Scotland, and only about one-half that of England. Again, under the head of 'printers,' we find, in England 15,846, in Scotland 2,467, and in Ireland 1,717. Under the head of 'drapers and linen drapers,' we find that in 1841 there were in England 26,588, in

Scotland 1,925, and in Ireland 918. And under the head of 'rag-outters, dealers, and gatherers,' we find in England 1,816, in Scotland 108, and in Ireland 881. Of 'boot and shoe makers,' we find 187,948 in England, 26,837 in Scotland, and 50,834 in Ireland; and of 'butchers,' 45,495 in England, 3,202 in Scotland, and 5,882 in Ireland. The inferences here are obvious. Of 'clock and watch makers,' there are 18,577 in England, 1,202 in Scotland, and 885 in Ireland. Of 'grocers and tea dealers,' there are 41,929 in England, 7,277 in Scotland, and 3,484 in Ireland. In all occupations ministering either to necessity, comfort, or luxury, the proportions are about the same, excepting in the case of pig-dealing, rag-collecting, and several minor callings. We find in England 662 pig-dealers, in Scotland 9, and in Ireland 969. Under the head of 'tavern-keepers'—which includes beer-shop-keepers, hotel and innkeepers, publicans and victuallers, and spirit merchants—we find in England a total of 59,779, in Scotland 3,646, and in Ireland 12,652. Ireland has the services of a smaller proportion of professional men than the other parts of the United Kingdom. It has rather less than double the number of medical men for four times the population that Scotland has. In clerical gentlemen, its supply is the largest.

THE POET AND BRIGAND.

THE evening shadows were falling from the lofty Apennines into the bosom of the valley of the Pescara, and the bells of the sheep and *zampogna* of the shepherd were mingling in merry harmony, as two mounted travellers, attended by four lacqueys, were winding through the mountain pass which is the gateway of the Abruzzi, immediately above the romantic town of Castel di Sangro. The two travellers were men of distinction; the gay beaver, cloak, and rapier of the younger, and the rich vestments of the elder, were sufficient attestation of this, although they had not been attended by aquires; but even supposing their attendants and garments had been of a very inferior order, their personal bearing would have marked them out from the vulgar crowd. The senior of these travellers was a priest, whose tall portly frame was encased in robes whose richness of texture seemed to mock their sacerdotal modesty of fashion; he was mounted on a beautiful black horse, which he managed with the ease and grace of a practised equestrian, and his keen penetrating eye and haughty bearing showed that the priestly office to him was nothing more than a family arrangement. He was grave and taciturn, and seemed to be absorbed in his own reflections—a state of mind which his companion did not seem anxious to disturb, for his large black eyes rolled incessantly over the lofty rugged scenery which rose before them. This second traveller was tall and slender in his form, and his long black hair fell luxuriantly over his shoulders. His extremely handsome face seemed to reflect the ever-varying aspect of the wild and rugged landscape which lay around him, for it would lighten with a gleam of wild enthusiasm as the setting sunbeams would burst through an opening of the hills, or it would darken into a look of almost sullen wrath as the shadows would deepen on his path. The gentlemen travellers seemed either to be totally absorbed by the aspect of the country, or the reflections incidental to some important mission, as they rode along; for neither the place where they rode nor the approaching twilight called forth any remarks upon the necessity of finding shelter for the night.

'They love to go ambling along these mountain-paths as if they were caraooning in the Corso; and they seem to be as sentimental as if they were lying star-gazing in the Campo Vecchia,' said old Pietro, the leader of the escort, as he pricked his steed and led his men closer to the cardinal and his friend. 'They don't seem to think, my masters, that there are Neapolitan sleight-o'-hand gentry in these walks as well as sheep, goats, and Abruzzese, and that Marco Soiarra is king of this region as surely as the viceroy lords it over Terra di Favoro, or the Happy Plain.'

The old equestrian's voice sounded loud and harsh in

the death-like silence of the glen, and, as it was intended, roused the travellers from their reverie.

'I hear old Pietro grumbling, Torquato,' said the ecclesiastic, rousing himself with an effort, and smiling as he turned to his companion; 'there must be a wine-shop within a league, and he is anxious that we should push on.'

'If he thirsts he may drink of the waters that flow from yonder grotto,' said the younger traveller, pointing to the clear stream that issued from a dark cave, and sprung from rock to rock until it was white with foam; 'his head will be clear and his finger steady if he drinks nought else,' he continued, gloomily.

'Come, come, Torquato,' said the cardinal, speaking gaily and even affectionately to his companion, 'thou must not let these moods get the better of thee. We shall quaff our good Falernian in time, I trust; and then, when with me at Arreti, thou wilt forget the contumely and the injustice thou hast borne.'

'Have I not been immured for years in a dark and gloomy dungeon? Have I not been insulted by the carrion crows of literature? Have I not been driven from principality to principality, like a wolf without a covert?' said the poet, while his eyes glared wildly; 'and thinkest thou, Arreti, that I can enter again into the joys and loves of life? No, no; the happy may quaff wine, or those who wish to forget their misery. I, who am not happy, and do not wish to forget my woe, am content with the clear stream, or tears if they could be found in sufficient libations.'

'This is a lovely country, Torquato,' said the cardinal, as he drew up his steed and looked around him, evidently with the intention of distracting his friend's thoughts from himself.

'Beautiful!' exclaimed the enthusiastic Italian, entering at once into the cardinal's design, and his dark eyes flashed, and his nostrils expanded as he threw his keen glance around him. 'This is the land of Ovid—this is the early home of the bard of love and beauty; it was to these mountains that the goddesses came and breathed into his spirit the sounds which themselves delighted afterwards to hear! You have not the vine-clad, grape-festooned elms of the Campania Felice here,' he continued, 'neither do you see the broad-bladed corn that sparkles in the dew of Favoro; there are no flowering orchards, tall shady pines, nor hedgerows of clymatis or eglantine; but there is peace, rest, contentment, and truth, said the enraptured poet, whose mind had evidently suffered from his misfortunes; and he clasped his hands together and gazed steadily upon the mountain-peaks and then on the flocks that were gathering on the hills and seeking the lower pasturage.'

'Let us on, Torquato,' said the Cardinal Arreti, gently, in the ear of his friend; 'the night-shades are falling, and Castel di Sangro is still a league distant from this glen. Let us hurry on.' As the cardinal spoke, the loud tinkling of goat-bells fell close upon the ears of his band, and directly a few of these creatures sprung from a hollow close beside the travellers, followed by a shepherd clad in the picturesque habiliments of the Abruzzi.

The Abruzzi are two provinces in the north-east of Naples, which may be styled the highlands of that kingdom; they are broken up into valleys by lateral branches of the Apennines; and, being ill adapted for agriculture, they are principally used as sheep-walks and cattle-breeding valleys for the richer grain-growing inhabitants of the plains. The Abruzzese, like all mountaineers, are fond of a pastoral life, delighting also in traditions, music, and the dance. During the tyrannical dominion of the Spanish viceroyship in Naples, many of the Neapolitans fled to the mountain fastnesses of these provinces, and maintained a wild and predatory independence, bursting down upon the valleys like the oateran highlanders of old, and carrying off persons of distinction whom they held to ransom. These bands were not the spontaneous growth of the Abruzzi; they were drawn together either by that principle of attraction which resides in natures almost identical, or a community of wrong drew them into mass for mutual

protection and retaliation. Sometimes the shepherds, attracted by the adventurous and licentious life of the brigands, would leave their flocks and herds to join in their predatory excursions, and sometimes an Abruzzese would organise a band for himself; but as a people these Italian mountaineers are peaceful and averse to warlike pursuits. At the period, however, when Cardinal Arreti and Torquato Tasso were on their way from Chieti to Naples, the Abruzzi were said to be infested by a band of daring outlaws, whose leader, in addition to the courage and strength of a Bob Roy, possessed all the generosity and sense of honour of that celebrated Scottish outlaw. The cardinal, in addition to arming himself and his friend well, had also provided himself with an escort, dreading an interview with the celebrated outlaw; but, having nearly arrived at the boundary of the mountain district, he had thrown his suspicions away, forgotten his precautions, and was absorbed in his thoughts of shelter and a supper, when the shepherd crossed his path. The mountaineer was a short spare man of weather-beaten aspect, but with a clear, calm, satisfied eye, and the reserved taciturn look of one who had passed much of his time in the solitudes of the hills; his sheepskin jacket fitted tightly to his handsome agile frame, and his sheepskin buskins clung round his clean active limbs; over his shoulder hung a long ox-horn; a straight, sharp-pointed knife was encased in a bark scabbard that was suspended from his waist-belt; and in his hand he carried a long strong pole, while a large white shaggy wolf hound bounded along by his side. When he saw the strangers, he stopped and looked at them with evident surprise; then, touching his cap to the poet, and lifting it to the priest, he bent reverently and crossed their path.

'Hillo, my son!' cried the cardinal, observing the peasant about to pass, 'canst thou tell us the way to Castel di Sangro?'

'You are on the way, good father,' replied the shepherd, quietly.

'Shall we arrive there before sunset, my good shepherd?' inquired the cardinal.

'Ah, I do not know, father,' said the mountaineer, smiling and shaking his head; 'the road is smooth enough, and your steeds are strong; but who knows what cause your reverence may have to turn aside to the sheilings on the way?'

'Tut, cause have we none to make us tarry,' replied the cardinal, rather shortly, 'unless some unforeseen one may intervene; they say that that most famous of thieves, Marco Sciarra and his band, are in these parts. Dost thou know that such is the fact?'

The peasant stood for a few seconds as if musing, while Pietro and the escort gathered close round him; then, slowly raising his eyes to Arreti, he exclaimed, 'I will not say that Marco Sciarra is not in the lower Abruzzi, for I did hear the shepherds speak of him having been seen at a gathering at Sulmona two days ago.'

'He is ubiquitous, this Marco,' exclaimed the cardinal in surprise; 'I heard that he had been prowling round Chieti four days hence.'

'Ay, and how felt the good burghers of Chieti?' said the peasant, with a meaning smile. 'Did they feel their coffers lighter for Marco's visit?'

'Come now, master shepherd,' cried Pietro, angrily, 'the shadows are falling too deeply for us to stand parleying here; thou mightest rather put us on the nearest track to Sangro, for I for one am indeed a-weary of this mountain-land of yours, and would fain taste the wine of the plains.'

'I shall lead thee the nearest way to Sangro in good sooth,' said the peasant, with a good-natured smile, 'and I will cheer thy way into the bargain.' So saying he unslinging his horn, and, waving the travellers to follow him, turned into a broken narrow ravine, and began sounding the notes of his instrument.

The shepherd was light and agile, and he strode over the broken ground as nimbly as if he were bounding over the turf; but the gloomy aspect of the ravine and the broken

nature of the path soon produced feelings of uneasiness in the minds of Tasso and the cardinal, and caused the stumbling escort to mutter anathemas on the head of the poet who had delayed them, and of the shepherd who had led them astray.

'Hillo there!' cried the irascible old Pietro, unslinging his carbine and imperiously ordering the guide to halt; 'if thou dost not lead us by some more practicable way than this to Sangro, or restore us to the valley from which you have decoyed us, I will send something in an easy way through you ere long, master peasant.'

'You will, proud soldier!' cried the shepherd, as, with a sardonic laugh, he sprung up a shrub-grown cleft of the hill which bounded one side of the narrow pass, 'then I will send a hundred through thee!' When he ceased to speak he whistled long and loud, and immediately the sides of the narrow rocky mountain-way were bristling with the dark matchlocks of Marco Sciarra's band. Bewildered and surprised, the cardinal first looked upon his friend, next at the escort, and then at the weapons of the robbers, when, making a virtue of necessity, he ordered Pietro and his men to throw away their weapons, and to submit themselves to the clemency of the Abruzzese chief.

The entrapped travellers had scarcely thrown down their weapons, when the tall and picturesque brigands were seen rushing from all points towards them; and then they seized and pinioned them, and began to rifle their portmanteaus of their contents.

'We shall send his reverence into Castel di Sangro a lighter man than when he left Chieti,' said one of the band, as he tore some golden ornaments and a crucifix from the case where they had been placed by the pious hands of the cardinal's sister, the Abbess of Chieti.

'Lighter in purse, but with a heart a ton weight,' responded a companion, as he dragged a miniature from the bosom of Tasso.

'That is a more precious lady-love than the flesh and blood one it represents,' retorted another of the band; 'and that lack-a-daisical youth will weep for it more than for the loss of his weeping Cara.'

The dark eyes of Tasso gleamed with the fury of his excited nature; but, checking any outburst of impotent passion, his haughty lip curled, and he maintained a rigid silence.

'And so, gentlemen, you were rightly informed when you were told that Marco Sciarra was in these parts,' said the pretended shepherd, as he walked towards the cardinal. He had exchanged his long staff for a rifle, and his woolly cap for a high peaked hat; otherwise he was clad as when they first saw him. 'I shall show thy escort the nearest way to Castel di Sangro,' he continued, 'or any other city they may choose to think of, where thy wealthy friends reside; for thee, and this thy companion, you must be content to remain with me until this old carbineer bringeth thy ransom.'

'If thou art Marco Sciarra,' said the cardinal, mildly, 'I have hopes that you will let us hence upon our words of honour. I travel to Naples upon business affecting the welfare of Italy, which brooks not of delay; and Torquato Tasso accompanies me, to clear his fame from aspersions and slanders.'

'Torquato Tasso!' cried Marco, with enthusiasm, for it was he. 'Is this Torquato, the poet of the Gerusalemme? Hillo! my men, unhand these travellers,' he continued; 'this is the poet who has restored to Italy the name she held when Ovid and Virgil sung. What, ho! brethren, he too has been outlawed by the noble and the great; he has been hunted, and caged, and scorned, and derided! Shall we multiply his sorrows, and rob him of the little that the cruel have left him? No. A wreath for the bard, and homage too, for he well deserves them!'

As Marco spoke he cut the ligatures which bound the poet's hands; and the band, partaking of their leader's enthusiasm, restored to him and his companions the property of which they had robbed them, and taking the horses by the reins, they led them once more out into the

valley, with loud shouts. They plucked the rapient geranium, which was in full and luxuriant bloom, and, wreathing it into a corona, they placed it upon the poet's head. Ay, Torquato Tasso, princes, dukes, and parasites had slandered, scorned, and imprisoned thee; but here, in the wilds of the Abruzzi—here, amongst savage, outlawed men, the incense of thy song had softened human nature, and the glory of thy name had penetrated!

Marco led the prisoners to the verge of the mountain's brow, and pointed towards the lofty towers and glimmering lighted windows that shone in the romantic town to which they were wending; then, taking a ring from his finger, he placed it on that of Tasso. 'Go, poet of my country,' he said, wringing the hand of the proud bard—'go; and may you be happy! And if men will hunt you, and scorn you, and imprison you, gain some lonely path, if you can, and return to these hills, and you shall live secure from their power and malice in this our wild mountain-land.'

'Marco Sciarras,' said Tasso, clasping the hand of the brigand warmly, 'may the poor and the lonely heart never know a fiercer foe than thee! may the wo-worn poet ever meet with such homage as thine! and may all to whom fortune will enable you to do a generous deed, have a heart as pregnant with gratitude as mine!'

They parted—the brigand and the poet of Italy. Marco Sciarras, the robber, and Torquato Tasso, the dreamer, never saw each other more; but sometimes, when he lay with his hand beneath his cheek upon the rugged mountain's brow, the outlaw would fondly remember his meeting with the dark-eyed son of song; and oft, when weary of life, and disgusted with the perfidy and selfishness of men, Torquato Tasso would stretch himself upon his hard and sleepless couch, his mind would insensibly wander back to that mountain-way in the Abruzzi, and his heart would cheer itself with recollections of the power of poetry and the homage of the outlaw chief.

GEYSERS.

ICELAND, which is situated in the north-western corner of the map of Europe, and in a latitude which renders its climate particularly frigid and sterile, possesses several of the most remarkable natural phenomena. It is indeed almost totally a volcanic formation, with great lava plains lying on its surface, and great fissures cracking and rending these up into broken sections. The volcano of Mount Hecla is one of the most active burning mountains in the world, and pours forth most tremendous eruptions of flame and lava; and the Yokuls, although they only send forth the fire which smoulders below their yawning craters after a cycle of years, nevertheless exert a strange influence on the internal geological character of the island.

It never has been ascertained from what causes the spontaneous combustion of burning mountains is sustained; but that these causes must be very active is apparent from the fact that the latent fire of the Icelandic volcanoes produces great streams of boiling water, which issue from the earth at considerable distances from the volcanic vents. It is supposed that sodium and potassium, two chemical substances which possess the wonderful property of burning in water, must enter largely into the composition of the igneous fluid; but, speculation apart, the geysers, or boiling streams, furnish plenty of cause for wonder and reflection.

In the vicinity of the volcanic mountains the ground seems to be cavernous, or rather it really is so, for the traveller hears the tread of his foot produce a hollow echo, and the rushing of subterranean waters rises sometimes on his ear, steam also issuing from orifices in the ground. The geysers are not periodical eruptions, like the volcanoes. Instead of the fire, smoke, molten lava, scoriae, and lapille, which are hurled from the depths of the mountain, a constant rush of hot steam and boiling water is maintained, which spouts up into the air in jets, and runs away in streams. The greatest of these remarkable springs is at Haukadal, a considerable distance from

tri-peaked Hecla, where about a dozen of distinct spouts take place, throwing their hot white vapour high into the sky, and rendering the same visible for miles distant. It may be as well to remark, that *geyser* is a derivative from the Icelandic verb *geysa*, which signifies to rage or burst wildly forth.

The Great Geyser at Haukadal is the largest in Iceland; it is surrounded by a hollow circular mound, which it has formed by its own action during the many centuries in which it has been in existence. This mound is a large basin, about one hundred and fifty feet in circumference, which is ordinarily filled to the depth of four or five feet with clear, pure boiling water. In the centre of the great basin there is a vent or funnel, about ten feet in diameter, which gradually contracts and descends to about eighty feet, into the bowels of the earth. The inside of the basin presents a most beautiful and smooth appearance, being covered also with whitish siliceous incrustations, which have been acted upon and rendered an excellent coating by the boiling water. From the basin open two channels, which allow of the constant flow of this highly impregnated mineral water, which, wimpling through a turfy soil, and acting on the moss and grasses, produces several of the most beautiful specimens of incrustation, causing the moss plants, as well as the stunted trees, to appear like white stones, with all the niceties of their vegetable character preserved.

The eruptions of the geysers are quite irregular; no chronic calculation of their action can be given. The Great Geyser has been observed to throw out its jets at periods within six hours, and to cast its waters one hundred and fifty feet high. This water falls in drizzling showers of soft, cool rain, beneath which travellers have stood, without inconvenience, save from the wet. Beautiful prismatic appearances take place when the springs are in motion, the sunbeams forming rainbow halos in their passage through the vapours.

Many of the geysers have ceased to act within these last sixty years. During the dreadful earthquake of 1784, which shook Iceland to its very heart, and tore up its bosom with many gashes and openings, thirty-five new geysers burst forth. They have since expended their strength, however, and are now inactive.

The other most remarkable boiling streams in Iceland, in addition to the Great Geyser, are the Little Geyser, the Strockr, and the Little Strockr—the two last deriving their name from a verb *strocka*, to agitate or move violently.

The Icelanders, who are a very primitive, simple people, possessing few natural incentives to advancement, are yet almost as superstitious as were their Runic fathers, and these phenomena appear to them the results of supernatural agency; and assuredly the geysers would almost seem to confirm their superstitions by a secret intelligence. If stones are thrown into these springs, their guardian gnomes immediately become angry, and roar, and then they belch forth boiling water and steam. The intrusion of stones immediately causes an agitation in the fountains, and, after such, the water will fly considerably higher than it does naturally, throwing the stones violently forth. Sometimes the quantity of vapour emitted from these geysers is so great that, in its ascension, it rolls out, forming a vast, dense cloud that eclipses the mid-day sun; and the deep hollow roaring of their eruptions, like subterranean artillery, rises impressively upon the ears of the stranger during the stillness of the night.

There are, in addition to the erupting geysers, others more passive, which produce water, at a temperature of two hundred degrees of Fahrenheit, and these waters are used by the people of Iceland for washing, and other domestic purposes; and near to these are also banks of hot sulphur and clay, which produce the efflorescence of alum. In some parts of the island there are hot springs of water, below the beds of river whose strata of water are very cold; but yet, so powerful is the hot spring, that it forces itself through the volume of the river, and bubbles up on its surface, flowing on and preserving its heat, for a considerable way, with the current of the river.

THE CANT OF 'PROGRESS.'

It is as amusing as well as melancholy matter of observation to note the facility with which, in past or present times, a few clever charlatans have succeeded in gulling and deluding the public mind, by ministering to popular vanity and flattering popular foibles. In John Bull's character the love of praise is a prominent feature, and the only one which can be worked to advantage. Let any honest man try to point out his errors, or to benefit him by showing where his weakness and ignorance lie, and immediately the popular tongue will wag against him, and wag loudly and long, till it has silenced him; but let him come with any *locus pocus* creed, half-mystic, half-profane, but eminently adapted to minister to the infallible wisdom of 'the people,' and the vanity of the vulgar, and be that creed whatever it may, the panderer will find followers, and his pockets be filled. Few people do think for themselves in the honest acceptance of the term; they receive the thoughts of others into their own minds, without investigating them, and, provided they do not contradict prejudices or prepossessions long cherished, cling honestly by them; and, so long as this is the case, it is no matter of objection that they do not understand what those who profess to guide them, may utter. Nay, it seems to us they prize the incomprehensible all the more because it is so. Any literary quack who chooses at a little labour to acquire a verbose, unintelligible style, only distinct enough to show that he feeds popular passions, the 'discerning public' will hunt out and uphold as a man of genius. Nor does it seem to matter much that they like their friend the less, although his motives be quite apparent. The parasite may show he is such, yet the oak cherishes him all the more. If he has only ability enough to maintain the hue and cry, when once raised, his success may be considered certain. Of course our observations must be understood with some limitation. There are certain exploded doctrines that those 'earnest souls' now enlightening the reading public may show up, and successfully. The disadvantages of dirty dwellings and advantages of fresh air—the necessity of education—the right of private judgment—the ignorance of superstition, and kindred topics, may all be handled with advantage by those whose mission it is to hasten the dawn of the 'good time coming'; and as the people are now so far advanced as to recognise such truths or errors, the philanthropy of their advocates will be duly rewarded. These, intermitted with a little superficial dabbling in the sciences, form nearly the limit of what the public, already having learned, will allow the propriety of being taught, and beyond these few of the oneness-of-purpose men attempt to instruct them in. To cry out 'you are dirty still;' 'you are ignorant still;' 'you are socially, morally, and politically retrograding still;' 'you are feeding on intellectual poison;' 'you are deceiving yourselves'—these oracles, whether they know it or do not, would never for a moment dream of. Their craft would be in danger. But instead of dealing thus honestly, they administer the subtle flattery, 'ye shall be as gods, and not men.' The deluded mass is told it is on the advance to a better condition—helping itself on—informed that in every point of view it is reaching the acmé of perfection—taught that it is only to struggle and strive a little longer as it is now doing, and the 'good time' will arrive—that the long dark night of old ignorance and error under which it has groped, it has now already dispelled, and a glorious light is dawning. Such is the burden of the song, the essence of the philosophy, the treasured truth the mass believe, with much more which neither we nor they can understand, all comprehended under the term 'Progress.'

Now, so long as this word is employed in reference to literature, or arts and science, we don't object much. But of the way in which it is generally used, and of those who do so, we are strongly suspicious. There is a cheap literature, some of it of older standing, but most of it recently sprung up, more or less advocating it. There are journals of progress, records of progress, oracles of

progress, and magazines of progress—progress newspapers and progress pamphlets. No penny periodical seems to consider itself safe without registering this title. All of these are more or less rabid on the subject, and the wilder they are the greater the chance of success. It is not good cheap literature the majority of the public want: they have no desire for that. In proof of this, there was 'Hunt's London Journal,' and Charles Knight with his second series of the 'Penny Magazine;' both refused to pander to a depraved taste, and both were shamefully neglected. But the dozens of cheap sheets just now issuing from the London press need only to adopt a few cant phrases—mystify the lower orders a little—praise them largely—give them plenty of filthy poison to drink in, and their success is certain. Does any one question the truth of these assertions, let him gather from a cheap periodical shop an armful of such stuff at random, take them home and read them, and if he be a man possessed of one spark of genuine honest principle, he will rise saddened from their perusal. He will find these journals of three classes: the lowest ministering indirectly to every vile passion, exhibiting vice tricked out in all the dragged finery that can captivate a youthful imagination, and serve to deaden principle and religion in the heart; the next class avowedly hostile to Christianity; and the last, but not the least dangerous, making the melancholy recommendatory boast, that it has carefully avoided every allusion to religion. The real teaching of the first is, 'Whatever seemeth good unto you;' of the last two 'Self-sufficiency.' We do not speak of the talent with which some of these journals are conducted; many of them have a fair share of it, and delight in displaying some crack names in the list of their contributors; but these all advocate progress, and mainly advocate it. Now it is easily enough observable that, from whatever source this cock-and-bull story proceeds, the obvious aim and tendency of one and all is the same—the exaltation of human nature, and its independence of divine aid or authority. Should any of these parties stumble at the last conclusion, and enter a protest against it, we refer them for proof to their own writings, and ask whether they do not teach human advancement as wholly dependent upon human sufficiency. That cannot be denied, else the existence of the sheets and printing is fabulous. And what else is infidelity—the meanest and most contemptible species of it too—infinity far behind the doctrines of heathen sages or philosophers?

Like every other species of imposition, this favourite cry will have its day. So long as it pays the promoters well enough, they will keep it up. When the profits cease, the prophesying will cease too. Meanwhile, it answers admirably the end for which it was got up. It is accommodating enough to clothe any subject and suit any writer—and, like charity, it covers a multitude of sins.

THE CHARITY BOY.

LITTLE George was a timid thing—a mild, retiring, tiny boy, with traces of grief in his pale young face, and sorrow in his soul-lighted eyes. He was not a pretty child, with waving glossy hair that mothers delight to smooth, nor with rosy cheeks and lips that sisters fondly kiss; he was but an ordinary-looking boy, and neither fond mother nor fair young sister had he. If he had had a father to fondle him at even when his labour was done, and to lavish upon him the fullness of his love, the poor child might have been deemed in one respect a happy one; but in all the wide world of hearts there was not one to give a fond and holy throbb of love for him. He was alone, although he was in the heart of the busy world. He was isolated in spirit and sad of soul, for he was an orphan and a charity boy.

George Wilson was an inmate of Hartford poor's-house, New England. It was not a large, dull, grim, gloomy workhouse in which he dwelt, like those of Old England; nor was it environed by high dark walls, as if to shut out the sunshine and the fresh winds, that came laden from the green fields with the breath of flowers. It was a rather sweet-looking house, with abundance of wild geraniums

and dandelions clinging to the walks around it, and disputing possession with the buckwheat and Indian corn of the grounds that were attached to it. Yet this child was not happy, nor did he feel at home. Nobody who knew him could have discovered from his words that he was sad of heart; for his low sweet voice, that trembled with the vibrations of his early sorrow, was never attuned to querulousness. He was thoughtful and retired although so young, and what he suffered he suffered in silence like a hero. They do not know the human heart who deny to the young the capacity of deep sorrow. A first grief leaves one of the most indelible impressions that the soul can feel, and it generally outlives all after-dreams. This child that sat alone and gazed abstractedly upon the dandelions that grew at his feet and wondered whence they came, or who turned his large, earnest, thoughtful eyes to the stars, and felt his little soul stirred with strange inquiring feelings, had lost a father and mother whom he loved and who had loved him, and had left a home, where he had once rejoiced in the sunshine of a mother's affection, to be fed and clothed in charity, and therefore he was sad. The matron of the workhouse might call him a moping, silly thing, and strive to shake him into spirits with her vigorous arm, and the master might tell him he was 'hardly worth the roaring,' and whip him because he was not strong and active; but still he went silently about, looking amongst the stars and flowers for the beautiful which had beamed in his mother's eyes, and which had forsaken his sight when she had left his home for ever. If the officials in Hartford workhouse looked upon little George as a mere problem in political economy, and calculated according to their own parochial rules that he would never be a *great* man, they were very right; for that he would never be as large as Mr Gruff the parish overseer, or Major Waghorn of Waghorn, was as certain as analogy could render any probability. He was a small child, with rather pale cheeks but large open brow; he was formed more for thought than action, and anybody but Mr Gruff might have seen so; but Mr Gruff did not look upon children as God's sentient, soul-stirred problems waiting man's solution; he merely looked upon them as the consumers of so much of the parish stores, and calculated how far they might reimburse the state for their sustentation when they grew men; and as he calculated that little George would never be a great chopper of wood or labourer in the fields, he had an idea that he was a useless thing, and thoroughly despised him.

Despite of the large family of Gruffs that occupy a goodly portion of this fair world, however, God will send warm, holy sympathies to cheer poor hearts that mourn. If the parish master and his wife despised this little pauper-boy, and looked upon him as a mere caricature of bone and muscle, old Gaffer Strikland the pauper loved him, and delighted to hobble along with the meek, patient child at his side, who turned up his earnest mild eyes and drank with greedy ear the old man's words.

Gaffer Strikland was not one of those who had grown cross with the world, and querulous as he grew old and poor. He was rich in kindly feeling, although poor in worldly substance and weak of limb; and he delighted to sit upon a stone bench at the workhouse gate with this child hanging on his knee, telling him of the beautiful earth and of the still more lovely heaven, and teaching him to read the painted board which was over the poor's box. It was an appeal to the charitable—a verse from the Scriptures—a text of loving-kindness—a promise of heavenly requital for deeds of charity and mercy, to which the old man often directed the eyes of this thoughtful child; and then he would tell him of the book that was full of such holy sayings, and he would urge him to learn to read.

'I shall, dear Gaffer, if you teach me how,' the child would earnestly reply.

'I shall borrow a horn-book or primer from some good person who has boys and girls at school,' the old man would say, 'and you shall see how we will get along.'

'I shall learn to read,' George would say to himself with a look of resolve; 'and I shall know what were the words that made my father and mother look so happy be-

fore they went to heaven.' But before he had acquired many of those mysterious little letters which were to reveal to him such mighty truths and holy thoughts, Gaffer Strikland had died, and left little George a sadder boy and a lonelier than he had been since his mother's death. The boy wept for his old friend; his were true and guileless tears, wrung from a little heart that had already deep wells of sorrow in it; but with the death of Gaffer there sprang to life a quickened impulse in the child's soul to obey his injunctions, and the determination came stronger upon him to learn to read.

'Well now, there's a bold boy,' said Mr Gruff, with a sardonic laugh, as little tiny George, with his cap in hand, stood before the master, and looked timidly in his large red face; 'why, you'll ask to be governor of this state some of these days—you will.'

'No, sir,' said the simple, earnest child, while the tears swam in his large lustrous eyes; 'indeed, I will not. Old Gaffer used to tell me that men who walked in the world long, long ago, and who knew about the stars above us and the flowers around us, yet live and speak in books, and I want to know them.'

'Well, that beats ginger,' cried Mr Gruff, still laughing more loudly; 'why, we've got a ready-made philosopher in you already; you don't need to read; go and teach yourself to use the hoe, and learn to pay your board, you little owl. Books, indeed!' and Mr Gruff turned up his eyes, and looked serious.

The abashed boy hung his head and wept as he retired. The request which he had deemed so meritorious, and which he had never doubted would be granted, to be thus sneered at, was more than his young soul could bear, and like a truthful devotee who sees a venerated relic scorned by a ribald and profane jest, he sat him down and sobbed in the bitterness of his spirit.

'I wonder if everybody is like Mr Gruff,' said the boy, suddenly, his face brightening with re-animating hope. 'I wonder if the men who dwell in the city and sit at their own fires at night, and discourse to little boys like me, will laugh at books as he does. I wonder if any of them would teach me for the sake of my father who is in heaven, and of my mother who is beside him. I am not strong, continued the child, his bosom swelling with hope and a sense of noble independence, 'but I would run errands and work as much as I could for any one who would take me and learn me to read.'

The boy rose from his crushed posture, animated with a new idea, and he stretched himself up as if his body were too small to contain his expanding spirit. He went to his little couch that night to dream of books and letters. In his prayers he besought that God would open a path to him of learning; and when the sun rose in the morning he sprang to his feet, hurriedly put on his poor habiliments, stole quietly from the workhouse, and, bounding along the road, fled into the town.

The morning was a bright and beautiful one on which little George ran away from the workhouse; but it was not brighter than the hopes of the ardent boy. The workhouse stood beyond the suburbs of the town, and in his flight the child had to pass the houses of the wealthier citizens. The birds sang out from the laburnum trees before their doors the merriest songs he had ever heard, and the sunbeams painted their window-glass with the brightest gold he had ever seen. He heard joyous whisperings among the fluttering leaves over his head as he ran beneath the boughs that overhung the wayside rails. The dew that clung to the yellow blossoms of the laburnum sparkled in his eyes like lovely gems, and in their prismatic beauty dazzled the boy with hope. 'I shall learn to read!' he shouted in his joy; and he thought that every little chirping linnet replied, 'You shall.' 'And men live in large dull houses, and cover their windows with thick green clothes,' cried the boy, looking up at the mansions that stood like dormitories on his right; 'they surely do not know that they shut out so beautiful a morning as this. Ah, would that every one had been as bright and lovely at the workhouse!'

High in hope, which was as indefinite as it well might be, the child entered the streets of Hartford. The business of the day had already begun there, and the waggoner was already shouting his jolly 'Ya hip' to his team, and the storekeepers were arranging their goods in their windows in order to attract the eyes of purchasers. Little George had the quick perceptions of a child, as well as childhood's deep capacities of love; he gazed in many faces, but there was none that he thought inviting enough, and so he ran along until he could see one sufficiently powerful to unseat his lips and win his heart. At last an old gentleman in sable attire approached the spot where he stood. His eyes were turned towards the ground in a thoughtful manner; and such mild and loving eyes George had not for a long time beheld. His face was as placid as that of an angel, and down his cheeks fell his hoary locks like heaven's signs-manual of wisdom. His hat was low and broad-brimmed, and silver buckles shone on the knees of his breeches. The orphan had been gazing up at the tall spire of a church, and admiring its architecture with that vague sense of pleasure that beauty in everything always produces where there is sympathy, when he was suddenly recalled to himself by the approach of this pedestrian. To see was to be impelled to run up to him and gaze into his face. 'Please, sir, do you know a man who wishes a little boy to run errands, and who will teach him to read?' cried the child earnestly, as he ran along by the old man's side and looked smilingly in his eyes.

Struck by the strangeness of the request, the old gentleman stopped and looked at the boy with a wondering but pleased look. 'And whose boy are you, my little man? Where do you live?'

'Alas, sir, I have no parents—I have no home. I am alone in the world since old Gaffer died, and I have run away from the workhouse because they will not learn me to read.'

'They will not learn you to read,' said the old gentleman, looking down upon the child with an expression of benignity in his face that drew tears from the little boy's eyes. 'Poor child! and why do you wish to read?'

'That I may know about the world, and men, and the flowers that grow in the fields, and the stars above us, and angels, and heaven. Old Gaffer Strikland told me that men's souls spoke in books, and that these books have never forgotten and never can forget what was written down in them. I wish to know about many things, and,' said the boy, lowering his voice and looking very sad, 'I want to know what it was that made my mother so happy when she read in the good book.'

'And you shall, my dear boy,' said the old gentleman, blowing his nose and looking about him rapidly from side to side, while at the same time he caught the child's hand and held it firmly in his own, which trembled like an aspen leaf with the fullness of his emotion.

'He shall go back with me, sir,' cried Mr Gruff, as he came near to the gentleman and his protégé, panting with passion and exertion, and looking as furious as if he meant to kill the little runaway pauper. 'You're a pretty one, too,' he cried, laying his hand on the orphan's shoulder, and shaking him rudely; 'new, when you are a-coming up to be of use, you run away like a vagabond. This comes of that old Gaffer's teaching, but I'll teach you.'

'You shall not, sir,' said the old gentleman, in a mild firm voice; 'I have promised that this child shall be instructed in reading, and he shall go with me. My name is Gallaudet. I am a clergyman, not unknown to the authorities of this town. I shall arrange with them about the boy, and so, sir, you may go.'

Mr Gruff was a large man, and he was a very fierce man, and little George, who had clung tremblingly to his protector, expected every moment to see himself as well as the good gentleman whipped. But to his inexpressible wonder he saw the fierce eyes of the overseer fall before the mild blue orbs of his new friend; and he beheld, too, that great official bow respectfully to the clergyman and go.

A new world from that moment opened on the orphan

boy. M. Gallaudet took him home, and having fair and lovely children of his own, whose young fresh hearts were as pure and beautiful as the flowers that sparkle in the dews of Hermon, he placed this little orphan sprout that had so long withered in isolation within the warming influence of their sympathies. Any one that had seen this child when beneath the eye of Mr Gruff might have called him dogged or sullen; but he had not been a few months in the home of M. Gallaudet until he was really beautiful. Out among the flowers of the fields and groves, and he would laugh with the wild impulsive gladness of a captive escaped from bondage. He gathered the buttercups, and daisies, and wild ranunculuses, and kissed the dew from them in the very fullness of his heart; and he carried home these treasures to his good friend, and presented them to him with a grace that innate intuitive gratitude alone could have prompted. His friend knew the motive from which the child bore home these treasures, and he always received them with a pleased smile which made the boy's heart dance again within his bosom. Amongst the children of the household there was none so gentle and so kind as he. The blue-winged butterflies that flashed past them in the sun, the humming bees and the droning beetles, the very snails that crawled along the garden path at evening, he had a care of and would not hurt. His heart, so full of love, had sympathy for all life. And books, those old companions of his dreams, became at last his friends. They were not long mysterious treasures of hidden thoughts, but, illuminated by intelligence, they became the companions of his spirit.

George Wilson soon grew up from his sterile infancy into a strong and vigorous boyhood. He quickly felt the strength of his spirit's purpose permeate through his physical frame, and being too proud to be the participant of M. Gallaudet's bounty longer than he required it, he importuned his friend and protector to allow him to go to work.

'I should like you to be a scholar, George,' said his kind protector, laying his hand gently on the head of the bright-eyed boy.

'And so I shall be, my good sir,' said the lad, proudly; 'but I must work. My father was a workman, and I am proud that he was. I too shall be a workman, for it is noble to work.'

'You shall work with this sage head of thine, George,' said M. Gallaudet, smiling and patting the brow of the boy; 'you shall yet be a scholar.'

'I shall work with these hands to make myself so,' said the boy, with a swelling heart and faltering voice; 'I have long enough been a burden to you.'

'You have been a blessing to me, my child,' said the good clergyman, mildly; 'you have been all that I could wish.'

'Yes, and you will love me better because I shall work for my bread and at the same time pursue the studies to which you have directed me. Ah, good M. Gallaudet, do let me go to work.'

There was no refusing the boy's earnest appeal, and he was accordingly apprenticed to a cabinetmaker in Hartford.

George seemed to carry a talisman about with him. Wherever he went there were happy smiles and kindly faces. Old men who were reputed crabbed and cross with children would talk with hearty tones to George; and young ones who were said to love folly better than wisdom would look earnestly and respectfully in his face while he conversed with them. His master's house had been a lonely one previous to his admission into it, and his only daughter, who at the age of twelve had been inducted housekeeper on account of her mother's death, was a demure and retired child; but sunshine crossed the door-step when George did, and smiles and little warblings thenceforth began to play round the mouth and from the lips of quiet little Mary. He had boxes made to her for her window-sills, and these he filled with the richest mole-hill mould, and sowed with mignonette and larkspur. A stand for flower-pots, painted green by the young apprentice, and covered with plants which he had collected in his

walks, stood now in the little parlour, and so beautiful were the geraniums, and gilliflowers, and myrtles, and fuchsias, that the bees came humming in at the open window and lighted on them, and Mary never lifted her eyes but she thought herself in a bower, they were so fragrant.

But George must needs study his books, as well as how to make people happy; and his master so entered into the spirit of the youth's doings that he fitted up a little room for him in the workshop, to which he could retire and pursue his silent meditations without interruption.

A year or two rolled on in this way, and George Wilson still continued to be the most diligent and amiable apprentice in Hartford. Robert Rule, his employer, was often heard to declare that the Bay state could not produce a man with twice his years who could turn out so handsome a piece of work; and Mary Rule, though she never said it, thought that all the states put together could not produce a better young man, or one so well worthy of a maiden's love. In the evenings, George was always talking of something that delighted and instructed her—of the form and distance of the starry spheres—of their motions, and of their size; for he was a mathematician now, and so good a one that few could excel him in intricate and abstruse calculations; and sometimes he would discourse of his little home, to whose walls the Michigan roses were wont to cling—of his father, who fondled him when evening came—of his mother, in whose bosom he used to nestle—in such a sweet poetic way that Mary would weep, and yet, like Desdemona, she would tell him to go on. All at once, however, George became more retired and abstracted than ever he had been. He took his meals in a hurry, and, without speaking to either Robert Rule or Mary, would retire to his study in the workshop. He did not work with that diligent assiduous alacrity that used to characterise him, nor did he whistle in his usual low sweet way, as if to give vent to the joy of his heart. He would stand thoughtfully by his bench drawing lines on it with his draw-point for a long time, and then, starting up to a sense of neglectfulness, he would set to work in a bustle, and spoil more wood in an hour than he had done in a year previously.

Robert Rule saw with sorrow and vexation this change in his beloved apprentice's demeanour and conduct. He had never given him cause of being dissatisfied, and he wondered how such a feeling had found place in the bosom of one who had never before complained. 'There is something the matter with the boy,' said Robert, shaking his head; 'I hope that them books of his arn't making him crazy, after all.'

This latter idea was almost confirmed when, one evening at tea, George suddenly pushed his cup aside, and said, evidently with a powerful effort, 'Mr Rule, I shall want to go to France.'

'Eh! what?' said the old cabinetmaker, staring in the face of his apprentice; and then, looking half-timidly at his equally astonished daughter, he added, 'What did you say?'

'I shall want to go to France,' replied George, somewhat proudly. 'You may think me foolish, but I am not; and if you ask M. Gallaudet to tea to-morrow evening, I will explain all.'

'Oh, it is merely some whim incidental to youth,' said M. Gallaudet to Robert Rule, who had carried the invitation to tea himself, and who was more perplexed about George's determination than he could express; 'you shall see that it is some dream of seeing the world. We have all had such notions in youth, you know, Robert; they are like a shake of the ague to an unconfirmed constitution, and will pass away.'

But although M. Gallaudet spoke thus, he, too, felt perplexed. George was not used to take foolish notions in his head; he was not one that said things without thought, for his life had indeed been a most thoughtful one, and words from him were not the effervescent sparks from a lightly balanced spirit. M. Gallaudet felt more than anxious, then, when he went to Robert Rule's upon the evening in question. He looked at his protégé, and he

saw in his mild, firm eye evidence of that determination which would have its own way, in spite of all the eloquence that might be used to counteract his purpose. 'He'll go to France, assuredly,' said the good clergyman to himself after tea was over, and George had obtained leave to retire for a few seconds, in order that he might bring something to show to his friend and employer.

'Good M. Gallaudet, and you, my kind master, will think that I am dissatisfied and ungrateful,' said the young man, with a faltering voice and blushing cheek, when he had returned with a roll of manuscript, 'but I am not, I assure you; and now I will explain why I wish to go to Europe. During the reign of the Emperor Napoleon, the French government offered a prize for the simplest method of measuring plane surfaces of whatever outline. The prize has never been awarded, and I have discovered that method. Look here, M. Gallaudet,' continued the young man, somewhat proudly, as he felt the consciousness of triumph swelling in his bosom, and forgot his youth and position in his success—'look here,' and he spread out his diagrams, and triumphantly demonstrated his problem, to the wonder and delight of his friends.

Messrs Gallaudet and Rule provided the young man with the means of proceeding to France; and during the time that was employed in making ready for his journey, they busied themselves in procuring the necessary introductions to the American ambassador, by whom he was to be introduced to the French court.

Mary would sometimes sigh, as she sat at her seam, and looked up now and again at the flowers which George had planted and so often watered for her, and a half-dread mingled with her hopeful consciousness that he would become a great man. 'He will not care for us now,' thought she; 'he will stay in that strange land among the great lords and kings, and he will be as great as any of them!' and her blue eyes would fill with tears, and her cheeks would become faintly tinged with the rose's vernal hue, as such thoughts came over her spirit. Simple maiden! in her republican innocence she thought that lords and kings were great poets and mathematicians, and that when they had got George amongst them they would not let him back to his own country, they would learn to love him so well.

'I shall come back soon, Mary,' said the young apprentice in her ear, softly and lowly; 'and if I bring with me the money which was promised for this prize, I shall purchase the little cottage which I have so often spoken to you about, and which is so beautifully embowered amongst Michigan roses and red beech-trees.'

Mary sighed, and said nothing; but she thought that they would give him a palace in France, and that he would never see Massachusetts more.

With letters of introduction to the Hon. Lewis Cass, the young man set sail from Boston, and arrived safely in Paris.

Louis Philippe, whether he be a good king or not, must be allowed to be a good mathematician; and we doubt if there is another monarch in Europe, save Oscar of Sweden, who knows as much about figures.* When the American ambassador presented the memorial of his young countryman, the French King looked thoughtful for a moment, and then smiled. He remembered that he had taught mathematics himself in a little school in Switzerland when he was a poor orphan boy; and he remembered also that he had taught the same science in the land from which this young man came, and he felt pleased and interested, and appointed a day when he and his court should see the solution of the long-unsolved problem.

George was led into the presence of the assembled king and nobles by the minister of his country; and as he felt that he was one of a sovereign people, he did not feel abashed. There he stood, with his fair hair clinging to his high, prominent brow, and his mild eyes sparkling with intelligence, before the assembled nobles of Europe.

* While we write, it seems probable that before this meets the public eye, Louis Philippe will no longer rank amongst the sovereigns of Europe.

He was but a workman. A few years ago he was a poor orphan charity boy; but genius, that beautiful combination of thought and labour, had exalted him above kings and nobles, young though he was: and there he stood before them to teach them, and to make them tacitly acknowledge a mental inferiority.

With the prize which he had so nobly won, and presents from the French monarch, the young American next proceeded to the Royal Society at St James's, where he obtained a similar premium for the same solution; and then, with a European fame as a mathematician, he returned to his own beloved land.

George Wilson became the purchaser of that sweet little cottage which had been buttressed in his love since the first hour of his recollection. The rose-trees clung around its green painted porch and over its gables, and they bloomed as sweetly, and the dew upon them sparkled as brightly, as ever they had done in the garden of his memory. In the little room where his father used to sit and read, he had his own little library set up; and where, in his infancy, his mother used to sing, was heard the voice of Mary, chanting the low, soft lays she had begun to sing when George first came to be apprentice to her father.

George Wilson was not what the world calls ambitious; he was about to settle down in his own state and early home, contented with his condition of workman, and satisfied with the reputation he had already acquired, when, lo! a letter from the Russian potentate was placed in his hands, and he was invited by the czar to come to St Petersburg, and there to take up his abode. George debated with himself the propriety of leaving America, but at last he determined that he should go again to Europe.

Genius should never yield one fireflash of its radiance in the court of a despot. A free mathematician should be the last man to lend the light that is in him to a tyrant, in order to darken the lot of poor degraded humanity. Perhaps the talents of George Wilson the republican may be the means of crushing the men of the Caucasus to slavery. He is now professor of mathematics at the court of St Petersburg, and we know that professors of mathematics there are only employed in training military engineers. His history nevertheless is an instructive one. It is a bright example of what diligence and perseverance will do for youth; for he who was only a few years ago a charity boy, is now the favourite of an emperor and a famous man of science.

THE COLLOQUIES OF ERASMUS.

The name of Erasmus is one well known to the readers of general literature, though the works which made it famous are very far from being familiar to any but the more profound or professional order of scholars. One reason is that, like almost all the European men of learning in his age, he composed in the classical tongues; and, though most of his writings have at some time or another been translated into English, yet general readers never have become extensively conversant with them. Desiderius Erasmus—the first of which appellations is a Latin and the other a Greek version of his true Dutch name, and which, in our vernacular, would be something like *Beloved* or *Lovely*—was a personage highly distinguished for his wit and accomplishments in the early years of the sixteenth century. He was in great acceptance in England during his lifetime, having been an intimate friend of Sir Thomas More, the ill-fated chancellor of Henry VIII., and having passed a considerable period in London, on a visit to the same eminent individual. This circumstance is a little singular, seeing that More, throughout his long life, was a devoted adherent to the faith of Rome, while Erasmus was one who, like his Scottish cotemporary, George Buchanan, launched incessant and heavy blows at the papal power, and proved no unimportant instrument in causing the decline in its influence which that era witnessed. But the minds of More and Erasmus were in all other respects strikingly congenial, both having a large fund of native humour, and being deeply skilled in all the knowledge of the schools and of

their age. It is not our present purpose, however, to give any regular biographical account of Erasmus; our object simply is to lay before the reader some brief specimens of the remarkable work entitled his 'Colloquies,' in which he tells various stories, most amusingly imbued with the ludicrous, and abounding in acute observations on the men and manners of his day, while ever and anon the spirit of the serious religious reformer is seen breaking forth in them in a manner not to be overlooked or misapprehended. It is also curious to note how far he has served as a storehouse of hints to some of our own illustrious writers; and among these we must name even Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, the chief luminaries of the generation immediately succeeding his own. We can trace in Swift and Scott, also, resemblances of thought to Erasmus, which are more than coincidences.

Let us begin by pointing to one or two such parallel passages. Who has not in mind those lines in the noble soliloquy of Hamlet, referring to sleep and dreams?

'To die—to sleep?

No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural troubles
That flesh is heir to? 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die—to sleep;

To sleep! perchance to dream! Ay, there's the rub.

In one of the colloquies we have the following dialogue, the interlocutors being A and B:—

'B. It is pleasant to sleep.

A. What can be pleasant to one that perceives nothing?

B. This very thing is pleasant—to perceive nothing of trouble.

A. But they are more happy in that respect who sleep in their graves; for sometimes dreams are troublesome to a man asleep.'

The passage in Shakspeare certainly varies from the above, and yet it looks like a kind of extension of the same idea, the great poet following it up with the doubt if even the sleep of the grave be dreamless.

In another colloquy Erasmus makes one of his speakers utter the following remark on the monarchical disposition: 'It is not safe, as I hear, to play in wagery with kings; for, as lions offer themselves sometimes quietly to one that rubs them, the same, when they please, are lions, and their playfellow lies dead.' Sir Walter Scott puts the same sentiment into the mouth of Ivanhoe, when King Richard gives a loose to his merriment over the wine-cup, among the outlaws of Sherwood Forest, and encourages them to adopt a tone of jovial freedom corresponding to his own. 'Know,' says Ivanhoe, in a tone of caution to the sylvan leader, Robin Hood, 'that they who jest with majesty, even in its gayest mood, are but toying with the lion's whelp, which, on slight provocation, uses both fangs and claws.'

Everybody has heard of the notable and well authenticated story of Dean Swift and the imaginary spectre on one of the London steeples. The dean had taken a wager that he would collect a crowd on the streets, and keep it there for hours, merely by acting on the love of man for the marvellous. Accordingly, he fixed himself in front of a certain church, and remained there for a time, casting his eyes alternately on the spire and on his watch. Parties, noticing his abstracted attitude, speedily gathered around him, and some half indistinct mutterings revealed to them that he was waiting for the renewed appearance of some spectral object on the steeple. This intelligence spread like wildfire, and, his point being gained, the reverend wag slipped quietly away. Not so the crowd, which continued swelling, and lingering about the spot, circulating all sorts of absurdities, until hours on hours passed away, proving the accuracy of Swift's anticipations. The idea of the stratagem is borrowed from Erasmus, as the subsequent extract from the colloquies will prove. A is speaking to B about a witty English friend of theirs called Pool, and asks what is the cause of his indulging in such freaks as he often played off at credulous people's expense. B answers:

'I know not, unless because the humour of the man is so; he loves to play upon the folly of the people, with inventions of this kind. I will tell you what he contrived

lately of this sort. A good many of us were riding to Richmond, amongst whom there were some whom you would call prudent men. The sky was wonderful clear, nor overcast any where with any little cloud. There Pool, with his eyes directed toward heaven, marked all his face and shoulder-blades with the sign of the cross, and with a countenance composed to astonishment, said thus with himself, 'Immortal God! what do I see?' They asking who rode next, what he saw, again signing himself with a greater cross, 'The most merciful God avert this omen,' says he. When they urged him, out of a desire of knowing, he, having fixed his eyes upon heaven, and showing the place of the heaven with his finger, says, 'Do you not see a huge dragon, armed with fiery horns, with his tail turned up into a circle?' When they denied that they saw it, and he bad them direct their eyes, and now and then showed them the place, at last some one, lest he should seem bad sighted, affirmed that he too saw it; one likewise and another imitated him, for they were ashamed not to see what was so plain. What needs many words? Within three days this report had gone through all England that such a monster had appeared. But it is wonderful how much popular fame added to the story. Nor were there wanting some who in earnest interpreted what this prodigy meant. He who had invented the matter, enjoyed their folly with great pleasure.' Verily, well was it said by the wise man of Israel, that there is 'nothing new under the sun.' The best ideas of us unlucky folks, who live after our world has seen its six thousand years, are too easily traceable for the most part in the sayings and doings of our predecessors in humanity.

Ben Jonson has been more directly and largely indebted to Erasmus than any of the British writers already cited, though single illustrative instances of their obligations only, it must be observed, have been adverted to. One long Colloquy on 'Alchemistics' undoubtedly gave to 'Rare Ben' the entire idea of his well-known piece of 'The Alchemist,' one of the best of his 'works,' as he styled his dramatic compositions—wittily defending that departure from the customary use of the term 'plays' by saying, that the 'works of his rivals were but plays, while his plays were works.' Be this as it may, bold and self-opinionative Ben found the materials for his *Sir Epicure Mammon*, and more particularly his alchemistic cheat *Subtle*, in the dupe *Balbinus*, and the conjuring trickster of the Alchemistics of Erasmus. Sir Epicure is indeed a priest in the original sketch, but the credulity of the two characters is the same, and the whole course of the deception is alike even to its minuter incidents. For instance, it will be recollected that *Subtle*, in Jonson's play, affects the most profound piety, and ascribes the failure of his efforts to transmute lead to gold to Sir Epicure's having forgotten duties and yielded to temptations, the latter being cunningly thrown in his way by the alchemist for the provision of that very excuse. Something of the same kind occurs in the Alchemistic Colloquy. We give a sample of the chicanery practised, according to Erasmus; and it is certain that both he and Jonson only painted from actual life in their own days:

'Balbinus urging him (the alchemist) that he should set about the business; do you not understand, says he, that he that hath begun well has done half his work? It is a great thing to prepare your materials well. At length the furnace begun to be prepared. Here again there was need of new gold, as it were a wheedle to the gold that was to come. For as a fish is not taken without a bait, so gold comes not to the alchemists unless a parcel of gold is mixt. In the meantime Balbinus was all upon calculations. For he reckoned, if an ounce would produce fifteen, how much profit would accrue from two thousand ounces, for he had determined to lay out so much. When the alchemist had spent this money too, and now pretended to abundance of pains about the bellows and fuel, one month and another, Balbinus asking if the business advanced anything; at first he was silent, at length he answered him, being urgent with him, as great things use to do, which have always difficult beginnings. He pretended there was

a mistake made in buying the charcoal, for he had bought oak, whereas he had occasion for fir or hazel. There a hundred crowns were gone. Nor did they return to the game for that the more backwardly. New money being given, charcoal is changed; and now the thing was begun with greater eagerness than before; as in war, soldiers, if anything happens otherwise than they could wish, mend it by their courage. When the forge had been heated now some months, and a golden product was expected, and not a bit truly of gold was in the vessels (for now the alchemist had spent also all that), another pretence was found out, to wit, that the glasses which he had used had not been tempered as they ought. For as a mercury is not made out of any wood, so gold is not made with any glasses. By how much the more was laid out, by so much the less had he a mind to desist. The alchemist swore that he was never imposed on so. Now the mistake being discovered, the rest would be safer, and that he would make up this loss with great advantage. The glasses being changed, the forge was furnished a third time. The alchemist put him in mind, that the thing would succeed more happily if he sent some crowns as a present to the Virgin Mother, who is worshipped, as you know, at Paralia, for the art was sacred, nor would the thing be managed successfully without the favour of the saints. That advice mightily pleased Balbinus, a pious man, as who omitted no day but he performed divine service. The alchemist undertook the religious journey, to wit, into the next town, and there he spent the money in taverns. Being returned home, he tells him that he had the greatest hopes that the business would succeed to their mind; so the saint seemed to agree to his prayers. When he had sweat now a long time, and not a bit indeed of gold was produced any where, he answered Balbinus, expostulating, that no such thing had ever happened to him in his life, having tried his art so often; nor could he guess well what was the reason. When they had guessed a long time, at length that came into the mind of Balbinus, whether he had omitted any day to hear mass, or to say the horary prayers, as they call them, for nothing would succeed these being omitted. There the cheat says, 'Woe me! that was done through forgetfulness once and again; and lately rising from a long feast, I forgot to say the salutation of the Virgin.' Then Balbinus says, 'No wonder, if so great a thing does not succeed.' The artist promises, for two masses omitted, that he would hear twelve, and for one salutation would pay ten.'

The closing scenes of the Colloquy of Erasmus are not very fit for repetition, though highly ludicrous, and corresponding exactly with some of the final portions of Jonson's play. Sir Walter Scott seems to have been very partial to Ben's Alchemist, since he repeatedly quotes it, and applies at times the name of Sir Epicure Mammon's friend, 'Pertinax Surly,' to James Ballantyne. Surly was ever sceptical about Sir Mammon's scheme of transmuting base metals to gold; and occasionally Ballantyne seems to have evinced a similar feeling, in relation to the continuance of Scott's almost equally wonderful coinage of his brain into treasures of ore. The great novelist, not unjustly self-confident, encourages him in the very words of Sir Epicure: 'Pertinax, my Surly, I say unto thee, Be rich.'

We must now content ourselves with giving a general anecdote or two from the dialogues of Erasmus; and first let us present one regarding that most astute of monarchs, the Eleventh Louis of France, made so familiar to British readers by the novel of 'Quentin Durward.' The singular admixture in that prince of a jovial love of humour, practical and even gross at times, with the most heartless and unrelenting cruelty in affairs of state-policy, has been shown to us there in masterly colours. In the following story he appears in the first and least objectionable of these aspects, though still he is found sporting with human weaknesses, after the fashion of a cat with a mouse:

'Lewis King of France, the Eleventh of that name, when, affairs being in disorder at home, he sojourned amongst the Burgundians, on occasion of hunting, got acquaintance

with one Conon, a country fellow, but of an honest and sincere mind, for monarchs are delighted with men of this sort. The king turned frequently to his house after hunting, and as sometimes great princes are pleased with common things, he ate turnips with him with great pleasure. Soon after, when Lewis, being restored, now enjoyed the kingdom amongst the French, the wife advised Conon that he should put the king in mind of his old entertainment, and should carry him some fine turnips as a present. Conon declined it, saying, that he should lose his labour, for princes did not remember such services. But the wife prevailed. Conon chooses out some fine turnips, prepares for his journey; but he being tempted with the allurements of the food, by little and little devoured them all, one only, a very great one, excepted. When Conon had crept into the hall, where the king was to pass, he was presently known by the king and sent for. He offered his present with great cheerfulness; the king received it with greater cheerfulness, ordering one of those next him that it should be laid up diligently amongst those things which he counted most dear. He orders Conon to dine with him; after dinner he gave thanks to Conon, and ordered a thousand crowns to be paid for his turnip to him, desiring him to return to his own country. When the fame of this thing, as it happens, had gone through all the king's servants, one of the courtiers gave the king no unhandsome horse as a present. The king understanding that he, being encouraged by the kindness which he had shown to Conon, caught at a prize, received the present with a countenance more than ordinarily cheerful; and having called together his nobles, he began to consult with what present he should make a return for so fine and so valuable a horse. In the meantime, he who had given the horse conceived rich hope in his mind, thinking thus, if he made such a return for a turnip presented by a country fellow, how much more generously will he make a return for such a horse given him by a courtier. When one answered one thing, another another to the king, consulting as about a grand affair, and this catching fellow had been fed a long time with vain hopes, at last the king says, it comes into my mind what I should give him, and one of the nobles being called to him, he whispered in his ear that he should bring that which he should find in his bedchamber (and at the same time he describes the place) wrapped up diligently in silk. The turnip is brought. The king gives it with his own hand to the courtier, as it was wrapped up, adding, that the horse seemed to him well paid for with a precious thing which had cost him a thousand crowns. The courtier going away, whilst he takes off the cloth, finds for a treasure, not coals, as they say, but a turnip now dry. Thus that catching fellow, being caught, was a laughing-stock to everybody.

The next story which we shall extract is one singularly applicable to the circumstances of the present day; indeed, which has been applicable at all times, if there be any truth in common sayings. The *honesty* of horse-dealers, or as the Scots more emphatically say *horse-coupers* (barterers), is established on much the same grounds as that of lago, on which the Moor, his master, dwells with such pertinacious 'iteration.' The class had been famous for the same quality in the days of Erasmus. No Northumberland man with a 'burr,' at Stanchaw-Bank Fair, or, it may be, at Hallow-Fair, sat for the subjoined picture, and yet it is eloquent of such to the life. A person about to travel goes to purchase a horse, and tells how he is received by the horse-dealer:

'He leads me into the stable, bids me choose out of all the horses whichever I would. At length one pleased me more than the rest. He approves of my judgment, swearing that that horse had been desired frequently by many; that he chose rather to keep him for a particular friend than part with him to strangers. We agreed about the price; the money is paid down presently. I mount. The horse pranced with wonderful alacrity in setting out; you would have said that he was mettlesome, for he was pretty fat and handsome. When I had rid now an hour and a half, I perceived him quite tired, and that he could

not be got on truly with the spurs. I had heard that such were kept by them for cheating, which you would judge fine ones by their appearance, but very unable to bear labour. I said presently with myself, I am caught; well, I will return like for like when I return home. I turned off into the next town; there I set up my horse with one that was known to me, and hired another; I went whither I had designed, returned, restore my hired horse; I find my cheat, as he was, fat and finely rested; riding upon him I return to the rogue: I beg of him that he would keep him some days in his stable, till I call for him again. He asks me how well he carried me? I swear by all that's sacred, that I never got upon the back of a better horse in my life; that he flew rather than paced, and was not sensible of weariness in so long a journey, nor made a hair the leaner for his labour. When I had persuaded him that these things were true; he thought silently with himself, that horse was another sort of one than hitherto he had suspected him. Therefore, before I went away, he asked me if my horse was to be sold; at first I said no, because if a journey should fall out again it would not be easy to get the like; but that nothing was so dear to me, which was not to be sold for a large price, although any one should desire to buy myself, say I. What needs many words; he does not dismiss me till I set my price. I set him at not a little more than I had bought him for. Being gone from the man, by and by I suborn one who should act a part of this play for me, well instructed and taught. He entering the house, calls upon the jockey, he says that he had need of a very good horse, and excellently capable of enduring labour. The other shows him many; and commends every, the worst horse most. He does not commend him alone which he had sold to me, because he thought him truly such as I had commended him for. But the other presently asks whether he too was to be sold. The jockey at first was silent, and commended the others mightily. When he, the rest being approved of in some measure, always treated about that alone; at last the jockey says to himself, my judgment of that horse plainly deceived me, since this stranger immediately knew him amongst them all. When he urged him, at last says he, he is to be sold, but perhaps you will be frightened with the price. The price, says he, is not great, if the worth of the thing answer; set your price. He set him at something more than I had set him at to him, catching also at this gain. At length they agreed about the price. A good large earnest penny is given, to wit a royal crown, lest any suspicion of a counterfeit purchase should happen. The buyer orders hay to be given to the horse; he says that he will return presently and take him away; he gives also a sixpence to the hostler. I, as soon as I knew the bargain was firm, so that it could not be broken, return again to the jockey, dressed in my boots and spurs. I call out of breath, he comes, asks me what I would have. Let my horse be got ready presently, say I, for I must go immediately upon a very serious affair. But just now, quoth he, you ordered that I should keep your horse some days. True, say I, but business is fallen in my way besides my expectation; and that the king's, which admits no delay. Here, he said, you may choose out of all which you will, you cannot have your own. I ask what for? Because, says he, he is sold. There pretending a great disturbance, I say, God forbid what you say; this journey being fallen out, I would not sell that horse although any one would pay me four times the worth. I begin a scolding, I cry out that I am undone. At length he too grew hot. What need, quoth he, of all this brawling? You set a price on your horse, I have sold him; if I pay you your price, you have nothing that you can do with me. There are laws in the city; you cannot compel me to produce the horse. After I had bawled a long time, either that he should produce the horse or the buyer; at length, being mad, he pays me my price. I had bought him for fifteen crowns, I had valued him at twenty-six, he had valued him at thirty-two. He thought to himself, it is better to make this advantage than to return the horse. I go away like one grieved, and scarce appeased with the money given

me. He begs that I would take in good part, that he would make amends for this inconvenience in other things. So I cheated the cheater. He has a horse of no value. He expects that he who gave the earnest-penny should come to pay his money; but nobody comes, nor ever will come.

There is much more in the little book before us that is at once amusing and instructive; but the reader must try and get it into his own hands. It is not so very rare on old book-stalls, and will amply repay the small sum usually requisite for its purchase. What has here been culled from the Colloquies in the mean time will, we trust, prove generally acceptable and entertaining.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

W A R.

BY NEWTON GOODRICH.

'Kill, kill! bid husbands die that wives may weep!
Teach sons and daughters hate and curses! tear
Babes from the breast for vultures! spoli! destroy!
Till waste and slaughter force affrighted realms
To shriek your fame!'—Thus do the war-dogs howl.

Friends of the free in spirit, folly's foes,
Denizens of the world of intellect,
Virtue's applauders, lovers of all power
In meekness, advocates of truth—whate'er
The land ye tread, the air ye breathe—to you,
At this grand era, I, a simple bard,
Weak in resources, only strong in love,
Urge my brief plea—the might of gentleness.

Ye're not your own. All things which vice can sink
Or virtue raise have part in you,—the plant
Ye rear and care for, and all-potent mind,
Which lives but by you, with you, for you. Oh!
Will ye forego your high vocation's end,
Though your inauguration be of Heaven,
And suffer murd'rous error to sweep on,
Uncheck'd, unmark'd, because the gaudy fiend,
Fashion, strews dazzling baubles on its path?
'Vengeance,' the cities shout; and wisdom seeks
A home with contemplation, in the shade:
'War!' and destruction roars till echo gives
To fairest solitudes the ugliness
Of strife, and not a rood but bears of blood
Some fearful token. And who, blotting out
The law, 'Thou shalt not kill,' give God the lie,
And goad us on to murder?—earth's *real* lords—
The tillers of the soil, art's thoughtful sons,
Whose hands are pulsant, whose hearts are brave;
Or brainless nobles, who, too seldom seen,
Too often heard of, pass their useless years
In plotting our confusion— who exclaim,
'Die for thy country,' while *they live for self*!
Oh, we are scorn'd by slaves, whose scope of wit
Is but the cunning of an idiot!

And should we brook that princes—things, perchance,
Which neither heed nor know us—idly spend
The purchase of our strength on bickering
Bred of vague humours, or—while, gall'd we feed,
The doubly-vile dependant, avarice—
Cry, 'Danger,' in the safest days of peace,
And mock us with pretences? Striplings, born
To strut in feathers, and abuse the word
'Courage,' till, tired of toys, they fret themselves
Into their graves, forgiven and forgotten,
Or grey-beard courtiers, shaking feeble heads,
May smile at our long effort to oppose
This strange oppression, and pronounce us fools:
But we are arm'd with knowledge, nerve, and faith;
Are rich, though wretched; daring, though despised;
And, led by justice, might at length prevail.

Let them cry 'Might is right,'—the might is *ours*!
Believe this paradox, or doubt my tale:
'Beneath a lowly roof, around a hearth,
Cheerful, though homely, gather'd in grave talk,
A little group of labourers are cheating
Their leisure moments of monotony.

Plying her evening care, the housewife treads
With cautious silence, stopping oft, to peer
Into the countenance of one calm man,
Who, seemingly absorb'd by other themes,
Hath mark'd their argument, and, taking up
Its broken thread, now leads them through the maze
Of feeling, on to pure benevolence.

He reasons high, until the cottage clock
Concludes the conference; then, shaking hands,
Wishes his poor apostles a good night;
Closes the door, and sits, to muse again.

'And now a new day's dawn is brightly breaking,
And old employments claim the waking cares
Of struggling millions. In a smithy's gloom,
Moving among their trade's rough implements,
A band of men, already at their toil,
Improve the hour, while richer mortals rest
From mean debauchery or sage debate.
Standing before a forge's fitful glare,
The fireside teacher of last night pursues
His dingy calling; with an action quick
And steady, moulds the metal to his will;
And, pausing not,—save once, when, in swift showers,
Sparks from the anvil spread about the scene,
To shut up in his brain some sudden hint
For subsequent reflection,—doth appear
Form'd for unceasing labour.

'Weeks and months
Have pass'd; and that poor blacksmith is the guest
And glory of the nations. Monarchs hear,
With wonder, his meek mission; and the shouts
Of hoping myriads, from each shore which bounds
The broad Atlantic, tell the selfish few
That all the people praise him: for he speaks
The still sublimity of that one thought
Which is his being—universal peace—
Till scarce a loving wish that's borne above
But with it bears for him some ardent prayer.'

And such, with few exceptions, was the course
Of dauntless genius in *every* age:
The wise are nurtured in the lap of care:
The strong of heart are from the school of toil:
The peaceful are the strong; and gentleness
Aye marks the mighty arm or giant soul.
And shall we, traitors to the holy cause
Which hath upheld us, hear the paltry lie
With patience, which holds *passion* forth as power;
Calls *riches, birth, or rank*, 'acknowledged right';
And talks of *sweet revenge*?—say, injured honour!

War!—'Tis the knave's resource, the madman's joy,
The sage's grief, the outcast's sepulchre,
The widow's curse—the great abomination!
It beggars hope, makes charity a jest,
Mars beauty, ministers to ignorance,
And trifles with existence. But the voice
Which rules its fate is yours. Ye know its crimes:
Act as for Heaven—before posterity.
Ask not, like cowards, *liberty* to love;
But calmly, firmly say, '*We'll fight no more*.'
And, while around our standard, bold, ye crowd,
Cry, 'God for freedom, harmony, and truth!'

DANIEL BOONE, THE KENTUCKY HUNTER.

THE more we become acquainted with the history of men who are said to live in a state of nature, the more do we become convinced of the fact that there is no natural state for man. Nature is unchangeable in her laws, and awards to the beaver, musk-rat, and wolf, a cycle of action from which neither of these creatures can diverge, but there is no such thing as terminability in man's condition; however savage the adult human being may be considered, we know that he must have progressed from a state of utter ignorant infancy into a state of knowledge, however rude, by a process of dependent education. The history of a rude child of the forest must possess as much interest to the philosopher as could the biography of the most celebrated academician. The former is the pioneer of philo-

sophy, the gleaner of knowledge, the collector of facts in nature, which the casuist and analyser arranges and reduces to rule in his closet. Men, in the capacity of mere hunters of wild beasts, have added largely to our knowledge in zoology, botany, and other sciences, and, in addition to these contributions to education and civilisation, they have been the pioneers of social reclamation in the uncultured wilderness. The history of a nation is the history of a system of physical and mental accretion, rising gradually from the state of a rush-covered Rome, inhabited by *latrones*, to that of the city of Augustus, the mistress of the world. If we wish to form anything like a correct idea of those men who led the first migrations from Rome to the conquered provinces, in order to settle in and reclaim them, and if we desire to imbibe right notions regarding the history of conquest and settlement in general, America furnishes us with plenty of palpable evidence of its character and nature; and in some of her bold and hardy hunters we are certain of beholding types of those semi-soldier agriculturists, who, with their consuls and pretors, went forth either to exterminate or subdue the German nations, and to take from them their native soil.

Daniel Boone, the backwoodsman, and first explorer of Kentucky, is one of the finest specimens that American history furnishes of the bold and hardy settler of the wild. He is perhaps the very best example known of the frontiersman, who, divided in his habits between those of his own race and that with which he comes in contact, pushes on from one conquest of the wild man and the wilderness to another, while slowly behind him sweeps the tide of a superior emigration. Many biographies have appeared of this remarkable man, all of them more or less erroneous or disfigured by fiction. The essential facts of the following sketch are derived from the 'Library of American Biography,' and were obtained from the lips of the old hunter himself, being also corroborated by his many relations.

Daniel Boone, the pioneer of Kentucky, was born in Bucks county, Pennsylvania, in the April of 1735. His father, named Squire Boone, had emigrated from England to the colonies, and his mother was seemingly of Irish origin, her name being Sarah Morgan. Daniel was the sixth of eleven children, seven sons and four daughters; and his father having removed from Bucks county, Pennsylvania, to Berks, in the same state, where game abounded, and the red man still continued to dispute possession of his hunting grounds with the big-knife strangers, Boone was early initiated into those habits, and that knowledge of Indian ways, which distinguished him through his long life. The homes of the frontier settlers are generally little cabins built of rough logs, and planted in the midst of clearings in which stand blackened stumps and corn-fields. Around these partial openings in the woody wild the forest extends for miles, closing the adventurous and hardy backwoodsman within a sylvan world, in which he has almost no companionship with man, and is necessitated to become a hunter and a grave and sedate lover of lonely nature. It was in such a position as this that Daniel Boone was placed in early boyhood, and it was here that he was educated to love solitude and nature, and to encounter with subtilty and cunning the wary and murderous Indian, as well as to hunt the game that so plentifully abounded. A migratory spirit seems to be a part of the frontier-man's nature; he shuns civilisation, as it is termed, as carefully as does the Indian—with this difference, however, that he hails the advance of his race and drives the aborigine back that his advancing nation may have a wider field of action. When Boone was eighteen years of age, his father again removed from Berks to North Carolina, where he settled upon the banks of the Yadkin, a mountain stream in the north-western part of the latter state. Here he had plenty of scope for his favourite employment of hunting, and here too he married Rebecca Bryan, and cultivated a farm for several years. The rapid increase of population on the Yadkin caused a desire for explorations of the wilderness, and Boone, who was early esteemed for his caution and sagacity, was engaged with a party of land speculators in looking for eligible positions for settle-

ments in the yet unreclaimed wilderness. One party, of which Boone was leader, left the Yadkin and ranged through the valleys on the head-waters of the Holston, or north-western part of Virginia, and in 1764 he led the first band of explorers to the Rock Castle, a branch of the Cumberland river, now within the state of Kentucky.

Boone has often been stigmatised as of an unsocial, morose nature, but such was not the fact. It is true that he preferred the forest to the city, but this was not because he was misanthropic, but simply because his education and early life gave him a bias for solitude, and his sense of simple rectitude made him reject the companionship of men who settled disputes, not according to the plain rules of justice, but the formula of law. In his social relations, he was affable, humane, and disinterested, and so utterly devoid of the egotism of selfishness that he never troubled himself to secure his property by the defined forms of law. He wrought for the community in the settlement of the state of Kentucky, and that too indefatigably and successfully, without so much as receiving the return of common justice. The frivolities and elegancies of polite life, which were cultivated to the detriment of plain truth and honesty, had no charms for him, so that he loved best to dwell in his rude home, amongst his unpolished hunter companions, where a promise required no affirmatory document to render it binding, and where he could best apply that physical and practical education which he had acquired in the woods.

Incited by the glowing reports of a hunter named John Finley, who had casually visited the country, Daniel Boone, in company with five others, left his home on the Yadkin, on the 1st of May, 1769, and set out for the wilds of Kentucky. This may be termed his first appearance upon the stage of backwood life—the precursory adventure to a long series of eventful and stirring incidents, which strikingly illustrate the character of the men who first planted the arts in the wilderness, and also apprise us of the danger of that experiment. On the 7th day of June, 1769, the six weary adventurers wound slowly up one of the rugged mountains in the wilderness of Kentucky. Their garments were those usually worn by forest-rangers. A hunting-shirt and leggings of dressed deer-skins, together with a pair of moccasins and fur cap, made up the outer dress. A belt encircled each waist, in which was suspended the tomahawk, hunting-knife, powder-horn, and bullet-pouch; and over the shoulder lay the long rifle. Their journey had been long and toilsome, and nothing but the glowing laudations bestowed by Finley upon the region towards which they travelled could have sustained their spirits; and now, when they had gained the summit of the hill and could look around them, they found that his verbal descriptions were surpassed by the lovely country which lay below and around them. In a gorge of the mountain they made their camp, and commenced to hunt the buffalo and other wild animals, laying up their peltries and subsisting on their flesh. From the month of June until December, the party hunted in this solitary region without beholding the face of a single human being; it was a place to which even the young men of the Shawanoes only came periodically in order to procure food for their tribe.

In December, the six adventurers divided themselves into two parties, in order to extend their researches and increase their chances of finding game. Boone and a man named Stewart formed one party, separating themselves from their four companions, and reaching the banks of the main Kentucky river on the 22d day of the month of December. The four adventurers were never heard of again; after being left by their friends they had indubitably fallen by the hands of the Indians, who now showed themselves in the territory, for as Boone and Stewart were descending the brow of a hill, towards nightfall, they were set upon and taken prisoners by a party of red-skins. To manifest dismay in such circumstances is to invite death, for to an Indian cowardice is an unpardonable offence. To evince calmness, and a trustful and easy deportment, is the sure means of winning respect and good treatment, for stoicism is an Indian virtue, and to seem pleased with

them is to flatter them, which is alike acceptable to sage and savage. Boone's consummate knowledge of Indian manners taught him at once to conceal his feelings of disappointment beneath the semblance of contentment, and as he was a strong athletic man, with all the necessary qualifications of a warrior, and all the attributes of a great hunter, they supposed, from his manner, that he and his companion might become by adoption powerful auxiliaries to their tribe. By adroitly complying with all their camping customs, and rendering themselves officiously serviceable, the two friends managed to lull the suspicions of the Indians to sleep, and securing their rifles, they one evening left their captors sunk in slumber, and, after a toilsome flight, returned to their first camp, which they had the mortification to find plundered and deserted. Shortly after having returned to this their first rendezvous, they were joined by Squire Boone, a younger brother of Daniel, and a companion from Carolina, who brought a supply of ammunition to the hunters, and tidings of their families; but this party of four was soon broken up also by those casualties which are incidental to a sojourn in the woods. Daniel Boone and Stewart were attacked one day when returning to their camp, and the latter was shot and scalped by the Indians, while the former effected his escape. The companion of Squire Boone had wandered into the wilderness, from which he never returned, and the brothers were thus left alone. It must have required a great amount of that real firmness of purpose, which to our mind constitutes true courage, to have enabled these men to maintain their position in this vast and dangerous wilderness; yet they had no desire to leave their hunting-ground on account of the death of their companions, but continued to kill game and dress their skins, while at night they would sit by their camp-fire, singing their songs and talking of friends at home.

The necessity of procuring several indispensable articles, caused the brothers to part, however, in the spring of 1771; Squire set off for Carolina, in order to obtain horses and the other requisites for transporting their stock of peltry, and Daniel remained alone, to protect the furs and add to their amount. It was while in this solitary state that the courage of the hunter was put to the severest tests. Utter solitude threw him into the full companionship of his own heart and feelings, and as thoughts of an anxious wife and beloved family would rise before him his soul began to yearn for home. To add to the trials which solitude and his affections imposed upon him, he discovered in his peregrinations that the Indians were abroad, and that in his absence they had visited his little cabin; this discovery imposed upon him the utmost caution and circumspection, and when his brother returned with horses, they loaded them with peltry and departed to find a more eligible site for a settlement. After much fatigue and examination, they at last resolved to settle on the Kentucky river, and, having loaded their horses, they set out for their families on the Yadkin, Daniel having been absent fully two years, in order to bring them to their future home.

On the 25th of September, 1778, the brothers and their families moved from Yadkin towards their new locations on the Kentucky; on their way they were joined by five families and forty armed men, which accession of strength added to their courage and hope. This migration, which was conducted in patriarchal fashion, was unfortunate, however, for the young men and cattle, having fallen behind the main body of emigrants, were attacked by Indians at a pass called Cumberland Gap, and six of them were killed, while the cattle were dispersed. This circumstance so disheartened the party that they retired to the settlements on Clinch River, in Virginia, where they in the mean time settled. From Clinch River, Boone often went out as the leader of exploring parties, and the Indians having become troublesome on the Virginian frontier, he obtained the appointment of captain of militia, with the command of three of the frontier forts. He acted in this capacity until 1774, when he, in company with other emigrants, removed his family to the station in which he had

originally intended to settle in Kentucky. Previous to this removal, the sturdy backwoodsman and several companions had erected a wooden fort and stockade, which had been named Boonesborough, and thither Mrs Boone and her daughters were conducted, being the first white women who had ever stood upon the banks of the Kentucky. This fort was built in the general form of a parallelogram, and was about two hundred and fifty feet long and one hundred and seventy-five feet broad. Houses of hewn logs projected from each corner, adjoining which were stockades for a short distance, and the remaining space on the four sides, except the gateways, was filled up with cabins erected of rough logs, placed close together, as a defence against the Indians. In 1776, many more pioneers arrived in the new settlement, and planted other stations, and at the same time brought intimation of the commencement of the Revolutionary war. Daniel Boone and his co-settlers continued to fell the forest, hunt the game, and cultivate the soil, while the tide of war rolled over the eastern states; but the settlers did not live in quiet times, though remote from the seat of war. Stirring events were occurring on the frontier as well as in the more thickly peopled colonies. Sometimes the Indians would rush from their concealments upon unwary stragglers from the stations and bear them off as prisoners, and then pursuit and battle were the consequence. Sometimes they would attack the forts with frightful yells and wild menaces, and at other times they would cut off individuals with the tomahawk or rifle, so that it required the most determined courage and energy to maintain a position in this disputed territory, which was in transition from the wilderness to the farm. Boone was of the most essential service to the rising but harassed stations, from his knowledge of the Indians and his cool, indomitable courage. They were deprived of his services more than once in consequence of capture; but he always contrived to circumvent the Indians and effect his escape.

In several of the states, remote from the Atlantic Ocean, Providence, by a most beneficent and wonderful arrangement, has placed salt springs, which supply to the wild animals, such as deer and buffalo, this condiment, of which they are very fond; they will come far distances to lick the very soil from which the muriate exudes, and the spots where it is found are therefore called Salt Licks. From digging the spots marked out by the beasts of the field, springs are found, from which the first settlers used to manufacture salt; and it was while superintending a salt-making party of thirty men, at the Lower Blue Licks, on Licking River, Kentucky, that Captain Boone fell for the second time into the hands of the red-skins. He was scout and hunter for the party, and had been out trying to procure game, when he was discovered by a party of Indians, numbering one hundred and two, and although he made strenuous efforts to escape, he was overtaken and made prisoner. This party was on the route to attack Boonesborough, and the founder of that station felt that all his courage and address were necessary in order to deceive and foil the red men. He professed to be highly pleased with the company of the Indians, and soon succeeded in gaining their confidence and securing favourable terms for the men at the Licks. Boone knew that it would have been madness in him to irritate the Indians in the then condition of Boonesborough, by attempting or encouraging resistance, and his proceeding in this affair, and its issue, showed his wisdom. The Indians rigidly complied with all their stipulations, and treated the people with great kindness after they had quietly yielded; resistance would have provoked their vengeance, and the women and children would have perished by the scalping-knife and tomahawk. Boone and his men were carried to Detroit by the Indians, and the latter were delivered to the British commandant there, but Daniel was taken to the Indian country, where he was well treated, and so highly was he prized by his captors, that they refused tempting offers of ransom for him, preferring to retain him and adopt him into their tribe. Blackfish, a distinguished Shawanese chief, took him to his lodge to supply the place of a de-

ceased son and great warrior. The hardy backwoodsman reconciled himself, with much apparent cheerfulness, to his new mode of life, but he always meditated escape, although regarded with much love by his adopted father and mother, and looked upon by the Shawanees as a distinguished hunter and brave. He yearned for the home and kindred, however, that were bound to him by ties of blood and fond recollections, and the Indians were not so ignorant of human nature as to believe him totally reconciled to his prairie life. Whenever he went forth, therefore, his bullets were carefully counted, and he was required to produce a head of game for every ball. He cut his head into parts, however, sufficient to kill turkeys and such creatures, and by making his charges of powder light in proportion, he contrived to conceal a small stock of these essentials to a hunter in the woods. He had been some time with his new friends, and had acquired a partial knowledge of their language, when it was proposed to convolve the nation and to march once more against the settlements. This intimation, of which the aborigines believed him to be ignorant, startled the hunter, and determined him to escape and alarm the frontier-men; he accordingly rose early on a morning in June, and stealing noiselessly from his lodge and the village, he dashed into the woods. Many weary miles of tangled brake and forest lay between him and his friends and relations; many broad rivers rolled between him and the dwellings of those he loved; yet he was brave and strong, and full of hope, and he sped stoutly and rapidly on. There were Indians on his track, morasses to traverse, rivers to swim, jungle to break through, and food to be procured with the rifle without bringing his foemen upon him; and yet he reached Boonesborough in safety, and gave the alarm to his friends, who were prepared for the Indians when they appeared before its stockade.

After two days' parley, a relief which was adroitly managed by Boone in order to enable assistance to arrive from the other stations, several futile attacks were made upon the fort, when, wearied by discomfiture, the Indians raised the siege and retreated to their villages. This was the last attack that was made by an Indian army upon this fort. They perceived that, despite of their continued attacks, the big-knives continued to increase, and, despairing of driving them from the country, they retired farther into the prairie. During his retention by the Shawanees, the wife of Boone, believing that he had been slain, returned with her family to Yadkin in North Carolina, where her father dwelt, and in the autumn of 1778 she had the pleasure of again seeing her husband.

Undeterred by wars and fightings with the rightful owners of the soil, emigrants continued to pour into the new territory, until, instead of the solitary hunter, Daniel Boone, in all that wide region, there were hundreds of families and many beautiful farms; and then the customs and forms of society began to supersede the free and easy habits of the borders, and lawyers began to examine the title-deeds of men to the soil which they had taken from the wilderness and defended against the red man. In 1779, Boone raised about twenty thousand dollars, with which sum he proposed to secure his right to a large tract of land in Kentucky; but when on his way from the backwoods to Richmond, in order to meet the Virginian commission for settling such claims, he was robbed of his all, together with other sums entrusted to him by his friends for a similar purpose with his own. Boone did not, however, lose the confidence of his friends on account of this loss; they had every faith in his integrity, and they heartily sympathized with him, although this misfortune reduced them to the necessity of giving up their peremptory claims upon their farms. After this heavy pecuniary loss, Boone, now a major of militia, returned with his family from Yadkin to Boonesborough, when Kentucky having been divided into three counties, each now capable of raising a regiment of men, he was appointed lieutenant-colonel of Lincoln county.

The history of Kentucky consists simply of a half-agricultural, half-military system of progress and ex-

citement, showing the gradual construction of a system of political economy, which, having its origin in antagonism, engenders and perpetuates distrust and force, so long as that system prevails. At some periods the husbandmen had to be attended to their labour by armed men, and the crops had to be gathered in by bands of warriors. They had come to the Indian territory with no title to it save their rifles, and they had maintained the possessions which they had reft from the rightful owners by cruelty and force. At first the white men maintained themselves within their forts and stockades, but whenever their strength permitted, they organised invading bands, and carried fire and havoc into the towns of the red men. Under the command of General Clark, and led on by Boone, who was as famous a scout as Cooper's 'Hawkeye,' and who might be taken as the archetype of this the finest of the American novelist's portraits, attacks were frequently made upon the native villages, and these expeditions seem to have been conducted upon the exact principle of retaliation. Upon one occasion the Kentuckians entered and took possession of the town of Old Chillicothe, when, their historians inform us, they took seven prisoners and *five scalps*. Indeed, the white men adopted this disgusting mode of mutilation from the Indians, while they pretended to condemn their cruelty, and they vaunted these bloody trophies as much as did the despised red-skins. In this expedition five towns were sacked and rased, and such was the fury and destructiveness manifested by the Christian invaders, that even the Indians were appalled by them.

The acknowledgment of the independence of the United States by Britain, and the close of hostilities in the east, was also the signal for a cessation of war in the west. It must be remembered, to the disgrace of the British government, that it had incited the Indians to attack the settlers, in order to withdraw them from aiding the revolutionary army, and it had paid to the savage a sum of money for each scalp which he tore from the head of a white man. This blood-premium was withdrawn, however, and the red-skin buried the hatchet, leaving the settlers of Kentucky in peace. The large majority of these were from the states of Carolina and Virginia, and were inured to a life of toil and danger, and consequently well fitted to be the settlers of a new colony, the women as well as the men. The duties of the former were as laborious and onerous as those of the latter. They attended to the dairy, spun, wove, and fashioned garments, wrought in the fields, and carried water from the springs. The building of forts and cabins, chopping of trees, and tilling the soil, together with all the active measures of defence, were the appropriate business of the men. Deer-skins were extensively used in the manufacture of hunting-shirts, pantaloons, leggings, moccasins, and handkerchiefs; ropes were formed from strips of the same material, and bedcoverings from the dressed skins of the elk and buffalo. Wooden vessels scooped out with the hunter's knife were the table utensils; gourds were used as drinking-cups, blocks of wood as chairs, and tables, and bedsteads, and other articles of furniture were of the same rough and homely description. Food, however, of the most nutritious kind was in the greatest abundance and profusion; venison and fowl were within the reach of every family, and milk and butter were also profusely plentiful. During the Indian alarms but little grain could be raised, but as soon as the storm of war had ceased, the corn began to wave on the broad tracts which had once been forest and prairie, and bread became one of the most abundant aliments in the west.

Daniel Boone applied himself diligently during the breaking-up season to the cultivation of his land, and in the harvest to the gathering in of his crops, but the old inveterate passion for hunting drew him from home every hunting season. Whenever the time approached for him to begin his excursions, he became restless and abstracted, and wandered about, examining the face of the sky, marking the direction of the wind, talking of nothing but hunting during the day, and dreaming of the chase at night. The qualifications of a good hunter are exactly those of a learned practical zoologist. The habits of the creatures

which he chases are perfectly known to him, and they can rarely escape him; by long and patient observation he is also a meteorologist. Understanding the signs in the heavens, and profiting by that knowledge in its application to his calling, a hunter in the most cloudy day can indicate the cardinal points of the compass, if he is in the woods, by observing the barks of trees; and he can discover the wind in the calmest, by simply heating his finger in his mouth, and then holding it above his head, marking which part of it first becomes cold. A hunter's camp is but a rude construction, and offers few inducements to the lover of domestic comfort to quit his home. It is open in front, where the fire is kindled; the back part is generally a large log, or fallen tree; the gables are upright poles, whose interstices are filled up with leaves and moss; the roof slopes back, and is covered with the bark of trees or some clap-boards; and here does the trapper dwell for several months at a time, sleeping on dried leaves or grass, rolled in his blanket, and piling up the skins of wild animals, until the season for returning to the settlements comes back. Some hunters go two in company, some take a boy with them to keep the camp, and some, like Daniel Boone, hunt and dwell alone. During the day the hunter is in the woods, and is wholly intent upon the pursuit of game, knowing no social enjoyment save when he adjourns to the camp to prepare the skins; evening is the time for his mirth and social glee, and it is then, when seated round the camp-fire, that the song and story circulate.

In 1792, Kentucky was admitted one of the states of the federal union; and as a revision of her laws took place at this important juncture, and a particular adjudication on land claims was entered into, Colonel Boone and hundreds of others lost their possessions from defective titles. Disgusted by a long process of litigation, and irritated by the essential injustice of the lawyerly manner of robbing him of his land, he gathered his little property together, and removed to the Kehawna, in Virginia, and settled on that river. He resided here for some time, cultivating his farm, and pursuing his favourite calling during the proper season, until, allured by the tales of hunters, he removed his family, in 1795, to Upper Louisiana, then part of the Spanish possessions in America. He established himself in the Femme Osage settlement, about forty-five miles west of St Louis, and his fame having gone before him to his new habitation, the lieutenant-governor welcomed him, and assured him that ample portions of land would be given to him and his family. In July 1800, Boone received the commission of commandant of the Femme Osage district from Don Charles de Delassus, and ten thousand arpents of land were also awarded to him. But some fatality seemed to attend this hardy hunter in all his legal transactions. He always neglected to fix himself in his possessions according to the established forms, and when, in the changes of government incident to a rapidly growing and changing state, a revision of titles, &c., took place, he was always found a loser. Louisiana, originally a French settlement, had been transferred by that government to Spain, and Spain again, in 1804, ceded this territory to the United States. It was at this period, when age was beginning to mark its inroads on his strong and hardy frame, that Boone, by a quibble of law, found himself once more a landless man. It is no wonder that he felt indignant at the treatment he thus received, for if ever honest unsophisticated integrity dwelt in the heart of man, that man was Daniel Boone. The losses which he had caused to his friends when on the route from Boonesborough to Richmond he had ever regarded as a debt, and when, by hunting and trapping, he paid off the last farthing of this sum, he declared himself willing and ready to die; for this man, who never trembled nor quailed under the most appalling circumstances of terror or danger, trembled lest it should be said when he died, 'Boone is a dishonest man.' As an instance of the courage and coolness of this astonishing old man, the following anecdote is told. On one occasion he went to hunt on the Osage river, taking with him a negro boy and pack horses. Soon after, having laid in his winter stock, he was taken ill, and lay for some time in the camp. Upon a fine day, however,

he contrived, with the aid of his staff and his attendant, to crawl to the summit of a little eminence, and mark out the ground for his grave. He instructed the boy, in case that he died, to lay his body straight, to wash it, and wrap it up in a clean blanket, and then, after digging a temporary grave, to drag it to it, and cover it with earth and leaves, until he should go and inform his relatives where to find it. He was most particular in his directions about the distribution of the skins, rifle, and other articles which belonged to him, and manifested all the calmness of an Indian when about to go to the happy hunting grounds when speaking about his decease. He soon recovered, however, and returned home with all the spoils of a winter's campaign in the woods.

In 1809, after another long process at law, Boone was declared by the United States' commissioners to have no right to any land in Louisiana, although for upwards of forty years he had been most actively engaged in exploring, cultivating, and defending both that region and Kentucky. If ever governmental injustice manifested itself, it surely did in this case; if ever legal formality could have gracefully dispensed with her frigid adherence to law, it surely was in the case of Boone. In 1812, the old man, now poor and landless, petitioned the legislature of Kentucky to grant him some portion of the vast territory which he had been the first to explore and reclaim, and, to their honour be it spoken, one thousand arpents of land were granted to the aged pioneer. Boone continued to live with his several children alternately, until the 28th of September, 1820, when, after gradually sinking, he died, aged eighty-six, at the house of his son, Major Nathan Boone. He was buried beside his wife in Missouri, but, after some time, the government of Kentucky built a beautiful mausoleum, in which the remains of Daniel Boone and his wife were finally deposited.

Daniel Boone was five feet ten inches in height, and of athletic form. His face was marked by that gravity which generally characterises the countenances of thoughtful men; his eyes were of a hazel colour, keen, clear, and restless. He was cool, cautious, and cunning in the woods; he was kind, affable, and hospitable at home; but he was a mere child in all that related to the business of society. No other country save America could at the present time present a counterpart to this wonderful son of the forest; but we know, from those who have conversed with them in the wilds of Michigan and Wisconsin, that there are many pioneers on the frontiers of that vast continent whose histories would be almost as wonderful and remarkable as that of Daniel Boone.

B A R G A I N S.

WHERE the reader to see the beautiful white dashed cottage of Mr Mowbray, with its precisely trimmed little flower-plot, and its fresh-looking green-painted railing, he would in all probability deem him an old bachelor. But if by chance the hall-door was open, and he saw a large white rocking-horse, with sundry small wheelbarrows and carts, adorning the hall, he would no doubt change his opinion, and pronounce him the father of a large family. But in both surmises he would find himself mistaken. For, in the first place, Mr Mowbray has been married for the last twenty years; and, in the second, he has no family, either large or small. The reader may with reason ask, 'If he has no family, why all these symptoms of having one?' In reply to this query, we beg him to have a little patience and read on: the story is not a long one.

Mr and Mrs Mowbray are a very happy couple; but there is one thing that they cannot agree upon, which is, the subject of bargains. Mrs Mowbray says, 'That nothing can be really considered a bargain, however cheap it may be, unless it is of use to the purchaser;' her husband contends, upon the other hand, that he is borne out by the old adage, which says 'that a bargain is a bargain,' and he logically argues, 'that therefore a bargain must be a bargain, whether it is of use or not.' Mr Mowbray has been attending sales for the last twenty years, and picking

up great bargains! A sketch of the last 'great bargains' that he got may suffice to give an insight into his former ones.

Mr Mowbray dines exactly at four o'clock, and is usually very punctual as to time, with the exception of the days when, to use his own phrase, he 'drops in to a sale.' Mrs Mowbray has the cloth laid at half-past three. The half-hour before dinner she spends in reading, for she says 'that it is not worth while sitting down to her work.' Having opened the 'Instructor,' and after wandering through the region of Labrador, she gets into the more genial climate of China, when the maid pops her head in at the room-door, with 'Please, ma'am, I fear that the veal will be overdone.'

Her mistress casts her eyes towards the timepiece, and exclaims, 'Dear me! it is twenty minutes to five, I declare! I really do not know what has become of your master, Susan, unless he has gone to one of those abominable sales.'

'Oh dear, ma'am, I hope he hasn't!' replies Susan; 'for I am sure I am so plagued with them brass candlesticks and copper saucepans that he bought at the last sale. I'm sure, ma'am, it is not laziness that makes me complain of them; but when we have the gas in every room in the house, I don't see the use of having a dozen of brass candlesticks to scour every week; but they are a perfect joke to the copper saucepans, which, if left for only two days without scouring, turn the colour of the sun in a frosty winter day, and quite disgraces me when anybody comes into the kitchen, ma'am.'

'Susan,' says her mistress, in order to stop her making any farther observations upon the bargains of her master, 'you had better go and take the veal from the fire, and put a cover upon it; your master must be home in a few minutes, I should think.'

The timepiece in the dining-room had just struck six, and was answered by its more antique neighbour in the kitchen, when Mr Mowbray arrived, followed by a porter with a hurley. Mr Mowbray is in the best of humour, and gives the porter sixpence more than he is entitled to; then sits down to dinner. The veal is overdone, the gravy is congealed about the dish, the vegetables cold; but Mr Mowbray, although very particular on other days about his food, makes no remark. Indeed, he is so delighted with the purchases that he has made, which are of course all great bargains, that, so far from being inclined to find fault with any one, he would have smiled in the face of his mortal foe had he entered the room at that moment. Mrs Mowbray (in order to impress upon her liege lord the necessity of his keeping early hours) does not eat anything. But he perceives it not, for his eyes are on his plate, his mind is with his bargains. Mrs Mowbray finding that her want of appetite is not observed, gives a gentle cough, which attracts his attention, and he looks up and exclaims, 'Eh! bless me! my dear, you are not eating anything! What is the matter with you?'

'Oh, there is nothing the matter with me!' said Mrs Mowbray; 'but I cannot eat at irregular hours, that's all.'

'I am sure, my love, I am very sorry,' replied her husband, 'that I should be the cause of your losing your dinner. But the truth of the matter is, that on my way home, passing Dowell's, I saw a red flag out, and I just dropped in for a moment to see what they were selling. It was a sale of miscellaneous articles; such bargains! the things were going actually for a 'mere song,' as the saying is. I only wish that I had had fifty pounds in my pocket at the time. Susan,' said Mr Mowbray, as the servant was removing the cloth, 'you may bring in those parcels that are lying upon the hall-table; the one that is upon the grass plot,' he added, in a lower tone, 'I will bring in myself.' The parcels, accordingly, were brought in and placed upon the dinner-table before the delighted Mr Mowbray, who, taking two wax dolls out of a case, said, 'Are not these two beautiful creatures, my love? so splendidly dressed, too! Got them both for a guinea. They are worth a guinea and a half a-piece if they are worth a farthing. What do you think of them, my love?'

'They are certainly very pretty,' replied Mrs Mowbray,

'and, I dare say, might be a bargain to many a one; but as we have no family, they are of no use whatever to us.'

'True, my love,' said her husband, after a pause, 'but they will not be lost, for you can make a present of them to your friend Mrs Green. She cannot complain of not having a family, for she's like the old woman who lived in the shoe, ha, ha, ha!'

'We are not obliged to find Mrs Green's children in playthings,' replied Mrs Mowbray, somewhat peevishly. 'By the by,' she added, 'talking of making presents, our neighbour, Mrs Johnstone, was giving me broad hints, the other day, to make her a present of the rocking-horse for her son Billy; politely insinuating, at the same time, that we had no use in the world for it.'

'Mrs Johnstone is a very impudent person to say so,' exclaimed Mr Mowbray, 'but she shan't have a bit of it, I shall keep him for a Billy of my own. That rocking-horse,' he continued, 'cost me three pounds ten shillings; it was a decided bargain, to be sure; they would ask five guineas in the toyshops for one like it. But here, my love, is a bargain that will please you,' said he, untying a brown paper parcel, and producing a pair of India-rubber galoches; 'these will keep your old man's feet from the damp; they were knocked down to me at half-a-crown; they are an amazing bargain, for they ask eight shillings a pair for them in the shops. You cannot say that these are of no use,' said he, chuckling with delight.

'They are of none to you, at least,' said Mrs Mowbray, 'for anybody with half an eye might see that they will never fit you; they are more than two inches too short, besides being a great deal too narrow.'

'Eh! bless me! so they are!' exclaimed the astounded Mr Mowbray. 'That never occurred to me. I was so struck by their being such a bargain, that I never once thought of their fitting me, I declare. However, they will fit the milk-boy to a very tee; you know, my dear, that we forgot to give him his hansel last year, so these will do in lieu of it.'

'Pray, what do those three paper bags contain?' inquired Mrs Mowbray.

'These are wafers, my love,' replied her husband. 'I got these three large bags for a shilling—which you must allow is a great bargain.'

'Wafers!' exclaimed Mrs Mowbray; 'who uses wafers of this description now-a-days. They are not even used in the shops; the accounts are all sealed with wax now. What a size they are too! I declare they are as large as a shilling. What use can you possibly make of them?'

'Never mind, my love,' said Mr Mowbray, 'I'll find plenty of use for them, I dare say. By the by, dear, did you not say, the other day, that we were in need of wine glasses? Here are one dozen and five,' he said, unpacking a small basket, and taking some globular-shaped glasses out of pieces of newspaper. 'Are not these fine large fellows?' pushing one towards his wife; 'they will hold double the quantity of your modern ones.'

'That is certainly a great advantage,' said Mrs Mowbray, ironically.

'Now, my dear, you need not look so very satirical,' said her husband, 'for, to tell you the plain truth, it was your canary brought me into this scrape; for seeing that one of the glasses wanted a stalk, I thought that it might do him for a fount. These glasses,' he continued, 'everybody at the sale thought an amazing bargain. They just cost me fourpence-halfpenny a piece. I can assure you, that Colonel Toper was sadly disappointed that he did not get them. He just came in a minute too late. Talking of wine glasses, love, do we not owe the Johnstones a party?'

'Owe them a party!' exclaimed his *cara sposa*. 'Owe them a party! no, indeed, we do not, but they owe us two! Not that I want any return from them, for I am sure I can safely declare that their humdrum tiresome parties only give me ennui. Besides,' she continued, 'I have no patience with Mrs Johnstone, she is such a very rude, vulgar person; she has no intellect whatever; can talk upon no subject but her little ill-behaved monkeys of children. 'The blessing of having a family' is the beginning and

ending of almost every sentence that she says. But, indeed, I told her very plainly, the other day, that unless children were properly behaved they were anything but a blessing. She had not a word to say. Now, did not I serve her right, dear?'

'Why, my love,' said Mr Mowbray, 'I think you gave her a 'broadside,' as our friend, Lieutenant Canvass, calls it.'

'What have you got under that piece of sacking that is lying upon the grass-plot?' said Mrs Mowbray, looking through the window.

'Hem! my dear,' said Mr Mowbray, 'I fear that you will not exactly approve of that purchase, although it is a most decided bargain. Hem! indeed it would have been a thousand pities to have let it go. Hem! I wish you had only seen the scowl that my opponent, a red-nosed old gentleman, gave me when he saw that it was knocked down to me. I suppose that he was wanting it for some of his grandchildren.'

'For his grandchildren! What! I hope it is not a second rocking-horse you have bought?' exclaimed Mrs Mowbray.

'Oh no, my love. Hem! It is not. Hem! I am not quite such a fool as all that. It is a very beautiful (hem!) double-seated child's carriage. It was the admiration of every one in the sale-room, I can assure you. It went for little more than half its value. It was knocked down to me at one pound ten shillings. Everybody said that it was an amazing bargain.'

'Dear me, what a waste of money!' exclaimed Mrs Mowbray; 'and not one article of the slightest use to us. You must be out of your senses, Mr Mowbray; there is not the smallest doubt of it.'

'Indeed, Mrs Mowbray, I am very much obliged to you,' said her husband; 'but remember, ma'am, if I waste money, that it is none of yours, ma'am, for if my memory does not deceive me, I got none with you, ma'am. Notwithstanding this circumstance, had you gone and purchased half the contents of Kennington & Jenner's shop, I would not have said that you were out of your senses, ma'am.'

Susan, who, without eaves-dropping, heard the whole conversation, for her master's voice was not in the softest key in the world, hastily bustled into the room with the tea-things, and interrupted this very disagreeable conversation. Mrs Mowbray locked up the wax-dolls with a sigh, her husband carried the three bags of wafers to his study, remarking aloud that he would find use enough for them. Susan cleared the table of the wine-glasses, which she placed in a press amongst sundry of their brethren; she next carried the India-rubber galooshes to the kitchen, to be presented next morning to the milk-boy; and, lastly, brought in the child's carriage to keep company with the rocking-horse in the hall, and—harmony was restored.

A CHRISTIAN SLAVE.*

A Christian—going, gone!

Who bids for God's own image? for His grace,
Which that poor victim of the market-place

Hath, in her suffering, won?

My God! Can such things be?

Hast thou not said, that whatsoever is done
Unto thy weakest and thy humblest one,

Is even done to Thee?

In that sad victim, then,

Child of thy pitying love, I see Thee stand,
Once more the jest-word of a mocking band,

Bound, sold, and scourged again!

A Christian up for sale!

Wet with her blood your whips, o'ertask her frame,
Make her life loathsome with your wrong and shame;

Her patience shall not fail!

A heathen land might deal

Back on your heads the gather'd wrong of years;

But her low broken prayers and nightly tears,

Ye neither heed nor feel.

* In a recent work of L. F. Taineiro—'Random Shots and Southern Breasts'—is a description of a slave auction at New Orleans, at which the auctioneer recommends the woman on the stand as a good Christian!

Can well thy lesson o'er
Thou prudent teacher; tell the toiling slave
No dangerous tale of Him who came to save
The outcast poor;

But wisely shut the ray
Of God's free Gospel from the simple heart,
And to her darken'd mind alone impart
One stern command—Obey.

So shalt thou deftly raise
The market-price of human flesh: and while
On thee, the pammer'd guest, the plauters smile,
Thy church shall praise.

Grave reverend men shall tell
From northern pulpits how Thy work was blest,
While in that vile South Sodom, first and best
Thy poor disciples sell.

Oh shame! The Moslem thrall,
Who with his master to the Prophet kneels,
While turning to the sacred Kieba, feels
His fetters break and fall.

Cheers for the turban'd boy
Of robber-peopled Tunis! he hath torn
The dark slave-dungeon open, and hath borne
Their inmates into day.

But our poor slave in vain
Turns to the Christian shrine his aching eyes—
His rites will only swell his market-price,
And rivet on his chain.

God of all right! how long
Shall priestly robbers at thine altar stand,
Lifting in prayer to thee the bloody hand
And haughty brow of wrong?

Oh, from the fields of cane,
From the low rice-swamps, from the trader's cell,
From the black slave-ship's foul and loathsome hell,
And coffee's weary chain,—

Hoarse, horrible, and strong,
Rises to heaven that agonising cry,
Filling the arches of the hollow sky—

How long! Oh, God! how long! JOHN G. WHITTIER.

GLACIERS.

GLACIERS are appendages to, and emanations from, snow mountains, belting those lofty formations with rims of ice to a considerable extent below the snow-line, or forming hard firm facades, upon the upper edge of which the superincumbent snow may be said to rest. They were supposed by many persons to be identical with snow mountains, and the word glacier was indefinitely applied to either the former, or glaciers proper; but observation has taught, and will teach any one who examines into their structure, that they are very different in their character, though they may be said to be in many respects of a similar nature. Glaciers may be termed the icy ramifications of snow mountains, being large or small according to the size of the latter, from which they emanate, and without which they could not exist. Their formation also depends upon the form of the mountains upon which they accumulate, as well as the capacity of the snowy regions above to supply them with the matter necessary to support the constant liquefaction of the ice, and the evaporation which also takes place. The glacier begins where the snow mountain terminates, that is, at the snow-line; and as the snow cannot support the form in which it falls, through the whole season, if below the snow-line, it is changed from its granular or flaky condition into that of ice. In Switzerland there are many extensive glaciers, those on Mont Blanc alone amounting to seventeen or eighteen in number. These glaciers are largest where the mountains are gradual in their ascent, or are composed of several terraces that allow of the ice having a firm foundation, and which favours the gelufaction of the melted snow, by preventing it from running rapidly away, as it would do were the mountain more abrupt. The water freezes below the snow-line in consequence of the atmosphere being chilled by the great masses of snow above it. Were it not for this circum-

stance, operating upon the air below the snow-line, and the glaciers also preserving it below the freezing-point, the atmosphere would naturally be of a higher temperature. Where the mountains are very steep, and where there is no break to interrupt the almost perpendicular declivity from the snow-line to the surface of the earth, as at the Fjelle Fonden in Norway, large glaciers are never formed. There are only a very few depressions upon the sides of this otherwise almost perpendicular mass, and in these broken parts, or depressions, a few small glaciers have found a lodgement; but these occur on its northern and western edges, and are the only phenomena of that kind to be met with in the whole extent of this snow mountain, the other sides being so perpendicular as to allow of the frequent descent of the snow in the form of small drift avalanches. The Alps, which are very lofty, and which, below the termination of the snow-fields, are interspersed with rocky barriers, and valleys, and immense shelves, present every facility for the formation of glaciers, which attain to an immense size, through the whole Alpine range, being indeed smallest on the sides of the snow mountains themselves. Wherever there is a ravine commencing on the very borders of the snow-line, and opening downward, there is sure to be a glacier formed, of a greater or less size, according to the character of the ravine. If it is very rapid in its descent, the glacier is terminated at a very short distance below the snow-line; if it is wide and tortuous, and terminates in a level tract, leading towards another fiord, then the glacier is pretty extensive. Others, again, find support upon the great inclined plane of the mountain, and extend for several hundred feet beyond the snow-mass from which they are formed. These, however, are of very little account comparatively; and had it not been that there are others of very great and remarkable extent, it is not likely that glaciers would have been made the subject of scientific observation and discussion, nor that they would have given rise to splendid and most interesting theories. Glaciers are sometimes twenty miles in length, descending so far below the snow-line that they intrude upon the legitimate region of vegetation, and are sometimes enveloped by tall trees, and fields, and orchards. These are of course the largest glaciers, and are formed in valleys which slope gently and for a great distance from the snow mountains, and are enclosed on either side by a ridge which commences in the snow mountain, where the glacier also begins, and completely surrounds the same, rising to a considerable elevation. Large snow-fields are also requisite to supply large glaciers; for, even though extensive valleys may be favourable to their formation, if there is not a constant and sufficient supply of snow from above, the torrents which burst from the glacier's edge, and the continual melting of the ice at the borders of the same, would soon carry the glaciers away altogether, as all of them descend below the snow-line, and are exposed to a variable temperature. Some descend indeed to a considerable number of feet; others, according to their geographical position, reach to almost the level of the sea.

In Switzerland, the glacier of the Lower Grindelwald reaches the lowest level, and is an object of great attraction to travellers, as it can be reached with more facility than any of the others. Its lower edge attains to within 2400 feet above the level of the sea, and 4708 feet of ice must be crossed from this elevation before the lower edge of the snow mass which feeds it can be attained, as the snow-line is found at an elevation of 8117 feet. The glacier of the Upper Grindelwald terminates at an elevation of 4200 feet, and that of the Great Aletsch, which opens into Valais, terminates, from the snow mountains, at 4413 feet above the level of the sea. The other Alpine glaciers do not approach so nearly to the earth's surface, although in Norway, Iceland, and Greenland they approach the very borders of the water. Indeed, in the latter region the cliffs that front the sea and rise to several hundred feet above its waters are almost entirely glacial.

The glaciers of the Swiss Alps are the most famous and interesting, as they are the most extensive and varied in their aspect. The declivities upon which they rest are

generally lined with narrow masses of ice, which descend towards the lower levels, or valleys, between secondary ridges, like mother-of-pearl indented into wood. When the lower extremity of a glacier is attained, it is found to rise to a considerable height, like a bold crag, and to be broken up into elevated rugged passes. The great ice-masses behind this promontorial ridge are also broken up by deep and rugged chasms, into whose yawning throats large blocks of ice seem tottering, as if about to fall, or along whose rims pieces of the most fantastic shapes jut up, like a jagged wall. By still advancing, the traveller reaches a great sea of ice, which undulates more or less, perhaps to an extent of three or four miles. This plain is also riven into parts by great fissures, which vary from a few inches to many feet in breadth, but which are sometimes of immeasurable depth and extend along the whole of the glacier. The ice at the lower extremity of the glacier is generally of a most beautiful blue, which often deepens into an exquisite green. These prismatic colours grow fainter, however, towards the snow-line, and there are lost in the white, where the glacier, as at its lower terminus, is again more broken than in the centre. Ice walls, sometimes rising to the height of sixty feet, gird the sides of the glaciers, and upon these walls masses of bare rocks of various sizes are lodged. The walls already mentioned, which run along the lower extremity of the glacier, are of the same kind, as are also those which frequently occur in its middle. These walls are called *moraines*, as large pieces of rock, on the surface of the glacier, and supported by ice, are called *glacier-tables*.

The ice of the glaciers is a different kind from that formed by water. In the latter, the ice during gelification takes the form of sharp-pointed needles, until these crystals of its transition state disappear in the formed mass. The ice of the former takes a crystallised form also, but its crystals are not spinated, but are polyhedrons of the most irregular shapes, being, however, more oblong than entire. Their surfaces are rough, covered with excrescences, and sometimes furrowed, and it is upon account of this peculiarity of form that these crystals become so easily compressed into a compact solid body. When the whole mass reaches a temperature which it is not able to sustain in a solid state, the crystals become loosened, but yet it is impossible to detach one from the mass without breaking it. When one is removed, however, the whole block may be taken asunder in crystals. In melting, the ice of the glacier maintains its apparent dimensions, the water running off by internal channels like veins, until, from exhaustion, the whole shell suddenly falls down and melts. This peculiarity in the constitution of the ice renders it cellular in its constitution, which may be easily observed by pouring a coloured liquid on its surface, which suddenly permeates through the pores of the mass, showing the interstices and defining the crystals. These crystals, by some singular law of affinity, are largest in the largest ice-blocks. At the lower extremity of the glacier they are of uniform size, from their deepest to their highest point; but when the glacier approaches the snow-line, it is found that the more superficial crystals are smaller than those which are more deeply embedded in the ice.

The smooth and glasslike surface of pond-ice does not find a parallel in the surface of the glacier: the latter is rough, and of different degrees of consistency, and not at all likely to allow of being skated upon. The variety of consistency is dependent upon the dual nature of the ice which composes a glacier. There are, as we mentioned before, parallel veins of ice running through the whole glacier, like contemporaneous veins of quartz in a large formation of basalt. These veins are of a harder and more compact nature than are the other parts of the mass, and they are transparent and blue, while the others are of a dull, greenish, semi-transparent appearance. The blue ridges are not so easily melted as the other parts, so that they stand above them, like low dikes, marking the surface of the ice-field with a system of mathematical figures. The dryness of the surface of the glaciers, and the almost total absence at any time of accumulations of water, have led

to the conclusion that the sun's rays are incapable of melting this ice; but as that part of the glacier which rests upon the hill is always steeped in fluid, others suppose that the melted ice disappears by absorption, and that the interstices between the crystals are sufficient to drain off every particle of water caused by the heat of the sun, and lead it down to the ice-caves at the surface of the earth, which, by its own internal heat, keeps up a continued melting of the ice and drainage also. The caves where this water concentrates are very lofty and large, and streams of whitish water constantly issue from them, in greater or less quantities, according to the season. The whitish colour is supposed to be given to the streams by particles of rocks which have been rubbed off by attrition.

The *chams* of the glaciers are also very peculiar formations, and are divided into two distinct kinds—the day and night chasma. The formation of these great rents in the ice cannot be very satisfactorily accounted for. The day chasms derive their names from an idea that they are only formed during the day, and the night ones *vice versa*. The former vary from a few inches to several feet, broad at the top, gradually converging as they go down, until the two sides meet, forming a great wedge-like opening, which terminates at the edge of the glacier, or at a moraine. The night chasms open the reverse way from the day ones; they are formed nearer the snow-line, and open during the night, after which the top edges slowly meet, forming the roof to a great open cavern below, in which long tangles and other ice formations assume various fantastic shapes, like the sparry incrustations that are formed by lime particles dropping from the roofs of rocky caves. The tops of these night chasms are sometimes hidden by a slight covering of snow, and in that case are very dangerous. Several chamois-hunters have been precipitated into them. One young hunter of the Valais fell into one of these wonderful caves, and recovered himself only to believe that he was doomed to inevitable death. He could see the blue heavens high over his head, and strange fantastic forms of ice around him, glittering in the light that came from above, to colour them with a beautiful green, but he had no hopes of rescue. He was a hardy and bold mountaineer, however, and, as the cold air in the cave would soon have frozen him to death if he had not striven against its influence, he walked boldly forward to explore his living tomb. As he did so, he heard the sound of rushing waters, and, knowing that this stream must issue from the glacier at its termination, he followed its course, guided by the sound and the faint dull light that fell through the vast and ponderous covering of ice. The toil, the dangers, and the hopes of the gallant hunter were at last rewarded by his egress from this cave into the light and life of day. No satisfactory solution has been given of the origin of these chasms.

The moraines, or lateral walls, already referred to, which may be said to surround the glacier, save at its junction with the snow mountains, are very wonderful phenomena. They sometimes rise to an elevation of sixty feet above the plane of the glacier, and the rocks which constitute their copes are very large. These blocks of rock descend from the high, bare masses which are scattered over the snow-fields. During the day, when the sun shines, the snow lying in the clefts is melted, and finds its way into small fissures. When this water is frozen it expands, and splits these rocks into pieces; masses thus disintegrated fall upon the ice-fields, and sink through the upper coating of snow, until they reach the solid ice. Thus embedded, they are pushed downward to the glacier, remaining buried until the snow melts from around them, and leaves them exposed; the debris which falls from the mountain-ridges on either side of the glacier also increases these moraines. The moraines which occur in the centre of the glaciers are formed by the junction of smaller glaciers, which, uniting their lateral walls at a point, form a moraine, which continues to descend in the centre of the great sea of ice formed by the two smaller tributaries. These moraines, as well as the glaciers, have been the cause of much scientific speculation, it being a matter of wonder how these ponderous

blocks of rock have been elevated upon ice walls, some of them nearly eighty feet above the level of the glacier. The likeliest solution of this phenomenon is the following: The glacier generally sinks, in consequence of the melting and evaporation of its parts through the influence of the sun, and other causes. The ridges upon which the rocks and debris rest are, however, impenetrable to the sun's rays, as these rays are absorbed or refracted by the accumulations of stone. The ice thus protected from the action of the heat remains unmelted, while that on either side of it gradually sinks, and thus are the ice-dykes formed. This theory is supported by observations on those peculiar formations called ice-tables. These are large blocks of rock, supported by stalks of ice, upon which they are poised, and beyond which they extend like table-tops. The stalks gradually become smaller and smaller, until they can no longer support these blocks, and then they fall down to the surface of the glacier again, when they are left by the surrounding ice, which still sinks lower and lower through the melting and evaporating process.

Several theories regarding the formation of the glaciers have been proposed, but none as yet established. Saussure's theory attributed the formation of the glaciers to a motion of the ice, effected by its own pressure on the slopes of the mountains, and its separation from the surface of the earth by the internal heat of the latter. The glaciers do not, however, observe the law of mechanics in their descent, as they pass round shoulders of hills and through tortuous gorges, instead of preserving an undeviable progress down the incline. The theory of Agassiz and Charpentier is, that the ice of the glacier being of a porous, sponge-like nature, receives the water which is melted on the surface during the summer, and that when the water descends into the mass it becomes frozen, expands, and propels the ice towards the point where there is less resistance, which is of course at the lower terminus of the glacier. These philosophers also hold that the ice does not move during winter: but observations made by Professor Forbes of Edinburgh and his friends through a whole year have upset this position, and consequently invalidated their whole theory. Professor Forbes supposes the glaciers to consist of an imperfect fluid, or viscous body, which moves more or less rapidly down the hill-side, by the mutual pressure of its parts, and according to its state of wetness or infiltration. In such a body—treacle, for instance—it will be observed that the motion of the centre mass is greatest, as those parts on the sides and in the front have to contend with the resisting medium of the earth's surface. Professor Forbes discovered the incontestible signs of such a motion in the glaciers; but it is contended that this semiliquifaction could only take place in the warm season, and that, as Professor Forbes himself proves that the glaciers move with no great difference of rapidity during the year, from October to June, he has furnished grounds for doubting his own theory of glacial progress. No satisfactory theory has as yet therefore been propounded regarding the question of how are the glaciers formed and supported.

The beauty of the glaciers has been frequently extolled by enraptured travellers. Their colour—their undulated surface, diversified with crumbling pinnacles—and their proximity to the beautiful Alpine scenery immediately below, conduce to render them objects of great and special attraction to the tourist. Those of Grindelwald, already referred to, are the most accessible, and as they extend between the cantons of Berne and Valais, those cantons become the resorts of many thousands of tourists annually for their sake. To the south-east of the valley of Grindelwald is a large system of glaciers, which are only separated from one another by ridges of snowy mountains. The glaciers which descend from the western base of Mont Blanc are also so numerous, so coherent, and extensive, that they have been called the *Mer de Glace*, or Sea of Ice. There are also many other very extensive glaciers through the whole Alpine region, lying like vast leviathan problems which God has spread out for man's solution, and which science is anxiously seeking to define.



John Angell James.

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

REV. JOHN ANGELL JAMES.

It is a melancholy fact that Great Britain, a Christian country, has done more mischief abroad by her wars than she has done good by her gospel; and that her missionaries are few and influential compared with her soldiers. The harvest of death, on the single field of Waterloo, was in itself more abundant than all the fruits which have blessed her peaceful labourers over the whole earth. Yet Birmingham, that prepares the horrid cutlery of slaughter and arms the soldiery with the weapons of destruction, can also boast of holding forth the olive-branch of peace; and in the person of Mr James—one of the warmest advocates of union, civil, social, and religious—she possesses all that is amiable. The 'bane and antidote' are often together; and in the large town in which swords and muskets are manufactured lives one who labours unceasingly for quiet and love in the church universal and throughout the world, and whose energies are all consecrated to bring about that glorious consummation, when swords shall be turned into ploughshares, and men shall learn war no more. If our 'national defences' (according to the present outcry) are to be increased, a large order will be sent to Birmingham; and if, on the other hand, the 'bulwarks of Zion' are to be built up, an equally large order will be sent to Birmingham for copies of James's 'Earnest Ministry.'

Had our gallery been open only to literary, philosophical, and theological princes, and had our plan been to commemorate and celebrate none save men of genius (in the strict sense), Mr James, perhaps, could not have been admitted. But we desire to have other, broader, and more varied views of human excellence; and as Coleridge was wont to maintain that all greatness is goodness, we are inclined occasionally to act upon the converse of this principle, viz. that remarkable goodness is greatness, and that the saint is a hero. As a man, a preacher, and a writer, Mr James is distinguished by so much and such rare goodness, that we may, without any apology, class him with the illustrious, and present a hasty likeness of him to our readers.

In critical periodicals there is a tendency which we should wish to see corrected, as it is greatly injurious to the esteem and veneration which ought to be cherished for the benefactors of their country or their race at large. That tendency is to exact from a laborious and zealous *clergyman* that he also be a *literary* man, and have made some extra-professional achievement, or, at least, that his sacred works have been imbued with literary qualities, ere he be entitled to the meed of genuine renown. Fame is awarded cordially and fully to all other professional men, who have exercised successfully their proper functions, whether literature has been cultivated or not; but no *clergyman*, however distinguished he may have been in his endeavours to 'win souls unto Christ,' will receive honourable mention in our leading journals, unless he shall have also made, either directly or indirectly, some contributions to literature. Save for 'Pilgrim's Progress,' Bunyan's would have been a name absolutely unknown and unpraised by the world. Dr Hugh Blair is occasionally mentioned, because he adorned his sermons with the graces of his very superficial literature; but George Whitfield, whose whole life was an impassioned and wonderfully successful sermon, receives no honour. Wellington is admitted, without a question being put, to the ranks of fame; oratory and poetry have exhausted themselves in praising him; *he fought well, though he never composed a song or an essay*. Nelson is celebrated; he made the sea overwhelm our enemies, though he never proved himself a poet or a philosopher, and though his 'Despatches' are singularly awkward and ungrammatical. Howard will never be forgotten; he helped the helpless, and was an angel blessing even the prison, though his appearances in authorship were anything but extraordinary. James Watt has won high and permanent reputation; he originated a new mechanical agency, though he begat no off-

spring for the commonwealth of letters. All these individuals, along with many men of whom they are specimens, are and will be celebrated, because they were faithful to their calling, though that calling had no connection with literature; yet let a minister of Christ nobly discharge the solemn and important duties to which he has been vowed and consecrated, he will remain unnoticed by literary journals unless he have also succeeded in a literary work, or unless his pulpit services have been conducted in a literary manner. Is not this a most inexplicable and lamentable fact? Has an entire devotion to war more to do with literature than an entire devotion to the gospel? Is he, who is nothing more than a soldier, to be eulogised by literature, whilst he who 'separates himself' unto the gospel of Jesus Christ, and has no ambition save to do good to the souls of others, must be left in obscurity? Unless, therefore, literary men are prepared to be consistent and impartial in their exclusive dealings, and recall the sounding praises which they have, day after day, bestowed on Wellington, Nelson, Howard, and Watt, we dare them to scorn us for introducing into our gallery the portraits of eminent pastors in the church of Christ. We tell them that a mere black-coat would be as great an ornament to their pages as a mere red-coat. We could understand their reasons for slighting ministers, who do not happen to be literary men also, if they were likewise to slight soldiers, who happen to be still less of literary men. Let literature magnify itself to any extent, let it look down with complacency or contempt upon all other pursuits, and let it bestow its degrees of honour upon its own followers; but it acts with most outrageous inconsistency when it spurs mere clergymen and cherishes mere warriors. We pity the late Mr Southey when, in his 'Life of Wesley,' he betrays the conviction that the subject was unworthy of his literary pen; and we are led to ask, if a 'Life of Nelson' was not at least as unworthy. We are justified in making these remarks, which are as true as they are new. The INSTRUCTOR will never scruple in the future, as it has never done in the past, to place distinguished ministers, who have not cultivated literature, in as honourable a rank as other journals assign to warriors, statesmen, philanthropists, and mechanicians, who, in their devotion to their peculiar calling, have been still more indifferent to literature.

In a paper, several months ago, on the character of Archbishop Whately, we took occasion to laud the vast riches of theology which England gave to the world two or three centuries ago. It is an undeniable fact that then, our own country, however fertile in piety, did not produce much theology. The treasures of our religious knowledge have all been imported from the sister-country; and Scotland, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, could not compete with England in point of theology. The most accomplished, eloquent, and profound preachers and divines—the men who could most systematically unfold the principles, most forcibly and vividly inculcate and illustrate the doctrines, and most triumphantly establish and defend the divine origin of Christianity—were unquestionably to be found on the other side of the Tweed. The giants were all in the south, and the theologians of Scotland were comparatively dwarfish and feeble. We think, however, that in modern times the last has become first and the first last in this respect. English theology has lost its masculine character, its rich learning, its mathematical clearness and precision, its sublime oratory, and its luxuriant poetry. It has degenerated sadly in all the qualities in which the present mocks the past architecture of religious edifices. On the other hand, Scotland has proportionally improved; and the sermons and treatises now published amongst us, surpass those of our brethren, though they are still, in the best qualities, inferior to the works of such masters as Jeremy Taylor, Barrow, and Howe. Scottish divines are less superficial and declamatory than English ones, and more given to research and reasoning. Of course we are speaking generally of the mass of preachers in the two countries. We suppose that Dr Hamilton of Leeds, as a scholar, a logician, and a philosopher, has few if any rivals

in Scotland as well as in England. We know that his discourses were too highly intellectual for the audiences which he found here.

Mr James of Birmingham has long been noted as one of the ablest ministers in England. When a very young man, he gained a popularity which has been steadily increasing; and wherever he is to be heard he attracts large crowds, and sends them away enthusiastic admirers of an eloquence which has not become either cold or feeble from the infirmities of old age. For nearly half a century, he has enjoyed great reputation as a pulpit orator, and that reputation is alike traditional and living. Men have listened to his praises from their fathers, and when they are favoured with an opportunity of judging for themselves, they will utter praises of him as warm to their children. He is said to be as powerful in the pulpit now as he was in the fervour of his youth. He has been equally famous as a religious writer. At an early age he ventured upon authorship; and if books may be reckoned successful from having acquired a wide circulation and from having accomplished a great amount of good, the compositions of Mr James have been eminently so. They have found very many readers, and have left a salutary impression upon various minds; and, in the light of Christian principles, this is far more desirable than to meet with many critics and to receive pleasant adulation. His books pass rapidly into several editions, and the multiplication of these is ever followed by practical results which must gratify his benevolent heart. Perhaps, either as a preacher or a writer, his business is not so much with the *objective truth* as with the *subjective mind*. He has left theology where he found it; he cannot state or illustrate truth worthily, so far as *truth itself* is concerned; and if he were left alone in the world with truth, he would be but a dull and slow student of it; but then he can present the truth in a most efficacious way to many *minds*. He does little justice to the truth *as truth in itself*—an abstract thing; but *as the truth for many minds*, there are few exponents, either from the pulpit or the press, who can do it more justice. So far as truth is either *ideal* or *mathematical* he is unable to see it, and, of course, to show it; but so far as it is *practical* he can discuss it admirably. Adopting Coleridge's just and valuable distinction, he has the faculty of understanding but not of reason—the faculty of fancy but not of imagination. In other words, genius is wanting. He fits most skillfully the truth which he teaches to the mind, but not the mind to the truth.

It is pleasant to be able to add, that not only is Mr James a popular preacher and author, but he is also a most diligent and affectionate pastor. Well known as he is in all the churches, his own people in Birmingham know and love him still more. For their spiritual welfare, he toils in season and out of season, and we have been told that there are very few congregations in which such a full and energetic scheme of ministerial labour is carried out. His intercourse with his flock is not the undignified exchange of gossip, nor is it the stately assertion of his bishopric; nor is it the formal and heartless acknowledgment of the relation between them; but, as in the pulpit, so he is in his visitations at their houses, most anxious to promote their well-being both for time and eternity. To the ignorant and the vicious, he acts as a missionary; to the saint, as an experienced and careful elder brother; to the young, as a tender father; and to the afflicted and the dying, as a wise servant of the Great Physician. He has composed and published most excellent directions to ministers and other office-bearers of the church concerning pastoral duties, and his own conduct furnishes an excellent model. It is easy to see how that, from those mental characteristics, at which we have merely hinted, his private and colloquial statements of truth must be singularly impressive. *Ideal* or *mathematical truth* is sure to be badly brought out and represented in conversation, but not so with *practical truth*.

Before proceeding to say more of Mr James as a preacher and writer, we must notice his personal appearance. We have heard it often remarked that ministers, *as a class*,

are not in looks the best favoured portion of the community; and, certainly, when testing this opinion in the presence of a large gathering of clergymen, we have imagined that it was more accurate than otherwise. The gentlemen were all either very fat or very lean, and we were led to muse on Daniel's 'pulse' and the 'king's meat.' Corpulency and spareness were presented in startling contrast; and what surprised us most of all was the fact that almost all the *Falstaffs* were doctors of divinity, so that really learning must, in modern times, be so weariness of the flesh. We also fancied that the general physiognomy was intellectually, vacant and dull, for all expression seemed to be smoothed out of the faces, which were as innocent-looking as the white neckcloths which girded up the 'loins of their mind.'

Mr James's personal appearance is not by any means prepossessing or attractive. He is of large bulk, though he is not in this *material* respect, any more than in the *immaterial* ones, equal to his friend Dr Hamilton of Leeds. In repose, his features are rather inexpressive. His figure is heavy, and he seems to have but little command over his limbs when he is not in full oratorical power. He carries himself like so much clay into the pulpit; he sinks gravely into the cushioned seat as if he could never rise from it; but when he proceeds with the service, the animation and vigour are truly astonishing: the clay perspires largely, and seems to pass into energetic spirit—the broad face is at once flushed with excitement—all its expressions are self-collected in power—whilst a smile of pure and genuine benevolence settles over all the features, indicating the affectionate heart of the preacher.

Our first opportunity of hearing Mr James was when he took part in a service which the late Dr McAll of Manchester conducted. He was entirely eclipsed by the most eloquent preacher of Manchester, who, in appearance, voice, manner, and matter was the greatest orator we have ever been privileged to listen to. We heartily at our seal to the truth of the criticism which Dr Wardlaw, his biographer, has given, that in the pulpit Dr McAll was unrivalled. Still, in spite of being placed in disadvantageous comparison with Dr McAll, Mr James, even then, was seen to be a powerful orator. Without some of the necessary external qualifications, he yet possesses others of these in a high degree. He has a finely melodious voice, and his delivery is warm and impassioned, whilst his diction is rich with popular beauties and attractions. His sermons display a more than ordinarily strong intellect, with copious fancy and deep sentiment, all specially and exclusively directed to the practical purpose of doing good to his hearers. In his youth, his rhetoric was florid and covered with gaudy ornaments, yet even then his leading design was to impart spiritual benefit. His fancy did not overlay his piety though it did his intellect. Its very luxuriance stirred and moved with the breath of religious zeal. To quote the fine language of Robert Hall, he ever remembered 'that the end of all religious discourse is the salvation of souls; and that to a mind which justly estimates the weight of eternal things, it will appear a greater honour to have converted a sinner from the error of his way, than to have wielded the thunder of a Demosthenes, or to have kindled the flame of a Cicero.'

As an author, Mr James has produced some of the most eminently useful works of the age. As specimens of profound or original thinking, they do not deserve to be mentioned at all; but for their practical influence on the minds of thousands of readers they have never been equalled. His 'Anxious Inquirer' has been the means of arousing many men to attend to their religious concerns. As distributed by the London Tract Society, it has been of immense benefit to the poorer classes of our population in large towns. It is also reported to have had a most salutary effect on several individuals of the best educated class. It not infrequently happens that even highly intellectual men, either sceptical or indifferent about Christianity, are aroused to a sense either of its urgent importance or its authentic truth, by the sermons and treatises of divines who are earnest but of commonplace talents; and what

Hall or Foster, Chalmers or Arnold, failed to accomplish, James or Jay may be honoured to do. True it is, that 'God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound those that are mighty.'

The latest work which Mr James has published is the 'Earnest Ministry.' It does not come up to our ideal of a book on the subject of clerical oratory and pastoral superintendence. What are the qualities which should distinguish the rhetoric of the pulpit has never been shown. Blair is worthless as an oracle on the matter, and Campbell of Aberdeen furnishes nothing save cold rules for the composition and delivery of sermons. Whately, in his treatise on 'Rhetoric,' says very little; and though Dr Vaughan, in a recent publication of his, is somewhat more satisfactory, yet he contents himself with throwing out hints rather than engaging in a full and thorough discussion. Our author is very minute as to the frame of spirit in which preachers should appear before their people on a Sabbath; but he is extremely defective on the question of their intellectual exercise. He does not sketch the kind of sermons which would do justice to the truth to be proclaimed, and justice, also, to those who may be the hearers of that truth. The two-fold work of the preacher, first, to give a proper exhibition of the sublime doctrines of the Bible, and, secondly, to make that exhibition effective on the minds of the audience—he says little about this two-fold work. This is yet a desideratum in our theological literature, and, since it is a most important one, those who are competent should lose no time in supplying it. The treatise of Mr James is not without its value. No minister can peruse it without being led to entertain more solemn views of the character and range of his functions, and of the responsibilities of his office. We like, especially, the sombre tints in his delineation of what a minister should be and do. The pastoral is *not* a delightful work, to make a man's heart happy and his manse cheerful. We hear some talking of the pleasure which it gives, until we are tempted to doubt if they have any sympathy with the Redeemer who wept over Jerusalem—if they are touched with pity for the multitude perishing near the riches of a full and free gospel, rejected and put away—if they ever gaze, in profoundest grief, upon the broad, beaten, and crowded road which leads to destruction, and from which the warning sound which they earnestly shout to the insulated thousands is all in vain to draw them back. What has any minister been at best, and even with God's blessing, but like the two angels who led forth *only one man*, even Lot, to safety from the vengeance which desolated the cities of the plain? True, 'there is joy in heaven over *one sinner that repenteth*,' and, therefore, there should be joy on earth; yet may not the thought that the ninety-and-nine left behind are not righteous and secure, shade and surround that joy with a broad and deep melancholy—the joy being like one faint though blessed star in a dark and dreary firmament? Those ministers who talk about the pleasures of their office, must be more fortunate than Samson, who extracted honey from the strong: for, ere they slay the devouring lion, they pleasantly regale themselves! Is it an extravagant thought that the minister who strives and desires, until his whole soul is turned into a strife and a desire, for the salvation of men, will rejoice at the brevity of life, and be grateful that his anxious days and sleepless nights are few upon the earth? Within his being, as if he were born unto them, are the sighs and throes of unredemed mankind. Nay, he partakes of the Saviour's unutterable longings, without living in the calm of the Saviour's full assurance. He wishes ardently—in some degree like God—but faints and sickens like short-sighted and feeble-hearted man. His is not the fretfulness nor pining of an earthly dissatisfaction—a mortal discontent—but the quick and ceaseless panting from the lowest depths of his renewed nature, for the divine honour in human welfare—a panting which nothing save the widely victorious hand of Jesus can here soothe. His is the agony of aspiration, which seems, in some way, to affect glorified saints, prostrating them under the altar, and making them cry out, 'How long, O Lord, how long?' Methuselah's

term, to such a minister, would be intolerable. He becomes willing to depart for heaven, that there, with clear eye, he may behold through mighty obstacles, the certain success of Christ's cause, and be out of hearing of the heart-rending groans of this miserable creation! Mr James very properly represents ministerial work as solemn rather than delightful.

We have said that he does not succeed in sketching what a clergyman should be in the pulpit; but he has given a very fine representation of what he should be in his more private ministrations. He cannot paint the *orator*, but he does paint admirably the *pastor*. The ideal of a Christian pastor has been frequently attempted in novels, and with the very worst success. The *Vicar of Wakefield*, who would expect him to be employed in *converting souls*? Mr Warren, in his 'Ten Thousand a Year,' and in his recent 'Now and Then,' has endeavoured to sketch a noble and devoted Christian pastor; and he has failed. Compare any of the pastors described in novels with those characters delineated by the Apostle Paul, and what an immense difference is found in every respect! One modern writer of fiction, Mr Dickens, has often favoured the world with clerical personations, but he makes them all cant extravagant piety, and drink undiluted brandy. It is plain that he has no liking for reverends, and that in his estimation they are very great rogues. The ablest and most instructive chapters of Mr James's book are those in which he delineates the character and describes the employments of the faithful pastor.

Some of the details of the book are exceedingly and even ludicrously trifling. For example, with utmost gravity, he advises ministers never to take to the tobacco-pipe, which he appears to think the invention of Satan. If they have, unfortunately, addicted themselves to this gratification, he enjoins its speedy abandonment. If, however, this sin still have dominion over them, he cautions them never to indulge in it before their hearers. He draws a most melancholy picture of a minister leaving the pulpit, and straightway repairing to the house of one of his hearers, and asking for a pipe; and he maintains that the preacher, by the greediness with which he enters into this carnal luxury, mars and destroys the good impressions which his sermon may have produced. Really, hearers must be weak-minded people, if the smoking lips of their minister are to spoil the effect of his previous words. What does Mr James say to the minister *taking a meal* in the house of his hearers immediately after preaching? For our own part, to see a clergyman on Sabbath addressing himself eagerly to beef and pudding; to hear him imploring, in a soft voice, for a 'little gravy' from the host, or 'a little more sugar' from the hostess, or 'bread' from the servant, would be more destructive of the sacred impressions which his sermon had left, than to see him seated, with very solemn and musing countenance, at the fire, with a pipe in his mouth. We suppose that Robert Hall's pipe never injured the effects of his pulpit oratory. Throughout all the paragraphs on this small matter, the venerable apostle of Birmingham looks very much like a young lady, who has no relish for the tobacco perfume coming from the lips of her young minister, and who very correctly thinks that his pipe spoils, not a good sermon, but a sweet kiss! We would rather have Ralph Erskine's far-fetched moralising on the tobacco-pipe, than Mr James's ludicrously solemn denunciations of it.

It is well known that Mr James has taken an active interest in the formation and progress of the 'Evangelical Alliance.' He is an apostle of charity and brotherly union to all the denominations of the church upon the earth. He would have the unseemly strifes and rivalries, which have so long prevailed between ecclesiastical communities, ended in cordial peace. That he may long be spared to promote this and other objects of Christian labour is our earnest wish.

SANITARY REFORM AND AGRICULTURAL IMPROVEMENT.

We have been favoured by Charles F. Ellerman, Esq., late consul at Antwerp, with several important excerpts from

a forthcoming elaborate work upon sanitary improvement. The author has been induced to anticipate the publication of his larger volume, and to present several data to the public in general, and Lord Morpeth in particular, in anticipation of that nobleman's Health of Towns Bill, which is to be introduced into parliament this session. Mr Ellerman is anxious also to correct, if possible, the procedure which is likely to follow from the recommendation of the Metropolitan Sanitary Commissioners, that all the exuvise of London be swept into the Thames. The facts which are here produced, and the testimony by which they are supported, are sufficient to surprise, if not to startle, any one who has paid the least attention to agriculture, and who knows at what an enormous expenditure the fertility of the soil is maintained. The first and paramount object of sanitary legislation is of course the preservation of health; the next grand object is how to preserve this health most efficiently and cheaply. Lord Morpeth's bill will, of course, only impose upon local authorities certain conditions which they must see carried into execution; and where the business is in any way likely to be profitable, private companies will soon be found to become the executive, under the nominal supervision of the magistrates.

It is strongly recommended by the Metropolitan Commissioners that there shall be no accumulations, but that an efficient system of sewerage will be adopted, leading to the Thames; and that the ducts shall be periodically swept with fresh water. This mode of procedure involves general principles and considerations of universal application; so that although the recommendation is local, it will undoubtedly extend to the whole kingdom, unless prevented by a more enlightened or rather utilitarian plan. In the first place, then, it is found that in all localities proximate to the outlets of common sewers, the standard of health is at a very low point, and that the general health of places built upon rivers impregnated with the excremental refuse of cities is also not at all equal to that of localities away from the influence of river miasma. The system of sewerage, then, that sweeps from a city the deleterious substances produced there, and sends them into a river that flows through the heart of thickly-populated districts, cannot be considered more than a partially remedial measure; even as a measure of health it is inefficient, causing a concentrated effluvium, which is of course removed from the general inhabitants, but falls with accumulated horror and force upon the poor. Fever and cholera first make their appearance by the sides of rivers where garbage and deleterious substances stagnate; and their ravages are most virulent, and their progress most rapid where common sewers vomit their filthy emanations. Innumerable instances of the truth of this statement were lately adduced in evidence before the Metropolitan Sanitary Commissioners, showing, in fact, that sewerage, without some plan to disinfect or deodorise the exuvise, must ever entail some evil upon society.

The recommendations of the commissioners involve another consideration, however, and it too is a most important one. All the manure substances produced in London are proposed to be lost—to be swept away into the river, there to subside, or be cast up in unhealthy alluvium upon the flats below the city. The Metropolitan Sewage Company, which was proposed in 1846, would preserve this manure, and of course their plan of doing so would be by establishing certain reservoirs where the exuvise could accumulate; but as they do not propose any means of rendering the accumulations innocuous, the commissioners strenuously object to have any such exhalatory sources of disease in the city, and they recommend what they esteem the more healthful, although less profitable, plan of constantly sweeping away the refuse into the river.

Mr Ellerman makes the startling announcement that the loss of night-soil in Britain, according to an estimate based upon the price actually paid in Belgium and Holland for what is but imperfectly preserved in these countries, is fifty-one millions eight hundred thousand pounds annually!—a most enormous sum, indeed, and sufficient to induce this monetary nation to reflect. Other

calculations made by Playfair, Johnson, Liebig, and others, increase the amount lost through this means to the scarcely credible sum of two millions annually! Vessels are dispatched to South America, even doubling Cape Horn, in order to obtain guano for the fertilisation of the ground. Toil, danger, and shipwreck are braved and endured to bring to our shores the excrements and remains of birds, which sell at ten pounds per ton; and yet at the bottoms of our rivers lies a richer manure, accumulating at the rate of our annual taxation, utterly lost and neglected. This question of manure is an important one, and will become more so. There is no doubt but that there will soon be increased activity in agriculture, and an extension of the arable land in this country. It is nonsense to suppose that recent free-trade enactments will throw the soil out of cultivation; the effect will be quite the contrary. It is equally certain, also, that the number of manure-producing animals, such as horses, will decrease in this country in consequence of railway extension; so that it is highly necessary that we provide substitutes for the loss on the one hand, and a supply for an increasing agricultural demand on the other. One authority (Dr Granville, in his evidence before a select committee of the House of Commons) says—'Flanders and Holland thrive in the most marvellous manner, owing entirely to the use of exuvise in manuring. By this means they fertilise thousands of acres of floating blowing sand, which becomes compact, and produces the most abundant crops of potatoes, and afterwards of corn of every description, being in fact the best and most important manure I am acquainted with, containing all the elements that Liebig tells you the land requires under different sorts of cultivation.'

It is certain, however, that this manure can never be made perfectly available for agricultural purposes without a 'deodorising fluid;' and the cheapest and strongest agent of this kind has been discovered and patented by Mr Ellerman. This fluid it is proposed to employ in the rendering of nightsoil innocuous while accumulating, and perfectly inodorous while being used as manure. This agent has been employed for this purpose already with excellent effect. In France the minister of agriculture lately awarded to M. Coutaret a gold medal for producing the best manure from this material, and Mr Ellerman's 'deodorising fluid' was employed by M. Coutaret, so that this agent does not come to us untried.

In order to obtain as good manure substance as possible, it will be necessary to separate the sewerage from the drainage of a city. Drainage is intended to carry away the rain and water accumulations; sewerage should be employed in the view of collecting a manure, by conducting fertilising substances from the habitations of the people to some great reservoirs, where the deodorising fluid could be effectually employed upon it, and from which it could be conveniently carted. Mr Ellerman proposes that there should be a water-closet in every house, and the proposition is too obvious to require a moment's hesitation to grant it. In Birkenhead, near Liverpool, this plan is to be carried out in all the houses of that new city, and it could be easily effected in all old cities also. From these closets he proposes that there should be thick glass pipes, leading into a large main pipe, which would conduct to a perfectly water-tight receptacle covered over and secured with a grating. From this reservoir the manure is taken, by means of a hose and air-pump, into a large covered cart, and carted away. In each of the closets it will be necessary to have a cistern, supplied by the local sanitary authorities with deodorising fluid; this cistern will communicate by pipe with that of the closet, and thus deodorise the exuvise immediately upon its production, so that it may always be taken from the great reservoirs in a perfectly innocuous state. We have glanced at all the points considered in this sanitary question, after it has, as it were, reached the point of action, and we must say that the question of how to preserve this manure is almost as important an one as how to get quit of it. If the system of sewerage proposed be at first expensive, it must be observed that this expense will be involved to save

an expensive and useful substance. The question is one well worthy of the attention of citizens of all grades and of legislative reflection.

Mr Ellerman's deodorising fluid, which he has patented, is declared by eminent chemists who have tested its merits to be much superior to that of Ledoyer or Sir William Burnett, and ten times cheaper than that of the latter. Various practical experimentalists have also given it their high approbation. A company recently formed in London, called the 'New Smithfield or Great Metropolitan Cattle Market and Abattoir Company,' have signified their wish to employ it in deodorising and coagulating the blood collected in the slaughter-houses where they will kill their cattle. Indeed, it promises to be a most excellent agent for the preservation of both health and manure.

There is one point to which we wish to direct attention, however. It is one of minor detail, yet, as it involves considerable expense, it is of great importance to notice it. Mr Ellerman proposes that the pipes employed in sewage should be of thick glass; and doubtless that material would be well adapted for the purpose: but we have seen pipes manufactured of a substance which is less liable to be destroyed than glass pipes, is cheaper, and can be made equally smooth in the runnel. We lately visited the earthenware manufactory of Messrs Belfield & Mitchell, Prestonpans, where we saw the pipes made by those enterprising gentlemen in all the various stages of manufacture, and we were strongly impressed with their perfect adaptation to the purposes of sewerage, while they are equally available for the supplying of fresh water and gas. They have been highly recommended by James Simpson, Esq., advocate, of this city, as the best form of pipe which he has seen employed for the purposes specified above, and he has tried them for some time past with great satisfaction in his own dwelling.

Messrs Belfield and Mitchell's pipes are made of clay, and can be modelled to any particular curve or bend, and to any diameter. They are burned until they are as hard as tile, and glazed inside with the substance generally employed upon common crockery, and are consequently both strong and smooth. Their form prevents the possibility of them being destroyed by pressure, and the consistency of the substance of which they are made renders them almost as hard as cast-iron; while, on the other hand, they are only about half the cost of pipes made from that metal. Being glazed inside, they offer no obstruction to the free passage of sedimentary liquids, and they are of course not subject to oxidization like iron. We saw them of sizes varying from the large main conduit-pipe to the gas-pipe of an inch bore, and of forms from the branched supply-pipe, having three ducts concentrating in one, to the curved parts required for turning angles of buildings. The junction of these pipes is effected by plaster of Paris; and as the parts to be joined are left rough, the cement is completely successful as regards being air-tight. The proposed sanitary improvements will necessarily call pipes of some kind into extensive use; and those of Messrs Belfield & Mitchell are perhaps the best and cheapest yet discovered for sewage and drainage purposes. These must not be confounded with those made from brick clay, and which, from not being glazed inside, are liable to soften, crumble, and become useless from the action of the oxides which pass through them, besides being subject to obstruction from the resisting medium of their own internal roughness. The pipes of Messrs Belfield & Mitchell are as smooth as glass, and of a consistency strong enough to allow of the passage of boiling water from dye-works or such-like establishments, which would be likely to destroy glass tubes.

The subject of sanitary reform is daily assuming a more extensive and interesting character. Active minds are being directed towards it, and speculation, observation, and experiment are causing new light to be thrown on it from day to day; so that when legislation gives forth the reforming fiat, we trust it will be radical and efficient.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

FROM THE FRENCH.

We present our readers with the following tale, as illustrative of that peculiar species of patriotism which Napoleon contrived to infuse into the breasts of Frenchmen, and the peculiar tact with which he took care to display all his so-called generous actions. Effect was the great passion of this ambitious spirit; he was the grand centre round which he contrived to warp the heart-strings of Frenchmen, at the very time he was teaching them, by precept, to love France. There is a hollowness in the character of Bonaparte which is made vividly apparent in such traits as the following, even though they are ostensibly written to glorify him.

In the year 1809, when the twelfth regiment of the line was in garrison at Strasburg, one of its serjeants was called Pierre Pitois. He was from that semi-civilised part of the province of Burgundy known as Morvan, and was named by his comrades *Pierre Avale-tout-cru*. This man was brave to the full extent in which that word is generally understood, and he was declared by his comrades to be the king of fire-eaters. He was the first to dash into the thickest of the battle, he was the last to retire from the work of death. He seemed to delight in only two things in the world, and these were the aroma of gunpowder and the music of the musket-balls that whistled round his head. In battle he was terrible to look upon. His eyes gleamed like tapers in the night, his moustache bristled up upon his quivering lip, and his nostrils were distended widely, as, with a wild laugh of delight, he threw himself headlong into the midst of the furious foe. So dauntlessly and so wildly did he bear himself in the melee, that his comrades all declared that carnage was the jubilee of the terrible *Pierre Avale-tout-cru*.

Wonderful men are always giving people something to speak about, and assuredly Pierre kept his comrades pretty much in talk by his deeds of daring, from the drum-boy to the colonel; but the latter person was more than ordinarily astonished when one day, as he was smoking his meerschaum, and decanting some choice Bourdeaux which he had in his case, a letter was put into his hand from the gallant serjeant. It contained an earnest solicitation for leave of absence, in order that the writer might be enabled to visit his mother, who was aged, feeble, and very ill. His father, he said, was eight more than man's allotted span of threescore and ten years old; he was so feeble and so fragile that he could not minister to his poor old wife in any way; and so Pierre besought the colonel for a pass, promising, whenever his mother was restored to health, to return once more to his duty. The colonel held the epistle between his finger and thumb for some time in the easiest way imaginable, and then he hurriedly sent his attendant to inform the serjeant, that as the regiment was in the position of being about to receive orders to join the army, then in active service, at a moment's warning, he must attend to his duty, nor hope for the indulgence he demanded.

Pierre Pitois bore this rebuff in resigned silence. Five days had elapsed from the period of his sending the first, when another note was presented to the commanding officer from the same man. He intimated in this one that his mother had died, and that her grief that her son could not kneel beside her couch to receive her farewell blessing was very great. She had been a good and tender mother, he said, and had dearly loved him. She was gone, however, and now he had not her to visit; still a powerful motive induced him to again beseech the colonel for the favour of a pass. He could not, he said, explain the nature of the strong and urgent necessity that impelled him to visit his native place; it was a family secret that he could not reveal. He therefore prayed the colonel to give him leave to go, only for one month. Pierre's second application, although so earnestly urged, was no more successful than the first. Indeed, the colonel did not deign to answer his note. His captain spoke to him on the subject, and he did so in such a manner as would have led anybody

to perceive that both the colonel and he thought the matter a very small one indeed.

'Pierre,' said the captain, 'the colonel has received your letter. He is very sorry to hear of the death of your poor old mother, and wishes he could oblige you; but that pass he cannot grant you, as the regiment has received orders to leave Strasburg to-morrow.'

'Ah! the regiment leaves Strasburg to-morrow!' said Pierre, raising his eyes from the ground. 'And whither does it proceed, captain, if you please?'

'To Austria, my boy,' replied the officer, gaily. 'We are going to dance with the fair Viennese, and to give their husbands and brothers a drubbing: that will be a treat for thee, wont it? Thou wilt let Monsieur Allemand have the bayonet to the cry of 'Vive l'Empereur!' my boy.'

Pierre Pitois did not reply to this sally of his chief; he looked sadly to the ground, and seemed absorbed in deep thought.

'What dost thou say to that, my boy?' cried the captain, grasping the hand of his subordinate, and shaking it heartily. 'What ails thee to-day, man? art thou deaf? Here have I announced to thee, eight days beforehand, the pleasure of a brush with the Austrians, and yet you turn your face to the ground, as if you expected it to open and swallow you up, and do not so much as say, thank you for your good news.'

'I did hear you, captain,' said Pierre, in a low voice, 'and I am much obliged to you for the news; I listen to them with pleasure.'

'Then, cheer up, my lad; I am glad the information pleases you,' replied the captain, who evidently strove to restore the equanimity of the depressed *Avale-tout-cru*.

'Yes, the news are excellent, captain; but could you not procure me that pass?'

'Tuts, Pierre, thou art surely mad,' said the captain, in displeasure—'still harping on that leave of absence, and we just on the point of beginning the campaign.'

'That does not matter, captain,' replied the soldier, firmly but respectfully. 'I know that we are just about to begin active service; but were we upon the very eve of battle I should still demand this pass.'

'Then you may save yourself that trouble again, my brave fellow,' replied the officer.

'The demand is not unreasonable,' replied the sergeant; 'it is just; and yet you tell me I must not urge it again. Ah! well then, I will obey you; I will not repeat the request.'

'Well done, Pitois!—that is like thyself again,' said the captain, as he turned away, humming a little air.

On the morrow the twelfth regiment of the line crossed the German frontier, and on the day following that, Pierre Pitois, called *Avale-tout-cru*, had deserted.

Three months had elapsed, when the same regiment, after having won *glory* to their hearts' content on the field of Wagram, and bloody wounds to spice it with, once more entered Strasburg in triumph; and at the same time Pierre Pitois the deserter was led back to his corps, like a malefactor, by a posse of the gendarmerie. It was not long before a council of war was convened, before which tribunal Pierre was accused of the heinous crime of deserting his standard when almost face to face with the foe. Tribunals before which men stand upon charges which subject them to capital punishment are always solemn enough convocations, and this one before which Pitois was arraigned, albeit it was a military one, partook somewhat of that seriousness which always attaches to men who in a corporate capacity assume to themselves the power of life and death. Pierre stood up before his judges uncovered, with his eyes turned down, but his face betraying not the least indication of fear, and he listened to the following accusation which was preferred against him by an officer who acted as clerk to the court. 'Pierre Pitois—you, one of the bravest soldiers in the service of your country—you upon whose breast gleams the star of the legion of honour—you who never rendered yourself before amenable to punishment, nor received a single reproach from your superior officers—you, who had no authority to leave your

regiment, did so most inexplicably and to the regret of every one who knows you, upon the very hour when you were required to face your country's foes. The council is satisfied that some powerful motive induced you to take this most unprecedented step, and, not desiring your punishment, but being anxious to have it in their power to recommend you to the clemency of the emperor, if such is possible, they demand to know the reason of this incomprehensible desertion.'

Pierre listened to the charge without visible emotion, and then, when it was finished, he replied in a firm voice: 'I had no reason for deserting; I had no motive inducing me to this step; and yet I do not regret it. If what I have done were yet undone, I should not hesitate to do it again. I have deserved death, messieurs, and I have no desire to live. Condemn me.'

Every one who witnessed this trial, believed, indeed, that Pierre had absented himself from his regiment, because they knew that he had done so, but that he intended to desert no one would credit; while some were heard to declare that poor Pierre had lost his senses, and that, instead of drawing up a platoon to shoot *Avale-tout-cru*, they should send him to the hospital. This recommendation, which was at least creditable to the feelings of its proposers, did not meet with the approbation of the judges, however. There was not an individual member of that council, it is true, who did not consider Pierre's desertion as one of the most extraordinary and inexplicable of human actions. None of them would for a moment refuse to admit that it was a most extraordinary affair, but then the calm and collected manner of the accused, and his determined persistency not to say one word in exculpation of his offence, left the council no alternative. He determined refused to utter a syllable that might in any way exonerate himself from the charge of causeless desertion, and persisted in boldly proclaiming that he did not regret the step he had taken; so that to allow him to escape with such a bravado upon his lips would be to give encouragement to independence of thought, and a subversion of all subordination, and the council therefore pronounced upon the prisoner sentence of death.

From the moment of his arrest, Pierre, who had scarcely raised his eyes, manifested no desire to live. Many of his officers professed a lively interest in his fate, and would have willingly exerted themselves to procure a revocation of his doom; but he smiled when they spoke to him on the subject, and steadily refused to profit by their well-meant offers. The more that people reflected upon this affair, however, the more mysterious and wonderful did it appear; so that, instead of being immediately led to the place of execution, as is the use and wont when soldiers are capitally convicted during service abroad, Pierre was reconducted to the military prison, and was informed that, in consideration of his former character, he was to have three days of grace, in order that he might have a last chance of explaining all, and appealing for pardon. When this was announced to him, the prisoner calmly folded his arms across his broad manly breast, but said not a word.

It was midnight immediately preceding the day appointed for the execution of Pitois, when the door of his prison-cell receded softly on its hinges, and a subaltern officer of the young guard softly approached the camp-bed upon which the prisoner slumbered. He seemed wrapped in a calm and deep sleep, for as the officer stood and gazed upon his brown sunburned face, he could discover no indication of grief. At last he laid his hand upon Pierre and awoke him. Pierre quietly opened his eyes, then raising himself upon his elbow, and looking round his cell, as if to assure himself of where he was, he exclaimed, 'Ah! has the hour arrived at last? Well, I am ready.'

'No, Pierre,' replied his visiter, in a low friendly tone, 'the hour has not yet come, although, alas! it soon will be here.'

'And what do you want with me, then?' said Pierre, looking wonderingly up in the face of the young guardsman.

'Pierre, you do not know me,' said the subaltern, laying

his hand gently upon the arm of the prisoner, and looking kindly in his face, 'but I know you. I saw you at Austerlitz, where the combat raged fiercest and longest, comport yourself like a hero, and from that day I have conceived an ardent esteem for you. I arrived yesterday in Strasbourg, when I was apprised of your trial and condemnation, and as I am intimate with the jailer of this prison, I sought and obtained permission to come and speak with you. Pierre, there are few men upon the point of death who do not regret that they have not a friend to whom they can unbosom themselves—in whom they can confide—to whom they can depute the last holy offices of affection and remembrance. Comrade, if you please,' said the subaltern, in low thrilling tones, 'I will be that friend to thee.'

'Have mercy on me, comrade,' said Pierre, in a choking voice, as he turned his eyes to the ground, and sadly leaned his head upon his hand.

'Is there nothing of this kind that I can do for thee?' continued the soldier, in the same low voice.

'Nothing,' was Pierre's reply.

'What? not a lock of thy dark hair for some sweet village maiden, who will mourn thee even when the sun dances over the green fields of Morvan, and the song of the grape-gatherers is rising from the vine groves? Hast thou no farewell for thy sweetheart—no kind word for thy sister?'

'I never had either, friend,' replied the prisoner, coldly.

'To thy father, then, who will love to hear of thee, even though he may never see thee? This star, which thou didst win upon the gory field, wilt thou not send it to the old man, that he may at least remember that his son was once worthy of him and France?'

'My father is gone; about two months ago he pillowed his heavy head upon my breast, and sighed out his last breath in my arms,' said Pierre, softly.

'Thy mother, then?' continued his friend.

'My mother!' cried the young man, suddenly turning his eyes upon the officer, and looking in his face with an expression of the most indescribable sorrow, while his voice became even musical in its intonation—'For my mother! Ah, comrade, do not breathe that name to me if you have pity for me. I never hear the sound of that holy word, mother, but it stirs my heart with all the soft and tender emotions of a little child. Ah, then, I think I hear my mother speaking to me in the low fond tones of endearment which she used to breathe into my ear in childhood, and then I think I speak to her as I was wont to do, when a boy, in our dear old home.'

'Ah, well! my brave comrade,' said his visiter, with emotion.

'Oh! I could weep libations of tears when I think of her!' continued Pierre, 'but tears do not become the cheek of a man. Were I to weep when only separated from death by a few hours,' said Pierre, with a look of pride, 'it would be said that the heart of Pierre Pitois had failed him, and that he was afraid to die.'

'You are too severe, my friend,' said the subaltern, gently taking the prisoner's hand. 'I do believe that I have as few of the weaknesses of mankind about me as many, and I am certain that no one who knows me would call me soft-hearted; and yet I could shed tears, and feel no shame in doing so, when speaking of my mother.'

'Indeed!' cried Pierre, suddenly grasping the hand of the soldier, and looking in his face with an expression of pleased wonder beaming in his own. 'You are a man and a soldier, and yet you would not blush to shed tears?'

'When thinking of my mother?—no, surely not. She who bore me in her arms, and nursed me on her soft and downy lap; she who is so good and so noble—who loves me so fondly, and whom I so dearly love? Ah, no, comrade! Tears shed in remembrance of a mother's love are holy drops that well become the cheeks of even bearded men; and I know that I could wear them on mine, like heart-jewels, and feel no shame.'

'Your mother, whom you love, and who loves you!' cried Pierre, who seemed but to have caught these words; 'ah, then, I do indeed discover in you one in whom my soul

share the griefs I bear. You will not laugh at me—ah, I know that you will not. Bend your ear to me, then, my comrade, and listen to the whisperings of my heart. Ah, how truly you spoke within this hour, when you said, that to the dying man it was a glorious consolation to have a heart into which he could pour the emotions that filled his own. Will you listen to me then as a friend—as a brother? You will not laugh at me?'

'I shall listen to you, Pierre, as if I were listening to a dying man, who should ever claim our sorrow and excite our sympathies,' said the subaltern, taking the hand of the condemned, and seating himself beside him on the edge of the camp-bed.

'You must know, then,' said Pierre, speaking freely, but at the same time with a melancholy expression—'you must know that there was only one person in all this world whom I can be said to have truly loved, and that was my mother; but her I did love with all the intensity and ardour that was in my life and nature. When I was but a child, I would gaze into her soft kind eyes and read the thoughts that beamed in them as intelligibly as she could perceive my undisguised feelings in mine. I could divine her thoughts from her looks as well as from her words, and well could she read the feelings that stirred me. If ever mother reigned in the bosom of a son, my mother did in mine; and if ever son was enthroned in a parent's heart, I was in hers. I never had a sweetheart—I never knew love for another woman in my life: my mother was all the world to me. At last, however, I passed through the period of my happy boyhood, and reached the years of man, and then I knew an awakening indeed from my life of affection and toil that knew no care. I was drawn as a conscript, and called upon to follow the eagle of France in its flight of glory; but what a sacrifice did not this impose upon me?—it tore me from my mother. I became gloomy—despondent—thrown into despair—and at last declared that I would not be taken from my mother with life in my bosom. But she, noble and magnanimous woman that she was, soon changed my grief to firm resolve. 'Pierre,' said she, in a decided tone, 'I perceive that we must part.' I knelt before her, as I had often knelt when a child, to receive her blessing, and I murmured, 'Mother, I will go then.'—'Pierre,' said she, looking kindly on me, 'you have been a good and dutiful son to me, and I thank God that gave thee to me; but the duties of a son are not the only ones that belong to a man. He is a citizen as well as a son, and owes allegiance to his country as well as to his parents. When our country calls, her voice must be obeyed. France asks of thee at this moment to be a soldier, and remember that thy life is not thy own but thy country's. When her interests are weighed in the balance with our own selfish feelings, we must not hesitate which to prefer. If God wills that thou shalt fall upon some bloody plain, and there breathe out thy last breath before I am called away, ah! I shall drain my heart of tears to thy memory—but still I bid thee go; and if thou lovest me, my son, do thy duty.'—Oh! these words of that dear woman, I have treasured them in my bosom since she spoke them to me. 'Do thy duty,' she exclaimed; 'it is the duty of a soldier to obey every one above him, and always to obey; he must be ever ready to advance through the heart of danger without question, and without hesitation.' I have ever done so; and those who have seen me revelling in the fight have cried, 'Behold a hero!' but they would have spoken more correctly if they had cried, 'Behold one who truly loves his mother!'—One day I received a letter apprising me that she was ill. My heart yearned to see the dear old woman, and I demanded a pass, which was refused. I recollected her last words, 'If thou lovest me, do thy duty,' and I resigned myself to bear our separation as I best could; but in a short time afterwards I heard that she was dead. Ah! then my brain reeled, all sense of subordination forsook me, and I felt that I must return to my native village at every hazard. Thou canst not tell me whence arose that strong, impetuous, unconquerable desire to revisit the spot

and, seeing that you have a mother whom you venerate, and who doats upon you, you will comprehend the force of that feeling, and from what it sprang. We peasants of Morvan are a simple people; we can boast of but little of the knowledge possessed by those who have been bred in cities; but we have our beliefs—superstitions, they are called by wise folks, who laugh at them; and one of the strongest of these is, that whoever culls the earliest flower that springs upon a grave shall never cease to remember the beloved being who sleeps beneath its sod, and that the spirit of the departed shall ever hover round the path of him possessed of this sweet floral treasure. That flower I saw spring—that flower I culled,’ cried Pierre, looking up with a smile of delight; then, suddenly resuming his calm demeanour, he said, ‘I am wandering, however, my comrade; forgive me. After six days of long and weary travel,’ he continued, ‘I hung at last over my mother’s lowly tomb. The earth seemed to have been freshly stirred, but not a flower had yet sprung up that I might bear away with me. I determined to wait, however. Day after day found me beside my parent’s narrow bed, scanning with eager eyes the verdant turf that wrapped her mouldering form. Six weeks had elapsed in this way, when at last, one morning, when the bright sunbeams had just ushered in the day, I beheld a little flower of azure blue open its blossoms to the golden rays. It was one of those lovely little flowers which are called *myosotis* in the cities, but which we simple rustics name the *forget-me-not*. As I plucked the beautiful gem I watered it with rapturous tears. It seemed to me as if that flower had been an embodiment of my mother’s spirit; it seemed as if she had been sensible of my presence, and that, under the form of this tiny little flower, she had come to comfort and cheer me. After this I had no tie to bind me to my old home. My father had not been long in following my dear mother to the grave; and then, when I had gathered this precious little flower, what was left for me to do? I now remembered my mother’s counsels—I recollected her emphatic words, ‘Do your duty,’ and, presenting myself to the *gens d’armes*, I said to them, ‘I have deserted; arrest me.’ And now it only remains for me to die; and if, as you have assured me, I have found in you a friend, I shall do so without regret, for you will render to me the only service I shall require of man. That flower which I gathered upon a grave, at the peril of my life, is here in this little perfumed bag which you see suspended over my heart: Promise me, then, that you will see that it is not taken away from my bosom after I am dead. It is the strong link which binds me to my mother; and if I thought that that link was to be broken, oh, my courage would desert me, and I would die with a trembling heart. Speak! do you promise that you will perform this last service for me?’

‘Yes, I promise,’ said the soldier, with emotion.

‘Oh! give me your hand then, that I may press it to my heart, my comrade,’ cried *Avale-tout-cru*, with rapture. ‘Oh! you are so kind to me that in my soul I love you; and if God, in whom is all power, were to restore me once more to life, I would consecrate that life to thee, for this one generous act.’

The friends embraced each other, and then they parted.

On the morrow, when the prisoner had been led to the place of execution; when the long, close ranks of soldiers in their glittering array had been drawn up to witness the death of one who had dared to love his mother more than the gory field of war—who had dared to disobey the commands of man at the call of a holy inspiration of his nature; when the company had been led forward that was to execute vengeance upon this slave of his affections, and were just about to fire the fatal volley—first a low murmur was heard to run along the line, and then the welkin rung with loud and deafening shouts of ‘The Emperor—it is the Emperor! Long live the Emperor!’ Napoleon, for it was indeed he, rode up in front of the line, and then, dismounting from his horse, walked, in the quick manner and with the short step so peculiar to himself, right up in front of the condemned.

‘Pierre,’ said he, looking steadily in the soldier’s face.

Pitois gazed at him, with astonished bewilderment painted in his expressive countenance. He strove to speak, but he could not; for in Napoleon he recognised his companion of the previous night. ‘Pierre,’ continued Bonaparte, ‘dost thou remember thy words of last night? God does grant to thee a renewal of thy term of life. Consecrate that life not to me, but to our dear France. She, truly, is a good and noble mother also. Love her only as thou hast loved thy mother now dead, and thou wilt do well.’

He ceased, and long and vehement peals of rapturous applause were echoed and re-echoed along that glittering line. Several years afterwards, Pierre, who was then a captain of the old guard, fell upon the field of Waterloo; and, although mortally wounded, he still retained vigour to cry with a firm voice, ere he died, ‘Vive l’Empereur! Vive la France! Vive ma mere!’ They buried him upon that blood soaked field of death, and in his bosom he still retained the withered leaves of the tiny ‘forget-me-not.’ Alas! that he who loved his mother so well, could have so lent himself to make poor mothers weep!

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE JEWELS; AN INDIAN TALE.

BY DR GEORGE ASPHALL.

’Twas to an Indian settlement

That I, a stripling, came:

I came to track their hoary woods,

And slay their herds of game.

I had been in the East, and a sparkling zone

Of precious stones I wore;

The rude squaws ne’er had seen such things,

And coveted them sore:

But they *dared* not steal, ’twould offend their god;

Though I could not choose but see

They’d have almost given away their lives

To have had those gems from me.

(They were pricey things, but I little thought

For what a price they’d sell—

But let me not anticipate,

I’ve yet my tale to tell.)

The leader of their savage tribe

Held out to me his hand,

And on the prairie day by day

I hunted with his band.

He joy’d to hear my songs, and laugh’d

In grim, barbaric glee;

And down beside the cocoa-grove

His log-hut shelter’d me.

A strange, dread place seem’d that chieftain’s hut,

As I squatted there at night—

Hung round with scalping-knives, and scalps,

The trophies of the fight.

The fatal tomahawk gleam’d there;

There too the native lance;

And heron-plumes, to decorate

Their chieftains in the dance;

Gnar’d clubs, and shafted arrows keen;

Brave bows, with stag-horn tipp’d;

And long straight lines of supple darts,

In deadly venom dipp’d;

Rich matings, wove of bison’s coat,

Inlaid with crimson bark;

Stuff’d crocodiles; huge snakes made tame;

And jaw-bones of the shark.

There rock’d the wigwam up aloft—

Their patriarchal bed;

And all about lay squares of paint—

Bright blue and brighter red:

The colours these for fight or feast,

And that the living hand

Might smear the corpses of their dead

For their dead man’s spirit-land.

The lion and the panther's hide
Bespread the dank mud floor,
And folds of speckled leopard's skin
Were swung across the door;

But the *brighest* piece of ornament
Was the old chief's only child;—
Eye never rested on a form
More beautifully wild.

Her limbs were shapely as the deer's,
Each one a type of grace;
And, oh! the passing loveliness
That woo'd me, in her face!

Fresh was she as young vernal buds,
More sportive than the fawn;
Ripe as some golden day's decline,
And pensive as the dawn.

No mountain-elm was e'er more free,
No fond pet lamb more meek;
And like the blush of summer fruit
Was the glow upon her cheek.

Her tresses, black as ebony,
Swept almost to the ground;
And her voice was as a gushing lute,
So melodious in sound.

One eve she brought the pipe of peace,
And handed me the bowl:
In taking it, our glances met—
Hers, madden'd all my soul.

From then, my one consuming hope—
The pole-star of my life—
Was how to win this thing of joy
And, winning, win my wife.

... ..

I met her after 'mong the pines,
And there—the moon above,
And the planets, our sole witnesses—
I told her all my love.

I told her *ALL*—yes, every whit!
And I ask'd if she would be
Her white youth's bride in England's isle
Across the gaugeless sea?

She blush'd, then named her father's name,
And spake of his consent:
I answer'd with one burning kiss,
Then fled from her, and went—

I went, and ask'd her of her aile,
And waited his reply.

The costly gems about my dress!—
His dark, rapacious eye

Had *scann'd* them—'Say! those *jewels*, boy!
Speak! shall they all be mine?'
'Give me *THE* jewel, and they *shall*.'
'There! take her! she is thine!'

Quick—quick as thought—the orient gems,
I *spurn'd* them from my side,
Then clasp'd, for life, my *living gem*,
My covenanted bride!

THREE DAYS IN THE SOUTH.

PEEBLES TO MOFFAT BY THE VALE OF YARROW.

On a bright morning in August of last year, two friends and the writer started for a pedestrian ramble in the south of Scotland. It might be called an extempore scamper, but for the circumstance that we had made up our minds if possible to enjoy a stroll by the famed stream of Yarrow. Three days was the whole time allowed us from the toil and moil of the working world, and we determined to make the most of it in some out-of-the-way nook of country as yet undecorated by the ordinary and vulgar facilities of travelling. Railways, we argued, are excellent for business—as we seek for pleasure only, let us use our legs. But as we desired to get over the beaten ground in

the vicinity of Edinburgh as speedily as possible, and as our dependence on our pedestrianism was not strong enough to induce us to attempt three entire days of walking, it was determined, as a beginning, to take the ordinary conveyance to Peebles.

Behold us, then, set down in this famous—and sweet as famous—little town. The place has a quiet, respectable, sleepy-looking air about it, which it is quite delightful to contemplate after the incessant stir of a large city. Time is evidently not of so much consequence in such quarters as Peebles. People seem more independent, and wont be put in a hurry. Business is here not the whole of existence—the citizens seem determined to make a little room for enjoyment. The appearance of the streets at Peebles reminded us forcibly of Scott's allusion to it (under the name of Marchethorn) in 'St Ronan's Well.' 'It was an old-fashioned Scottish town,' he says, 'the streets of which, on market-day, showed a reasonable number of stout great-coated yeomen, bartering or dealing for the various commodities of their farms, and on the other days of the week, only a few forlorn burghers, crawling about like half-awakened flies, and watching the town-steeple till the happy sound of twelve strokes from time's oracles should tell them it was time to take their *meridian dram*.' As customary in our wanderings, we desired to visit the churchyard of the place; and the gate being locked, we climbed over the walls as nimbly as practised resurrectionists. But there was little found within to gratify curiosity, most of those who sleep in the graveyard of Peebles having left nothing on record save that they were 'burghesses' of the town. One stone, however, somewhat more ambitious in its character, informs the reader that the deceased's remains lie mingled with the dust of 'a long line of ancestors, burghesses and manufacturers in Peebles.' The inscription jarred on us as a little out of place, and recalled to mind the ludicrous effect produced by an inscription to be found on a monument in a picturesque rural burying-ground in the vicinity of Edinburgh. This monument, one of the most conspicuous in the place, is dedicated—not to 'ye barons of Rosslyn,' but to an enterprising firm of *advertising haberdashers*!

There is truly not much to observe in the town of Peebles, at least so we thought, but mayhap we were too proud of having again got possession of our legs to bestow much time in examining streets—at all events, with a passing glance at the town, we ran off incontinently to see the Tweed and the green hills of the vicinity. First amongst objects of attraction is the castle of Neidpath, which stands on a rock on the left bank of the Tweed, about a mile from Peebles. Its situation is alluded to by Dr Pennecuik, in his description of Tweedside, in a style more literal than elegant:

'The noble Neidpath Peebles overlooks,
With its fair bridge and Tweed's meandering brooks;
Upon a rock it proud and stately stands,
And to the fields about gives forth commands.'

It is a heavy massive pile of building, with walls eleven feet thick. The good dame in possession of the fortalice at once introduced us to its interior, where, after inspecting its dungeon, draw-well, and state-rooms, we ascended to the turrets. From this point is obtained a fine view of the surrounding country, and it commands also a view of something not quite so agreeable, namely, the iron ring by which ill-doers were suspended from the castle walls. In curious contrast with the ancient purposes served by this massive 'keep' are its more modern uses. Its huge kitchen, and a couple of its least comfortable halls, form the residence of a gamekeeper of Lord Wemyss; and the gude-wife's spinning-wheel, her homemade webs of hoddin grey, and 'the ketchup kenn'd to be gude in a' the kintra round,' attest the thrifty habits of the worthy dame, and mark her as no unworthy successor of the stately Lady Marjories who presided over the households of the barons of old.

We were in no mood for a minute examination of all the nooks and crannies of this remnant of feudal times. The bright sky was glowing overhead, and all nature smiling around, invitingly tempting us to 'fresh fields and pastures

new.' Having therefore rambled round the town, we started for Innerleithen—the famed St Ronan's—distant from Peebles about six miles. The walk between the two towns is delightful. When the pedestrian wearies of the dust of the road, he may vary the route by a walk on the side of the Tweed, or, stretching himself on its grassy banks, enjoy a draught of its sparkling waters. The river meanders for nearly the whole distance by the side of the road, which leads you at length, by an acute bend, to the neat little town of Innerleithen.

Innerleithen consists mainly of a double line of houses, although near the farther end it breaks up into a more straggling form, embracing two or three large mills for woollen manufacture. The 'well' lies immediately to the back of the town, on the slope of a hill called the Leepen. It was at one time a favourite place of resort for invalids and idle people; but the fashion seems to have set in another direction, for, when we visited it, although in the height of the season, there was not an individual to be seen. The erections around the springs were got up by the Earl of Traquair, on whose property they rise, and consist of a covered arcade for enjoying a draught of the mineral fresh from the pump, and interior rooms, with garden ground behind. But the whole place appeared to be in a care-worn and desolate condition, as if it had seen better days. Except the old lady who dispensed the once-favourite beverage, and a maid-servant leaning on a broom, who had clearly 'got no work to do,' no person was visible. The gay belles and handsome beaux which the fascination of Scott's pen brought to the place, had flitted their brief hour, and, like swallows, departed for other latitudes. The literary department seemed in as desolate a condition as the rest of the place, the 'library,' as it was called, consisting of one old newspaper and a few odd volumes of novels! The well, in short, was 'oursed,' or, what was the same thing, had become 'unfashionable.'

In the cool of the evening we walked out to view the mansion of the Earl of Traquair, which lies a little to the south of Innerleithen, close on the Tweed. A handsome wooden bridge now spans the river at this point, and opens up a new portion of road to Selkirk. Knowing little of the locality, and nothing of the inmates of Traquair Castle, we not inappropriately found ourselves approaching the building from the back entrance. We had no introductory cards, but certain obliging curs were good enough to take up the duty, and to give the inmates warning of our approach. A scout, in the shape of a tall footman, immediately appeared to inquire our business. Taking the first word of 'flying,' we politely informed the functionary that we were strangers, and, wishing to inspect the front of his lordship's mansion, would be obliged to be shown the way. It was by this time nearly dark, and we felt that it was an unfortunate time to be asking to see anything; and so apparently thought the lacquey, for he dismissed us with a dry 'umph!' as if he perfectly understood us to be footpads, rather than (what we believed ourselves) respectable enough people, but in awkward circumstances.

Leaving behind us the gloomy old castle, we forded the Tweed barefooted, and, laughing at the ridiculous figure we had cut, scampered merrily off to Riddle's inn (which we had previously fixed on as a temporary abode). Here at all events we were sure of hospitable treatment, of which we took ample advantage, and set ourselves to the discussion and settlement of all sorts of questions, from the nebular theory down to the commercial policy of Sir Robert Peel. These interesting subjects, before we got each other convinced of the soundness of our respective views, occupied rather long, as we judged from a notification being brought by the maid 'that our beds were ready.' As it was thought necessary to be stirring next morning by four o'clock, the mention of 'bed,' though breaking up an important discussion, we, on reflection, judged by no means premature, and forthwith proceeded to take possession.

Starting almost with the dawn, we set out on the road, a part of which we had traversed the evening before, and, leaving Traquair House on the right, and the 'Bush aboon

Traquair' on our left, shortly arrived at the village of that name—a quiet little spot, with its sweet sequestered churchyard and manse. Except the still smaller village of Pirn, this is the only thing in the shape of a collection of houses which presents itself on the road from Innerleithen to Yarrow—a distance of nine miles; and with the exception of one or two farm-houses, the centre of sheep-farms, the whole district is wild, hilly, and desolate. Arriving at a toll-bar, about eight miles from Innerleithen, we found the keeper lying on the grass before the door, basking in the sun and playing with his youngest child. In this interesting occupation we cordially joined him, and had a crack about 'things in general.' He gave us a piece of statistics which may be useful to planners of railways when the next mania comes on, and Peeblesshire is again invaded by engineers—namely, that the receipts of the bar which he kept (on the highway between Selkirk and Peebles) amounted to the magnificent sum of £9 yearly!

By this time we were half-broiled and desperately hungry, having walked for three hours under a burning sun; but we had now the satisfaction of learning that we were within a mile of the Gordon Arms (for to tell the truth, the name of this inn, in our present plight, was more welcome even than that of the classic Yarrow), and we set off afresh, and had soon the satisfaction of coming within sight of Mount Benger, lying straight before us, which was at first mistaken for the 'inn,' but on turning to the right, we found the Yarrow meandering sweetly through a long pastoral vale, and—double delight—immediately beneath us the much longed-for spot, 'the Gordon Arms.' We are bound to confess (but we don't pretend to be poets) that we felt none of the squeamishness of Wordsworth when nearing the Yarrow—no idea had we of 'turning aside,' and leaving it as a *bonne bouche* for another occasion; 'the treasured dreams of times long past' we didn't the least scruple of realising or destroying. And there was a method in our madness; for having our toilet yet to perform—in plainer words, having to wash our faces—and being besides, as the town lady in the 'Vicar of Wakefield' elegantly expresses it, 'all in a muck of sweat,' we didn't gaze long on the hallowed stream, but plunged bodily into it, neck and heels. And we believe that if good Mr Wordsworth had been in our circumstances he would not have indulged in so much poetical coquetry. He doubtless was jaunting leisurely in his travelling car, and with his 'winsome marrow' at his side, and felt none of the inconveniences attendant on poor pedestrians. Had he been situated as we were—with wet shirts and dust-covered faces—he would doubtless have sought the nearest and deepest pool, and 'Yarrow Unvisited' would have remained unwritten or been turned into 'A Dip in Yarrow.' Be this as it may, with our shirts spread out to dry, we enjoyed ourselves deliciously under the old bridge leading to Etrick, and after leaving the water, had a leisurely promenade in paradisaical fashion, on the green sward. Startle not, reader—we had small notion of bringing back the Golden Age all at once; but around us was so full of primeval simplicity (the inn excepted)—the long-stretching hills, green to their summits, which no plough had ever touched, and the white lambs cropping the herbage—the song of birds, and the soft rippling of the waters—that we might perhaps be excused for realising a little of the times when, according to Tasso,

'Spesso o in fiume o in lago,
Scherger si vide con l'amato il vago.'

But this dream of romantic simplicity was soon forgot in other necessities; for no sooner had we donned our clothes and reached the inn, than a clamorous cry arose of 'Well, what have you got? any steak, chop, sausages, or beef-ham, or——' 'You can have ham and eggs,' interrupted a meek voice, 'low and sweet'—though perhaps any voice would have sounded sweet conveying so grateful a message.

Having eaten up the people's provisions as far as decency permitted—for the hunger we had about us we believe no amount of food would have satisfied—we prepared to enjoy the principal object of the journey; and as hard

leather began to gall our tender feet, we determined on putting our shoes into our pockets, and resuming the walk as barefooted pilgrims. And indeed, though condemned to make a pilgrimage up Yarrow with Wallingtons, and peas (not boiled) at the bottom of them, the scene around would make any one forget his troubles. The locality has been well designated the Arcadia of Scotland; and more peaceful, more pastoral, more brightly verdurous, it seemed to us that even Greece could scarcely be. There was nothing to interrupt the still solemnity of the scene. We had travelled miles without meeting a living creature, and when we sat down by one of the tributary streamlets of the Yarrow to refresh ourselves with its limpid water, it seemed to us that here was the spot of all we had yet seen, in which we would be certain to spend our days in happiness—the world forgetting, by the world forgot.* Right beside us is Altrive, the last residence of Hogg, the poet-shepherd of the district; and a little farther on we come to the ruined Peel Tower of Dryhope, celebrated as the birth-place of one dear to every lover of ballad-poetry, Mary Scott, the flower of Yarrow. We are now in view of the great attraction of the locality, 'lone St Mary's silent lake,' a considerable sheet of water lying placidly amongst the hills, and in fine harmony with all around. The place has been so often described, and by master-pens, that it would be a kind of desecration in us to attempt it. Scott has beautifully embodied the features of the scene in the introduction to the second canto of 'Marmion.'

'Thou know'st it well—nor fen nor sedge
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge.
Abrupt and sheer the mountain sink
At once upon the level brink;
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.
Far in the mirror, bright and blue,
Each hill's huge outline you may view;
Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake is there,
Save where, of land, yon slender line
Bears thwart the lake the shattered pine.
Yet even this nakedness has power,
And aids the feeling of the hour;
Nor thicket, dell, nor copse, you spy,
Where living thing concealed might lie;
Nor point retiring hides a dell,
Where swain or woodman lone might dwell.
There's nothing left to Fancy's guess,
You see that all is loneliness;
And silence aids—though the steep hills,
Send to the lake a thousand rills;
In summer tide so soft they sweep
The sound but lulls the ear asleep;
Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
So stillly is the solitude!'

This description has been often quoted, and not oftener than it deserves, though it contains an error in detail which pedestrians like us alone could detect, but which seems to have escaped all travellers in the district—we allude to those lines wherein the lake is represented as being bordered by 'silver sand.' The appearance of sand is purely deceptive, and is caused by certain slimy materials which gather on the hard angular stones surrounding the lake, when its waters are full, and become afterwards whitened by the sun on their retiring.

St Mary's Loch, with all the country around, is a favourite resort of anglers; and if solitude is considered essential to the enjoyment of the mis-named 'gentle craft,' it is here in perfection. But there is something in the aspect of the place so holy and subduing that it seems like profanation to introduce the art of 'fishing' into so fair a scene. So we are glad to see at least one angler felt on a recent visit. 'We carried fishing-rods and tackle with us,' says he, 'and had determined to devote at least an hour or two to serious angling, but the beauty and novelty of the scenery made us quite unfit to do anything of the sort, or, in short, to do anything but enjoy nature.' Every visitor to Yarrow must acknowledge that Sir Thomas has imbibed the true feeling of the scene. That feeling is one of majesty and loneliness, which indisposes you to do aught but look, and wonder, and worship. The poetry associated

with the district undoubtedly aids this feeling. It is almost invariably of a plaintive and melancholy cast, as instanced in such pieces as the ballad of the 'Douglas Tragedy,' 'Willie's Drowned in Yarrow,' Logan's lyric, 'Thy braes were bonnie, Yarrow stream,' and many others familiar to the lovers of song.

Passing on, we speedily arrived at the head of the loch. Here we found—not a regular inn, for we were now beyond the region of Bonifaces—but a place everywhere as acceptable, being a picturesque little cottage embosomed in trees, kept by a Mrs Richardson, better known amongst anglers and in the neighbourhood by the name of 'Tibby Shiels.' Good, kind, gentle, modest Tibby—we love to think on thy quiet good-natured countenance, and homely hospitable manners—on thy 'scones,' and milk, and cheese, and everything that is thine!

While discussing the good things set before us in this out-of-the-way nook of earth, we began to speculate on where we were, what we had been doing, and (for half of our time was 'up') how we should return. Our feet, unaccustomed to long tramping, were pretty well punished, but the excitement and enjoyment of the scenery had been too intense to think much of *them*. However, here we were, as if dropped down amongst the hills, and about twenty miles from coaches and gigs, and other convenient *et ceteras*. Walk we must—but where? Let us see the map. Oh! here at least is one grand object straight ahead, the sight of which must be worth travelling double the distance—the highest fall of water in the south of Scotland, the 'Grey Mare's Tail'—and farther on, after a walk of thirteen miles, we shall arrive at the town of Moffat, where we shall catch the Dumfries mail, and be whirled into Edinburgh in good time for business. We could get night-quarters, too, it seemed, about five miles farther up the valley. Though inclined, like Selkirk, to sigh 'for the wings of a dove,' this seemed the best arrangement possible, so off we started.

Passing the smaller loch above St Mary's (the Loch of the Lowes as it is named) we began threading our way amongst the hills on the confines of Selkirkshire. The scenery here partakes of the same characteristics as lower down; similar lofty prominences, clothed with green to their summits, from which the sheep cropped the herbage; the same unbroken silence and solitude; and the sweet Yarrow, now gradually lessening in volume, still bearing us company in the valley below. On the left we passed the farm-house of Chapelhope, the hills at the back of which are noted as the refuges of the persecuted Covenanters. As we proceeded, the road began to ascend along the mountain side, and the peaks of the higher eminences of Moffatdale came into view. The Yarrow is now seen sluggishly struggling through peat-moss, and at length disappears altogether in some of the ravines of the neighbourhood, where it has its rise. After a walk of about five miles from the head of St Mary's Loch, we at length gratefully welcomed the curling smoke from the shepherd's house at Birkhill, which 'Tibby' had kindly pointed out as our haven of rest for the evening.

On entering the humble domicile, we observed a sturdy dame busily engaged in throwing bed-clothes about the room, and were saluted with—'Come awa', gentlemen; I was jist expectin' ye.'

'What!' we exclaimed, in surprise; 'how should you know we were coming here? You haven't got the electric telegraph in this quarter, have you?'

'I ken naething aboot yer telegraphs,' said the dame, in explanation; 'but, ye see, my Maggie was doon at Tibby's the day, and Tibby tellt her ye were gaun to sleep here the night. And sae I was jist makin' yer beds.'

'Oh, very good,' said we, 'and thanks to Tibby for her attention; but as it is dreadful hungry work travelling amongst these hills of yours, before we think of bed you must get us tea, and eggs, and mutton, and anything else you can find, for we believe we could eat up a sheep.'

'Ou aye! ye'se be yappy, nae doot; but I daursa we'll get enouch tea fill ye.'

And the considerate dame was as good as her word, and

* Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, in a paper on the 'Scottish Rivers,' *Tait's Magazine* for August.

speedily set before us an ample store of the simple fare of the district. Birkhill, like 'Tibby's,' being a 'howff' for fishers, had always on hand, we discovered, good supplies of substantial—at least in the fishing season, when we were lucky enough to arrive. The presiding goddess of the place was named 'Jenny'—or in southern style 'Janny'—retaining her maiden name, according to universal custom in the south. She was an active, bustling, rather masculine lady, full of wonderful stories of her prowess with the wandering 'Irishers'—tales which formed an excellent accompaniment to the shepherd's toddy, and the latter, not to speak of the wearied limbs, rendering sweet and cosy the shepherd's bed at Birkhill.

Starting about four o'clock next morning, we were soon in pretty good trim for a fresh journey. The distance between Birkhill and Moffat being thirteen miles, and as no exact information could be obtained of the hour at which the coach to Edinburgh passed through Moffat, it was necessary to be stirring early.

The nature of the landscape changes considerably near Birkhill, and, as we descend into the dale of Moffat, becomes wilder and more abrupt in its features. Right before us is the highest mountain in the south of Scotland, the White Comb, which towers an immense height, and from the top of which are visible the friths of Forth, Solway, and Clyde, and the range of the Grampians as far as Benlomond. Eminences not much inferior in height rise on each side of the traveller, down whose rocky sides immense torrents force their way so furiously as to carry away portions of the road. But the mountains gradually open as you proceed, and the eye, then escaping from the gloom of the hilly region into the quiet vale beyond, rests delightedly on white farm-houses and cultivated fields. One of the rugged gorges immediately below Birkhill, named 'Dobb's Linn,' was a favourite retreat of the Covenanters, from the inaccessible nature of the ground, and the hill above it was at one time fortified by these resolute defenders of the rights of conscience. Half a mile farther on we arrive at the famous waterfall, 'The Grey Mare's Tail.' The name of the fall conveys an exact idea of its form as seen from the road, but as its waters are poured into a rocky gorge cut deep into the hill-side, it is necessary to ascend a winding pathway leading to the bottom of the fall, in order fully to appreciate this wonder of the south. After some little clambering among the rugged rocks, we stood on the edge of the pool which receives the full dash of the waters. These descend from Loch Skene, a lonely mountain tarn lying amongst the hills about a mile beyond the fall, and here throw themselves down a precipice some three hundred feet high. Little rain had fallen in the district for many days before our visit, and the fall was thus considerably shorn of its common proportions, but enough remained to gratify the admirer of nature's wonders, and to indicate the terrific force of the 'tail' when the swollen waters of Loch Skene are projected in masses over the precipice. But since we could not fully appreciate the scene in its terror, we did so in its calm, by enjoying a cool bath in the pool below the fall.

On leaving the 'Grey Mare's Tail,' we pursued the windings of the vale of Moffat, the character of which, except that it is narrower and in a higher state of cultivation, is not dissimilar from that of Yarrow; and after a fatiguing walk of about twelve miles arrived at the town of Moffat. Like Innerleithen approached from Peebles, no signs of a town are visible until a sharp turn of the road discloses it all at once lying before you, sweetly nestled amongst the surrounding hills. Like Innerleithen, also, it boasts of its mineral wells—at present said to be rather more 'the rage' than those of poor St Ronan's; but we had seen and drank enough of water for a time, and were, besides, in very proper condition to feel—not as Byron has it, 'the strong necessity of loving,' but of 'eating.' A handsome hotel, 'The Annandale Arms,' was therefore more to our taste.

After a ramble round the town, we waited patiently for the arrival of the vehicle which was to bear us home. The mail drove up in good time, and we prepared to take our

seats as a matter of course; but what was our consternation to discover that *not one seat* was empty—that the mail had been full freighted from Dumfries—and that there was no other conveyance till next day! Here was a pretty 'fix!' In town we must be next morning, at all hazards—but how? Our feet could scarcely carry us one out of the fifty miles necessary to be traversed, and yet there seemed no other alternative. While looking about, the images of despair, we were accosted by two other unfortunates in exactly the same position; urgent business requiring their presence in Edinburgh next morning. We now talked magnificently about a post-chaise, and were just about to order the vehicle, when it was discovered that the joint funds of the three would not cover the expense of one for this mode of conveyance. Another dilemma! But a good angel came to our relief. A gentleman had been standing on the door-steps, listening to our conversation, who now quietly turned round to one of our number and said—'What money do you want?'—'Why,' said the person addressed, 'you don't propose giving money to utter strangers, of whom you know nothing, and whom you may never see again.'—'Oh, I have no fears,' was the reply, 'mention the sum, and you shall have it.' Here was romance in these money-grubbing times; so not to disappoint the gentleman of his eccentric generosity, we accepted from him a considerable loan, and politely invited him to join us in some refreshment in the inn—which, however, to the everlasting scandal of our memory, we left our generous friend to pay—a pretty recompense for his kindness!

After leaving Moffat, the road winds up the side of the steep hill named Erickstanehead, on reaching the top of which a singularly grand view is obtained of the valley and the town below. The richly-cultivated vale is seen stretching away a distance of some sixty or seventy miles, dotted all over with clumps of trees and gentlemen's seats, until the Skiddaw mountains, in the extreme distance, close up the view. It is a scene which for extent and beauty has few parallels in the country. When at the top of the hill, you perceive close beside you the peaks of the kindred mountains of Hartfell, which give rise to two of the largest and most beautiful rivers in Scotland—the Clyde and the Tweed. An immense natural hollow goes sheer down some hundreds of feet from the road; it retains the name of 'The Devil's Beef-tub,' from the circumstance of being used as a receptacle for stolen beeves by a celebrated border thief. A short distance on the other side of the hill, we arrive at the little hostelry of Tweedshaws, close beside which is pointed out the puny spring which forms the source of the Tweed. A little farther on we see the infant river, with scarcely a bucketful of water in its bed, struggling painfully on through the half dry pebbles.

By this time we were getting on familiar terms with our new companions. One was a hardy, middle-aged cattle-breeder from Annan-foot, and the other a young, fresh-looking person, a sheep-merchant, who had once been located at Birkhill as shepherd of the district, where he had become intimate with 'Jamie Hogg,' and could retail stories about 'the shepherd' without end. The Annan-man was of a dry caustic turn, who couldn't see much in 'Jamie's' poetry but crambo-clink, while the sheep-farmer was enthusiastic about poetry of all sorts—had a swallow for good, bad, and indifferent—and could recite from all grades of authors, from Byron down to—himself. In this company we got on famously till our arrival at the Crook Inn, sixteen miles from Moffat. Here it was arranged that we should 'change horses;' and the Annan-man, with an eye to business, immediately on reaching the inn, opened on the landlord in this ejaculatory fashion:—'Come! horses! quick! express to Edinburgh! can't wait a moment!'—'Indeed,' said the landlord, very coolly, 'sorry for it, but there isn't a horse here, and don't expect one till to-morrow.' And such was the truth; the horses were all 'out,' and we were fairly fixed once more. 'What's to be done?' was the general question. 'Oh, we shall walk,' said the sturdy Annan-man; 'it's only fifteen miles to Peebles; we'll be there by ten o'clock to-night, and get whirled into town in the morning.' This was by no means

a consolatory conclusion for us worn-out vagrants, who had gone over thirteen miles before breakfast, but there seemed no help; and we were about making up our minds for the trial when a carriage drove up from the opposite direction, occupied by a gentleman and a bundle of ladies. While refreshing the horses, it was discovered that the vehicle was posting to Moffat; and the happy idea struck us of proposing to the occupant of the carriage a change of vehicles and horses—ours to proceed with him, and his to return with us. Capital! but mightn't the gentleman be only a gent, and disdain to hold confab on such a subject with mere common people like ourselves? Very likely, but we resolved to try him; and, to our great gratification, on consultation with the ladies, the baggage was shifted, and everything arranged. Well, thought we, this isn't such a bad world after all. First, we have one gentleman handing us money *ad libitum*, and another putting himself to some inconvenience, for perfect strangers in whom neither could have any interest but the common interest which binds us all—the love of kindness and of courtesy—a feeling dear to the heart even in the most artificial phases of social life.

Pedestrian excursions and road-side inns have been long proverbial for introductions to strange characters and adventures, and so we experienced on the present occasion. While lounging about in front of the Crook Inn, waiting till the horses were sufficiently rested and refreshed to carry us on to Edinburgh, an odd-looking figure was observed shuffling along the road. On approaching, he politely bowed, and taking off his hat, proceeded to inform his hearers that he was a professor of natural magic, and that he proposed giving an exhibition of his science at the 'Crook' in the evening. He had just been engaged, he said, in notifying the circumstance of his arrival to the neighbourhood, and it would afford him infinite pleasure, &c. Why, here was the very thing wanted to while away the three hours it was necessary to wait. The curiosity of the Annan-man was at once roused. 'Ay, eh man, and are ye a conjuror? An' what dae ye charge, nae?' 'Only tuppence, sir,' said the 'professor.' 'I have performed with the greatest applause in some of the largest towns of England, Ireland, and Scotland, where my demonstrations have been often compared to those of the celebrated Alexandre and the Wizard of the North. I assure you of every satisfaction, or your money shall be returned.' The farmer, however, had one scruple yet to satisfy, embodied in this shape—'An' hae ye dealins wi' the deil, nae?'—to which the conjuror solemnly protested that no follower of Ilernan Boaz pretended to any connection of the kind; their art was mere cleverness, sleight of hand, &c. And indeed a glance at the man was sufficient to remove all suspicion of the kind contained in the farmer's query. The figure before us was a man of about fifty, whose grey hairs and scarred though good-humoured face, gave indications of a life of hardship, if not of suffering. His garments were emphatically of that description called 'seedy'—his breeches being literally on their 'last legs'—his hat was high crownless, and in other respects much the worse for wear; with everything else to correspond. But on entering into conversation with him, the poor fellow gave utterance to no word of complaint; and though labouring under rheumatism, talked as coolly of 'lying in fields and barns at e'en,' as if he hadn't the slightest claim to a legitimate bed. His exhibition of the evening would produce enough to procure supper and carry him to the next farm-house or hamlet. This seemed the *summum bonum* of his life—the height of his ambition. The demeanour of the way-side philosopher highly interested us. The questions occurred—'What had he been (for surely, thought we, no one is born a conjuror)? how had he fallen on his present 'way of life'? had he a wife? had children climbed those knees and kissed that face?' There was no lack of communicativeness with the poor fellow; and his story was briefly this. The weather-beaten broken-down conjuror had been born a gentleman—his father, wild and unprincipled, had 'run through' the estate; he then, thrown on the world, and amongst loose companions, had taken to the stage, mar-

ried an actress, had two sons, who entered the army, and whom he had never heard of since. Then his partner died, and, age increasing, he was thrown out of his 'parts' as an actor; but having learned conjuring tricks as an amusement, he now travelled about performing for his bread. Such is a rapid outline of the eventful history of the unfortunate whom chance had thrown in our way. Poor wretch! with no claim on parish funds—no one living soul to care for him—a stray waif floating down the stream—how sad a destiny!

But as the exhibition hour approaches, we must not allow sentimentalism to destroy our reliish for the performances. The room allotted to the conjuror was a small low-roofed chamber contiguous to the inn, into which we were now ushered. In one corner stood an old bed, which served the purpose of a 'gallery'; while round the remaining space were arranged forms to accommodate the denizens of the 'pit.' The exhibition is just beginning. Our friend has placed a screen at one side to conceal the arcana of his art, and before him is set a table, on which are arranged counters, yards of tape, knives, and other adjuncts of the performance. The conjuror is now in his element. He has got his face washed and hair combed, and has altogether assumed an air of smartness which we had scarcely thought possible. The room is pretty well filled with country lads and lasses, in high anticipation of the wonders about to be disclosed. A few introductory remarks must of course preface the entertainment. 'Ladies and gentlemen,' began the conjuror, 'the sublime art of which I am about to show you a few specimens this evening is one, I need scarcely inform you, which was originally practised by the priests in the temples of Egypt, and learned by the Greek philosophers when they visited—(an interruption, the door opens, the conjuror, descending from his descriptive flight, extends his hand to the entrant with—'Tuppence, sir, if you please'—and pocketing the money, proceeds)—As I was remarking, Paracelsus—I beg pardon, Anaxagoras—on his visit to the Pyramids, was initiated into the mysteries of the art, and carried the knowledge to his own country, where it was preserved in the Eleusinian ceremonies, and afterwards borrowed—'Tuppence, sir,' again interjected the exhibitor, as another bumpkin opened the door, 'sit up there, and make room for the gentleman'—and then resuming the thread of his discourse, he proceeded to bring down the history of necromancy to the present times. The scene was intensely funny. Then followed the performances, consisting of the ordinary tricks, and containing nothing to astonish the inhabitants of a large town, but which were rendered highly amusing by the amazement and consternation of the rustics when the magic 'Presto! quick! begone!' was uttered by the necromancer. 'Jock, did ye ever see the like o' that?'—'Eh, man, it's awfu'!' and such like exclamations passed freely round amongst the gaping company.

The exhibition was scarcely half over when it was announced that the vehicle was ready to bear us home, and very reluctantly we were forced to quit the scene of the conjuror's triumphs. The performance was politely stopped to bid us good-bye, the 'ladies and gentlemen' stood up to honour our departure, and with a shake of the hand we left the conjuror 'in his glory.'

It was now half-past ten at night, and we had thirty-six miles of travelling before us; but never did time pass more merrily away. The shepherd sung songs and told endless stories of country courtships and life amongst the hills; the Annan-man treated us to his views on all sorts of subjects, from the church question down to the cause of failure in the potato; after everything else had failed, one of our friends improvised verses; and another sung his only song ten times over; and so the hours flew, till at five in the morning, we were set down safely at home—thus ending three of the happiest days it had ever been our lot to enjoy.

The progress of railways suggests a word in conclusion. The Caledonian Railway, now finished, passes within two miles of Moffat, and coaching on the road is consequently at an end. With coaching disappears all the romance of

travelling, and we may thus regard the excursion just detailed as among the last of the pleasurable free-and-easy journeyings which are likely to be enjoyed on this line of road. But substantial advantages remain. Our party, in addition to anxiety and loss of time, were mulcted in rather more than one pound sterling each for a distance which may now be travelled at the cost of one-fifth part of this sum.

LOVE AND FAITH.

BY MRS CHILD.

I THANK my heavenly Father for every manifestation of human love. I thank him for all experiences, be they sweet or bitter, which help me to forgive all things, and to enfold the whole world with blessing. 'What shall be our reward,' says Swedenborg, 'for loving our neighbour as ourselves in this life? That when we become angels, we shall be enabled to love him *better* than ourselves.' This is a reward pure and holy; the only one which my heart has not rejected, whenever offered as an incitement to goodness. It is this chiefly which makes the happiness of lovers more nearly allied to heaven than any other emotions experienced by the human heart. Each loves the other better than himself; each is willing to sacrifice all to the other—nay, finds joy therein. This it is that surrounds them with a golden atmosphere, and tinges the world with rose-colour. A mother's love has the same angelic character; more completely unselfish, but lacking the charm of perfect reciprocity.

The cure for all the ills and wrongs, the cares, the sorrows, and the crimes of humanity, all lie in that one word LOVE. It is the divine vitality that every where produces and restores life. To each and every one of us it gives the power of working miracles if we will.

'Love is the story without an end, and angels throng to hear;
The word, the king of words, carved on Jehovah's heart.'

From the highest to the lowest, all feel its influence, all acknowledge its sway. Even the poor despised donkey is changed by its magic influence. When coerced and beaten, he is vicious, obstinate, and stupid. With the peasantry of Spain, he is a petted favourite, almost an inmate of the household. The children bid him welcome home, and the wife feeds him from her hands. He knows them all, and he loves them all, for he feels in his inmost heart that they all love him. He will follow his master, and come and go at his bidding, like a faithful dog; and he delights to take the baby on his back, and walk him round, gently, on the green sward. His intellect expands, too, in the sunshine of affection; and he that is called the stupidest of animals becomes sagacious. A Spanish peasant had for many years carried milk into Madrid to supply a set of customers. Every morning he and his donkey, with loaded panniers, trudged the well-known round. At last, the peasant became very ill, and had no one to send to market. His wife proposed to send the faithful old animal by himself. The panniers were accordingly filled with canisters of milk, an inscription, written by the priest, requested customers to measure their own milk, and return the vessels; and the donkey was instructed to set off with his load. He went, and returned in due time with empty canisters; and this he continued to do for several days. The house bells in Madrid are usually so constructed that you pull downwards to make them ring. The peasant afterwards learned that his sagacious animal stopped before the door of every customer, and after waiting what he deemed a sufficient time, pulled the bell with his mouth. If affectionate treatment will thus idealise the jackass, what may it not do? Assuredly there is no limit to its power. It can banish crime, and make this earth an Eden.

The best tamer of colts that was ever known in Massachusetts never allowed whip or spur to be used; and the horses he trained never *needed* the whip. Their spirits were unbroken by severity, and they obeyed the slightest impulse of the voice or rein with the most animated promptitude; but rendered obedient to affection, their vivacity

was always restrained by graceful docility. He said it was with horses as with children: if accustomed to beating, they would not obey without it. But if managed with untiring gentleness, united with consistent and very equitable firmness, the victory once gained over them was gained for ever.

In the face of all these facts, the world goes on manufacturing whips, spurs, the gallows, and chains; while each one carries within his own soul a divine substitute for these devil's inventions, with which he *might* work miracles, inward and outward, if he *would*. Unto this end let us work with unflinching faith. Great is the strength of an individual soul, true to its high trust—mighty is it even to the redemption of a world.

A German, whose sense of sound was exceedingly acute, was passing by a church, a day or two after he had landed in this country, and the sound of music attracted him to enter, though he had no knowledge of our language. The music proved to be a piece of nasal psalmody, sung in a most discordant fashion, and the sensitive German would fain have covered his ears. As this was scarcely civil, and might appear like insanity, his next impulse was to rush into the open air, and leave the hated sounds behind him. 'But this too I feared to do,' said he, 'lest offence might be given; so I resolved to endure the torture with the best fortitude I could assume, when, lo! I distinguished amidst the din the soft clear voice of a woman singing in perfect tune. She made no effort to drown the voices of her companions, neither was she disturbed by their noisy discord, but patiently and sweetly she sang in full, rich tones; one after another yielded to the gentle influence, and before the tune was finished, all were in perfect harmony.'

I have often thought of this story as conveying an instructive lesson for reformers. The spirit that *can* thus sing patiently and sweetly in a world of discord, must indeed be of the strongest as well as the gentlest kind. One scarce can hear his own soft voice amid the braying of the multitude, and ever and anon comes the temptation to sing louder than they, and drown the voices that cannot thus be *forced* into perfect tune. But this were a pitiful experiment; the melodious tones, cracked into shrillness, would only increase the tumult.

Stronger, and more frequently, comes the temptation to stop singing, and let discord do its own wild work; but blessed are they that endure to the end—singing patiently and sweetly, till all join in with loving acquiescence, and universal harmony prevails, without forcing into submission the free discord of a single voice.

This is the hardest and the bravest task which a true soul has to perform amid the clashing elements of time. But *once* has it been done perfectly unto the end; and that voice, so clear in its meekness, is heard above all the din of a tumultuous world; one after another chimes in with its patient sweetness, and, through infinite discords, the listening soul can perceive that the great tune is slowly coming into harmony.

THE BARONIAL AND ECCLESIASTICAL ANTIQUITIES OF SCOTLAND.*

In a former number we noticed this splendid portfolio of the most ancient and interesting relics of architectural antiquity in Scotland, and we took occasion to recommend it to all those whose love of the past rendered the scenes depicted valuable, and to those also whose abstract love of ornament would induce them to purchase beautifully executed works of art. We can only repeat our recommendation, and express our unqualified admiration of the accuracy and beauty which still distinguish the engravings of this truly national repertory. The publishers still maintain for this work the high reputation with which it started. It has reached its twelfth part, having illustrations of several of the most interesting and noble fragments of the ancient masonic grandeur of Scotland, comprising Holyrood and Linlithgow palaces, with

* William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

several ancient residences of the monks of old and barons bold, and of churches and tombs famous in the annals of our country. In the eleventh part there is an accurate and highly finished engraving of the tower and lantern of St Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh; one of the most prominent, and at one period almost the only, spiral ornament that rose above the tall dingy uniformity of the crowded houses of our 'own romantic town.' The tower and lantern of this ancient 'biggin' is considered to be a piece of the most beautiful and chaste Gothic architecture in Scotland. It is now almost the only specimen of the lantern-steeple which is extant, and seems to have been peculiar. This lantern, as it is termed in architecture, assumes the form of an imperial crown, and is formed of cross ribs, as in groined arching. It is of an octagonal character, having four arches, two springing from the corbels of the tower and two from the centres of the wall plates. Along the intermediate spaces there is a parapet pierced with quatrefoils, like the rich rim of a coronal band, which has a flowered moulding at the projection and cusps on the upper edge. The outer edges of the arches are adorned with crocketed pinnacles; and, supported by the general keystone, there springs from the centre of a cluster of smaller pinnacles, rising tier over tier, a graceful spire.

Some portions of the Cathedral of St Giles are of considerable antiquity, as may be seen from several parts of it which are preserved amidst the more modern accumulations of mason work. Originally, it does not seem to have been of any considerable importance, being rated, in an ancient record, at a revenue of twenty-six merks, only one mark more per annum than the insignificant chapel of Bestalrig, near to Leith. One of the earliest notices concerning this church occurs in 1297, one hundred and seventy-five years after the foundation of the Augustine convent of Holyrood. It is mentioned in the ecclesiastical records, that on the Sunday before the feast of St Thomas, in the above year, Donerca, daughter of John, son of Herrens, resigned certain lands to the convent mentioned, in full consistory held in the church of St Giles. It is a curious fact that the cathedral church of the Scottish metropolis was once a dependency of the now obliterated Culdees monastery of Scone. The Culdees, that is *Cultores Dei*, or worshippers of God, were the religious order introduced into Scotland from Ireland by St Columba. Alexander I. planted a colony of Augustine Monks at Scone, whom he had brought from St Oswald's, Yorkshire, and upon this monastery was conferred the patronage of the church of St Giles at Edinburgh, by that simple, feeble, and pious monarch, Robert III.; and in the year 1395, this church was united to the monastery by the bishop and chapter of St Andrews, in consideration of the expenses borne by the aforesaid monastery in feasting and lodging nobles; and this session was confirmed by a papal bull. In 1380 a portion of this church had been arched, and seven years afterwards the provost and burghers of Edinburgh contracted with two masons to erect five chapels along the south side of the edifice. It was thus slowly augmented by a gradual system of accretion, having altars and chaplainries founded during the fifteenth century, and having lands and revenues awarded to it, of which it was soon to be stripped by bold and ungentle innovators. In 1466, it was erected into a collegiate church, having a 'provost, curate, sixteen prebendaries, sacristan, beadle, minister of the choir, and four choiristers.' The most sacred relic in this cathedral was at one time the arm of St Giles, the patron saint of the city, which had been sent as a gift by some of the Prestons of Craigmillar. In 1558, an attempt was made by the queen regent to reimpose on the popular mind that veneration for the 'ancient faith,' which had been sorely shaken by John Knox and his colleagues. It was determined, therefore, to have an ecclesiastical procession, with more than usual splendour, and the image of St Giles was to be borne forth on that day with all becoming solemnity. The image was missing at the appointed time, however, and a smaller one, in the church of the Greyfriars, was substituted in its stead.

The queen herself attended for some time on the procession, in order to impress the mob with a wholesome awe. The loons, however, professing great zeal, pressed forward to support the statue, and strove to shake it from its pedestal; a struggle ensued, and the venerable ecclesiastics had their tempers and garments sorely ruffled by the profane rabble. In 1571, Kirkcaldy of Grange placed cannon in the tower of St Giles, in order to oppose the Regent Morton. In 1596, St Giles's was the principal scene of disputation between the leaders of the Presbyterian Church and King James. It was indeed the theatre of far other scenes than were meet for a house built for the worship of the God of peace and love. It was here that the fearless preachers of the reformation read plain and blunt lessons to the opinionated, sword-hating, but opposition-loving son of Mary; boldly proclaiming the spiritual independence of their church, and citing the examples of Haman and Mordecai to the monarch, who dared to abrogate one iota of its spiritual freedom.

In July 1687, after prelacy had been introduced into Scotland, this church was the scene of the first act of a serious national drama—of a long and bloody strife, which has been denominated a 'religious war.' On the 23d of July, 1687, prayers were read in St Giles's to a quiet Scottish auditory, whose breasts were, however, full of other infusion than that of peace with all men or love to enemies. After the voice of the reader had ceased, Dean Hanna ascended to proceed with the new liturgy, when Jenny Geddes, an old apple-woman, full of zeal and fury against 'papishes and prelates,' hurled her 'creepie,' or folding-stool, at the head of the dean. This memorable missile is still preserved in the Antiquarian Society's Museum at Edinburgh. It is a rude, coarse stool, which was carried about by its belligerent possessor to both 'kirk and market,' and was fashioned at no great cost by no great craftsman's hands, yet it struck the precursor blow to that atrocious and bloody epoch of Scottish history, when Episcopalians and Presbyterians, professing worshippers of the Prince of Peace, cut each other's throats almost without intermission during a period of thirty years.

In 1684, three years previous to this memorable historical event, St Giles's was created the cathedral of the new Episcopal diocese of Edinburgh. The last bishop of this church was Alexander Rose, translated from Moray in 1687, and in the succeeding year he was deprived of his situation by the Revolution. This venerable man outlived all his Scottish brethren and all the English bishops possessed of sees before the Revolution. At the Reformation this large pile was divided into compartments, and used as separate places of worship. One of the compartments, forming part of the north transept, was used as a prison previous to being opened as a church. Sir George Gordon of Haddo, who was confined in this place, was executed in 1644; and in 1699 it was opened as a place of worship, under the name of Haddo's Hole, which it still bears. In 1817 various alterations reduced the shapeless mass into something like form, freeing it from the incumbrances of extraneous chapels, and hucksters' shops called 'cramies.' It also lately underwent a species of stone-veneering, being faced up with fine polished sandstone, which has completely modernised its outward appearance.

We have been led into this short notice of St Giles's cathedral from the interest which the very beautiful plates of the tower and choir aroused within us, and we hope that the same interest will extend to every member of the community whose mind loves to revert to the past.

A PAGE FOR THE YOUNG.

THE MOON AND THE RIVER.

It was a bright and beautiful evening. The moon shone full upon Charles River, giving to view its sparkling eddies, and the little verdant islands, which, during my morning walk, I had noticed covered with a profusion of purple and yellow aster, and the rich scarlet cardinal flower. The stream was so lovely and so still, one could almost imagine

it felt happy; and as the moonbeams flickered, now here, now there, over its gently moving waters, imagination likened it to a sleeping babe, nestling in its mother's arms, and dreaming of her smile, until an answering laugh appeared and disappeared on its own cherub mouth. The moon looked down upon the quiet beauty of the river, and spoke thus disdainfully: 'You glitter prodigiously, to-night, my dear friend. If I were not quite too important a personage to be jealous, I should think you meant to outshine me. In good truth, you look up in my face with such a silly, self-satisfied air, I cannot forbear telling you, that all the light you seem to be so proud of is borrowed entirely from me. If I draw my silver veil of clouds over my clear brow for one moment, what mortal can see your boasted splendour?' The stream, nothing daunted, answered in a low melodious tone: 'I am not vain of my brightness, fair planet, for I well know it is not my own. But, with all due humility, allow me to remind your majesty, that you too shine with *borrowed* splendour. If the sun refuse to gild your darkness, where would you find a ray to bestow upon me? Since, then, we are both reflecting things, let us remember that boasting is equally unbecoming to us. If much is given us from the dazzling source of light and heat, let us receive it with humble gladness, and impart it to others as freely as it is bestowed upon ourselves.' This fable teaches us, that if we have wealth, or talents, or any other great gifts, we should remember that they are not our own, and ought not, therefore, to be an occasion of pride. Whatsoever we have is loaned to us for a season by our heavenly Father, and is intended for some good use, not for ostentatious display.

THE KING-BIRD.

'Did you ever see a king-bird, my little friend? Did you ever hear your parents tell how it masters every other bird that flies? It is a little bird; when you first saw it, perhaps you would say, a contemptible little bird. Yet, small as it is, the largest hawk may well be afraid of it and own its power. The great black crow, which one would think might almost swallow the king-bird alive, dares not stay in its sight. I do not know that even an eagle would be able to drive away the little thing. What makes a bird that is so small so powerful? Its wisdom, and its quick and active motions. I have seen a hawk fly over a hedge where a king-bird had its nest. Whether the little animal thought the bird of prey intended to rob its nest and eat up its young ones, or whether it thought it safest to attack the great robber first, I do not know; but, in one instant, it left its nest, and as quick as thought was close upon the hawk. Do you think that it flew in front of the large bird, and attempted to conquer it by open force? No, no; it was too wise to act in that way. It knew too well what would happen if it had put itself in the way of the hawk's sharp beak, or strong, sharp, hooked claws. The king-bird flew above the hawk, and then darted down with its sharp little beak, sometimes upon the hawk's head, sometimes upon its back, and sometimes even on the tender parts of its body under its wings. It could not have done this if it had not been wonderfully active, for you may be sure the hawk tried with all its might to get away: but the king-bird flew so swiftly round about its enemy, and darted up and down so fast that my eyes could hardly follow it, and it was impossible for the hawk to leave it behind. I did not see the end of the fight; but I am told that the little bird will tease large birds in that way for an hour together. If they try to turn upon him he will dart at their eyes, so that they are glad to hang their heads and only strive to fly away. If they alight upon a tree he will sometimes settle on another branch above them, and wait till they again take wing. In this way he will go on until he is sure that they are far enough from his nest and too tired to do him any harm. This is a pretty history about the king-bird; but I did not tell it merely to amuse you. I wish you to learn a lesson from it.'—'Oh! but father says we must never quarrel, and the Bible tells us to love even our enemies!'—'True, and I am sure that no lesson which I could teach you could be better than such advice. But it is not the quarrel-

some behaviour of the king-bird that I wish you to copy. The little bird knows no better way of defending its young ones, and is only doing its duty when it drives away the hawks and crows. But God has given you reason to persuade; and has made you able to overcome evil with good. What I wish you to notice is, the difference which is made by the way of doing a thing. If the king-bird were to attack the great powerful hawk clumsily and lazily, instead of driving its enemy away, it would become a prey itself. It is the power of *wisdom* and *activity* over mere *size* and *strength* that you may learn from the king-bird. Never think that you cannot do your duty because you are not strong enough, or large enough, or have not time. *Contrivance* and *exertion* will do wonders.'

THE ALMOND BLOSSOM.

'Dear mamma,' said a lovely little girl to her mother, as they were walking together in the garden, 'why do you have so few of those beautiful double almonds in the garden? You have hardly a bed where there is not a tuft of violets, and they are so much plainer! what can be the reason?'—'My dear child,' said the mother, 'gather me a bunch of each. Then I will tell you why I prefer the humble violet.' The little girl ran off, and soon returned with a fine bunch of the beautiful almond and a few violets. 'Smell them, my love,' said her mother, and see which is the sweetest.' The child smelled again and again, and could scarcely believe herself, that the lovely almond had no scent; while the plain violet had a delightful odour. 'Well, my child, which is the sweetest?'—'Oh, dear mother, it is this little violet!'—'Well, you know now, my child, why I prefer the plain violet to the beautiful almond. Beauty without fragrance, in flowers, is as worthless, in my opinion, as beauty without gentleness and good temper in little girls. When any of those people who speak without reflection may say to you, 'What charming blue eyes! What beautiful curls! What a fine complexion!' without knowing whether you have any good qualities, and without thinking of your defects and failings, which everybody is born with, remember then, my little girl, the almond blossom; and remember also, when your affectionate mother may not be there to tell you, that *beauty without gentleness and good temper is worthless.*'

THE FOX AND SPANIEL.

A fox and spaniel met each other frequently, till at last they became acquainted, and were so fond of each other's society that they were seldom separated. The spaniel followed the fox in all his rambles, and was the witness of all his depredations. Sometimes the fox went into the hen-roost, and stole a hen or chicken; sometimes he stole a lamb from the hill-side; and sometimes he ran off with a pig that was astray in the woods. On all these occasions, he was attended by his playmate the spaniel. One day the fox entered a fine barn-yard, where there was a great deal of poultry of all kinds (hens, turkeys, geese, and ducks), attended, as usual, by his companion the spaniel. Prowling along carefully, so that he might not be seen, the fox slyly drew near a fine fat goose, which he intended for his dinner. Just as he had seized the poor bird, and was bearing him off, the poultry set up so loud a cackling as to call the attention of the farmer, who was at work in a field close by. Seeing the mischief, he seized a loaded gun and fired at the fox and dog, just as they were leaving the yard. The shot wounded both the animals, and they instantly fell. The farmer came up, and, seizing the fox, knocked him on the head, saying, 'Rogue and thief that thou art! this is the last goose of mine which thou shalt steal, and I know well that it is not the first meal you have made from my poultry-yard.' Then, turning to the dog, he said, 'And you, too, shall die.'—'Oh, dear sir,' said the poor spaniel, 'do not kill me. I do not deserve to die. I never stole a goose in my life.'—'How can I believe what you say?' said the farmer; 'I find you in company with the fox, and therefore you must suffer with him.' So saying, he killed him without more words. If children do not wish to be thought wicked and bad, they should not keep company with others who are so, for they will suffer disgrace by being found with such companions.

GALLERY OF LITERARY DIVINES.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

NO. I.—DR JAMIESON.

HAVE our readers ever crossed that tract of wide, lofty, and cold moorland which stretches between Dundee and Forfar? We shall not soon forget the day on which we first made our pedestrian passage. It was on an August mornoon, in the year 1836. We had spent the night in Dundee—a town which we had little idea then was to be the scene of our future labours, and which, sooth to say, seemed to us, at the first blush, a somewhat dirty and disagreeable seaport. Ascending the northern road behind it, we turned round, 'a mile aboon Dundee,' rather to sigh after the sunny south we were leaving than to enjoy the beautiful prospect which it commanded—the fine sweep of the Tay, from the sands of Carnoustie to the sharp cliff of Newburgh; the undulating shores of Fife, melting away, on the one side, in the shores of St Andrews, and on the other in the bold Lomonds; westward the valley of the Dighty, winding up toward the Seidlaw Hills; and farther on, 'Gowrie's carse, beloved of Ceres,' lying so quiet and fertile by the side of its dear and devoted river; and, immediately below, Dundee, sending up in smoke its early, if not its only homage to the sky; and Broughty Castle, produced, like a strong plough, far into the infant deep. Suddenly the road sunk, and we found ourselves in divers hollow ways, which, after turning tortuously and up and down through scenes of varied barrenness or beauty, brought us at last to the summit of an eminence whence Forfar and its environs lay directly below. In some parts not an inviting, it was, on the whole, a sublime prospect. Immediately beneath was Forfar, a dull, straggling market town, surrounded by low, undulating, and barren-looking lands. To the east stretched extensive moors, terminating, though not visibly, in the sweet, warm, nest-like city of Brechin. But westward lay a little placid lake, called the Loch of Forfar; and farther on towered the ancient castle of Glamis amid its ancestral trees; and farther on still was the rich howe of Strathmore, shadowed in the dim autumn day; and, closing the prospect, Schiehallion and his Grampian compeers seemed propping up the dail, drooping sky. To the north was a ridge of mountains, surpassed by the scarcely seen summit of Lochnagar, and running eastward towards Catterthun, Clochnaben, and Stonehaven. Verrily, we thought, this is a glorious strath, flowing like a river of plenty and beauty through almost the breadth of Scotland.

After pausing for a little and admiring this prospect, our next thought was, and here good old Dr Jamieson passed the first years of his pastorate, and laid in those stores of learning which he afterwards turned to such account when removed to a worthier sphere. Here, in the course of his visitations, he ferreted out a vast number of those old, shy, badger-like words which afterwards enriched his dictionary, and dug up much of that recondite antiquarianism which constituted the staple of his works. Here some of his flock 'deemed him wondrous wise, and some did deem him mad,' as he mingled etymological questions with his catechisms, or turned his manse into a museum 'of auld nicknackets,' or treasured up in his memory every scrap of ballad and proverb he could find, not to speak of his romantic moonlight marriage. This was for a considerable number of years the dull setting, if not to the brightest, yet certainly to one of the most solid and weighty of jewels; and perhaps we may find this same dingy town of Forfar to resemble one of the worthy doctor's own earlier volumes, in which much valuable matter was concealed under bad print, bad paper, and bad boards—a reflection which we have, by the way, since found correct, as more than one excellent inhabitant of Forfar in the circle of our acquaintance demonstrates.

We wish, with the leave of the kind readers of the INSTRUCTOR, to prattle away occasionally in an easy way about a few of our literary divines. Their number has not been, in Scotland at least, very large; for literature

and divinity have here, of all countries, assumed the least amiable aspect to each other. In this country a literary divine has generally been regarded as a monster, a kind of 'centaur not fabulous,' as if, although what is called religion could notoriously co-exist with bigotry, with ignorance, with imbecility, with habits of low gossip, with deceit and jesuitry, with every species of malignant and contemptible twaddle, with many vices even, its approach towards literature instantly produced a recoil, or else an explosion, or else, worse, an ungraceful and unholy conjunction. Who had thus put asunder what God had joined? Which of the twain held in its hand the Ithuriel spear which developed the hollowness and deadness of the other? Asks Shakspeare, 'Handy, Dandy, which the justice, which the thief?' Ask we, whether was the theology or the literature of fifty years ago the real religion of the country? It might be *neither*; it was certainly not the *former*.

But it is impossible, it seems, for a divine to do equal justice to his calling and to the pursuits of letters. So blockheads, qualified for and conversant with neither, are in the habit of saying. But in the first place, is it a question of propriety? Have not the pursuits of literature or science a closer relation to ministerial duties than the repose of sottish indolence, or than useless visits, or than idle gallantries, or than foolish gossip, or than malicious speculation on the characters of others, or than mole-like absorption in their own obsolete authors, or than eternal begging of reluctant *monies*, or than feeble efforts to awaken the echoes of a dead popularity? Better surely is it than all this to enter the closet, to shut the door behind you, and in reading to feel, or in writing to reproduce, the spirit of the departed dead! Or is it a question of *time*? Who, after all, do in general produce the books which live, and, living, redound to the honour of their respective denominations as well as authors? Not those who vegetate in the country, or, worse, in third-rate sleepy towns, but generally men employed in discharging faithfully the multifarious duties of responsible situations in the 'high places of the field,' and who, in doing *much*, feel themselves at once impelled and capacitated for doing *more*. We name but one in corroboration of this remark, as at once the greatest living Scottish divine, and one of our most elegant and accomplished writers, some of whose works will be read for *their style* while the language endures—Dr Wardlaw. But literature, it will be said, is opposed in its spirit and genius, its tendency and effect, to religion. So some bewildered fanatics who, perhaps in their youth, were smit with the charms of that divine literature and philosophy which Milton calls

'Not harsh or crabbed, as dull fools suppose,

But musical as is Apollo's lute,'

have now solemnly determined it to be. So, too, certain recreants of a higher order, who, instead of rising to the summits of Parnassus, or thundering 'Jesus and the resurrection' from a lofty Areopagus, have gone to wash the steps and do the chores of sectarian synagogues, seem to regard it. But surely there are in every church others whose purged eye sees in Christianity the transfiguration of the universal truth, and who, if they worship not nor seek to build tabernacles to the Moses of science or the Elias of literature in the glorious presence of the Christ, would still less desire to treat those with insult or ignominy on whom the incarnate Wisdom himself has not disdained to smile.

But we must return to Dr Jamieson. He was in many respects the ideal of a literary divine; that is, performing fully all the duties which he owed to his people, he never neglected the equally sacred and important duty which he owed to his own intellect; placing theology in the foreground, he did not fail to range around her, as her hand-maids and companions, the arts and the sciences, bending their heads but not closing their eyes in her presence. He possessed for many years, in Forfar, the most valuable opportunities for laying in stores of knowledge, and there, probably, like Dr John Brown in Biggar, he 'made himself' Country ministers enjoyed them, and enjoy still,

many advantages above those in cities. If they love study for its own sake, if they can hide their time, if they are in no hurry to astonish the world by premature exhibition, what time is theirs, what quiet, what absence in general of distracting circumstances and heart-burning cares! If, however, they are in love with the vegetable life, unquestionably facilities for transformation into the turnip-shape are more numerous in the country than in towns. With a dogged pertinacity, the doctor set himself, amid poverty and want of literary society, and against the rampant prejudices of ancient secederism, to instruct himself in all knowledge, but especially in philology and antiquities. Here, too, a muse, if not the muse, visited him, and in 1789 he produced a poem, entitled the 'Sorrrows of Slavery; a Poem containing a Faithful Statement of Facts respecting the Slave Trade.' The title promised a very matter-of-fact concern, and so it proved to be. The notes were more poetical than the text. The verse was limping and commonplace; and had the slave trade met with no more powerful assault than this, it had been existing in all its atrocity in the British dominions still. In fact, the gods had not made him poetical. The only good verses of his we ever read are those on the 'Water-Kelpie,' inserted in Scott's 'Border Minstrelsy,' and these are principally valuable as an imitation of the olden style. His only other poetical work bears the portentous title, 'Eternity;' and the only thing we remember about it is the remark of a witty lady, the late Mrs Dr Mitchell of Glasgow, who said to the author, 'Doctor, you have well named your poem 'Eternity,' for it will never sell in *time*.' While still in Forfar, in 1795, he published an 'Alarm to Britain'—a pamphlet which, as it never reached another edition, could not have proved very alarming. Britain then, as now, was too busy to be terrified at the blast of penny or six-penny whistles. The same year appeared a work of great research and ability, entitled 'A Vindication of the Doctrine of Scripture, and of the Primitive Faith concerning the Divinity of Christ, in reply to Dr Priestley.' This work we have laboured through, and, without deciding upon its comparative merits with the smaller treatises of Horsley, for it will be remembered that his strong battle-axe mingled in the melee (as Arnold asserts, however, *without* a profound knowledge of the subject in dispute), we freely admit its acuteness, learning, and general moderation of tone and language. Horsley was insufferably insolent to a better and a greater man than himself. In his attack on Priestley there is a fierce animus and a cutting contempt, altogether beyond the bounds of courteous controversy. Jamieson is as earnest in the enforcement of his own views, but somewhat more charitable in his censure of others. The weight of his matter and the slow movement of his style irresistibly suggest the image of a heavy claymore wielded by a warrior as pursy as powerful. Whether Priestley, amid the restless activities of his career, carrying on five or six controversies abreast, writing as if each particular finger held a quill, and calling *spirits* (alias *gases* or *ghosts*) from the vasty deep of nature, found time to read the doctor's prodigious tomes, we do not know; but certainly he found no time to reply to them. About the same time he preached and published two volumes on the 'Evil of the Heart,' which, though searching and practical, are rather formal and dry. It is said that he spent a whole year in preaching on this subject, and no doubt found at the close that he had not nearly exhausted the gloomy theme. One sentence of Dr McAll's is worth them all put together—'Oh,' cried he, walking along the beach at Dysart, 'this heart of mine! it is black enough to pollute all that sea!'

Shall we venture, after this story, to tell one of rather a different kind? When called to Edinburgh, one reason for his removal was his poor stipend, which was sometimes paid in *halfpennies*. 'Toots,' cried an old wife, 'he canna be puir; didna he make a hundred pounds by that weary Heart o' Unbelief?' In fact, the old woman had enjoyed many a sound nap during the delivery of the discourses, but was glad to learn that they had been *profitable* in other quarters, and in more senses than one.

At last the doctor was *lifted* to a more suitable sphere, to Nicolson Street Church, Edinburgh, where he spent the last forty-three years of his life. And here, on recording or characterising his after works, let us say a few words about his character as a preacher. He was not what is popularly called, though he was what ought to be called, a great *gun*.

'He didna stare, or stamp, or bawl,
Like lads hard fechtin' for a call.'

He was a massive, masculine, sober, and clear discourse, full of matter, careless of manner, rich in scriptural allusion and argument, ever weighty if never brilliant nor always profound. His learning was not ostentatiously produced; you saw it in the richness of the flame, not in the quantity of the fuel. His style was correct and clear if generally clumsy, not always animated, seldom eloquent, and never distinguished by *curiosa fabulosa*. It was, in short, a capital specimen of Scotch preaching; never, perhaps, reaching its highest regions, but as certainly never displaying its worst faults.

In Edinburgh, as in Forfar, Dr Jamieson continued to prosecute his favourite researches, and to write and publish on very various subjects. Besides several single sermons, such as one entitled the 'Divisions of Reuben,' and another on the 'Death of the Princess Charlotte,' not to speak of an anonymous tract, rather witty than charitable, entitled a 'Dialogue between the Devil and the Soul of a Socinian Divine,' in which the former has of course the better of the argument, and succeeds in establishing his own actual existence, identity, and claim to the custody of the said divine; and a rather severe rejoinder to Rev. Land Hill's 'Journal,' he produced a work on the use of sacred history, in two octavos. This is of considerable value, from the light of ancient learning which he casts in it upon the incidents of sacred story, but was, as usual, too ponderous to be popular. His works in general enjoyed one very uncommon immunity, they were seldom *cut up* (even with a paper-cutter). Year after year, in solemn abortive series, they issued forth to be read, like the Vicar of Wakefield's tracts on monogamy, by the 'happy few;' and yet, year after year, they were in the opinion of the more judicious rearing for him a bulky reputation. They were of that sort which is neither bitterly abused, nor eagerly quizzed, nor lavishly praised, but which, in the absence of all such stormy influences, grew calmly and steadily upwards, till the author finds himself a name—perhaps receives a doctorship—and begins, *monstrum digno*, as the 'celebrated so and so.'

Three works of greater pretension, and on which his future fame is likely to lean, were now at hand. Between the years 1808 and 1814, he published his 'History of the Caldees,' his 'Hermes Scythicus,' and his 'Dictionary of the Scottish Language.' Of these he had been collecting the materials for many years. His 'History of the Caldees' is rather an antiquarian discussion than a history. This sect of religious votaries has acquired a fictitious importance from their connection with the *questio eorum* between Presbyterians and Episcopalians; the former contending that they were of great antiquity, and adopted the Presbyterian form of church government; the latter contesting both. Dr Jamieson's book is thought, of course by Presbyterians, to have set the question at rest. Now-a-days, a question as to the colour of the hair of the inhabitants of Saturn would excite more interest. What solemn trifles, what colossal toys, have often engrossed the minds even of intelligent men! One is reminded of the after-dinner controversy at Monkbarons between Sir Arthur and Oldbuck, where the former, rather than give up his (*pin*) point, nearly loses his life.

'Hermes Scythicus' attempts to trace the radical affinities of the Latin and Greek languages to the Gothic, and is a work of profound philological research. It was a *set* sequel to the stupendous 'Dictionary,' which forms the main pillar of his literary reputation. This work, originally published in two quarto volumes, illustrates the words in their different significations, by examples from ancient and modern writers, shows their affinities to other lan-

guges, and especially to the northern, explaining many terms which, though now obsolete in England, were formerly common to both countries, and elucidating national rites, customs, and institutions in their analogy to those of other nations. Since Dr Johnson's work, nothing of equal value in its way had appeared; and, like it, it was a most amusing medley. You could read it for days together without any feeling of weariness. The extracts were apposite and entertaining, a spice of dry humour lurked amid many of the definitions, and even to a Scotsman many of the words were entirely new, quaintly expressive, and queer. No one, till reading it, knew half the powers, resources, and extent of his own language; and Burns might have enriched his Scottish style, as Scott and Wilson undoubtedly did, from its pages. Who has forgot Christopher North's perpetual 'see Dr Jamieson?'

A dictionary-maker used to be held, as Johnson calls himself in that capacity, a 'harmless drudge.' This is long since altered, and as it is now felt that words are things, it is felt also, that to master that wondrous thing a language—in its history—in its shades of meaning—in its relations to other tongues—in the light it casts upon particular nations as well as upon universal history and universal grammar—in its relation to the powers and the beauties of literature and to the growth of philosophy and of religion—requires powers of memory, of discrimination, of concentration, and of generalisation of a very high order indeed, and the names of Horne Tooke, Johnson, Jamieson, and Hamilton of Leeds, are sufficient to prove that such powers have not disdained to enumerate the vocables as well as to investigate the philosophy of the Anglo-Saxon tongue. In fact, if men had more accustomed themselves to analyse words, they would have had more accurate conceptions of things, and there had been much less loose verbiage afloat. A man practised in philology always feels that when he speaks he is uttering something, what at least was *once* something, and will not so often use or endure the use of 'words, words, words.'

In addition, the subject of this sketch published a 'Supplement to the Dictionary,' of similar size and value with the work; an 'Abridgement of the Dictionary,' for general use; and a 'History of the Royal Palaces of Scotland,' compiled with his usual care and research. And how, meanwhile, did the public and his congregation receive all this? Why, briefly as follows. *Imprints*, the stiff starched tribunals of our literary justice took little or no notice of his voluminous works. The 'Edinburgh Review' was for a long period silent, for the following substantial reasons: first, he was a dissenting minister; secondly, there was nothing quissible in the *manner* of his works; and thirdly, there was not one among their critical corps fit *fully* to grapple with their *matter*. This silence, *we know*, the doctor deeply felt and bitterly complained of, at as late a date as 1832, but we are not exactly certain whether it was before or after this that, when he had gained the shore, the 'Review' stepped forward and gallantly encumbered him with help. 2dly, The public generally did not buy his books, because they were too big and treated of subjects to which the public was indifferent, unless as diluted and garnished in the fictions of Sir Walter. 3dly, Notwithstanding, his merit was, by a great number of excellent judges at home and abroad, warmly acknowledged, and in Edinburgh many used to say, 'the dissenters have not a man among them except M'Orrie and Jamieson.' And, 4thly, His own congregation swallowed all the fame of their minister, without swallowing all his works, or, as a whole, thoroughly appreciating his position. We remember one of them, when the good doctor was nearly killed by the fall of a floor at some sale of pictures, gravely saying, 'I wonder what business the honest man had being there!' This was capital; the lady was really glad at his escape, but thought it was a salutary and richly deserved lesson!

Dr Jamieson died in 1888. For some time before his death he had been prevented from preaching. His death made a considerable blank in the literary world, and removed from the church one of the few names that were

known beyond her pale. Perhaps, at the period of his death, there was not another man in Scotland possessed of such an unusual kind and quantity of learning. M'Orrie and Scott, to be sure, were both then dead, but even when alive, neither went so far back in their researches, although both possessed greater powers of turning them to popular account. Jamieson could not have written the 'Life of Knox,' but still less could M'Orrie have written 'Hermes Scythicus' or the 'Dictionary.'

Clear acute perspicacity, indomitable perseverance, and enormous memory were the leading qualities in Jamieson. He was not a man of genius, nor had he very great power of generalisation; hence much of the knowledge he amassed was rather useless than useful knowledge; hence often it cumbered him, like a man who should carry a pound in two hundred and forty pennies instead of one round, bright, new sovereign; hence, perhaps, the principal reason why so few of his books sold, and why such strange stories have been told of the quantities of dead stock which his own house contained. A visit to his cellar had been hardly so vivifying as Charles Lamb's to the wine vaults in London. 'Hold, beware of that pile of the 'Slave Trade' in the corner; take care, or you'll stumble over a thousand 'Eternities' near that door; don't be afraid, *that's* only a small bunch of the 'Alarm to Britain;' but mind your eyes *here* or you'll knock your head against a mountain of 'Hermes Scythicus,' for he has not been so migratory as his name would imply. What are you holding your nose at?—it's only a slight smell from a few decaying hundreds of the 'Vindication,' and no wonder, for they are half a century old; just one step more now, over this yard-high mass of 'Scripture Histories,' and we're fairly out.'

After all, Dr Jamieson has left one work which the world will not allow to remain in cellars, his 'Dictionary,' and as long as the Doric tongue is spoken and loved it shall endure, a permanent monument of the powers and perseverance of its author.

Dr Jamieson was a plain, sturdy, rather gruff-looking old man when we saw him. We never met him in private, but he was much loved, we understand, by his familiars, though perhaps somewhat too much of a Conservative for a Seceder minister, and rather fond of parading his intimacy with high people. His name, along with that of Coleridge and ten others, was put upon a private pension-list by George IV., which pension of £100 he enjoyed till that monarch's death. Altogether, the Antiburgher Synod had, and Scotland has, reason to be proud of his name.

A TALE OF POLAND.

BY MRS L. H. SIGOURNEY.

'Oh! moments to others, but ages to me,
I have sate with the brow of the dead on my knee;
In the purple of eve, at the flushing of morn,
I have bent o'er the cherish'd that left me forlorn,
And I gazed on the dimness that froze in the eye,
So bright in its burning, its glances so high,
And I watch'd the consumer, as ever he crept,
And feasted where beauty and glory had slept.'—RANSOM.

AMONG the pleasant abodes which, during the happier days of Poland, diversified the suburbs of Warsaw, was one which always attracted the attention of the traveller. It was less distinguished by splendour than by that combination of elegance with simplicity not common in a country where the palace and the hut, standing side by side, contrasted the extremes of opulence and poverty. Situated on a gentle eminence, overshadowed by trees, and embosomed in shrubbery, it seemed modestly seeking to hide its own elevation. A dark forest in the background strongly defined the outline of its white turrets, while the sighing sound of the wind through the branches mingled with the murmurs of the neighbouring Vistula like melancholy music.

This sweetly rural retreat was the residence of John Radsivil, a descendant from the ancient nobility of Poland. Nurtured in the loftiness of liberty, there was ever upon

his brow a painful consciousness of the subjugation of his country. Burying himself in retirement, he turned his attention to such pursuits as might not rouse the jealousy of despotism, though the temper of his mind was rather to court the storm than to cower beneath it. The dismemberment of his native realm, her loss of a seat among the nations, and the oppressive dynasty of Russia, darkened his meditations and embittered his solitude.

But in his own home was a spirit of peace, suggesting endurance, or striving to awaken hope. Ulrica, the gentle and beautiful one, with whom a union of ten years had left his love unimpaired, employed the whole force of her influence to win him from melancholy themes. Deep acquaintance with historic lore, and warm native sympathies, led her feelingly to deplore the immolation of her country; but the spirit of piety which had taken possession of her soul taught her to deprecate every vengeful and hostile purpose, and to view the voluntary shedding of blood, not only as an evil to be dreaded, but as a sin to be shunned. Capable of appreciating the higher and bolder energies, her happiness was embosomed in domestic duties and affections, and she sought to inspire all her household with that love of peace which preserves the fountains of bliss untroubled. It was her delight to lull her infant with such low, quiet music, that sleep would hang long suspended upon the half-closed lids, itself a listener. Even the little trusting sparrow, that in pursuit of crumbs had ventured to pass the threshold, would seem to linger at the sound of those exquisite melodies, standing long upon one foot, and turning its head rapidly from side to side, as if longing to bear to the children of its own nest those soothing and tuneful strains. She loved to instruct her daughter in those accomplishments that render home delightful, and by the influence of a sweet, subduing smile to recall her if her young spirit wandered or was weary. But most of all, she loved to cheer his despondence whose heart reposed its confidence on hers; and when it encountered those thorns and brambles with which the curse of Adam hath sown the earth, to restore in its own sanctuary some image of cloudless Eden. Yet their power of bliss was not free from the intrusion of care. Ulrica felt deep anxiety for her little son, in whom she could not but perceive the incipient tastes of a warrior. The piercing eye and raven locks, which he inherited from his father, gave to the exceeding beauty of his childhood a lofty expression, which no beholder could witness without repeating the gaze of admiration. His mother, discerning the structure of his mind in infancy, laboured continually to stamp upon its waxen tablet the impress of peace. Even then the ground seemed pre-occupied. Every leaf of olive that she cherished was plucked as if by an invisible hand. Often, when she flattered herself that the warbled melody of some sacred lay had reached and won his soul, he would suddenly raise his head from her bosom, and say, 'Sing me the battle-song of Sobieski, when he rushed upon the Turk; it is far finer music.' Sometimes, when she narrated from the blessed volume the lives of the men of peace, of the apostles, who went forth bearing the precious Gospel, and of heaven's hymn, sung by angels to the watching shepherds when the Redeemer of sinners was born, he would exclaim, 'Tell me now of him who slew the Egyptian when he saw him mocking his people, and of the stripling who beheaded the giant, and of that glorious warrior who bade the sun and the moon stand still in their courses, that he might have light, and a long day to destroy his enemies.'

The oppressive government of the Grand-duke Constantine became every day more intolerable. It assumed the worst forms of wanton cruelty. Surrounded by his Russian minions, he took delight in humbling the nobility of Poland, subjecting them to causeless penalties and offensive vassalage. In addition to these brutal abuses of power, a system of espionage was established in Warsaw, so strict that home was no sanctuary. It extended even to the schools. He was not ashamed to employ emissaries and reporters among infants. He desired to crush in the bud every indication of the love of liberty. Even the enthusiasm that lingered around the fallen glory of Poland was

visited as a crime; and trembling history hid her annals from the eye of despotism.

A boy had inscribed on his seat in school the date of some event distinguished in the record of his country. This circumstance was deemed of sufficient importance to be transmitted to Constantine, who sentenced him to be torn from his parents and placed for life in the lowest ranks of the army, yet held incapable of advancement. The unhappy mother sought long and vainly for an audience. Once, when leaving his palace for an excursion of pleasure, she threw herself at his feet, imploring, in the most piercing accents, mitigation of the doom of her miserable child. Provoked at her perseverance, he spurned her with his foot, and deigning no reply, ascended his carriage. It is not surprising that such arbitrary deeds should affect with peculiar sympathy the mother of young Radzivil. She knew the unconquerable boldness of the boy, and her nights were sleepless with dread lest he, too, should be marked as a victim for the tyrant. She communicated her fears to her husband.

'Ulrica,' he replied, gravely, 'the current of the boy's soul is deep beyond his years. The soaring eagle may not be restrained by the plaintive murmur of the dove.'

But Ulrica daily counselled her son. She strove to press into his soul the precepts of that religion which forbids retaliation. She selected from history the examples of those princes and statesmen whose pacific policy promoted the prosperity of their realm and the happiness of their people. She simplified for him the most exquisite passages of those ancient philosophers, who extol the excellence of patient virtue and serene contemplation. She exerted all of woman's eloquence, and of a mother's love, to make his young soul a listener and a convert.

'Mother, when I was at Cracow with my father, I visited in the cathedral the tombs of our ancient heroes. I found where Sobieski lies. I stood long at the tomb of Kosciusko. The light faded, and darkness began to settle upon the lofty and solemn arches while I stood there. Methought a voice came forth from these ashes and talked with me of his glory, of his sufferings, and of the Russian prisons where he so long pined. And then it seemed as if he himself stood before me, that brave old man, covered with scars, and with the tears of Poland; and ere I was aware I said, I will love Kosciusko, and hate Russia for ever.'

Ulrica gazed silently upon the boy. She had never seen anything so beautiful as that lofty and pure brow, inspired with emotions defying utterance. His full eye cast forth a flood of living lustre, and his graceful form rose higher as he ceased to speak. Not Hannibal, when, in the presence of Hamilcar, he uttered the vow of eternal hatred to Rome, could have evinced more strongly how the soul may lift up the features of childhood into a commanding and terrible beauty. The mother wondered at the strange awe that stole over her. She almost trembled to enter the sanctuary of that mind, lest she might displace imagery that Heaven had consecrated, or lay her hand unwittingly upon the very ark of God. For a moment she thought, what if this being, so mighty even in his simple elements, should be the decreed deliverer of his oppressed country? It was but a moment that this enthusiasm prevailed. The boy saw the tears glittering in her eye, and hastened to throw himself upon her neck.

'Mother, I will no longer sing the songs of Sobieski, nor speak to my companions of Pulaski or Kosciusko, since it gives you pain. But when I see the proud Russian soldiers parading in the squares at Warsaw, and Constantine lording it over our people, can I help my heart from rising up, and the blood from feeling hot in my forehead?'

The features of the Russian dynasty continued to gather harshness and asperity. The grand-duke became daily more odious to the people he ruled. Conscious of unpopularity, and partaking of that distrust which ever haunts tyranny, he retired from the royal palace to one in the vicinity of Warsaw, where he might be under the immediate protection of his own troops. It was no satisfaction to the Radzivil family that the new abode of Constantine was in their own immediate neighbourhood. Still trusting to find

safety in seclusion, they devoted themselves to the nurture of their children, and to the varieties of rural existence.

Autumn was now deepening to its close. The voice of the Vistula, swollen by rains, became more audible, hoarsely chafing against its banks. Nature, at the approach of her dreariest season, disrobes of their gaiety even her inanimate offspring, and pours heaviness into the hearts of the animal creation. The elk, roaming with his branching horns through the forest, bore upon his aspect an expression of deep melancholy. The titmouse, whose pendulous nest studded the branches, forgetting its irascible temper, and, disappointed in its supply of aquatic insects, gathered with drooping wing around the peasant's cottages in quest of other food. The bobac prepared a soft lining for its subterranean cell, and gathered its gregarious community for the long sequestration of winter. But where shall the human race find refuge from strife and oppression? Earth hath no recess where 'man's inhumanity to man' may not penetrate.

It was near the close of one of the shortening and gloomy days that Ulrica became alarmed at the absence of her son. He had prolonged his usual walk with his little sister about his father's grounds, and she had returned without him. As this was of frequent occurrence, it would scarcely have excited observation, but for the heightened state of maternal solicitude. The bold bearing of the boy, and his denunciations of tyranny, had signalled him among his companions, and induced his parents to withdraw him from the public school. They had also deemed it prudent, since the royal residence had been placed in their vicinity, to interdict his leaving their own domain without an attendant.

Now twilight darkened, and he returned not. The earnest search of the whole household was in vain. Little Ulrica watched and listened for his footsteps till the curtains were drawn and the lamps lighted, and then retired to her bed to weep. All the machinery that agonised affection could command was put in requisition. But the most persevering efforts could obtain no tidings, save that a child had been seen hurried toward the palace by two Russian soldiers, and apparently resisting their purpose. The whole influence of an ancient and noble family was made to bear upon the recovery of this beloved representative, only to reveal its utter inefficacy. Inquiry, reward, and menace were alike powerless. The system of the despot was a sealed book. 'I will myself go to the duke,' said Ulrica to her husband; 'God has given him a human heart. Who can say but it may in some point be vulnerable to compassion?' John Radzivil felt that such an appeal was hopeless. Yet, as a drowning man rejects not the straw floating on the element that destroys him, he forbore to dissuade her from the enterprise.

The next morning the suffering mother sought the palace of Constantine. She went under the protection of Count Turno, a Polish nobleman, who had for years maintained a degree of ascendancy over the mind of the duke, and was sometimes able to soften the violence of his measures. By a singular combination of talent, and an accurate knowledge of the hidden springs of action, he had succeeded in gaining the confidence of the tyrant, without the sacrifice of either integrity or honour. But consummate prudence was requisite to maintain a post so hazardous. On the present occasion he dared venture only to introduce the suppliant, and to repeat the injunction that her words should be few. Open interference on his part would, he knew, be fatal to the cause in which both his patriotism and his early friendship for the Radzivil family deeply participated.

When Ulrica entered the chamber of audience, the grand-duke turned away, as if determined to avoid her. Then his blue eye settled for a moment on her, cold as Russian snows. Arrested by her beauty and dignified deportment, aided in their effect by the rich and becoming costume of the Polish nobility, he reluctantly, though not ungracefully, gave attention.

'Great grace, you see before you the wife of John Radzivil. She seeks your presence a wretched suppliant for

her lost son. These three days and nights our search for him has been unremitting, but in vain. He was last seen in charge of two of the soldiers of your guard. Let me supplicate your clemency to give orders for his restoration.'

'Madam, the commission under which I act takes no cognizance of wandering babes. I supposed that the mothers of Poland better understood both my duties and their own.'

'Sire, our lost one was but a child. He had not numbered ten winters. If he was guilty of folly or rashness, I beseech you to restore him to his parents, that they may carefully instruct him not again to offend.'

The haughty lip of Constantine curled as he spoke. 'You were in truth nourishing a viper. If his venom has chanced to fall upon yourselves, look to it. Fill not my ears with your complaints. He was a rebel, and a ripe one, though so young in years.'

Ulrica fell on her knees, and, raising her clasped hands, exclaimed, 'Spare the life of the child! A broken-hearted mother implores your pity for her only son. So shall the Judge and Father of us all be merciful to you in your time of adversity.'

'Take away this mad woman,' said Constantine to his attendants. 'Turno, is there never to be an end of these Polish maniacs?'

Ulrica rose and returned home. She uttered no complaint. There was a strength in her sorrow that refused the channel of words. Radzivil saw in the fixed glance of her eye that hope had departed.

'Ulrica, seek to bind me no longer at the footstool of peace. As the Lord liveth, it shall no more be peace, but a sword. There is a point beyond which endurance is sin. Poland stands upon that verge. The tyrant shall fall. Faithful and proud hearts have sworn it. I will no longer withhold myself from their covenant. My soul has lain still, and smothered its hatred for your sake. Your sighs of peace have stolen over it like the breath of flowers, weakening its purpose. My counsel of submission has been my reproach among patriots. They have called it my watchword. Their brows grew dark when I uttered it. It was your spirit breathing through my lips. I deemed it the spirit of Heaven, and bade the wrath of the warrior that boiled in my breast bow down before it. Henceforth I cast away its chains. I wear no longer the yoke of a craven policy. I will resist unto blood—unto death. And may God so deal with me as I do valiantly for Poland.'

The discontent, which had been but ill-suppressed in the bosoms of a free people, burst forth. Plans long fostered in their nightly conclaves came suddenly to maturity. On the evening of 29th November, 1830, the beacon-light sprung up on the banks of the Vistula. The concerted signal had been the burning of a house, on the borders of that river, at the hour of seven. The clocks of Warsaw struck seven. How many hearts struggled with unutterable emotion at that sound! The expected flame threw out its red banner. The shout of 'To arms!' came with that flash, as thunder follows the lightning. Throngs of patriots were at their appointed posts. Officers rode through the streets inspiring the people. Students, and boys from the schools in warlike array, marched to the headquarters of the enemy. The rush was tremendous. Two thousand Russian cavalry, panic-struck, dispersed. The grand-duke threw himself from the window of his palace, and, aided by darkness and disguise, escaped. The gates of the city were in possession of the patriots. The prisons were stormed. Multitudes of pale, emaciated victims came forth, astonished, from their dungeons, as the dead once mingled with the living, when strange darkness hung over Calvary.

At midnight, Poland paused amid the miracle of her Revolution, and, kneeling, gave thanks to Jehovah. It was a moment of sublimity, when that immense multitude, rendered visible by the red torch-light, humbled themselves to earth, and, amid the most impassioned joy, swelled the response of 'Praise to God—to God the deliverer!'

The next morning brought Ulrica a note from her husband. 'Warsaw is ours! no Russian foot pollutes it. Po-

land breathes once more in freedom the air of her own capital. Every spot overflows with rejoicing people. Old hoary-headed men give us their blessing, and children brandish their weapons with the shrill cry of liberty. As for me, I am searching every dungeon, every fastness, every den, where it is possible for despotism to have incarcerated our brave, our beautiful one. I will return no more to my house until I restore him to your arms, or whisper in your ear those words, less appalling than our suspense—he is no more.

All day long, while acclamations rent the air, and the peasantry by thousands were flocking into the city to hail the men who had delivered their country, Ulrica sat still in the house. One deep, measureless, inexpressible emotion absorbed all lesser sympathies. At every footstep, at the echo of every voice, her heart, like the mimosa, shrank, trembled, folded itself. The hours seemed interminable. At length twilight approached, evening darkened. Even her chastened spirit revolted at the prospect of passing another night of unmitigated suspense. Her children slumbered. There was no sound save of their quiet breathing. She looked out upon the solemn stars, and strove to rise above them in communion with their Maker. Suddenly there was a trampling of horses in the court-yard. The power of motion deserted her. The next moment, Radzivil was in her apartment. He laid on the bed something wrapped in a cloak, and for a moment restrained her in his arms as she was rushing toward it.

'My son! my son! speak Radzivil. Tell me that he lives!'

'He lives, Ulrica; but the life of life is fled. It were a lighter thing to have seen him in the sleep of death.'

Perceiving that she would no longer be withheld, he uncovered the face. All the fortitude that she had invoked from above was needful for that moment. Emaciated, haggard, his beautiful hair shorn close to his head, his eye devoid of lustre or intelligence, and every feature apparently transmuted to pourtray the dull, dreaming, hideous contortions of idiocy. Yet he still breathed; and, with that consciousness, hope, the comforter, came into the heart of the mother. *The heart of the mother!* that only heart whose love falters not 'under the cloud or through the sea,' till death smites down its idol. Even then it resigns hope only to call forth a memory which, tender as love itself, gathers, like the winged chemist of the air, honeyed essence from thorn-clad and unsightly plants.

Ulrica perceived that to her embraces there was no response, to her words no answer. Food the famished boy received voraciously, and with a wolf-like appetite, yet regarded not the hand that gave it. All the accustomed avenues to the soul seemed irrevocably closed.

'By what excesses of diabolical cruelty,' said the father, 'could they thus have completed the wreck of one of the most noble and beautiful beings ever born of woman? None could tell me aught of his history. The keepers of his dungeon were what they ought to be—corpses. While crowds of liberated and ghastly wretches were thronging forth to the light of heaven, I descended to the vaults they had left. I explored them until I became almost hopeless. At last, in a cold, solitary cell, I discovered this ruin of humanity. Nothing but parental instinct could have guided me to that hidden recess, or convinced me that this was indeed my own son. To my caresses, to the mad-dened anguish with which I repeated his name, he spoke nothing. He moved not. But when I raised him in my arms he struggled and contended. Then I perceived that his exhaustion was not physical. I still trusted that the disease which had changed him might be healed. But when we brought him forth to the sunbeam, gazing into his eyes, I saw that the mind had fled for ever.' A deep vow of implacable vengeance closed the agonised recital.

'Radzivil, beloved, look not so wildly. I pray you, speak not so harshly. Our son may yet recover to bless us.'

On these holy promptings of love and hope the mother acted. Night and day she nursed the miserable boy. With consummate prudence she administered that nourishment

which his exhausted state rendered both necessary and hazardous. She rocked him in her arms, as in his infancy, holding his head for hours on her bosom, sometimes murmuring softly and tunelessly in his ear, as if she would breathe into him her own soul. Occasionally she fancied that there was a quickening of the mind, and then poured forth that inspiring music which harmonised with its native structure, and was wont to heighten the gladness of his childhood to ecstasy. The songs of Sobieski rang as exultingly through his chamber, as if they rose not from a breaking heart. It was in vain. The chords of melody might be touched no more. Still the tender eye that had scanned acutely the elements of his nature, would not believe that its deep and strong affections had become extinct. Her fair infant had formerly been his last thought at night, his first in the morning. To lull it himself to sleep, and to elicit its gay shout of mirth at waking, were among the objects of his childish ambition. The mother laid it upon his lap, and it smiled on him; but he extended no arm to receive it: he writhed, as if to free himself from a burden. He evinced neither desire nor dislike, but that fearful inanity, that deadness to all emotion, that grovelling and growing likeness to material things which are among the most appalling indications of lapsed intellect.

His little sister, whom from her birth he had loved as himself, was ever by his side. She twined her arms about his neck, but he was uneasy at their pressure. She laid her hand gently upon his head and wept at the absence of those clustering curls that were once her admiration and pride. She gazed long and earnestly in his eyes with tears: standing in her own, like big rain-drops in the violet's heart. She spoke long, in her sweetly modulated tones, of their sports, of their walks together, of the wild flowers that they had found in their own secret places, and of the stories he had told her of the daring of Pulaaki and Keciuko. 'Shall we not pursue each other again, dear brother, through the garden walks? and will you launch your boat on the little stream that runs so swiftly toward the Vistula? and shall the baby clap its little hands when you brandish your mimic sword? and will we say our nightly prayers again with one voice, kneeling down by our mother?'

Every effort of the ardent child ended in disappointment—not a single glance of attention rewarded her. It was evident that the links between thought and speech were broken. Even those faint and casual glimmerings of emotion which, though causeless, had served feebly to unite him to humanity and to hope, gradually disappeared. There had been sometimes an inarticulate murmuring, like sullen discontent, or a distortion of the brow, as if from transient terror. Even these were precious to the parents who hung over his couch, as the dawn, though heavy and ominous with clouds, is hailed by those who 'watch for the morning.' But these sad signals faded, and nothing remained but the action of the lungs, the sluggish current in the veins, the aimless motion of the muscles, as if without volition, and the animal appetites of idiocy. The beauty, which he had once possessed in so remarkable a degree as to have been pronounced perfect, vanished with the emanations of mind; even the proportions and chiselling of the clay lost their symmetry.

At length death came, the messenger of mercy. There was a pitiful and unearthly cry from that collapsed heart when the ice entered into it; but no accent, no pressure of the hand, for affection to linger over and embalm. One ray of exceeding brightness kindled in the eye: it was the spirit passing forth in gladness from its deep eclipse. Only for a moment was that lustre seen. Then there were bitter gaspings and strugglings, as of the swimmer when he buffets the fatal wave; so that even love besought in agony the release of what it had worshipped; and that release came.

John Radzivil returned from the obsequies of his first-born in that state of feeling which shuns alike society and consolation. Solitude and moody silence were his choice. Grief seemed, in his case, to lay aside her features of tenderness, and to nerve and harden the soul for some gloomy,

unspoken purpose. Ulrica perceived that his mind was brooding over plans of vengeance, and exerted all her influence to soothe and disembrace it. She suffered not her own sorrow to sadden her deportment, that her devotion to his comfort might be the more exclusive. She gradually incorporated the softened tones of her voice, like the sigh of the 'sweet south,' with his meditations, hoping to infuse a healing principle into the current of his diseased, tumultuous thought. She pointed out the sources of happiness that still remained to them, and endeavoured to excite the healthful emotions of gratitude to an Almighty Friend. She spoke fervently of the peace and independence of their country, and pressed him, by the love he bore to her and their surviving children, to withhold himself from any future scene of dissension, and yield his sorrows to the solace of domestic retirement and felicity. She dwelt eloquently on the tendencies of war to extinguish the finer sensibilities, to destroy the capacities of rational happiness, to stimulate evil passions, to uproot the precepts and spirit of the Gospel; but she shuddered to hear him repeat, with unwonted sternness, his determined vow of revenge.

'You say that Poland is relieved from despotism; that patriotism no longer requires of me a warrior's service. You say 'our son is dead; can we bring him back again?' Your reasoning is from the weakness of woman's nature; as if there were no stronger impulse in the breast of man than love of country or hope of selfish gain. Is it possible that you can stand on the tomb of that beautiful, martyred being, and hear no deeper language than the perpetual whisper of peace, peace! Till his murder is fully avenged in the best blood of Russia, speak no more to me of repose. I have sworn that my sword shall never be sheathed while Constantine cumber the earth.'

Ulrica could no longer conceal from herself that the desire for revenge was consuming the energies of his existence with the eagerness of its smothered flame; and there was soon room to spend itself in the way of blood that it chose. The Emperor of Russia, indignant at the revolt of Poland and the expulsion of his brother, sent thither an army of two hundred thousand soldiers to enforce subjection. Scarcely had two months transpired since the lightning gleam of revolution ere this reverse came. Every resource was opened, every nerve in tension, to resist domination. Peasants left the labours of husbandry, and, if too poor to purchase weapons, armed themselves with the implements of agriculture. Inverting the language of inspiration, they turned their ploughshares into swords, and their pruning-hooks into spears. Boys fled from the schools, and, forming themselves into platoons and phalanxes, demanded enrolment among the soldiery. Women, forgetting their household occupations, and the privileges of their sex, pressed to share personally in the perils of war. It was on the 25th of January, 1831, that the Polish troops began to leave Warsaw, to encounter the immense force with which Russia was inundating their land. Delicate and beautiful females attended them on their route to Praga, inspiring them by their eloquence and enthusiasm. Then there were tender partings, and high, patriotic hopes, and agonising aspirations of piety, that submit not to the revelation of words. Ulrica saw that it was her destiny to follow the fortunes of a warrior; and, as a soul in alliance with heaven may compass things accounted impossible on earth, she determined to do it in the spirit of peace. She left her delightful abode, and, with her children and a single servant, went forth to adapt her movements to the marches of the army, that she might be a comforter to her husband in his toilsome and terrible career. But with what discord did the din of battle grate upon her ear, who considered even the accent of unkindness a dereliction of the Christian's creed. During the time of contest, she retired with her little daughter to the most remote recess, and, clasping her infant in her arms, besought Divine protection for the endangered husband and father. When the tumult of conflict subsided, and she was convinced that no injury had befallen him, her care awoke for the wounded and dying. Forgetful of the rank and affluence in which she had been educated, and grateful if she might

but mitigate one pang, she moved like a ministering spirit among every form and modification of misery.

Spring advanced in her path of beauty; but she could not win man from war, or soften him to love his brother. The pure breath of spring is not in unison with the heart that cherishes evil passions. The innocent gladness of renovated nature is a reproof to it, and her hymn of sunbeams a mockery.

Radsivil found it impracticable to insure the comfortable accommodation of his family during the changes and chances of warfare. Sometimes their lodging was in a frail tent, at others in some dilapidated building, always liable to be broken up and transferred in a moment. After the commencement of summer, they were for a considerable period tenants of a ruined fortress, open to the winds of heaven. One evening he was seated with them there, after a day of exposure and hardship. Leaning his head on his hand, he contemplated with intense and melancholy interest a group so dear to him. Ulrica, in a costume as humble as her station required, tenderly conversed with her daughter, clinging closely to her side, while the infant lay in a slumber so profound that every golden curl and relaxed muscle seemed spell-bound. The lofty chieftain gazed long upon his wife. He recalled her toils, her privations, her perils, the strong contrast between the present and the past; he wondered at her gentleness, her moral courage, the fullness of her compassion for others. He saw even the beauty of her countenance scarcely changed, and fancied that her love-beaming smile, and her clear, blue, transparent eye imaged forth the repose of heaven. He remembered the inward tempests that had furrowed his own brow, the fires that had seared his soul and dried up its fountains, making him old before his time. 'We dwell together,' thought he, 'like the angel of peace and the demon of war. The comparison is against me.' Then there passed over his mind such a saddening consciousness of the evils of strife, the unsatisfying nature of military glory, the fearful cost of victory, and the tendency of a vindictive spirit to recoil upon itself, that, for the first time, the wish that he had never been a man of blood rushed to his lips. Suddenly, as at an earthquake, the disjointed stones of their habitation trembled and fell in masses. Poland's cry 'To arms!' rose above the tumult. 'The Russian artillery!' exclaimed the warrior, as he rushed to rally his soldiers. These were to be his last words in the sanctuary where his heart had found refuge.

The conflict was protracted and dreadful. I wish not to describe it. The 'thunder of the captains, and the shouting,' are not my province. Is not death sufficiently terrible when sanctioned by nature, and softened by religion? but when urged on by misguided man, and bade to do his work in violence and wrath, the sickening heart may be permitted to turn away. At length the trampling and uproar of battle ceased; but over the field of carnage was the unceasing groan of mangled men—that horrible cadence of war. The uprooted grass, and the surface of the earth trodden into dust, were indented with curdling pools of blood. The combatants slowly drew off in broken battalions, and eager and mournful forms were searching amid heaps of slain, each for his own dead. Ulrica was already there, grasping a lifeless hand between her own. Bathing with floods of tears the immovable countenance of that friend whom she had loved more than life, she felt the force of that grief to which the shepherd-king gave voice in the exclamation, 'Would to God I had died for thee!'

Bearing to their desolated mansion the remains of her husband, he was laid in the tomb of his ancestors with such brief honours as his country, in her hour of trial, was able to pay a chief who had perilled all for her. Scarcely had Ulrica bowed herself to the first sorrows of widowhood, ere she was summoned to lay her beautiful babe by its father's side. One of those unannounced diseases incidental to infancy, which, like swift-winged and noxious birds, are ever hovering about the unopened buds of being, swept over it, and it was gone. In the morning it flourished, and came forth as a flower; in the evening it was cut down and withered. Let none account the mourn-

ing for a lost infant light, or soon forgotten. Sorrow for the departed is not always graduated by the value that the community may have affixed to their lives. The heart has other gold than that which men weigh in a balance. He who marks in the cemetery a mound of a span's length, and, carelessly passing on, says, 'It was but a babe!' hath never been a parent.

The fortunes of Poland grew darker every day. Contest after contest was lost. The battle of Praga struck her down from her throne among the nations. Despotism returned with a twofold purpose—to do the deeds which her own nature prompted, and to punish rebellion. She was not slack in either task. Confiscation, imprisonment, banishment, death, were the instruments by which she wrought.

Among the list of exiles to the wilds of Siberia were the Radzivil family. Sole representatives of one of its branches, Ulrica and her young daughter joined that melancholy train. Yet the bereaved and afflicted woman went not forth despairing. She girded herself to bear her appointed lot. Life seemed to her as a short journey to the land of peace. Ever keeping this in view, she had a cheering word for those whose hearts sank as a stone beneath the dark waters. There is sometimes found in woman an uncomplaining fortitude, which shrinks not when the pride of man, her stronger companion, gives way—a power of endurance bestowed by her Creator, to supply the deficiency of mightier energies. But here there was something more—the panoply with which Heaven condescends to invest the heart, which, sacrificing its selfishness and resigning its own will, henceforth becomes a partner in the strength of omnipotence. It obtains no exemption from trial or misfortune, no passport to command away a single thorn that obstructs its pilgrimage. Its power is in the talisman, engraven on its inmost tablet, '*Thy will be done.*'

The fatigues and sufferings of banishment fell most heavily on the young and tender. Ere they entered the gloomy pine-forests of Russia, the sorrowing exiles found their number fearfully diminished:

'The cold snows wove their winding sheet,
And many a turf beneath their feet
Was made an infant's sepulchre.'

Little Ulrica faltered, and indicated in every feature that her path led to a returnless bourne. Her mother saw, the destination, and strove to prepare her for it. She spoke to her of that clime where blossoms never fade, where there is no war, no severing of hearts that love, of the compassion of 'Jesus the Mediator,' and of God the judge of all, who hath mercy on the penitent and the trustful. She told her of the unresting harps of angels, who wait, and stretch forth their wings, and call the parting soul to join their company. She rested not night or day, and herpious labour was required. The young summoned spirit went forth meekly and willingly from its house of clay.

For the lonely mourner there was henceforth no joy on earth, save the echo of the seraphic hymn, which from the pure realm of peace visited her nightly. To the children of her people who had no mothers, she drew near, and wiped their tears, and gathered them into her bosom, and taught them of Jesus; to the hoary-headed she bowed herself down as a daughter, and comforted them, till they gazed upon her as an angel of light; to the broken-hearted she spoke sisterly words, urging them to walk steadfastly toward that country where is no bereavement; and, in listening to her sweet tones, they lost for a season the bitter memories of exile.

Thus she moved in that ministry of benevolence and resignation which he who perfectly attains hath accomplished the discipline of probation, and is ready for a higher grade of being, and for the 'recompense of reward.' The humble and pure spirit which she hid within would have inspired contentment even amid that realm of frost, where vegetation, except in its harder forms, is extinct, and the solid earth cleaves asunder. It would have devised deeds of kindness for the miserable boor, whose superiority to the wild beasts that surrounded him was chiefly evinced in the skill with which he entrapped

them, or divested them of their skins, for the better clothing of himself and his little barbarians. But the wife of a Siberian winter swept not over the widowed bosom of John Radzivil. Ere it bound the earth in its terrible fetters, she had fled to a clime without tempest or storm.

Such was the annihilation of a family, once noble, honoured, and happy. Yet is its record of suffering scarcely a drop in the dark tide that saturated the soil of Poland. The dauntless self-devotion of her sons availed nothing against the despotism that overwhelmed her. Those whom she nurtured in her high places now languish in prisons and in mines; they perish in the stern, frozen heart of Siberia, or are homeless wanderers in far, foreign lands. And as among the family of nations there has long been admiration of her high, chivalrous character, so there should be sympathy for her fall, and in the sorrows of her children.

RANDOM JOTTINGS.

THE RAINBOW.

There are perhaps none of the heavenly phenomena so beautiful and interesting as the rainbow. There may be more brilliant meteorological appearances at certain parts of the world, such as the mirage and aurora borealis, but there is none more beautiful than this universal and glorious arch of heaven. It is the memorial of primeval piety—the autograph of God, in ratification of a solemn and eternal covenant between him and men. It is the dream-region of poets—the wonder of the simple peasant—the delight of the philosopher—and a mystery to the untutored savage. This prismatic region of beauty has ever been peopled by the poets with aerial creatures, who sport amongst the white clouds and bathe in the sunbeams; and in the Scriptures the allusions to it are as splendid as they are various. It is said that one of the glories which surround the eternal throne is a rainbow; in the Apocalypse it is described as encircling, like a halo, the head of an angel; and Ezekiel compares four cherubim to a cloud arched with this lustrous bow. Milton alludes to the rainbow in the following poetical terms:

'I took it for a fairy vision
Of some gay creature in the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' the plighted clouds;

and everybody is familiar with the beautiful terms in which Campbell addresses it:

'Still seem as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station, given
For happy spirits to alight,
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

The allusions in the exquisite poem which we have noticed are extremely beautiful, and they view that phenomenon in every one of its relations, from the idea that led the world's grey fathers forth to watch its sacred sign, to the reduction of its existence to cold material laws. In 'Paradise Lost' the description of its creation and first appearance is truly grand, as if the very beams that wove it in the sky had animated the bard with the inspiration of their beauty and brightness.

In Greenland the rainbows frequently do not reflect the seven prismatic colours, but are of a pale white colour, fringed with a brownish yellow. This arises from the sun's rays being refracted from a frozen cloud. The Icelanders term it 'the bridge of the gods;' and the Scandinavians, who believed it to connect heaven and earth, say it has a guardian-angel specially awarded to it, called Heindaller. Aristotle calls himself the first who ever saw a lunar rainbow, mentioning only two that he had observed during fifty years. St Ambrose did not seem to be aware of this particular phenomenon, however, as he says that the rainbow could not be what God promised to Noah as a sign placed in the firmament after the deluge that he would no more drown the world, because the rainbow could not appear at night: but the old commentator was wrong, for lunar rainbows have been often seen. Mr

Booker, author of the 'Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature,' saw two lunar rainbows. The first formed an arch over the vale of Usk. The moon hung over the Blorwage; a dark cloud was suspended over Myarth; the river measured over beds of stones; and a bow, illumined by the moon, stretched from one side of the vale to the other.

In mountainous countries the rainbow is of extraordinary beauty, spanning broad valleys, and seeming to rest upon the mountain-tops. Several rainbows of a completely circular form have been seen on the mountains rising above Quibo in Peru; and as many as five-and-twenty have been seen at once lighting up the Pacific Ocean, in the vicinity of Juan Fernandez. The maritime bows are of a concave form, being the reverse of aerial ones, because the drops of water refracting the rays rise from below, and do not fall from above as in the former. The dashing of waves against rocks also forms these *irres marinas*, which are frequently seen on the coast of Caernarvon, Merioneth, Pembroke, and Carmarthen. It is said that a rainbow was once seen near London twenty minutes after sunset, caused by the exhalations rising from that city; and Captain Parry, while proceeding towards the North Pole, saw rainbows formed by the descent of the hoar-frost. In the Castle of Ambras, in the circle of Austria, there is a picture representing this sacred sign, so admirably executed that the Grand Duke of Tuscany offered one hundred thousand crowns to obtain it.

The rainbow is formed by the refraction of the sun's rays, by falling drops of rain, each drop being a complete prism, and separating the rays into its component elements. The colours forming a ray of light are seven in number, being violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red; and these are they contained in the rainbow which is general in this country.

THE OLIVE.

There are some charming little fables told in connection with ancient mythology, although some of them, on the other hand, are as stupid and absurd. One of the most beautiful and instructive, however, is that regarding the origin of the olive-tree. Minerva, the goddess of the arts of peace, had a dispute with Neptune regarding the name of the city of Athens, and so strong did the contention become that the decision of the matter was referred to the other fabulous deities, who decided that the sovereignty of that famous city should be awarded to either of the disputants who should present the better gift to mankind. Neptune struck the shore with his trident, when forth sprang a beautiful horse, with flashing eyes and flowing mane; but Minerva touched the ground, and forth sprang a beautiful olive-tree. The triumph was won by the goddess, for it was declared upon Olympus, that peace, of which the olive is the symbol, is infinitely preferable to war, which the horse was supposed to typify.

In sacred history this tree occupies a conspicuous place, being there spoken of as a sign of hope. It was a branch from the olive-tree that the dove bore back to the ark as the record of the appearance of a regenerated earth. It was upon the Mount of Olives that the Saviour suffered his passion, previous to his betrayal. The garden of Gethsemane is situated on the face of the mount which looks towards Jerusalem, and which was probably planted with these trees at that time. The olive-tree is really of a beautiful peace-like appearance. Its leaves are formed like those of the willow, and resemble them in arrangement, but they are more soft and delicate. The flowers are also very tender and beautiful, issuing in little spikes from buds between the leaf-stalks and the spikes. They are at first of a pale yellow colour; but when they expand their petals, which are only four in number, they are white, with a yellow centre. Wild olives are found in Syria, Greece, and on the lower slopes of Mount Atlas in Africa. It is cultivated in many parts of Syria, and some of the cultivated sorts are to be found growing spontaneously in many parts of Asia Minor, being easily reared along all the shores of the Levant, which are not visited

by frosty winds. The plain of Athens, as the traveller looks towards the north-west from the Hymettus, seems as if it were an entire olive grove. The olive was first cultivated in Tuscany, the south of France, and Spain, as a European plant. From the fruit of this unctuous vegetable the Tuscans extracted and exported the celebrated oil which is now called 'Florence oil;' but the best is made from the products of the French fruitage about Aix. The olives are gathered just upon the very eve of maturity; and they must be carefully attended to, for if one year's growth is allowed to become too ripe, the next year there is no fruit, and the tree becomes only productive afterwards every alternate season. At Aix the olive harvest takes place annually in November. In Languedoc, Spain, and Italy, where it is delayed till December and January, it occurs only once in two years. The quality of the oil greatly depends upon the time employed in, and method of, gathering the fruit. It should be plucked in the first stage of maturity, by the hand, and finished in a day, if possible. The fruit is reduced to pulp in a very simple oil mill, and then put into sacks of coarse linen or feather-grass, and subjected to pressure.

The cultivation and manufacture of olives and olive-oil afford considerable employment to many of our French and Italian brethren. In 1827 there was an importation of four thousand five hundred tons of oil into England, paying a duty into the revenue of eight guineas per tun. The olive is still much venerated by the Greeks.

GUTTA-PERCHA.

This novel substance (pronounced *portsha*), which is likely to come into general use, and for many purposes to supersede the use of leather, possesses somewhat of the character and nature of india-rubber, but is capable of being manufactured into many forms, and of assuming a neatness and consistency much superior to caoutchouc. It is found in the islands of the Indian Ocean, and was lately introduced into this country by a firm called 'The Gutta-Percha Company,' who have patented the substance, and are manufacturing it into soles for boots and shoes, whips, belts for machinery, balls, and various other articles of use and ornament. The gutta-percha is obtained from Borneo chiefly, a large island to the south-east of the peninsula of Malay, and situated directly under the equator. The liquid, like that of caoutchouc, is taken from a tree by tapping; but so impatient are those employed in collecting it that, with wonderful obliquity of thought, they sometimes cut down the trees, and, allowing the fluid to collect in a pool at the root, drain away the whole substance, and destroy the plant that supplies it. The gutta-percha is very unctuous, producing a beautiful clear flame when burned, and exuding when it is held towards any hot substance or subjected to friction. This quality has been held as an objection to its use as a machine-belt—causing it to slip without taking with it the beam which it is employed to drive; but, according to the testimony of many who have employed it, it performs its functions admirably in this respect. The gutta-percha, in its manufactured form, is of a brown colour, hard and close in its texture, and as flexible as leather. It can be made of any thickness; and this seems to be accomplished by a process of coating. In joining it, there is no sewing employed. It must be observed that it cannot be used as the insole to shoes or boots, but as the outer one; and it is attached to the roughened insole by a paste, which retains it in its place with great tenacity. When it is used as belts for machinery, two oblique cuts are made at the ends; these are touched by a hot iron, joined and smoothed by the same process, and the part thus joined is as strong as any other portion of the ligature. Gutta-percha is said to wear but slowly even upon the roughest of substances; and, in addition to this quality of endurance, it can be restored, as iron is by fire, to all the purposes of which it was originally capable.

Of course we are not required to place implicit confidence in the testimonials produced by the company who manufacture and sell this substance; but one gentleman,

in recommending its use, declares that it possesses properties which render it invaluable as winter shoes. It is, compared with leather, a slow conductor of heat, the effect of which is, that the warmth of the feet is retained, however cold the surface may be on which the person stands, and that clammy dampness so objectionable in the wear of india-rubber shoes is entirely prevented. We have seen gutta-percha in the form of a belt, and it did indeed seem to be admirably constituted for the purpose for which it was intended. We have seen it also as whips, cricket-balls, and even as beautiful stethoscopes. We cannot explain the manner of its manufacture, and the substances with which it is composed before being reckoned fit for use, as it is patented, and the secret of its composition vigorously guarded by the patentees; but that it is really deserving of attention, and may be made available for many useful purposes, is undeniable. Originally it is dearer than leather, and this may be against it superseding that article; but if it is found to be cheaper comparatively, after a trial, it will assuredly maintain its ground.

G O T H S.

By all accounts, the ancient Goths were a remarkable people; not more barbarous, perhaps, than many other nations, but more resolute and unchangeable in their barbarism. Somewhat like the natives of the celestial empire, they seem to have been thoroughly wedded and yoked to their own ways and their own habits, looking down with an edifying contempt upon the refinements of all other nations. Like a Highland mountain—bleak, bare, and barren—all the cultivation in the world, and all the seed sown thereon, would produce a harvest of nothing else than original granite. They stood sublime in nakedness, defiant of social and civilising influences. Yet there is something grand about the character of the old Goth; something, even in his own native ruggedness, attractive. We pass by many other nations in their history, in their rise and fall, with comparative indifference, just as we pass over a tract of flat tame earth; but like the wild moorland, with its broken rugged surface, its stony places, quagmires, rocks, and heath, there is in the history of the Goths something calling forth a respectful awe. We admire the Goth, and may respect him as one does a tame lion, yet cannot love him. The wild boundless heath strikes the mind with a sense of eternity; unlike human habitations or corn fields, which our thoughts can grasp and feel something finite in, there is a sense of vastness filling and overflowing the soul as you gaze on the former scene. So with the ancient Goths: their hordes, their wildness, and untameableness, one looks back upon with a consciousness of awful past grandeur, rude though it may have been.

But we sincerely beg the reader's pardon for this introduction. It has little to do with our subject. We only wished to betray you into reading this article, and having got you this length, hope you will go on with us. Our subject principally concerns the modern Goth, between whom and his ancient prototype some points of resemblance no doubt exist. Of course we do not mean external resemblance, for in this there can be little or none, but in spirit and mode of action. Society is much like a garden, in general appearance half cultivated. Flowers bud and blossom forth here and there; others promise a deal at first, but are choked up with over-luxuriance or an over-growth of leaves, and fall of fulfilment. Beauty and fragrance do not always go together: there is the gaudy garment and rank odours—the modest primrose breathing incense. Statelyness, grandeur, and worth are not always combined: the bee thrins aside from the haughty dahlia to the drooping heather-bell. There are healing virtues and poisonous influences growing together side by side: some tender clinging plants, weaving their arms around stranger stems for support, and beautifying and strengthening even that they lean upon; some bowing and nodding to every breeze, others erect and sturdy, defying the storm; some creeping and crawling along the earth, loving nothing better and nothing else; others, with bright

buds and blossoms, breaking forth to the sunshine of heaven; some always fresh and green, others ever faded, worn, and weary like. Here and there, in corners, are many weeds springing up, stretching their fibres and scattering their seed among the flowers. In some plants an attractive influence dwells, in some repulsiveness; in some unconscious sweetness, in others unconscious thorns—the rose that yields its perfume to all who pluck it; and the nettle stinging the hand that caresses it. And, dear reader, the Goth is the nettle of society; he has his uses, too, but always an uncomfortable presence. He is comely enough to look at, but an unpleasant neighbour to any one; he stings because it is his nature, and not because of any hatred to you; he does it unconsciously and unfeelingly; he does it in kindly intercourse, and not alone in warfare; he takes no special delight in the act, and feels no remorse for its commission; he carries no ill-will in his bosom, yet no man loves him or desires much the honour of his close acquaintanceship. Picturesque enough in a rude way, and in his own place seemly, but always most so at a distance; wherever he comes, he comes to ban and not to bless; with no regard for feelings and sensibilities, he makes no friends of others and few decided foes: bears, be it owned, however, no smiling lie upon him, but proclaims himself at once what he is—a veritable Goth.

Most of us have, amongst the circle of our acquaintances, met with, or do meet with on our walk, many specimens of the Gothic order. They are indigenous to almost any soil; as well can they thrive in a hot-house as under the lee of an old wall; as well in a ball-room as carrying a hod and mortar. But what of the specimens?

Who has not met the Goth in the omnibus or in the railway car?—the stout gentleman with the blue coat, umbrella, and Claude Lorraine countenance, or the thin one with his coat buttoned up to the chin, and his hat set over his brows; who shouts 'No more room here, sir,' or 'ma'am,' and refuses to budge an inch from his position; his legs straddled out as widely as possible across the passage, you stumble over on your way, and get grumbled at. On the principle of having paid for his seat he will not move to accommodate a lady; and if you venture blandly to hint at inconvenience, 'People at Rome must do as Rome does,' is growled at you.

And who has not met him at dinner at a friend's, where he is particularly in his element? Wo to the unlucky wight who then and there happens to excite an interest in his mind. We happened to encounter two of them very recently at old Bagridge's table. Bagridge being in the commission-agency business, dines a few customers occasionally, and not being very acute in selecting parties congenially disposed, sometimes gets up very heterogeneous assemblies. There were about a dozen present last time. Old Sims, the corn merchant, with his wife and two daughters; young Clothbords, the architect; the Rev. Gamaliel Tod, a licentiate of the church, and his aunt, an ascetic old maiden, who knows everybody's affairs, and is as good as an advertisement in the 'Times' at keeping a secret; the two Goths; Bob Styles; and ourselves. Bob had been rather imprudent of late, but thought matters hushed up by this time; he got nervous, however, on noticing the Goths—they were old familiars; he whispered, with a forlorn smile, into our ear, 'I must make an early city engagement to-night.' Dinner got over pleasantly enough; the guests gobbled away and chattered betimes, but at the dessert tongues got fairly unloosed. All the ladies were speaking to each other at once, as they always do when they have little to say; the licentiate and Clothbords were hard at Puseyism and dissent; old Sims and the host mourning over the discounts; and the Goths edging in a sentence here and there, when one of the latter, getting his eye on the unfortunate Styles, said, 'I think we've met before, Mr Styles.'

'Probably I may have had that pleasure,' observed Bob, but more with the tone of one remembering a misfortune than anything joyous.

'Ay, yes, um; at Isaacs'; the brokers, I think,' replied the Goth.

Bob blushed. Isaacs is known as an accommodating usurer.

Second Goth—'By the way, Mr Styles, I think your name was on the list of the shareholders of the Heather-riggs Metal Company; bad business that—ugly business. How many shares had you?'

Bob murmured something.

'So many! then you'd come off well rubbed; a thousand at least.'

The company were beginning to feel an interest in the unfortunate; some were looking on. Bob felt old Bagridge had his eye on him; he had some expectations in that quarter.

First Goth—'I heard a good story the other day. Mould the founder—in the 'Gazette' this morning—trying to raise the wind to relieve himself of a few bills, called two days since on Staggs the broker. 'Staggs,' said he, 'I've a capital crane on hand—first-rate article—can't get a customer for it though—no demand just now, and it's like to spoil.' Staggs was sly, however; smelt something. 'Best article I ever manufactured,' continued Mould, 'could part with it cheap—dirt cheap—rather than see it spoiled: can lift anything.'—'Ay,' exclaimed Staggs, 'can it lift a bill?'

Second Goth—'Isn't Mould a cousin of yours, Styles? I heard it rumoured you had become security—but mum here of course.'

The victim could have eaten the fellow. Everybody was now listening, and old Bagridge looking daggers.

The licentiate's vinegar aunt interposed with a Scripture quotation: 'I never saw such an exemplification of the truth as at the present time; that they who haste to be rich shall fall into many a snare.'

'It's bad enough for married men to dabble a little occasionally in specs, but confoundedly bad for single youths to do so,' broke in old Sims, who has feathered his nest by speculations in corn.

Bob the unfortunate, not much later, remembered his engagement and pled the benefit of it. He had not long gone, when the conversation turning on church matters, one of the Goths chose to interrogate us: 'I believe, sir, you studied for the church at one time?'

'I've heard something of that,' remarked the second Goth; 'didn't come out though; stuck at some examination, or couldn't agree about Hebrew poetry with some of the examiners.'

'Beg pardon, gentlemen; you must be mistaken, I never studied for such a purpose.'

'Oh, sorry for that! only some one happened to mention the fact. But no matter; better men have done so and failed.'

Having no wish to be victimised further, we soon followed Bob's example.

It is to be regretted that Goth is a feminine as well as a masculine noun. Innumerable specimens of female Goths are on record; suppose, out of them, we take the Misses Partington, two maidens of elderly years. The ladies go a visiting daily thus, in sober silks, to tradesmen's families. Entering the house they begin: 'My, Priscilla, what a hole to live in!'

'Oh, shocking!'

'My good fellow, you seem to have a large family?'

'Ay, mem, an' aneuch to do wi' them, tae.'

'What wages do you earn now?'

'Name ower muckle, troth.'

'Deed, leddies,' interposes the wife, who from the nature of the questions is led to anticipate aid; 'maybe twal shillin' a week, when trade's guid, is the feck o't.'

'And, pray, how do you live?'

The labourer, in his heart, could turn the visitors neck and crop out of the door, but a sense of courtesy keeps him sulkily submissive, and he replies, 'Muck as our neighbours, I wat.'

'Bless your kindly hearts, leddies, we puir folk hae a sair strussle wi' the world. May ye ne'er ken ocht o't; and the corner of an apron goes to the dame's eyes.'

'What may you have for breakfast and dinner, now?'

'Parritch, leddies; an' whyles kail when we ha'e ony-thing ava.'

'Ah, I see, kail!' pursues Priscilla, advancing to the fire and lifting the lid off the pot.

'Can your children read, good woman?'

'A little, mem.'

'Well, see, here are two very interesting tracts on Puseyism and the Duty of Thankfulness; pray, let them spend an hour at night in carefully perusing them to you.'

'Many thanks, my leddy; this is verra kind o' ye.'

'How are you provided for blankets, this cold weather?' inquires one, first advancing to the bed to examine. 'Dear me, is't possible; such wretched coverings! Just observe, Julia, love.'

Meanwhile, the father's blood is boiling, and were it not that his wife restrains him by her looks, and his visitors are women, he would order them to be gone.

'Good day, my good woman,' says Priscilla, 'and we will probably look in on some other occasion, to see how you are getting on.'

Let it not be supposed we should ever by word or thought condemn the most divine and hallowing exercise of charity! Enough need is there for it in our lanes and hedges; enough in every way; but to

'Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame,'

if ever fame the act becomes, has no connection with impudent visiting inquisitors, who publish their own good perambulations. We judge not thus of character. A man or woman is best known by his trifling acts, not by his great ones; as the feather tells the current of the wind, so the small civilities of life, and the way of doing them, indicate the direction of the mind. Our uncle Jem afforded example of this in a sort of way. A bachelor was Jem, rough, hale, and hearty, as all honest bachelors, though beyond middle age, are; but his sister, who kept house for him, was a specimen of another tree; she gave liberally to subscriptions, but was otherwise grim, unapproachable, and niggardly. We recollect when visiting him years ago, in our adolescence, how we stood in dislike of that austere virgin, and how even Jem doubted her, doing many things covertly he otherwise would have done openly. When we used, with the sweetbread love of our years, to sit and eye wistfully the plumcake at tea-time, not daring to touch it for fear of Grizzel, whose favourite axiom of sweetmeats spoiling children she duly observed the practice of, Jem, seeing how matters stood, would often bunglingly snuff the candle out, and, before it could be relighted, had stuffed our pockets with the dainty. Now a Goth could never have done that—never could have thought of it; trifling though the act was, it opened up the history of Jem's character. The Goth has no tact—no nicety—no *mode*—about his dealings or sayings; they are blunt and often poignant, though not always intended so; he has 'no music in his soul'—no harmony whatever; you find no response to the poetry of existence in him; his is all the downright prose thereof. Young Petrarch Glanvil, the author of 'Ocean Foam,' a poem, told us how he was floored by a Gothess. She was a very charming little creature in appearance, possessed, as Petrarch thought, of a great depth of sentiment, and he, in true poetic fashion, before acquainted with her farther than by sight, had enshrined her as a sort of deity in his heart—made a Laura, or a Beatrice, or something similar of her. Like the tribe, he was susceptible, equally so in his affections as in his rhyme, and conceived a very strong first-sight affection for Celestine. It happened that he enjoyed the privilege of chaperoning her home from a party one moonlight night. The road was pleasantly long, and the night more than ordinarily beautiful. Here was a chance for Petrarch, and he did try to avail himself of it. On the glorious moon—and if any of you are in love, choose the queen of night as a subject, you will find how suggestive she is, and how easily she helps away your bashfulness—on the glorious moon, then, he launched forth a torrent of poetic exposition; he quoted, manufactured, extemporised, and sighed and languished for a full half hour regarding Luna and her silver car, indirectly, as he thought, revealing the state

of his own mind. After exhausting himself, and looking down tremblingly into Celestine's beaming eyes, expecting some eloquent response, judge of his horror when she naively inquired—'How does the moon set dogs a-howling, Mr Glanvil, do you know? pray tell me?' The remainder of the walk home was completed, as nearly as possible, in silence.

But to do the Goth all manner of justice, he is useful in a certain way. He makes generally a capital business man. He is indefatigable in his profession, no matter what it may be. No minor considerations tempt him from the main chance, and he has no very compunctious visitings about the exact boundaries of *meum* and *tuum*. He never hesitates about presenting his little account to any unfortunate debtor, nor in insisting for the unlawfulness of discount on the right hand, the reverse on the left. He speaks, moreover, his mind fully and freely, and maintains not only the right of private judgment, but the right of exercising it. He is proof against all hints and all the petty shafts of personality that may be launched at him. It is difficult to annoy him otherwise than in purse; this alone is his mortal part. Reader, let us tell you a secret. There is a Goth lives next door to us. He goes out in the morning and returns at evening. We have tried repeatedly to open an acquaintance with him, but in vain. The weather, the state of the streets, the crowded omnibus, the shareholder, the newspapers and accidents, have all long ago been exhausted as topics to draw out a conversation with. 'Yes, sir;' 'Very;' 'Crowded, sir;' 'They'll rise yet;' 'Newspapers are a humbug;' 'I don't believe it—all a lie, sir—take my word,' is the sum of all the conversation he ever condescended in answer to our observations. We have given him up in despair.

The Goth's life may be a pleasant one to himself, a thing we much doubt however, but it cannot be to others; he sows no seeds of love and happiness around him; his light never shines before men as worthy of imitation; he may be a living epistle, but the perusal thereof is not pleasant. As already said, he is the nettle of society, bearing no flowers, and never cultivated for his own sake for either beauty or worth. Carry out the simile, and his race is a numerous one; then beware, dear reader, lest you be a bit of a Goth.

AVALANCHES.

AVALANCHES, in Switzerland, Spain, Norway, and other countries, where they very frequently occur, are vulgarly supposed to owe their origin to the accidental formation of little snow-balls high up among the snowy regions of the mountains, and to become larger and more rapid in their motion by a gradual process of accretion and acceleration, until, gathering bulk and velocity in their headlong force, they tear up trees, rocks, and cottages, and overwhelm flocks, herds, and villages, as they thunder down the mountains' sides. Avalanches are of four kinds, originating accidentally, of course, but not according to the slow, graduating process vulgarly supposed. Vast accumulations of snow will form upon the mountain declivities, and at last, by their own weight, suddenly break away in mass, rolling down the steep slopes of the hills, overwhelming forests and towns, and filling up the courses of rivers; or they will be dislodged from their precarious positions, and precipitated into the valleys by those sudden gusts of wind which so frequently sweep round the tops of the mountains, causing drifts and other dangerous motions of the snow and fragments of ice; or they are caused by the dislodgement of vast masses of ice through the expansion by frost of the water which gathers in the crevices of the glaciers. The diversity of causes and character has therefore induced a classification of the avalanches, which are termed drift avalanches, creeping avalanches, sliding avalanches, and glacier or ice avalanches, comprehending all the phenomena of these terrific and destructive mountain falls.

The *drift* avalanches are caused by slips of loose snow, taking place when the accumulation and superincumbent weight of such are sufficient to detach it from the steep

declivities of the mountains where it lodges. It is only in winter, when the snow has fallen plentifully, that drift avalanches occur, and the air must have been calm to have allowed of its concretion, otherwise the winds, instead of allowing it to lie upon the slopes, would have whirled it in wreathes into the valleys. The snow masses which lie upon the faces of the mountains

'As if an infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge.'

receive the impulse of motion from the wind, being of themselves loose and easily moved; and, moving downward, they come upon and dislodge other masses of snow, together with huge blocks of rock, until, long before they reach the lowlands, they are like great mountains which, rearing in their fury, descend like ministers of terror and vengeance upon the terrified creatures who behold their sudden coming with an awful dread. These drift avalanches originate at a great height, and produce a vast amount of devastation; but luckily they are of rare occurrence, and thus are productive of even less damage than the others which occur more frequently. As an illustration of the dreadful rapidity with which these avalanches descend, it is observed that men and animals are killed from the compression of the air caused by their descent. It is compressed so suddenly, and so rapidly displaced by these masses, that it rushes off on all sides with a force sufficient to splinter huge rocks, tear up the largest trees, and fling down the houses as if they were made of pasteboard. The valleys at the foot of the steepest hills, and consequently those where drift avalanches generally fall, are never so well wooded nor thickly inhabited as those lying under the more broken and more receding mountains, so that the destruction is less than it would otherwise be if they were to fall upon the more populous valleys.

The *sliding* avalanches cause more actual damage than do the drift avalanches, on account of their frequency. They begin in the middle regions of the mountains, and consequently never acquire the velocity of the drift ones; and as they do not, on this account, cause a compression of the air, they are accounted less dangerous than the other. They generally take place in spring, after the snow has been partially melted and frozen into a compact consistency. The natural heat of the earth then loosens this breastplate of icy snow from its hold upon the slope, and as the ground has become slippery, the whole mass of crusted snow moves slowly towards the valleys, driving every obstacle before it. The sliding avalanches cause much devastation to the fields of the husbandman, covering them over with a deep crust of snow; and they fall upon the meadows and forests also to such an extent that the heat of two or three summers is required to melt them. This, of course, materially affects the climate of the valleys, retarding vegetation and rendering the air chill and humid through the warmest season. These avalanches have also been the cause of much destruction of property and loss of life, not the least remarkable instance of which was the overwhelming of the village of Buerns, in the year 1749. This village, situated in the valley of Tawick, in the canton of the Grisons, was carried from its site, and completely buried by one of these sliding avalanches. This occurrence took place during the night, when all the inhabitants were asleep; and so little noise did it create that they slept on until morning, and awoke to wonder why the light did not appear. It was not long before individuals began to perceive their true situation, and then it was that the horrors and pains of a slow and hopeless destruction were felt. By constant and noble exertions one hundred people were at last dug from their living tomb, sixty of whom were alive, having been supplied with air from hollows in the snow. While engaged in the work of excavation the workmen heard, from the buried village, the howling of dogs and the barking of dogs, and these sounds inspired them with renewed hope and vigour, giving them assurance that their friends still lived. An avalanche descended in the same canton, in 1806, transporting a large forest from one side of the valley to the other, and a fir-tree upon the roof of the pastor's dwelling.

when the people have got no warning, as in the case of the village of Buerae, however, that serious accidents occur with these avalanches. The places where they are of most frequent occurrence are well known, and they are generally preceded by a kind of weather that warns the mountaineers of their approach. In Norway, on account of the domed form of the hills, the sliding avalanches are the only kind known in that country; but as all the mountains in that rocky region have gently sloping borders, they are very common and very destructive to the flocks and herds. It is only a few years since a hunter, penetrating into one of the little uninhabited valleys of that rugged country, found fifty reindeer lying dead, which had doubtless been buried by an avalanche.

The *creeping* avalanches are simply a modification of the sliding ones, travelling far more slowly over the more gentle slopes upon which they originate, and pressing everything before them that is not inert enough to resist their force. If they come upon a rock deeply imbedded in the mountain-side, and the slowly accumulating mass of snow behind it is not sufficient to drive it from its base, they divide on either side of it, and move slowly on in their course. These avalanches occur very frequently; but the volume of snow they bring down is so small, and their progress so slow, that they do not cause any considerable injury to the plains.

The last species of avalanche is the *glacier* kind, which are of very frequent occurrence and generally not destructive, upon account of falling into uninhabited valleys; but sometimes their effects are very terrific, when in their progress they come upon huge drift heaps, and form those compound falls which are the most rapid and fearful of all. These avalanches only take place in summer, and are caused by the detachment of fragments of ice from the glaciers, which being precipitated down the mountains, splinter other parts and come thundering along, gathering bulk and velocity as they proceed. Viewed from a distance they appear like mountain-torrents crested with foam. They may be seen every day during the summer season on the Jungfrau mountain, and in the valley of Lautebrun, which lies at the base of this mountain; the thunder of their fall is almost constantly booming on the listener's ear. The danger of a glacier avalanche is very great, when, immediately below the icy region where it originates, there are steep mountain masses overhanging inhabited places. A fearfully destructive catastrophe took place in the year 1819, in the valley of Visp, in consequence of the fall of a glacier avalanche. The village of Randa was completely destroyed, and the whole canton of the Valais thrown into consternation and grief by the event. Randa stood near to the base of a mountain mass, which rises almost perpendicularly to the height of 9000 feet, and forms part of the snow mountain called Weisshorn, which is completely girded by huge glaciers. One of these glaciers reached the very edge of the precipice, and was overhanging it, when suddenly an enormous piece of it was detached and hurled down into the valley, covering with ice, rocks, and other debris, an area of 2400 feet in length and 1000 feet in width to the depth of more than 150 feet. The fall took place upon an uninhabited tract near to which Randa stood, but the compression of the air was such that its houses were blown to pieces, and several beams carried by the gust for more than a mile into the forest. The massive steeple of the stone-built chapel was cast to the ground, and mill-stones were lifted into the air and thrown violently forward for several yards.

In 1818 an inundation of the valley of Bagne, in the canton of the Valais, took place, causing considerable loss of life, and destruction of property to the amount of £40,000, which was originally produced by the fall of one of those glacier avalanches—an account of which will be found in No. 124 of the INSTRUCTOR.

When the sun has melted one of those mighty drift avalanches which may have unluckily passed over a tract of low life and vegetation were in its course, a strange accumulation of diverse animals and things are unfolded, hares, trees, bushes, large blocks of rock, cattle,

and human beings are taken from the bosom of the mighty snowball which licked them up in its mad-like progress, and wrapped them in its snowy breast, only to give them forth when the sun had melted its cold snowy heart, and dissolved its frigid consistency.

The avalanches are slowly and fitfully bringing from the rocky regions of the upper Alps large masses of rock and platforms of soil, and depositing them in the valleys. In this light, then, they may be viewed as agents of a revolution in the kingdom of nature, and the means of reducing the lofty bleak mountains, through the lapse of ages, into a uniform plain, where vegetation may yet bloom and tree-clad verdure wave. Seemingly destructive and accidental occurrences upon the great platform of nature, they may be ordinate ministers in the great ordinate system of creation and change.

THERE IS SOMETHING IN A NAME.

INITIALS he thought (always with one exception) of no other consequence than as they pleased the ear, and combined gracefully in a cypher upon a seal or ring. But in names themselves a great deal more presents itself to a reflecting mind. Shenstone used to bless his good fortune that his name was not obnoxious to a pun. He would not have liked to have been complimented in the same strain as a certain Mr Pegge was by an old epigrammatist—

What wonder if my friendship's force doth last
Firm to your goodness? You have peggy'd it fast.

Little could he foresee, as Dr Southey has observed, that it was obnoxious to a rhyme in French English. In the gardens of Ermenonville, M. — placed this inscription to his honour:

This plain stone
To William Shenstone.
In his writings he display'd
A mind natural;
At Leasowes he laid
Arcadian greens rural.

Poor Shenstone hardly appears more ridiculous in the frontispiece to his own works, where, in the heroic attitude of a poet who has won the prize and is about to receive the crown, he stands before Apollo in a shirt and boe, as destitute of another less dispensable part of dress as Adam in Eden, but like Adam when innocent, not ashamed; while the shirtless god, holding a lyre in one hand, prepares with the other to place a wreath of bay upon the head of his delighted votary. The father of Sir Joshua Reynolds fancied that if he gave his son an uncommon Christian surname, it might be the means of bettering his fortune; and therefore he had him named Joshua. It does not appear, however, that the name ever proved as convenient to the great painter as it did to Joshua Barnes. He to whose Barmesian labours Homer, and Queen Esther, and King Edward III. bear witness, was a good man and a good scholar; and a rich widow, who not imprudently inferred that he would make a good husband, gave him an opportunity, by observing to him one day that Joshua made the sun and moon stand still, and significantly added, that nothing could resist Joshua. The hint was not thrown away; and he never had cause to repent that he had taken nor that she had given it. . . . I know not whether it was the happy-minded author of the 'Worthies' and the 'Church History of Britain,' who proposed as an epitaph for himself the words 'Fuller's Earth,' or whether some one proposed it for him; but it is in his own style of thought and feeling. Nor has it any unbecoming levity like this, which is among Browne's poems:—

Here lieth in sooth
Honest John Tooth,
Whom Death on a day
From us drew away.

Or this, upon a Mr Button,

Here lieth one, God rest his soul,
Whose grave is but a button-hole.

It is not a good thing to be Tom'd or Bob'd, Jack'd or Jim'd, Sam'd or Ben'd, Natty'd or Batty'd, Neddy'd or Teddy'd, Will'd or Bill'd, Dick'd or Nick'd, Joe'd or Jerry'd

as you go through the world. And yet it is worse to have a Christian name that for its oddity shall be in everybody's mouth when you are spoken of, as if it were pinned upon your back or labelled upon your forehead. Quintin Dick, for example, which would have been still more unlucky if Mr Dick had happened to have had a cast in his eye. The Report on Parochial Registration contains a singular example of the inconvenience which may arise from giving a child an uncouth Christian name. A gentleman called Ankettil Gray had occasion for a certificate of his baptism; it was known at what church he had been baptised, but on searching the register there no such name could be found; some mistake was presumed, therefore, not in the entry, but in the recollection of the parties, and many other registers were examined without success. At length the first register was again recurred to, and then, upon a closer investigation, they found him entered as Miss Ann Kettle Grey. . . . The Leatherheads and Shufflebottoms, the Higgeneses and Huggeneses, the Scrogges and Scragges, Sheepshanks and Ramsbottoms, Taylors and Barbers, and, worse than all, Butchers, would have been to Bayle as abominable as they were to Dr Dove. I ought, the doctor would say, to have a more natural dislike to the names of Kite, Hawk, Falcon, and Eagle; and yet they are to me (the first excepted) less odious than names like these, and even preferable to Bull, Bear, Pig, Hog, Fox, or Wolf. What a name, he would say, is Lamb for a soldier, Joy for an undertaker, Rich for a pauper, or Noble for a tailor; Big for a lean or little person, and Small for one who is broad in the rear and abominous in the van; Short for a fellow six feet without his shoes, or Long for him whose high heels hardly elevate him to the height of five; Sweet for one who has either a vinegar face or a foxy complexion; Younghusband for an old bachelor; Merryweather for any one in November and February, a black spring, a cold summer, or a wet autumn; Goodenough for a person no better than he should be; Toogood for any human creature; and Best for a subject who is perhaps too bad to be endured. Custom having given to every Christian name its *alias*, he always used either the baptismal name or its substitute as it happened to suit his fancy, careless of what others might do; thus he never called any woman Mary, though *marc*, he said, being the sea, was in many respects but too emblematic of the sex, it was better to use a synonyme of better omen, and Molly therefore was to be preferred as being soft—if he accosted a vixen of that name in her worst temper he *mollified* her; on the contrary, he never could be induced to substitute Sally for Sarah—Sally, he said, had a salacious sound, and, moreover, it reminded him of rovers, which women ought not to be; Martha he called Patty, because it came pat to the tongue; Dorothy remained Dorothy, because it was neither fitting that women should be made Dolls nor idols; Susan with him was always Sue, because women were to be sued; and Winifred, Winny, because they were to be won.—*Southey's Doctor*.

COMMENTS ON COMMERCE.

Commerce is so intimately connected with some of the best interests of society—so essential to the progress of civilisation—that its history will always be interesting. Whether taken in relation to our physical, intellectual, or moral wants, we are more indebted to commercial exchange, than is at first sight apparent. We avail ourselves of a work* lately issued from the press, intended for private circulation, to present our readers with a few facts illustrative of commerce in ancient times. Comparison with the past is always useful in teaching us how to avoid the errors and false principles which paralysed the resources of older communities. The author of the book before us is already favourably known for his works on banking, &c., and the active part taken by him in the establishment of a scientific and literary society in Waterford and the metropolis.

The Lectures are five in number, commencing with the commerce of ancient Egypt, Greece, Tyre and Carthage, Rome, and the East Indies, and we shall go through them in the order in which they stand, selecting those portions best suited to our purpose. Egypt was an independent monarchy for a period of 1700 years, and it is of this period alone that the author treats. The chief manufactures of the country were paper, made from the papyrus, and linen, of so fine a texture that the separate threads of which it was woven were imperceptible. These two articles, with corn and horses, formed the whole of native Egyptian exports. The country produced within itself nearly all that was required for the sustenance of the population; the foreign commerce, consequently, was not great. The imports consisted of timber, metals, drugs and spices—commodities which Egypt did not possess. The spices were used in great quantities in the embalming of the dead—a process adopted in consequence of the popular belief in transmigration of souls. As long as the body of a human being was preserved from decay, the soul would not enter into the body of a brute; and to this cause the country owed the chief portion of her commerce. The timber was used in the construction of vessels, and as the water-communications of the country were very extensive, the transmission of commodities gave rise to a large amount of internal trade, notwithstanding the naturally indolent disposition of the people; and their division into hereditary castes. 'The son of a shoemaker must be a shoemaker; all the sons of tailors must be tailors; and the son of a soldier, however unfit for a soldier, must nevertheless be a soldier.' This system, although perhaps productive of excellence in mechanical arts, must have tended to repress and deaden anything like commercial enterprise.

'By the law of Egypt,' writes Mr Gilbert, 'the property of a debtor became liable to pay his debts; but his person was free. It was sometimes customary for people to borrow money upon the security of lodging the embalmed body of their fathers. An Egyptian who did not pay this debt and redeem the body, was declared infamous.' If the creditors of a deceased individual were able to prove that he had been guilty of unworthy acts, the rite of interment was denied to the body, which was cast out into the fields. In addition to their idleness, the Egyptians had the character of being proud, sullen, and gloomy; they looked on other nations as their enemies; and to mark the dishonour in which labour was held, one of the pyramids bore this inscription: 'No native Egyptian worked here'. . . . 'Such a disposition,' pursues the author, 'is quite opposed to the spirit of commerce. A merchant knows nothing of national prejudices. He does not consider any class of men his natural enemies, merely because the place where they were born is separated by a chain of mountains, or a river, or an arm of the sea, from the place where he was born. He is a citizen of the world, and he promotes the happiness of the whole world, by imparting to the inhabitants of every part of it comforts and luxuries, which but for him they could not possess.' It is worthy of remark that the whole, or nearly the whole, of the foreign commerce of Egypt was carried on by strangers.

Although the character of the Greeks was far more favourable to commerce than that of the Egyptians, we meet with frequent instances of laws and customs which rendered all commercial enterprise nugatory: the laws of Lycurgus, for example, which, by preventing every tendency to luxury, made a whole nation content itself with the coarsest fare. Where there is no desire for what are called the comforts of life, there can be no commercial activity. By the laws of Athens, no agricultural or manufactured produce required for home consumption could be exported. 'Fishmongers were not allowed to put their fish in water, to render them more saleable. A fishmonger, who over-rated his fish, and afterwards took less than he had first asked for them, was to suffer imprisonment. No seller of seals was to retain the impression of one he had sold. No man was to exercise two trades. No foreigner was allowed to sell wares in the market,

* Lectures on the History and Principles of Ancient Commerce. By J. W. GILBERT, F.R.S.

or to exercise any trade. He who obtained great repute, and was esteemed the most ingenious in his profession, was to receive a mark of honour. Whoever lived an idle life, squandered his father's property, or refused to support his parents when in want, was declared infamous. But if the father had neglected to bring up his son to some trade, the son was not bound to maintain his father, although in want. Collectors attended in the forum, to receive the duties laid on everything that was sold, and magistrates to superintend what passed. There each trade had a separate market—as the baker's market, the fish market, the oil market, and many others; and different hours were appointed for the sale of different commodities. Readiness of access to the market seems to have been as much an object with the working population of Athens as it is in the large towns of this country. The forum, we are informed, was 'the most frequented part of the city; workmen of all kinds endeavoured to reside near it, and in it houses let at a higher price than any where else.'

The Egyptians used lumps of solid gold and silver as money, but the Greeks adopted the more convenient form of stamped coin. The pence table of the latter would have run thus:—8 oboles, 1 drachma; 100 drachmas, 1 mina; 60 minas, 1 talent. These were all of silver, the obole being worth about threehalfpence of our money, the mina £3 : 15s., and the talent £225. For a long time the Athenians had no copper coinage; it was the same in England. Previous to the year 1344 all our coinage was silver; at that date gold was introduced; but copper formed no part of the circulation until 1609.

In the frequent discussions that prevailed among the Grecian states the temples were the banks; but a class of money-changers, or lenders, lived in the cities, whose business fluctuated in proportion to the warlike or peaceable character of the times. They kept accounts with their customers in a manner not very different from that of the present day. The rate of usury was 1 per cent. for every new moon, or 12 per cent. per annum. In the absence of bills of exchange, money was lent on the borrower's personal security; and in cases where the sum was employed to freight a ship, it was usual to charge 30 per cent. interest to cover the risk of the sea. The character of the Greeks, however, was not favourable to commerce: their word could not be depended on; they were very litigious, kept many holidays, and were deficient in habits of business, as may be inferred from a passage in the Acts of the Apostles, to the effect that 'All the Athenians and strangers which were there spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing.' As Mr Gilbert truly observes—'a news-monger is seldom a good man of business. Habits of business is a phrase which includes a variety of qualities—industry, arrangement, calculation, prudence, punctuality, and perseverance. Those who are fond of drawing parallels between ancient and modern nations, have fancied that there is a resemblance between the ancient Egyptians and the modern Spaniards—the ancient Greeks and the modern French—the ancient Romans and the modern English.'

The Tyrians appeared to have been an essentially commercial people; among them all was activity. Tyre was called 'a joyous city, whose antiquity is of ancient days, whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honourable of the earth.' The carrying trade of the whole then known world was at one time in their hands; they were skilled in navigation and manufactures, and acquainted with some true principles of commerce. Among the colonies, forty in number, which they planted on the shores of the Mediterranean, that of Carthage became the most important. This city contained 700,000 inhabitants, and held large possessions, including 300 cities, both in Africa and Europe. The government was republican; and it is mentioned, as a proof of the good sense and commercial habits of the people, that during the 800 years that the Carthaginian empire lasted there was no instance of a civil war. 'Their staple manufactures were utensils;

toys; cables, made of the shrub Spartum, a kind of broom; all kinds of naval stores; and the colour from them called Punic,' the preparation of which seems to have been peculiar to them. So famous was Carthage for its artificers, that any singular invention or exquisite piece of workmanship seems to have been called Punic, even by the Romans. Thus the Punic beds or couches, the Punic windows, the Punic wine-presses, the Punic lanterns, were esteemed the more neat and elegant by that people.'

The whole of Carthaginian history testifies to the great benefits conferred upon a community by commerce—by open and friendly relations with other countries. The branch of business called bottomry, lending on the security of shipping, is said to have originated with the Carthaginians; and a suggestion has been thrown out that their leather money might have possessed properties and effects similar to that of modern paper money. The basis of their prosperity consisted doubtless in their probity and love of justice, a desire for wealth associated with habits of prudence and economy, and a high respect for commerce. At this point Mr Gilbert observes, 'No man will excel in his profession if he thinks himself above it, and commerce will never flourish in any country where commerce is not respected. Commerce will never flourish in a country where property acquired by industry is considered less deserving of respect than property acquired by inheritance. Commerce will never flourish in a country where men in business, instead of bringing up their sons to the same business, think it more respectable to send them to professions.'

In the history of Rome, we have striking examples of the paralysing influence of war upon commerce. During each consul's year of office he was anxious to secure popular favour by some striking exploit; hence the frequent aggressive wars made by the Romans on their neighbours, whose territories they overran and devastated. Mr Gilbert regards Rome under three points of view—agricultural, warlike, imperial. In the first he shows that 'commerce promotes agriculture, and agriculture promotes commerce. We do wrong when we consider the commercial interest as opposed to the agricultural interest. They both harmonise—they are two wheels of the same machine; and, although they may seem to move in opposite directions, yet each, in its own way, promotes the public wealth, and any obstruction to the movement of one would soon retard the motion of the other.'

War, on the other hand, is entirely opposed to the spirit of commerce; and commercial nations generally have been the most reluctant to engage in it; not from want of power or courage, 'but from a peaceable disposition, and love of justice. They are not led away by a love of glory or a desire for revenge. They take a business-like view of the question; they examine the debtor and creditor side of the account, and calculate beforehand what they shall gain by fighting. But, when once compelled to draw the sword, commercial nations are foes not to be despised.' The resistance offered by Tyre to Nebuchadnezzar and Alexander, for nearly fourteen years—the struggle of Carthage with Rome for several centuries, the wars of Venice, Genoa, England, and Holland, all prove that commercial nations are not deficient in bravery and resolution when circumstances occur to call them forth. War, however, is a waste of national resources. 'The labour and capital which are employed in constructing fortifications, might be employed in building manufactories, or warehouses, or harbours, or bridges, or commodious houses for the people to inhabit; what is consumed in cannons and muskets might be employed in making rail-roads; the food and clothing which are given to soldiers might be given to husbandmen, or to manufacturers; and those men who are employed every day at drill, or in fight, might be employed in cultivating the soil, or in the production of valuable articles, or in the management of ships. A nation resembles an individual. If I have 600 men at work on my land, I have a profit on

* The Carthaginians were called *Pœni* by the Romans.

the labour of 600 men; but if I am obliged to employ 200 of these men as soldiers to defend the remaining 400, then I have a profit only on the labour of 400 men, and out of that profit I must pay the wages of the 200, whose labour is wholly unproductive. In this way war necessarily retards the accumulation of national capital.*

The author shows that the conquests of the Romans were ultimately beneficial to the nations conquered.* 'The victors, though despots, were not tyrants. Their widely extended empire and taste for luxury were favourable for commerce. From the simplicity of agricultural life they passed to the most sumptuous and costly style of living. To gratify this desire they pushed their trade into every country that had anything to sell. Corn they obtained from Sicily and Egypt; amber from northern Germany; fine cloths from Malta; silks, spices, and precious stones from India; in addition to the products of their own dependencies. The utmost profusion and luxury prevailed in their repasts: Lucullus gave suppers to his friends that cost £1250; and, according to Pliny, more money was often expended in the purchase of an article of furniture than the whole amount of the treasures taken at the sack of Carthage.'

Direct trade between distant countries was facilitated by their being brought under the Roman dominion. The Romans were a sagacious and methodical people, and well understood the value and importance of free communications. Their public roads extended to the remotest parts of the empire, and were placed under the charge of men of the highest rank. There were banks in Rome somewhat similar to those of the present day, and others for lending money without interest to the poorer citizens. The professions of banker and merchant were, however, not held in respect; the latter were classed with thieves and orators, under the guardianship of the god Mercury. The practice of effecting insurances on ships was introduced by the Romans, in their honourable character, system, method, and gravity. Mr Gilbert observes, mercantile communities of the present day might learn a useful lesson. The great defect of their policy was its military spirit. 'The principal objection,' continues the author, in his lecture on commerce with the East Indies, 'to which the Indian trade has been exposed, both in ancient and in modern times, is, that it takes from Europe a large amount of the precious metals. As the imports from India have always exceeded the exports, the balance has necessarily been paid with gold or silver bullion. But this is no objection at all. Gold and silver are nothing more than commodities. If they are found in our own soil, their exportation is no greater evil than the exportation of tin or copper, or any other metal that may be found in our mines: If they are not raised from our own soil, they must be purchased by the exportation of some other commodity. The exportation of gold and silver, therefore, is no more an evil than the exportation of those commodities with which the gold and silver are purchased. If we sell hardware and cottons to America for gold, and send that gold to India for silks and spices, it amounts to the same thing as though we sent our hardware and cottons to India, and exchanged them directly for silks and spices.'

In the course of his work Mr Gilbert discusses the influence of domestic slavery upon commerce, the means of internal communication, travelling, transmission of despatches, and institutions for buying and selling. He recommends the adoption of uniform standards in all parts of the kingdom with respect to weights, measures, and coinage. In Ireland, for instance, wheat is sold by weight; in England by measure. Other discrepancies might be pointed out, which call loudly for rectification. Sound practical views and principles are scattered through the work; and we conclude our brief sketch by quoting the author's own words, where he says: 'Let us never forget that the main cause of the prosperity of any country or of any city lies in the mental and moral character of its inhabitants. Every possible advantage of situation may be

rendered nugatory by the misconduct of the people. If, instead of availing themselves of these natural advantages, and persevering in the steady pursuits of trade, the merchants neglect their business, or have recourse to swindling, or gambling, or smuggling, they will assuredly bring upon themselves that ruin and degradation which such practices never fail to produce. It is by honesty, by industry, by prudence, by perseverance, and by public spirit, that nations and cities are made to prosper. Every man should endeavour to increase the prosperity of the place in which he dwells, and to improve the character of the population. There is no virtue more noble or more illustrious than public spirit—that spirit which induces a man to sacrifice his interest, his ease, and his inclination, to promote the public good. But party spirit is not public spirit; party spirit seeks the ascendancy of a party—public spirit seeks the good of the whole. One is a gilded counterfeit—the other is sterling gold. He who wishes to be a useful man must be an active man. Men who possess only a mediocrity of talents, if they are active men, will often do more good, and acquire greater influence, than other men of far superior attainments, if sunk in indolence. What they are inferior in weight they make up in velocity; and hence they acquire a higher momentum than is obtained by heavier bodies that move more slowly.'

THE MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

Lullaby, lullaby,

Hush! all is still;

Night is reposing

On valley and hill.

Calm as the summer sea

Deep in serenity—

Still as the summer eve sinking to rest,

Falls baby asleep on a fond mother's breast.

Lullaby, lullaby,

Mother's delight,

Her cushamachree

From morning till night.

Daylight is gone to rest,

Cling to thy mother's breast—

Nestle in safety—close, close to her creep;

Who like the mother her baby can keep?

Lullaby, lullaby,

There is no other

Feels for the little one

Like to the mother:

Wakeful the mother's eye

Looks on it tenderly;

Sweetly the mother's voice flows in soft numbers,

Soothing her babe till it peacefully slumbers!

Lullaby, lullaby,

Hush-a-by dear—

Danger is far away,

Mother is near.

Hush-a-by, hush-a-by,

Safe in my bosom lie,

Like to the little bird going to rest,

With the wings of affection spread over the nest.

Lullaby, lullaby,

Baby's asleep;

Fold down her coverlet;

Hush! silence keep;

Settle her little hands,

Loosen her ribbon-bands,

Lay her down gently upon the soft pillow,

Slow rock her cradle-bed made of the willow.

Lullaby, lullaby,

Father is near;

Hark! he is coming,

His footsteps I hear;

Now all his cares are fled—

Over the cradle-bed

Fondly he bends, and the toils of the day,

When gazing on baby, are vanish'd away.

* With some exceptions.

THE OUTSIDE OF THINGS.

DANIEL DEFOE, in his once popular work 'The History of *Magio*,' describes an imaginary individual, by the name of Sir Timothy Titlepage, who knew the first leaf of everything, and never understood the inside of anything. The sagacious, though singular author, affirms that this character was the representative of a numerous class of his contemporaries; but it might have been demonstrated by deeper research that the terms were of general application; and even Defoe himself was not beyond the number of those that read first leaves alone. More than a century has elapsed since that specimen skimmer was presented to the public by the Cobbett of his times. Revolutions have occurred in philosophy, politics, and social life, and the present world of thought and action resembles the generation of Defoe no more than its hoops and wigs were assimilated to the costume of our railway travellers; yet Robinson Crusoe is still the delight of the young, and characters like the renowned Sir Timothy continue to abound in every class of mind and condition of fortune. The outside of things is certainly the first that presents itself, yet, considering their natural turn for inquiry, it is strange that it should so frequently engross the attention of mankind. The child breaks up his Jack-in-the-box to learn what makes it spring—the student reads and thinks, to discover moving causes—travellers explore unknown seas and realms—physiologists experiment at times on life, which they can neither restore nor recompense; but the views of the great majority are still restricted to the titlepage of life's ever-increasing volume.

Wealth, wealth! is the wish of the working millions, whose daily industry alone preserves them from want. They know its presence in city shops and country castles, as something which they could enjoy but may not hope for, and to how many does it appear the sum of all earthly blessings! Yet they have seen sour faces in carriages, and discontented looks from stately windows; and when the account does not include the enervating power of luxury, the languor or derangement incident to energies not necessarily employed, and the indifference to things which habit has rendered familiar, it is evident that this over-estimate of riches is based on observing only the outside of things.

Among the sentimental part of the community there prevails a general custom of bemoaning some past period of existence, presumed to be happier than the present. With the young it is childhood; with the more advanced, youth; and the light and freshness of life's morning are sung and sighed over, as if it were subject to neither cloud nor storm. Whether the illusion be real or feigned, in a matter of such universal experience, is beyond our capacity to decide; but when the errors of unripened judgment, the liability to harsh or disqualified guidance, and the fact that all the adversities of outward circumstances are felt with tenfold pressure in our growing and helpless years, have escaped the mourner's memory, we must conclude that his reiterated lamentations arise from a melancholy glance at the outside of things.

Novelists are said to be the oracles of the multitude, though their works are the mirrors rather than the directors of public taste; but from Boccaccio to Panhoe Pan, whose tales still edify the fiction-readers of Pekin, they are one and all deplorably addicted to mere surface measurement. Ladies with form and features cast in nature's finest mould, characters of angelic goodness, and occasionally transcendent genius, are found in every volume, as if heartless vanity, mean selfishness, and despicable poverty of mind were never the accompaniments of those external attractions so indispensable to excellence in the fiction world. Who ever heard of the heroine of a novel described as decidedly plain? though one plain, sensible woman is worth ten thousand Helens or Cleopatras; and when the lofty announcement of superior virtue and elevation of soul is illustrated by a few flirtations, some rather awkward predicaments, and at last a lucky marriage, we learn that the story-tellers of the world, like their audience, can see no further than the outside of things.

History is full of outside views. How often will the glory and patriotism on which her praise is lavished be found synonymous with the enormous sacrifice of a selling-out shop, or a speech from the hustings at a contested election! Erostratus burned the temple of Diana at Ephesus that his name might be remembered, on the very night that Alexander the Great was born, for which he was executed with all the cruelty of his age; but the infant of that night lived to lay nations waste, and burn many a city, for the same purpose, and he was deified; yet both their names are known, and the nations have seen many an example of such historical justice. Mirabeau's last speech was in praise of liberty, to the National Assembly of France, yet his own daily conduct proved him to be a slave to the meanest passions. George Washington gained his fame by fighting for American freedom, but at his death six hundred negro slaves were sold on his estate, his nurse being one of the number; and a useful, upright mechanic, struggling to fulfil his duties and maintain his independence, in spite of the trials and difficulties of life, is a greater hero and a truer patriot than all the Bonapartes or Bolivars that ever the world saw; but historians cannot look beyond the outside of things.

Poets are believed to unfold the deeper meanings of nature, but to what mere title-pages has the practical reading of some of the tuneful brethren been confined. Milton regarded his wife and daughters as so many servants, and then wondered that they had no affection for him; he and Salmasius quarrelled over the divine right of kings, and abused each other for entertaining different opinions, in a style unsurpassed by the cream of modern Billingsgate. Coleridge selected a partner for himself, who, according to his own declaration, understood nothing but pastry; and separated from her four years after because she could not sympathise with his poetical aspirations. Schiller wrote to a friend of his genius, 'If you could, within a year hence, provide me with a wife, with twelve thousand dollars—one I could live with, and attach myself to—I would then undertake to write you in five years' time a *Fredericiad* (an epic on the deeds of Frederic the Great).' His friend could not oblige him with the requisite article, and of course the *Fredericiad* remains unwritten. But how would a similar requisition for carrying on his business look in an English chandler? Are not these instances common enough? and do not the above-mentioned examples prove that sometimes poets also are but lookers on the outside of things?

Philosophy itself is apt to become shallow with all the width of its range, and some of its sages have shown but superficial wisdom. Confucius, whom his countrymen of the celestial empire designate characteristically enough 'the undeceivable mind,' to whose understanding temples have been built and josh-sticks burned without number, turned his back on the Empress Nan-Sue, lest he should see her face, when the sage was exactly seventy-five, and decided against the propriety of drawing his own sister-in-law out of the water, when she was in danger of drowning. Certain of the Persian magi never cut their nails, and Apollonius insisted on wearing white garments, and never being seen at any manual labour, as the chief distinctions of a philosopher. Voltaire and Frederick the Great filled Europe with a quarrel concerning their respective merits. The historian of Rome's decline and fall exhibited a critical depreciation of all womankind, ever after a certain French damoiselle, to whom he paid his addresses in the kneeling fashion of the age, rang for her footman to lift up Gibbon, the philosopher's rotundity of person having effectually prevented his rising. Some scores of similar sages debated for ten days what should be the name of an assembly, by which they intended to regenerate France, in the days of the first Revolution. These are but scattered instances taken, as it were, by chance from different climes and ages; but how many hollow theories, what an amount of noisy disputation and frivolous distinctions, how much of the contempt for all that is called vulgar and commonplace, and what filling of wordy volumes have their origin in the learned vanity and small knowledge that see only the outside of things!

In the details of common life and the practice of everyday people the habit of outside viewing is no less prevalent. Its effects are apparent in private society and public demonstrations, moulding individual conduct, and swaying the opinions of the multitude. Everywhere the useful and the enduring are undervalued, compared with the showy and unsubstantial, and only that which glitters is prized, in spite of the proverbial fact that it is not all gold. Hence, the most requisite employments are generally the least respected. The artisan and the agricultural labourer have been voted low for ages, though their pursuits are absolutely indispensable to society; and an American writer has justly called them the conscripts of the world. Bernardin St Pierre, a somewhat sentimental philosopher of France in the last century, remarks, that the heroes whom mankind delight to honour are the individuals who have rendered themselves most terrible to their species, but everywhere man despises the hand which prepares the garment that covers him, or cultivates for him the fertile bosom of the earth. Doubtless the multitude of those useful workers may be assigned as a cause of this general depreciation—things are esteemed in proportion to their rarity rather than their utility. The diamond, which serves only to cut glass or sparkle in a ring, has the current worth of a thousand tons of the limestone by which our cities are cemented, and the most important of our chemical operations carried on. But this value is conventional and not real; the wisdom of the Great Designer has appointed that what is most necessary to life should be generally most abundant. Yet certain extraordinary circumstances occasionally occur, which not only exhibit the beneficence of that arrangement, but discover to misjudging mortals the balance of intrinsic worth. A pound of gold will in ordinary times purchase a large quantity of corn, but in the city of Milan, when it was besieged by the Emperor Conrad III. of Germany, a pound of gold was at last offered in vain for an equal weight of biscuit. The Arabs have a sad story regarding a famished traveller, who found a bag in the desert, which he opened with joy, supposing it to contain dates; but it was filled with Turkish sequins, and the man expressed his disappointment by exclaiming, 'Alas! it is only gold!' How often might the gains of a long life's toil and striving be expressed in similar fashion! The Grecian history tells us of an Athenian king who offered his crown to any man in all his army who would refrain from drinking at a fountain to which their Spartan enemies had long barred the passage, but no soldier would accept it on the terms. It were unfortunate for the world if peasants and mechanics were as few in number as poets and philosophers, alarming as the increase of these is said to be in our times. When the Antelope packet was wrecked on the coast of one of the Pelew Islands, in 1788, though the natives received Captain Wilson and the crew, who escaped, with the greatest respect and friendship, the most distinguished men in their opinion were the carpenter and sailmaker, the one having saved a box of tools, and the other some canvass and coarse needles. Thus ordinary abilities and appliances rise in estimation when scarcity makes their value apparent. Fortunately such occurrences are rare, at least among civilised nations; the order of society necessarily assigns different degrees of rank to both persons and things, which are generally recognised, though not unalterable, as circumstances every day illustrate. The peasant, in the cultivation of his natural capabilities and the fulfilment of the duties of his station, is a no less respectable man than the peer. Gold and silver are for coin, plate, and jewels; iron forms the spade, the ploughshare, and the steam-engine; but let us never forget that the one is of intrinsic, and the other of merely conventional utility.

The general propensity to outside viewing is observable in every department of life. Shakspeare says that 'all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players,' and to carry out the simile it may be remarked, that the comfort and advantages of the theatre are frequently sacrificed to the desire of stage effect; hence shopkeepers aspire to tigers, and tradesmen sigh after livery—

hence boarding-school time is expended on superficial accomplishments, and literary education in the proportion of two to one—hence social evenings turn to affairs of expense and ennui, and an 'at home' becomes a scene of exhibition rather than amusement. On this account Mrs Draper disturbs the peace of her husband's evenings and the comfort of her children's lives for a drawing-room like Lady Dashley's, while Mr Tinsley's relations, and peradventure the good man himself, draw invidious comparisons between his gentle, homely partner, who never frowned on him, and Mrs Shiner, over the way, who leads the ton of the street, on a similar income, gets the cheapest governesses, and is whispered to be a bit of a shrew.

When Columbus and his Spanish crew first landed on the coast of La Plata, they found the natives willing to barter ingots of gold and silver for small looking-glasses and strings of beads, and when any of them made good the exchange—which we suspect was not a difficult matter—he generally ran off with his purchase, in fear that the Spaniard might repent his bargain. The savages of La Plata have their representatives yet in our social system; the beads and looking-glasses of life are prized above its precious metals. Enter a household, and see which is the child brought forward after dinner, and talked of in all companies! Is it the most generous spirit or amiable character of the nursery? No; it is Louise, who is a born beauty, or Harry, who says such amusing things at four. Wit and beauty are handsome things in their way, but compared with sound sense and moral worth are they not the small dust of the balance? Yet in the grown-up world the same ideas are at work, and how much of its admiration, its friendship, and even its love, is inspired by distinctions as small and casual as those of the nursery!

The Parsees have a tradition concerning Janschmid, an ancient king of Persia, celebrated over the East for his wisdom and warlike exploits. They say that his sight grew dim in the midst of his reign, and he prayed three days, with his face to the rising sun, that Mythra would please to restore it; but at the dawn of the fourth day, a genie stood behind him where he knelt alone, and bade him turn to receive a wand, which had power to show the real value of anything it touched by spontaneously lengthening, in the manner of the old Persian balance, adding, that if he chose to fling it away at the end of seven years, his power of vision would be perfectly restored. Janschmid took the wand and the genie departed, but the king carried his marvellous present through city, and court, and harem, and the tradition adds, with Oriental sententiousness, all the sages of his kingdom, the greater part of the officers, and some of his wives changed places in consequence. It also informs us that certain of the judges were banished, and many criminals escaped the bow-string; the soldiers were appointed to till the fields in which they had expected to fight, all quarrels were speedily arranged, and justice was done in Persia for the space of seven years; at the end of which time Janschmid's only son and heir, Sapor, returned from his studies among the magi of Armenia, and his father thought proper to apply the test to him, but finding that the wand indicated very little worth, and remembering that Sapor was the only hope of his family, the king was seized with a sudden desire to see like the rest of his subjects, and flung the genie's gift into the river Tigris, whereupon his sight returned, as it was in the days of his youth. The Parsees say they cannot tell if ever any other monarch of the east or west regained that wondrous wand, but one cannot help regretting that it had only a traditional existence, since the exercise of it would have spared the world the thousand errors and mistakes that have arisen from looking only on the outside of things.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVRETURE.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVRETURE was a negro and a slave, a philanthropist, a man of genius, and the republican chief of a powerful people. To be a negro is, in the savage ideal of some men, to be an inferior animal; slavery is a legitimate punishment for the possession of a dark skin; and with

hood, independent genius, and intrinsic dignity, are denied to the negro character as incompatibilities. He who would dare to make a chattel of a human brother would not hesitate to arm himself with the falsest of pretexts for so doing; the only answer, therefore, that can be given to the *ex parte* assertions of those who value gold more than human integrity, is to sketch the lives of such men as Toussaint. One such negro is a sufficient evidence of the ability of the whole race. It matters not to say that there are few like L'Ouverture, and that perhaps the whole future history of the Ethiopian race will not furnish a parallel to him. Such prophetic enunciations prove nothing: they require all time to prove that they are based upon truth, while the great fact that he existed can never be negated. There has been no lack of negro ability, however, and instances of their gratitude for trivial kindnesses, and of their benevolence and devotion to those they loved in the hour of danger, could be multiplied to a great extent. Alexandre Dumas, the celebrated French novelist and dramatist, is the grandson of a negro. They had Phyllas Whately and Rose, their poetess and poet; and Frederick Douglass, who till very lately was in bondage, is one of the most powerful orators of our own day.

The revolution of St Domingo, in 1791, if it did not develop the greatest and noblest qualities of humanity, showed that, in so far as it gave scope for action, the negro was in no respect inferior to his white oppressor. It led heroism, legislative wisdom, enlightened benevolence, and indomitable energy from the depths of soul-degrading, man-destroying slavery; and it showed to the world, that even in the worst and most unfavourable circumstances of perpetual servitude the highest attributes of manhood were still existent. Jean François, Christophe, Petion Beassou, Dessalines, and Rigaud, came forth from the lowest state of helotism to lead their oppressed brethren in war, and to govern them in peace. In the capacity of warriors they braved the fury of Bonaparte, and defied the attempts of Britain to subjugate a portion of the emancipated island; in the state of legislators, they exemplified a wisdom and enlightenment that might have put to shame the *savants* of Paris. There are few parallels in modern history to the voluptuousness and tyranny practised by the French in St Domingo previous to 1791. In Cape François, the capital of the island, the dissipation and intemperate cruelty of the whites were especially inordinate and disgusting. All the luxuries that their own wants could desire and that the labour of the negro and the climate could produce, or wealth procure, they revelled in to excess. Over-indulgence produced its perpetual accompaniment—intemperate tyranny; and the poor slave, who toiled for all, was doomed, in addition to his thankless labour, to suffer the effects of that cruelty which was engendered by the ease and indulgence which were purchased at the expense of his liberty and even manhood. Torn from home, country, friends, and relatives, and doomed to a servitude the most fruitful wages of which was stripes, is it to be wondered at that the warm-temperamented, impulsive, untutored African should pant for emancipation, and even vengeance? Is it to be wondered at if he who was forced to witness his wife and children torn and lacerated with thongs, should nurse the direct hatred towards the purse-proud, supercilious despot who scourged them? Is it to be written down as the result of natural cruelty in the negro to pay back to the white a tithe of the ills which he had endured? And is the white man to stand before the bar of the world's opinion as a spotless, blameless man? 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord,' and he is a bold and presumptuous man who would dare to assume to himself the prerogative of Jehovah, even in retaliation for slavery; but when we view the Haytian insurrection as a natural reaction to the cruelty which preceded it, and not as the violation of Christian principle, we are constrained to invest the Haytian with all our human sympathies.

The negroes of St Domingo were goaded to the very edge of revolution, and were watching their French masters with sullen looks, when the National Assembly of

born and continue free and equal as to their rights,' which declaration soon became known throughout the colonies, producing hopes which it was more than dangerous to disappoint. It was subsequently declared by this partial assembly, that the broad principle involved in the above proposition was never intended to extend to the colonies. But the fiat had gone abroad, the negroes had adopted the fact as an universal truth, and the National Assembly might modify and explain it away as they pleased, the St Domingians refused to see it in any other than in its broad and legitimate sense. The free people of colour in France hailed it as a prelude to the destruction of that prejudice which had stigmatised them as with the searing brand of Cain, and they formed themselves, together with many philanthropic whites in Paris, into an association called 'L'Ami des Noirs,' whose ostensible purpose it was to abolish the slave trade. The ramifications of this association soon spread to the colonies, and the mulattoes, both at Paris and in the provinces, claimed, in their united capacity, the privileges and rights of whites. These were refused until about a year after the revolt, when coward concession, always tardy to perform an act of justice, enacted 'that the people of colour, resident in the French colonies, and born of free parents, be entitled to, as of right, and be allowed the enjoyment of all the privileges of French citizens, and, among others, those of having votes in the choice of representatives, and of being eligible to seats both in the parochial and colonial assemblies.' This concession, which was framed for the purpose of dividing the Haytians, like the acts of the British parliament against the united colonies between 1775 and 1783, completely failed in producing any of the anticipated effects, the only result being the explosion of the whole slave population, which had hitherto lain in a volcano-like slumber.

On the 23d August, 1791, just before daybreak, the alarm sped like wildfire through Cape François, that the slaves in all the neighbouring plantations had revolted, and that they were massacring their masters. The outbreak had begun in a plantation only about nine miles from the city, and was spreading rapidly over the country. The long pent-up vengeance of the whipped and down-trodden slave had at last burst forth, and fear and consternation overspread the faces of many in Cape François, as they reflected upon the consequences of the insurrection, and asked themselves what they might expect as the fruits of their previous conduct to the now self-emancipated slaves. There was no time for speculation, however. The revolted negroes were close at hand, and as women and children ran screaming from door to door, and men hurried to strengthen the imperfect defences of the city, the consternation and confusion were appalling. The citizens armed themselves, and the General Assembly invested M. Blanchelande, the governor, with the entire command of the national guard. The women and children, together with the majority of the coloured people in Cape François, were sent on board the ships in the harbour under a strong guard. But the tide of revolution was not to be stemmed. The negroes received accessions to their ranks every day, and gave stability to their organisation by victory, while mutual cruelties continued to farther alienate and to exasperate the whites and blacks toward each other. The latter, remembering too vividly the blows and indignities they had borne, were not very scrupulous in their treatment of the vanquished, while the French, instead of relinquishing, improved upon their old methods of cruelty and torture. They practised the almost unheard-of atrocity of nailing the epaulettes of captive black officers to their shoulders; and when they had gloated over this inhuman species of vengeance, they finished the demoniacal tragedy by nailing the caps of the unfortunate men to their heads. Privateers were not deemed worthy of this mode of death, but perverted ingenuity had devised sufficient means of destroying them, without interfering with this exclusive mode of murder. They were commonly broiled over slow fires, or consumed by degrees, commencing at the feet and ascending to the vital parts. Whole shiploads were taken

be sowed up in one sack and consigned to the deep. In this dreadful struggle human blood was poured forth in torrents. It was estimated, that two months after the commencement of hostilities upwards of two thousand white persons had been massacred, and that about one hundred and eighty sugar plantations, and about nine hundred coffee, cotton, and indigo estates were destroyed, and twelve hundred families reduced from extreme opulence to such a state of wretched penury as to wholly depend upon public and private charity for their food and raiment. Of the insurgents, it was computed that about ten thousand had perished by the sword and famine, and that several hundreds had been destroyed by the hands of the executioner.

A revolt commencing with such hostile and powerfully antagonistic feelings on both sides, had none of the elements of speedy extinction in it. The blacks were neither vanquished nor discouraged by the losses they sustained, while their victories, however unimportant otherwise, were always the prelude to greater and more daring operations. They wrung from the French commissioners sent to treat with them an unconditional emancipation of all the negroes in the colony, and, under the guidance of Jean François and Beassou, soon took possession of the capital of the island. For two days the negroes plied the work of butchery; whatever fire and sword could do to destroy this once-flourishing city was done, and when the officers once more resumed authority over their infuriated men, all who had been known to exercise cruelty to their slaves, or who possessed any amount of transferable property, had perished, and their homes were masses of smoking ruins.

It was from the confusion and horrors of this deadly commotion that Toussaint L'Ouverture came forth. It was not as a warrior only, however, that Toussaint became endeared to his countrymen, and worthy of a high place in the annals of fame. It is not as the mere fighter of their battles, but as the legislator and philanthropist, that he is to be viewed as the greatest of all the Haytiens. The terrible scourge and hurricane of physical revolution had passed over his country before he came prominently forward upon the stage of its affairs, but the highest of all glories attendant upon that struggle belonged to him: it was reserved for him to repair the evils which are ever attendant upon the feet of them who use the sword; it was reserved for him to reorganise the fragmentary elements which were left, as the constituents of a nation, and to manifest the highest of all genius, that of constructiveness.

Toussaint L'Ouverture was born a slave in the year 1745, on the estate of Count Noe, about nine miles from Cape François, and situated in the western province of St Domingo. This estate was the nucleus of the revolution, the heart from which issued the life-blood of the revolt, and the site of a camp whence he who had been born on it a chattel issued mandates as powerful as those of any monarch. In his earliest years Toussaint was remarkable for that benevolence which regulated all his later actions, and which so materially affected his subsequent life. The natural patience and endurance of the negro seemed to have been exaggerated in him, for it was almost impossible either to provoke or disturb the placidity of his finely-regulated temper. When the revolution broke out in 1791, Toussaint L'Ouverture, although a slave, was in a situation of comparative ease and comfort. There had been few vicissitudes in his life, for he was bound to the place of his birth by the helot's chain. He had received an education which fitted him for the duties of steward upon the estate of Noe; and so marked were his abilities, and so gentle and benevolent his disposition and actions, that he became peculiarly endeared to his brother slaves for many miles around the residence of his master. When the first steps were taken, therefore, in the bloody trial of Haytian bondage, the co-operation of Toussaint was looked upon as an event of the first moment, and he was eagerly solicited to join in the war of emancipation. His nature was so averse to bloodshed, however, and his fears for the consequences of rebellion to the insurgents so great, that it was with the utmost difficulty that he could be brought to

consent to engage in it. His first actions during this terrible war of races were all of a conservative character. He exerted himself to the utmost to facilitate the flight of all the whites whom he considered worthy to escape the immolation to which the more heartless majority of their brethren were doomed. His patron, M. Bayou, who was resident upon the estate of Noe, became the chief object of his care, and when the negroes were about to sack his mansion and ravage the plantation, Toussaint found means to convey him to a ship, and to procure for him and his family a passage to America; at the same time he was able to embark a considerable quantity of sugar for their immediate maintenance. M. Bayou had treated the slave Toussaint L'Ouverture with kindness, and the gratitude of Toussaint L'Ouverture, the freeman and president of a powerful republic, only ceased with his eventful life. The former settled in Baltimore, and the generous negro availed himself of every opportunity to secure for M. Bayou a competency for life. This his elevation to his more than regal position enabled him to do most effectually; and while by such actions he gratified the impulses of his own noble heart, he bound the hearts of others indissolubly to him. It was only when the destruction of Noe left him at perfect liberty both in spirit and fact that he entered the vortex of the revolution.

It must not be supposed, however, that Toussaint L'Ouverture was averse to the assertion of his own and brethren's liberty. He had as strong a passion for freedom as ever beat in the bosom of man, but at the same time he had a weight of gratitude upon his heart, and an aversion to bloodshed, which effectually disabled him from mingling in the wild and sanguinary operations of the war. When he saw, however, the excessive cruelties which were practised by his people upon the whites, and reflected that by seeming to act with them, even in their fiercest works of destruction, he might be the means of mitigating their cruelties and preserving life, he at once threw himself into the active business of the war. Once fairly cast upon the waters of public life, his extraordinary talents soon placed him above all his compatriots. His friends as well as enemies were astonished at the extensive grasp of his conception and the acuteness of his observation. In war he was the cool, acute, and undaunted commander; and in council the wise, generous, and disinterested senator and patriot. Whether viewed as the cautious and yet brilliant general, or as the wise and statesmanlike legislator, this slave will stand comparison with the most educated and accomplished of his cotemporaries either in Europe or America; while in all the qualities of benevolence and justice, and in strict decorum of manners and propriety of conduct, none of equal celebrity can claim to be ranked with him save Washington. His inventive genius in war, and his acute suggestions in matters of civil and domestic policy, soon brought him into the notice of the patriot leaders, who quickly placed him in the rank of aide-de-camp, then in that of colonel; he was next created brigadier-general, and lastly commander-in-chief and governor-general of the island of St Domingo. These promotions were necessarily very rapid, and his continuance in each of the intermediate capacities named was very short; yet the same modesty, kindness, and integrity which had characterised him when a slave were evidenced in all the stages and relations of his remarkable elevation, winning all hearts to him, and gently paving the way for his ascension to supreme authority.

When invested with the chief power, one of Toussaint's first acts was to command attention to the cultivation of the soil. He was aware that the very existence of a country depends upon agriculture, and that Hayti could never hope to be prosperous so long as this fundamental requirement was neglected. The negroes, who had become accustomed to the novel and to them fascinating life of a camp, and who associated slavery in its worst forms with every species of field labour, were so averse to engaging again in agriculture, that even the wisest of them would listen to no proposals upon this hated subject. Toussaint was well acquainted, however, with the negro character

and instead of allowing the new planters to hire labourers at a certain sum per annum, he enacted that the cultivators of the soil, that is the planters and their labourers, should receive one-third part of the produce of the land for their remuneration, while the rest should be applied to revenue purposes. This mode of appropriating the estates on the island was as equitable as it was politic; it was an agrarian law, by which all the people in Hayti were benefited, because it rewarded the husbandman according to his industry and the chances of the season, while it secured the taxes from their legitimate source, the land, and left manufacturing industry free and unshackled by the compound burdens of a more complicated and perhaps refined system of policy. This law produced almost magical effects; the negroes at once returned to their labours under the provisions of this law, which had its penalties for idleness and crime as well as its encouragements; and as their overseers were now of their own race, and of kindred sentiments, the island was soon restored to its former beauty and fertility, and every day added perceptibly to its advancement under the mild yet equitable sway of Toussaint. After the land, he devoted himself to the elevation of the people; he encouraged education and industry by all the means in his power, and as the French had set their slaves at least the one beneficial example of refinement of manners, he sedulously applied himself to the cultivation of good breeding among his people. Nothing tended more to the promotion of his object than his own example. On all public occasions he was most scrupulous in attending to his own behaviour, and so marked was the decorum of his levees that they might have vied with the best regulated reunions in Paris. He was very particular with regard to the appearance of the officers of his staff, and had them arrayed in magnificent costumes; but in his own dress he was remarkably simple, and his food generally consisted of a few cakes, bananas or batatas, and a glass of water. M. Thiers, in his 'History of the Consulate and Empire,' speaks of Toussaint as a miserable imitator of Napoleon; he treats his military genius with the summary verdict of a true Bonapartist, and designates his simplicity as an affectation of the habits of the first consul. It would have been well for the world while he lived, and for posterity when he died, if the ambitious emperor had possessed a tithe of the truth and goodness which so conspicuously adorned the negro chief. The licentiousness of manners which had characterised the former masters of the island, he was careful to reform, and he ordered that no lady should appear at court with uncovered neck. On one occasion, he threw his handkerchief over the bosom of a young girl, observing, in a serious tone, that 'modesty should be the portion of her sex.' His maxim was, 'that women should always appear as if they were going to church.'

Under such enlightened and kindly auspices the most perfect order and regularity were restored to the island, and in the organisation of different ranks no jarring took place. The moral duties were enforced, and the decencies of civilised life carefully practised. The churches were reopened, and public worship was restored. Public entertainments, consisting principally of comedy and pantomime, were revived; and many of the black performers evidenced high histrionic talent. Some attention was paid to painting, and music was all but universally cultivated; and in the rebuilding of Cape François considerable architectural taste, if not elegance, was evinced. The members of the republic of all shades of colour mingled with each other on the best possible footing, and without seeming to recognise any of the causes which had produced so great a feeling of separation or opposition in former times.

While the island of Hayti was thus internally developing the vast capacity of the country and people, ambition and tyranny were preparing another ordeal through which the poor Haytians were to pass. In the meantime Toussaint had devoted himself to the increase and discipline of the army, and so successful had he become that he doubled, in the short space of about two years, an army of 40,000, and evidenced such excellent tacticianship and powers of

commanding that they became renowned for their dexterity in using their arms and their promptitude in executing difficult manoeuvres. The peace of Amiens was hardly definitely concluded ere Bonaparte dispatched his brother-in-law, Le Clerc, with several of his most able officers and a powerful army of 25,000 men and a strong fleet, in order to re-subjugate the colony and restore the estates to their original owners. Jerome Bonaparte, as well as Pauline, accompanied Le Clerc in this expedition, which the prompt and unscrupulous tyrant anticipated would execute summary vengeance on the blacks, and restore to France the island of St Domingo as easily as he had conquered on several occasions and as rapidly. It was during this unhappy contest that Toussaint's military talents most conspicuously displayed themselves. Aware of his consummate abilities and energy, Bonaparte had instructed Le Clerc to effect if possible a division among the Haytians; and no sooner was the French fleet anchored before Cape François than the general began to tamper with Christophe, the negro commander of that place, but the Haytian indignantly rejected his overtures; upon which Le Clerc published a most plausibly concocted proclamation, designed to delude the negroes with an idea that the mission of this powerful army was altogether friendly, and that while it declared Toussaint L'Ouverture and Henry Christophe outlaws, it assured the people of Hayti that no violence would be employed unless their fraternal advances were rejected. This manifesto was at once viewed as the signal for war, which soon raged with great violence. Le Clerc soon observed with great apprehension that the negro troops were very powerful and brave, and he employed all the means in his power to cause a defection, in which he was but too successful. La Plume, Dumesnilo, and Maurepas, three negro generals, together with all their troops, went over to the French, which disgraceful treachery constrained Christophe to negotiate a peace with Le Clerc, in which transaction he obtained an amnesty for Toussaint, Dessalines, himself, and all the troops, and a recognition by the French of the rank of all the officers. This affair was settled without even the knowledge of the governor-general, and, as may be anticipated, the consequences were very serious. He found himself deserted by all his generals except the brave but ferocious Dessalines, who scorned every overture that was made to him by the French to desert his country's cause. Previous to this negotiation of Christophe, however, a circumstance had taken place strongly illustrative of the integrity and virtue of Toussaint L'Ouverture. He had sent his two sons to France in order that they might procure that education in Paris which was unattainable in St Domingo. On the breaking out of the second Haytian war, Bonaparte, with that unfeeling, unscrupulous avidity which ever marked his path to the accomplishment of an object, ordered these youths to be seized, in order to make them the means of dissociating their father from the Haytian cause. They were sent out to their native country along with Le Clerc, with instructions that he was to use them as best suited the purposes of his relative's ambition; and in order that no pains might be spared to render their agency effective, a villain named Coisson, who was their tutor, was dispatched with them. No entreaties could induce Toussaint to forsake his countrymen, and now came the ordeal of his affections. From the again smoking ruins of Cape François, Le Clerc dispatched Coisson with his pupils to their father, with instructions that he was to let them meet, but on no account to let them remain at home unless Toussaint would promise entire acquiescence to the wishes of the first consul. Coisson arrived safely with the youths at Ennecy, but the negro chief was absent at a distant part of the island, and a courier was immediately dispatched to inform him that an envoy with important proposals had arrived from France, and he speedily returned. The two sons ran to meet their father, and he, full of sweet emotions, clasped them silently to his bosom. Few wretches in human form could have taken advantage of such a moment to have made dishonourable proposals; but Coisson had been chosen for his fitness for this disgusting office, and he did not disappoint the mean estimate

that had been made of his spirit. When the first burst of parental feeling was over, Toussaint stretched out his arms to him whom he regarded as the preceptor of his children, when the vile emissary drew back, and, instead of meeting the governor-general's advances, presented a letter from Bonaparte, advising him to desert his country's cause. His sons tried in their artlessness to induce their father's compliance with Napoleon's wish, and their mother's tears and entreaties were added to their prayers; but the high-souled patriot withstood it all. 'Take back my children,' he said, 'if it must be so. I will be faithful to my brethren and my God.' Finding the integrity of Toussaint invulnerable, Le Clerc meditated and executed one of the basest acts of treachery on record. The treaty of Christophe and the French general permitted the Haytian chief to retire to any of his estates he chose, and he accordingly removed to L'Ouverture, situated at Gonaïves, on the western coast of the island. Here, in violation of treaty, he was taken prisoner on a night in May, 1802, when all the inmates of his house were asleep. Brunet, a brigadier-general, and Ferrari entered Toussaint's chamber with a file of grenadiers, and demanded his instant and quiet surrender. Resistance was vain; two negro chiefs who had heroically attempted a rescue were seized and shot; and about a hundred of the governor's friends were sent on board the fleet, where they were probably drowned; while he and his family were hurried on board a ship, and sent off to France before any time was given to apprise the Haytians of his capture. During the voyage Toussaint was closely guarded, and was refused all intercourse with his family. On the ship's arrival at Brest, one sorrowful meeting was allowed upon the deck, and then he was hurried away for ever from all he loved, guarded by cavalry in a close vehicle, and immured in the castle of Joux, in Normandy. His wife and children remained at Brest about two months; they were then removed to Bayonne, from which place they disappeared, and were never more seen or heard of. From the castle of Joux, Toussaint, as the winter drew near, was removed to the castle of Besançon, and the same treatment which he had received at Joux was even more rigorously dealt to him here. Not content with his close confinement, they placed him, a native of a sunny warm clime, in a cold damp dungeon, whose gloomy walls were always dripping, and whose floor was often flooded with water. He lingered through the winter in this living tomb, and then died—another victim to swell the list of cold-blooded murders which disgrace the name of the most ambitious and unscrupulous conqueror and famous soldier of modern history.

THE SCOTTISH LANGUAGE.

It is impossible to be blind to the fact, that the Scottish language—the true *Lowland* Scottish language—is rapidly passing into desuetude and oblivion. There is little cause here, after all, for regret. At best the tongue of the people of Scotland was never much more than a dialect—a provincial form of the Saxon or Anglo-Saxon, in partial combination with certain other modes of speech. This may be a hard pill for Caledonian pride to swallow, but the truth is still the truth, however it may chance to be relished. The vernacular of the north of Britain has been for the last two centuries in a state of transition, unstable and unformed, yet always progressing towards a fixed state. In the days of Dunbar and Lindsay, our northern poets wrote nearly as pure Anglo-Saxon as did Chaucer and his immediate successors in English literature. Circumstances, for which it might be difficult fully to account, gave a peculiar and local or national caste subsequently to the speech of the Scottish people, which, so long as the intercourse betwixt them and their southern neighbours continued to be limited and imperfect, had scope to flourish and assume a sort of definite and independent shape. It was during this period that Ramsay and Burns lived and composed their imperishable works. These works were, and are, and ever must be largely appreciated by the world, but—shall we venture to say it?—

the dialect in which they are written will hereafter be found to be a misfortune, and a serious one. As yet we of Scotland have the power of fully understanding and estimating these our national bards, but that power is so far passing away. The members of the newly-born generation, who are to fill our places, can never appreciate Burns so thoroughly as we do. How should it be otherwise? Our object in sending the young to schools is to teach them the purest English, at once in talking, in reading, and in writing. We check them if they utter a broad Scottish word in our presence, as if they had committed a fault, and had at least been guilty of a vulgarity. It is impossible for them, therefore, to retain that fine appreciation of the pith and point of the Scottish idiom which their predecessors possessed. As already observed, there is scarcely room here, on the whole, for serious regret. Strong as our liking may be for the language in which Burns composed his poems, he himself must have felt that he even then wrote in what was comparatively a dead tongue. Witness his letters. These were, without exception, framed by him in the purest English which he had at command; and this arose, beyond question, from the consciousness that the Scottish dialect had already ceased to be the language of people in civilised British life. We may have a lurking feeling of sorrow in making this acknowledgement; but it is needless to struggle with the current of changes and events. Those who write now and may write henceforth in our old tongue must be content to be looked on as persons writing exercises in a language passed away. If this is not already the case, it will soon be so. In the natural course of things, the whole of the British islands must ere long use one tongue, and the more so from the vast increase of facilities for internal communication which these latter days have witnessed.

We have heard people regret deeply that such a man as George Buchanan wrote all his great works—his poetry and his History of Scotland for example—in the Latin tongue. In the opinion of such judges, his compositions have hence been lost in a measure to his country. Never was there a more erroneous idea adopted. In the days of Buchanan the Roman language was the only one in which works could be composed for posterity, in our northern section, at all events, of Great Britain. The Scottish tongue was at that time losing its pure Anglo-Saxon character, and degenerating into a mere dialect, and one much more deformed and barbarous. Luckily this assertion can be easily put to the proof, since we have at least one pretty lengthened piece by Buchanan, written in his native and national form of speech. This piece is entitled 'Chameleon,' or a satire 'written by Mr George Buchanan against the Laird of Lidington.' This laird was the famous statesman and minister, Secretary Maitland, an ancestor of the present Lauderdale family. Let the reader mark the opening sentences of this satire, and consider whether it would have been well for Buchanan to have composed all his works in the dialect here used, in place of leaving them to us in the Latin language, whence they could at least be rendered into pure English by the diligence of translators:

'Thair is a certane kynd of beist callit chameleon, engenderit in sic countrieis as the sone hes mair strenth in than in this yle of Brettane, the quhilk, albeit it be small of corporence, noghttheless it is of ane strange nature, the quhilk makis it to be na less celebrat and spoken of than sum besitis of greitar quantitie. The proprieties is marvalous, for what thing ever it be applicat to, it seems to be of the samyn coulour, and imitatis all hewis, except onellie the quhyte and reid; and for this caus ancienes writtaris commonlie comparis it to ane flatterare, quhilk imitatis all the hail maneris of quhome he fenzeis him self to be friend to, except quhyte, quhilk is taken to be the symbol and tokin gevin commonlie in devise of coulouris to signifie sempiternis and loyalte, and reid signifying manliness and heroyicall courage.'

How would our passionate admirers of the proper vernacular tongue of Scotland—those who deem it a grave misfortune that Buchanan did not compose therein his

great and memorable works—how, we may ask, would they like to encounter a lengthened history, placed before them in such a dialect as the preceding? It is plain that the unsettled condition of our northern speech rendered Buchanan's adoption of the Latin a benefit for posterity, if not absolutely a matter of necessity. It will be observed by those who look closely at the few sentences above quoted, that even the most educated Scotsmen of that period pursued no fixed rules in respect to orthography. The sound alone seems to have determined the spelling, and even then it seems to have been determined only in accordance with the fancy of the moment. For example, we find 'beist' here in one of the sentences, and 'besitis,' as the plural, in another part of the very same sentence. Many of the words used by Buchanan in this satire might really puzzle a fair Scottish scholar of modern days.

Sir Walter Scott detected the impossibility of attempting to revive the proper, *unmodified* dialect of past days, in the noble series of pictures which he gave of these in his novels and romances. He derived the guiding lesson, as he himself tells us, from noting the failure of Joseph Strutt, the antiquary, in his tale of 'Queenhoo Hall,' while pursuing an opposite course. The dialect and costume of former times were so rigidly preserved in this work, as almost wholly to prevent its appreciation by modern readers. Indeed, it proved to most persons totally unintelligible; it could not be read without a glossary, or perpetual notes. With the most admirable tact and judgment, accordingly, Sir Walter, whether he fixed his narrative in the days of Cœur de Lion, or merely in the century immediately preceding his own—whether he introduced Norman and Saxon interlocutors, or the modern peasantry of his own Scotland—always took care to adopt just so much of the dialect of the time as left the whole readily intelligible by the existing generation. His works will be read and estimated, in consequence, through all ages. Very different must have been the case had the illustrious novelist adhered closely in every case to the language of the days of which he gave portraits. Think of Queen Mary being made to speak, in the story of 'The Abbot,' the counterpart of that language which we have cited from Buchanan! and yet he was her cotemporary, and very probably used a purer form of speech than did that fair and unfortunate princess. Sir Walter, had he laid down to himself those strict rules which he fortunately repudiated in actual practice, must then have represented Queen Mary as talking in a language utterly abhorrent to our modern ears. For amusement's sake, let us turn to the novel of 'The Abbot,' and try how a dialogue given in that story would look, the real language of the time, written and spoken, being adopted by us for the nonce. We select the scene where Mary signs the deed of abdication in the castle of Lochleven, in the presence of Lords Lindsay and Ruthven, and Sir Robert Melville, as well as her women and her page. We cannot imitate the probable coarseness of speech evinced at that interview, but we may give Sir Walter's sketch of it in the language unquestionably spoken at the time, and in the exact way, in short, in which a contemporary and an auditor would have recorded it:—

'Melvil agane resumit heis plea.

'Madame,' he said, 'tyme pressis, and you most nocht lette thair boattis, quhilk, I see, thair are evin now prepairyng, putte furth on the lake. Heir are enow of witnessis—your leddies—and this bolde yowthe—mysel', whan it can serve your caus effectually, for I wald nott hastelie stonde committede in this maitere—bot, evin withouten me, heir is evidence enow to shawe that you have yielded to the demandes of the Councile thorough force and feir, bot from na sincere and unconstranit assente. Thair boattis are alreadie mannit for thair return—Oh! permytte your auld servitor to recalle thaim.'

'Melvil,' said the Quene, 'thou art ane aunciente courtier,—whan diddest thou evir knawe a soveraigne prince recalle to his presence subjects quho hadde pairted fra hym on sic terms as those on quhilk these envois of the Councile left us, and quho yit were recallit withouten

submission or apologie? Lat yt cost me baith lyfe and croune, I will not agane commande thaim to my presence.'

'Alace! madame, thatte emptie form suld mak a barrier! Gif I richtlie understonde, you are not unwilling to liste to realle and advantageous counsaile;—bot your scrupil is saived—I heir thaim returnyng to aske your fynal resolution. Oh! tak the advyse of the nobill Seytoun, and you mai ance mair commande those quho now usurp ane triumphe over you. Bot, hush! I heir thaim in the vestibule.'

As all who recollect the story of 'The Abbot' must be aware, this scene closes with the signing by Mary of the deed of abdication in favour of her son James. However, we have nothing to do with that point at the present time. Our object now is, to ask how our readers would be pleased with a narrative so closely copying the true Scottish dialect of old days, as is done in the preceding specimen? Every word there put down is taken from the satire (already mentioned) by Buchanan; and, *outré* as the copy may seem, we are sensible of having rather softened than exaggerated his antique style of spelling and writing. It is indeed somewhat puzzling to copy him, seeing that he scruples not, as before hinted, to spell the same word differently, again and again, in a few sentences,—than which no clearer proof could be given of his having been, for the time, compelled to write in an utterly unformed language. Surely the public gratitude to Scott should be great—in as far as he adopted, in portraying past times, a style of expression suited to the present ones, as well as (so far as we can see) to those yet to come.

We come now, or rather we return, to what has been in reality the purpose of this whole article. It is painful to us to note the struggle which many Scotsmen, of no inconsiderable talents, have been making of late years to maintain the art of composing in the language of Ramsay and Burns. Yes, *art* is the word; for those who engage in the pursuit are as distinctly artificial in their taste as was George Buchanan in writing in the Latin tongue. The very best of our modern writers of the Scottish language speak good English throughout the whole of their daily intercourse in life, and it is only when they retire to their desks that they set about the *manufacture* of something à l'Ecossois. As if to make up for the forced nature of the product, they endeavour to give it the genuine air and cast, by reverting to the dialect of a long by-past generation, and using phrases and forms of speech which Burns, nay, even Ramsay, would have discarded as obsolete in their days. All this will not do, or at all events will do no good; and the parties who act as we say are but losing, or at least misusing, their time. Far be it from us to aver that the great works which have been already composed in the vernacular speech of Scotland—that the treasures of genius therein encased and embalmed—are to be lost to coming generations. No; there is little chance of such a misfortune occurring. The tongues of Greece and Rome are in the main *dead*, and yet the illustrious writers in both are admired and will be admired for ever. The classics of Scotland are even more favourably placed for retaining their hold on posterity, as having composed their works in one dialect of a language likely to live in a certain shape enduringly, and that both in the Old and New Worlds. Still it is but a *dialect*, and one which is disappearing rapidly from among men in the ordinary converse and business of life.

It is for these many reasons that we conceive it to be hopeless for men of talent at this day to expend toil and time on compositions in the Scottish tongue. The whole of Great Britain, if we foresee aright, must ere long use one form of speech, and that will of course be the English in its purest form, as moulded and modified by time. It is a noble language, and so rich in applicabilities as to have no superior on the face of the globe. Let us poor Scottish folks, accordingly, content ourselves with prizing and enjoying our departed classics, without striving, in the face of unsurmountable obstacles, to force new works on the world, in a dialect which the world (including ourselves) has discontinued habitually to use.

THE WEAVER.

A weaver sat by the side of his loom,
 A-flinging the shuttle fast;
 And a thread that would wear till the hour of doom,
 Was added at every cast.

His warp had been by the angels spun,
 And his weft was bright and new,
 Like threads which the morning unbraids from the sun,
 All jewell'd over with dew.

And fresh-lipped, bright-eyed, beautiful flowers
 In the rich soft web were bedded;
 And blithe to the weaver sped onward the hours—
 Not yet were time's feet leaded!

But something there came slow stealing by,
 And a shade on the fabric fell;
 And I saw that the shuttle less blithely did fly—
 For thought had a wearisome spell!

And a thread that next o'er the warp was lain
 Was of melancholy gray;
 And anon I marked there a tear-drop's stain,
 Where the flowers had fallen away.

But still the weaver kept weaving on,
 Though the fabric all was gray;
 And the flowers, and the buds, and the leaves were gone,
 And the gold threads canker'd lay.

And dark—and still darker—and darker grew
 Each newly woven thread;
 And some there were of a death-mocking hue—
 And some of a bloody red.

And things all strange were woven in—
 Sighs, down-crushed hopes, and fears;
 And the web was broken, and poor, and thin,
 And it dripp'd with living tears.

And the weaver fain would have flung it aside,
 But he knew it would be a sin;
 So in light and in gloom the shuttle he plied,
 A weaving these life-cords in.

And as he wove, and, weeping, still wove,
 A tempter stole him nigh;
 And, with glosing words, he to win him strove—
 But the weaver turn'd his eye.

He upward turned his eye to heaven,
 And still wove on—on! on!
 Till the last, last cord from his heart was riven,
 And the tissue strange was done.

Then he threw it about his shoulders bowed,
 And about his grizzled head;
 And gathering close the folds of his shroud,
 Lay him down among the dead.

And I after saw, in a robe of night,
 The weaver in the sky;
 The angels' wings were not more bright,
 And the stars grew pale at nigh.

And I saw 'mid the folds, all the Iris-hued flowers
 That beneath his touch had sprung;
 More beautiful far than these stray ones of ours,
 Which the angels have to us flung.

And wherever a tear had fallen down,
 Gleamed out a diamond rare;
 And jewels befitting a monarch's crown
 Were the foot-prints left by care.

And wherever had swept the breath of a sigh
 Was left a rich perfume;
 And with light from the fountain of bliss in the sky,
 Shone the labour of sorrow and gloom.

And then I prayed, when my last work is done,
 And the silver life-cord riven,
 Be the stain of sorrow the deepest one
 That I bear with me to heaven!

—From *Alderbrook*, by Fanny Forester.

THIRTY DAYS IN THE SAVANNAHS OF CUBA.

The story we present under this title, professes to be an abridgement of a work published some years ago by a German, who had settled in the United States, and who gives it as a narrative of personal adventures which really happened. We have not seen the original work, but, from the prefatory remarks of the Frenchman who has condensed it, and from whom we translate, it would seem to be too full of German philosophising not to be intolerably dull. All this heavy matter the Frenchman has cleverly taken away; and while we have no means of testing the truth of the marvellous adventures recorded, we have been at some pains to verify the descriptions of

scenery, which we find remarkably faithful. As for the morality of the story, the two heroes of the tale—an Irishman and a German, left when mere boys by not very scrupulous relations to pick up the best morality they could find, or that best suited them, among the commercial and banking clerks of New Orleans—can hardly be expected to exhibit a high tone of virtue. Whatever is true to nature, however, suggests its own moral to the man who views it aright. Here we have an instructive warning against youthful folly, and that heedlessness which tempts so many of the young of both sexes into dangerous predicaments, from which they are next tempted to escape at the expense of truth. We see how little the corrupt Christianity of Spain has done, notwithstanding her long possession of the magnificent island of Cuba, either for the improvement of its resources or for the happiness of those who inhabit it. The life of the slave is so very precarious that almost all that class may be said to be murdered with over-tasking, so that, until the vigorous measures used of late for the suppression of the African slave-trade have compelled the planters to be more careful of the lives of their negroes, immense importations from Africa were found necessary every year; and yet the young German speaks of the free negroes as the most miserable in the island! Then, what a picture of the inconceivable inconsistency of human nature we have in planters, otherwise hospitable, polite, and kind-hearted, yet who can go out with bloodhounds to hunt down the poor Maroons, whose only crime it is to flee from the murderous oppression of masters who have no right to them beyond what they acquired by purchasing them from slave-dealers who had no right to sell them. Who does not long to behold the day when the Spaniards of Cuba will see it to be their duty to communicate the same freedom and the same privileges to their slaves that Britain has given to hers? We fear that the praises bestowed on the hospitality of the settlers in Cuba are, as in many similar instances, not altogether deserved. The truth is, there is a monotony in the life of a family living remote from the agitation of European life, and even from the comparative bustle and excitement of a West Indian town or seaport, which makes the visit of a stranger peculiarly welcome; and thus, while there may be much hearty kindness shown him, still there cannot be said to be any sacrifice of comfort, but the reverse: he gives pleasure, and naturally receives attention.

CHAPTER I.

I don't suppose it possible for any one to be guilty of a piece of greater folly or extravagance than what I had to answer for between my twentieth and twenty-first year. Then it was that I narrowly escaped being shot by a very despotic and little merciful government, and all for the sake of playing the truant without any rational motive, unless perhaps that I wished to see the world. Starvation, fatigue, shipwreck, and my leg nearly broken, completed my education at last, in a manner I cannot readily forget. I have had such an opportunity as one rarely meets with of intimate acquaintance with unexplored and truly delicious savannahs, of traversing localities never visited by voyager or traveller—and in these my adventures were sufficiently singular. Indeed, the novelty and the oddity at once of the country and the incidents, are my sole motives for relating this strange odyssey in its details.

I have not told the whole truth in saying that youthful curiosity alone led me from home. A pair of very pretty eyes had something also to do with it. Donna Seraphita del Pulgar (the reader must be content with this feigned name) had passed through New Orleans with her father, and had called at the bank there, in which my father had placed me as a clerk. I had caught a sight, or rather a glimpse, of her. I knew that Seraphita's family lived at Havannah, and that was all I knew. As for my companion, O'Neil, he had not the excuse of love and fancy. He loved adventure, just as an artist loves the picturesque, or the harmony of sweet sounds. He contrived, indeed,

to get up an excuse for his freak. Being an Irish orphan, with no fortune beyond the ninety dollars he had made in a small speculation in cotton, he had heard that a family of his own name occupied and managed a *cafetal* on the banks of the river Gordo at the Havannah. Those O'Neils he made no doubt were his uncles, and in search of this wealthy family he would be off, like Japhet in search of his father. It is true that O'Neils, in Ireland, are numerous as the sand on the seashore; but any appeal to common sense could have no effect on the strong will of a young Irishman, now one-and-twenty, while I was twenty. So off we set, one fine day, from New Orleans, our money-box containing one hundred and thirty-one dollars in all; and with that we proceeded, in a word, to the conquest of the world.

We had a quick and pleasant passage; but no sooner were we in sight of Cuba than a thought came across our minds, which, had we had the smallest prudence, should have occurred before we set off. The magnificent tower called the Moro stood prominently out at the horizon when I said to O'Neil: 'Our passports!'—'O ay! our passports!' said he.—'The Spanish dons are not easily dealt with on that head.'—'Ah! confound both the passports and the dons!'—'All well to say so now; but you, who are the older of the two, ought to have thought of that in time.'—'We shall see about it,' said O'Neil, crossing his arms behind his back and affecting a solemn air, as he always did when about to adopt some mad resolution.—'Shall we go back to New Orleans?' said I.—'And what of my uncle, whom I must find out?' was the reply; after which he would answer me only by whistling the national air of 'Yankee Doodle,' which seems to have been invented for the purpose of being used as a lullaby to the seals, while sleeping on the seashore.

To return without visiting Cuba was out of the question. How often had my father, who was a poet, and a German to boot (I myself was born in Stettin), told me marvellous things about the picturesque scenery of that ravishing island! Often he vaunted the hospitality of its inhabitants and the charms of the country-seats which, said he, produce no venomous insects or reptiles, with the sole exception of one animal, which I will speak of forthwith. He was right: the agouti, the iguano, the lizard; cameleons of the most prismatic and brilliant colours; palombs, a kind of turtle-partridge, which always rise in pairs and steal preserved fruits; another sort of turtle, which is so tame as to perch quietly on the shoulders of travellers—such are the harmless tribes, graceful as were the Peruvians before the arrival of Pizarro, to whom this island would appear originally to have belonged, an island which seems fully to deserve all the eulogies that travellers have bestowed upon it.

The aspect presented by Cuba, when viewed from the sea, is no less cheering than bright. The industrial movement of the harbour seems less to bespeak the fierce lust of gain and the severe habits of commercial life than the natural and unforced activity of men who are merely giving free scope to their spontaneous energies. Those negroes that are trundling casks sing all the while, those countless barks that cleave the pellucid waters, those mags of coffee piled up on the jetty, those bathers on the shore or in the sea, that tumult of toil in a port which is beyond all doubt the most noisy in the world, made up altogether such a medley of bustle, sunshine, and gaiety, that the prospect of our sudden departure was far from agreeable. Accordingly, in order to escape from the restraint under which we lay, we ventured on two most hazardous expeditions. They were due to the inventive powers of my Irish comrade. The Irish, originally from the south, are never known to scruple at the commission of any bold act of the kind, and to O'Neil I really owe the silliest enterprise, and, at the same time, the most fortunate temerity of my life. On entering the harbour we wrote to the American consul, begging that he would answer for us. O'Neil held the pen. One, two, three days passed, but no reply came. Meanwhile the sky, the sea, and the sun, all solicited us to leave the ship. 'The

American consul sends us no reply,' exclaimed O'Neil; 'he is making fools of us, but I will outwit him, if your German phlegm will let you join me in the joke.'—'As you please,' said I; 'but what is it you propose to be done?' O'Neil had already taken a large sheet of paper, and was tracing in his best penmanship the following words: 'Your Excellence,—Two merchants, whom the jealousy and oppression of the American consul of the United States expose to the hazard of their fortunes and the compromising of their security, humbly prostrate themselves at the feet of your Grandeur and implore your protection. We are unduly and arbitrarily kept by his tyranny on board the ship *Seasprite*, and it is probable that, thanks to his ill-will, an important speculation, the object of this voyage, will prove a total loss. We put ourselves under the protection of the descendant of a Pizarro and a Cortez, and we beg of your Excellency that you will be so kind as command us to be brought as soon as possible into the presence of your Grandeur.'

To this epistle we boldly attached our signatures, like madmen as we were, and it had the most complete success. Between the aristocratical governors of Cuba and the Yankee consuls of the United States there exists a sort of permanent hostility, the latter being vehemently suspected of having one of those fraternal tendernesses for the Havannah which end in annexations like that of Texas. The governor-general, who, within his own domains, is a more powerful personage than the Emperor of China in the midst of his mandarins, sent on board for us, received us with the utmost cordiality, listened to all the fables O'Neil had to tell about the consul, who, by the way, had gone to Bataviano to take a survey of a mahogany forest, which he had some idea of turning to profit; he gave us a dispensation from finishing our quarantine, sent us a *salvo-condotto* (safe-conduct) subscribed with his own hand, which was to prove a sort of enchanted talisman before which all obstacles were to disappear.

'There now,' said O'Neil, 'this is a good beginning.'

'But should the consul return,' said I, 'it strikes me our affair will become a little complicated. You have played him a trick, and he will be sure to have his revenge. Depend upon it, we shall be locked up in that huge tower yonder, to teach us how to slander consuls; and who knows when the dons will let us out?'

'I have formed my plan,' replied O'Neil. And two hours after we had hired a kind of cabriolet, called a 'volante,' rarely seen anywhere but at Havannah and in Mexico, together with a negro driver in rose-coloured and yellow livery, and a small black horse as fleet as the wind. We went to Matanzas to see the country, and mislead those who might be sent in pursuit of us. There we dismissed the negro, the volante, and the horse, and held a consultation as to the course we should take. The weather was charming; all was bright and lovely in the sky overhead and the landscape around us.

'Let us go back,' said O'Neil, 'but in an oblique direction,' pointing, as he spoke, to a wood, or rather to an immense portico, composed of vast colonnades, perfectly smooth and alike in size and form, placed at nearly regular distances, and crowned with large, broad, tufted leaves, forming, at the height of a hundred feet from the ground, a thick dome, springing from the tops of the palm-trees. 'Should the consul be angry, and the governor-general think it worth his while to pay any attention to us, we shall be sent after in this direction, and be supposed to have followed the coast after leaving Matanzas. Here we have a charming road, cool and fresh, and full of sweet perfumes. Our purse is well filled, the gentry are hospitable—all will yet be well with us.'

What he said of the hospitality of Cuba is quite true. If there be a spot in the wide world where that virtue is practised according to Gessner's notions, and where the idyll of civilised life, forming a medley of luxury and comfort, is actually realised, it is in the island of Cuba. Most travellers think it enough to confine their admiration to the Havannah, and allow themselves to be fascinated by the bright black eyes and lovely open smile of

the Spanish girls, to the exclusion of everything else; but one must, like me, have traversed all the bypaths and cross-roads, or rather the vast forests with no roads, and the bright sandy shores of this island—one must have met with the hearty welcome to be found alike in the smallest cabins and in the wealthy *cafetals*, at a distance from all the towns and all the seaports, before he can fully appreciate the generous delicacy, mingled with natural grace and almost heroic sentiments, that characterise their inmates. The Havannese have no cruelty except towards the Maroon negroes. They have little liking for the Americans of the Union, yet this by no means hinders their giving a kind and frank reception to travellers of far from polished manners, from New York or Boston. Nor is it mere hackneyed civility or trite words of kindness that you are overwhelmed with; you are loaded with presents in spite of yourself. This we largely experienced during our truant trip. One would say that the gentleness and simplicity of the Peruvian aborigines had been imparted to the Spanish population of the island.

Go into a village, the children flock around you and call you *tio*, uncle. Their eagerness has nothing servile, troublesome, or importunate about it. I trust the new civilisation may not ere long destroy this charming savour of grace and sympathy! Certain it is that the traveller who happens to have quitted the United States, after being accustomed to the rude insolence and impertinent liberty of the inhabitants of Kentucky, finds a most soothing contrast in the affability of the Havannese. But for this cordiality and kindness we never could have effected our escape; never should I have lived to commit my youthful adventures to writing; and in all likelihood I should have had my captivity in the Moro brought to a speedy close by that jail fever which carries off its victims so cleverly, and saves the hangman the trouble of putting them to death. Passing from country-seat to country-seat, and from house to house, never did we meet in that foreign island with any but generous and actively kind souls, nor was there a single Spaniard disposed to deliver us over to the mercy of those whom we had hoaxed.

Meanwhile we were moving on apace. O'Neil had brought some provisions with him, on which we breakfasted at the foot of one of those large trees that overshadowed us. We then resumed our march, intending to ask an asylum at the first *cafetal* that presented itself. At length, having passed through the palm-forest, we came at last upon the *camino del centro*, when the moon began to rise in the heavens.

At that time the highways of Cuba were few and bad. That running quite through the island was called *el camino del centro*. The greater number of the chief towns are placed at intervals along it. From each city or small town there strikes off another road, connecting it with the seaport especially attached to it, and which in no case lies farther off than from twenty to thirty miles, the island being nowhere of great breadth. The Maroon negroes, well aware that these second-rate roads were not much frequented, and that waggons laden with goods on their way to and from the seaports necessarily passed along them, were sure to form ambushes under the brushwood and thence to watch for a prize. These wretched outlaws are ferocious and cruel beyond description; fear makes them so, for they know that they have no mercy to look for, and, lying under the general malediction, they revenge themselves as they best may on such travellers as they can pounce upon. When they happen to find for themselves an able and intrepid leader, they become still more ferocious. Of all this we then knew nothing; and in the position in which we stood, our chief object was to avoid the grand highway, where we could think of nothing but his highness the governor's *tenientes*, *alguazils*, and *capitanes de partido*. Accordingly we made all haste to get ourselves into a cross road that presented itself on the opposite side from that which he had come.

Hardly had we advanced a few steps along this bypath when night, that tropical night whose calm and majestic splendour has often been described, and yet never will be

so in all its loveliness and beauty, threw over the neighbouring forests that tracery of soft voluptuous light and shade which so intoxicates the soul and senses, when a gunshot was heard, and we beheld, rushing out of a ravine clothed with thick guava bushes, and which ran down into a dark chasm, three negroes, evidently runaway Maroons, who hastened towards us. 'Ah!' exclaimed O'Neil, 'here is our first piece of business;' and as he spoke he levelled his carbine, a very good one, bought at Boston, and down went one of the three men who were coming to attack us. Not the less did the remaining two run towards us, on which I fired, but without effect. We expected to have a close fight with them, and accordingly I placed my back against a tree, and held out unclasped the bowie-knife which every man bred in America knows how to use, when the baying of dogs and the tread of horses' feet were heard. Four enormous bull-dogs of the breed employed in hunting down the blacks, and whose existence in the country dates almost as far back as its conquest by the Spaniards, sprang at the Maroons, one of whom, more agile than his mate, sought refuge in a tree, while the other was torn to pieces by those terrible animals.

'Tayo, Tayo!' cried a man who followed them at a distance, and who straightway appeared on horseback in the light of the moon. He was an odd-looking fellow. He wore yellow slippers, and those yellow slippers were armed with spurs, a mandoline on his shoulder, a sword at his side, a large cloak, an embroidered waistcoat, a hat made of rice-straw, pointed like a steeple, and with a brim above four feet in diameter, a brace of pistols stuck in his sash, and a long pike: such was his equipment. He was a *guajero*, that is, a farmer-knight, a planter-troubadour of Cuba, a kind of being no less odd than amusing. Calling on his dogs, he took aim at the negro in the tree, killed him with as little pity as he would have shown for a bird of prey, pushed aside the dead bodies with his pike, and, coming up to us, saluted us as *cavelleros*, offered us, from his lofty seat in the saddle, and with the utmost courtesy, supper and beds under the roof of his farmhouse. Don Gil Perez de la Mescura, for they are all noble, knew a thousand songs, composed them himself, and treated us like kings. After hearing our story, three days after our arrival, he addressed us as follows:—

'Cavelleros, I advise you to turn your steps with all possible speed to some near seaport, and to sail for Yucatan or New Orleans as you may think best. We Spaniards don't at all relish being hoaxed, and the gobernador will soon have you brought to trial if he knew that you got a *salvo-condotto* from him by playing off a trick at his expense. I will give you every possible information, and will take you, if you like, to Santo Spiritu. It would grieve me beyond measure were such amiable *cavelleros* to have too near a view of the Moro prison.'

The worthy *guajero* was quite right, and his wife Manudita, who, by the way, was very ugly, yet very knowing in the art of cookery, was of the same opinion. No doubt it was very cruel to sail so soon, and without having seen Seraphita; but both of us plainly saw that we no longer had a footing on the free territories of the United States, and the Moro sadly frightened us. Perez not only drew out for us on paper the precise route we had to follow in order to reach Santo Spiritu, but loaded us with provisions—preserved fruits, excellent rum, roasted bananas, and dried meats—nay more, he made us an offer of money, before giving the parting 'Go with God,' as the Spaniards say at bidding a friend farewell.

Accordingly, we parted with the honest *guajero*. Very different fortunes awaited us, and thanks to the mysticative absurdity of O'Neil, our situation, the second day after, became more critical than ever. Having closely followed the minute directions given us by Perez, and passed an excellent night in the open air without disquieting ourselves about the future, we had sat down, towards noon, at the foot of a slope carpeted all over with broad-leaved flowers of gigantic dimensions, with cups as large as urns, when first two horses, then three, ridden by men in European dresses, passed about a stone's throw from us

on the savannah. The strangers perceived us. One of them, who seemed to be the leader of the party, rode towards us. We rose at his approach, and a conversation followed in English, in the course of which we learned that this was the very person whom of all men we had most reason to avoid meeting, being our United States' consul. Here he was, to the neglect of his duties, amusing himself with hunting in these little frequented regions. On his wishing to know who we were, O'Neill told him I know not what ridiculous stories about his father, whom he represented as one of the richest planters in Tennessee; about his uncle, a member of congress, and his domains comprising a copper mine near Lake Michigan. Never did Irish imagination run wilder. What gave us heart was to find that this Mr Jedediah Gibson, for such was the consul's name, had never received our letters, had not been at the Havannah for a fortnight, in fine, knew nothing at all about us; and having no intention, notwithstanding his functions as consul, of returning in less than a week, thus long at least there was no chance of his doing us any harm. This Mr Jedediah Gibson, who attended so little to his duties as consul, was a wealthy man, and was interested, as a sleeping partner, in one of the chief banking-houses of New Orleans, and as co-proprietor in a thriving iron-work near Boston. All this we knew, and it furnished that knave O'Neill with an opportunity of passing off a joke which he thought excellent, but which Mr Jedediah by no means relished.

Our fellow-countryman, on learning that we were on our way to Santo Spiritu to visit a relation of O'Neill's, for such at least was the story told with his habitual coolness by my Irish friend, dismounted two of his mulatto servants, and, inviting us to take their places, politely offered to accompany us as far as that town. Such kindness would have touched the heart of O'Neill, if the heart of an Irlando-American had any feeling; but Jedediah was disliked by my companion because he was a fervent Anabaptist—a sect which he abhorred. This aversion was inflamed by Jedediah beginning an interminable sermon on the necessity of adult baptism. On this O'Neill, unable to brook a conversation which so annoyed him, spoke about banks, trade, plantations, iron-works, rate of interest, and then putting on an air of the most unaffected innocence, he continued thus:—

'Apropos on that point, misfortunes are multiplying in the States of the Union. The Salem Bank has suspended its payments; the house of Trimbeck & Co., in New Orleans (being the very one in which our friend Jedediah had his money), is completely ruined, the entire town of Copenhagen, on the Missouri, is burned down, and a terrible conflagration has destroyed the immense iron-works of Simcock & Co. (those of Jedediah) near Boston.'

During this pleasant narrative the poor consul's face grew frightfully pale and red by turns. He convulsively twitched his horse's bridle, and stammered out, 'Do you say so? Where did you see that? Who told you that?'

O'Neill gave him the most minute details—quoted newspapers—gave names and dates—gave all the particulars of the two conflagrations, with the total amount of loss, not a word of all which was true.

'Gentlemen,' said Jedediah, with a faltering voice, 'I must leave you in all haste for the Havannah, where I have urgent business to attend to. Take with you my negro, Juliano, who will bring back the horses. I must part with you abruptly. Adieu!' And so saying he clapped the spurs to his horse's sides, his escort following, though at a distance.

Juliano, the negro, on the other hand, followed us. Not knowing whether he understood English, I said nothing, but contented myself with returning a stern look of reproach to the sneering glances of my companion. This mute interchange of sentiment was broken at last by a sudden exclamation from O'Neill: 'Ah, what have I done!' said he.—'What now?' said I.—'Why,' said he, 'I have left my belt at the guajero's.'—'Your belt!' said I, with astonishment, well knowing he had nothing of the kind. He gave me a wink, then turning to Juliano, he

said, 'Two dollars for you if you will go to the house of Gil Perez, the guajero yonder, near the Rio Norte, and find me my red leather belt, containing eighty dollars. I left it on the table in my room. You will find us both again at the house of Gil Patrick O'Neil, at Santo Spiritu, where we are going.'

'I know the guajero,' replied the black, 'don't annoy yourself; and, wheeling round with his horse, he went off almost as fast as his master had done.'

No sooner had we ceased to hear the sound of his horse's steps, than O'Neill burst into a loud laugh. 'There you go,' said I, 'and, pray, what are you after now?'—'Why,' said he, 'let us embark as quickly as we can at Santo Spiritu, where there now lies at anchor, as Jedediah told us, an American brig, which will take us home.'—'A fine expedition we have made of it,' said I.—'Would you rather,' said he, 'have your bones lie rotting in the Moro?'—'And Seraphita,' said I.—'And my uncle,' said he. 'Well, let us get on, and with all haste; for should Jedediah find us again, with the aid of the governor, whom we have hoaxed so cleverly, he is quite the man to make us feel his wrath. Jedediah is proud as a Spaniard, and revengeful as a bigot. What is to become of us?'—'And the horses?'—'Let us leave them at the first *posada*; Juliano will find them there safe and sound.'

LITERARY HISTORY OF THE BIBLE; AND CONTENTS OF THE SACRED VOLUME.

ERAZA, the scribe, who lived about a hundred years before Malachi, is allowed by the universal consent of antiquity to have been the restorer, collector, and publisher of the canon of the Old Testament Scriptures. In the reign of Josiah, the book of the law written by Moses was found in the Temple by Hilkiah; from which original, by order of that pious king, copies were immediately written out, and search made for all the other parts of the Scriptures; and by these means numerous copies of the whole were dispersed among the people, who carried them with them, when they were removed from their own country, at the time of the Babylonish captivity. After their return, Ezra collected as many copies of the sacred writings as he could obtain, and as they had suffered much from the ignorance and carelessness of transcribers, he out of them all prepared a correct edition, disposed the several books in their proper order, and divided them into three parts. First, The Law; second, The Prophets; third, The Chetubim or Hagiographa, *i. e.* The Holy Writings. Josephus, in reference to this division, says, 'We have only twenty-two books which we believe to be of Divine authority, of which five are the books of Moses. From the death of Moses to the reign of Artaxerxes, the son of Xerxes, King of Persia, the Prophets, who succeeded Moses, have written in thirteen books. The remaining four books contain hymns to God, and moral precepts for the conduct of life.' In this division, first, The Law consists of 1. Genesis; 2. Exodus; 3. Leviticus; 4. Numbers; 5. Deuteronomy. Second, The writings of the Prophets are 1. Joshua; 2. Judges, with Ruth; 3. Samuel; 4. Kings; 5. Isaiah; 6. Jeremiah, with his Lamentations; 7. Ezekiel; 8. Daniel; 9. The twelve Minor Prophets; 10. Job; 11. Ezra; 12. Nehemiah; 13. Esther. Third, The Hagiographa consists of 1. The Psalms; 2. The Proverbs; 3. Ecclesiastes; 4. The Song of Solomon. This division was made in order that the number of the sacred books might correspond with the number of letters in the Hebrew alphabet. At present the Jews reckon twenty-four books in their sacred canon. The five books of the law, in the original, are divided into fifty-four sections. It is supposed by many of the Jews that this division was appointed by Moses, but it is much more probable that it originated with Ezra. One of these sections was read in the ancient Jewish Synagogues every Sabbath day. The number was fifty-four; because in their intercalated years, a month being then added, there were fifty-four Sabbaths. In other years, the number was reduced to fifty-two, by twice joining together two short sections. Till the time of the persecution of

Antiochus Epiphanes, the law only was publicly read; but the reading of it being then prohibited, they substituted fifty-four sections out of the prophets, the reading of which was ever afterwards continued; so that when the reading of the law was restored by the Maccabees, the section which was read every Sabbath out of the law served for the first lesson, and the section out of the prophets for the second. The sections were divided into verses called *Pesukim*. It is most probable that this division was invented by Ezra for the convenience of the Targumists or Chaldee interpreters; for, after the return of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity, the Chaldee language being used by them instead of the Hebrew, it was customary to read the law first in the original Hebrew, and then interpret it to the people in the Chaldee language. The word *targum* signifies the translation of a book from one language into another. The principal *targums* are those of Onkelos on the law, and Jonathan on the prophets.

The division of the Scriptures into chapters, with the exception of the Psalms, which were always so divided, is of comparatively recent date. It is attributed by some to Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the reigns of John and Henry III.; but it is much more probable that this division was invented by Cardinal Hugo de S. Caro, or, according to his French name, Hugues de St. Cher, who lived in the thirteenth century. He was born at Vienne, in Dauphiny, and studied at Paris, where he became a Dominican friar in 1225; he was afterwards made cardinal, and died in 1268. Under his direction, the first Concordance of the Sacred Scriptures was compiled; he is said to have employed five hundred monks to assist him in his very useful and laborious undertaking; his Concordance was a *Latin* one. The first *English* Concordance was by Marbeck, and was dedicated to the pious King Edward VI., in 1550, but it referred only to *chapters* not to *verses*. The subdivision of the chapters into verses derived its origin from a celebrated Jewish Rabbi, named Mordecai Nathan, about the year 1445. This rabbi, in imitation of Hugo de S. Caro, drew up a concordance to the Hebrew Bible for the use of the Jews. He followed Hugo in the division of the books into chapters, and invented the subdivision of the chapters into verses. This method being found so convenient, has been ever since followed; and thus, as the Jews borrowed the division of the books of the Holy Scriptures into chapters from the Christians, in like manner, the Christians borrowed that of the chapters into verses from the Jews. The present verses of the New Testament were arranged by Robert Stephens, a learned French printer, and introduced into an edition of the Greek Testament, printed by him in 1551, by placing numerical figures in the margin.

It is the opinion of the learned Prideaux, that Ezra made additions in several parts of the Bible, where anything appeared necessary for illustrating, connecting, or completing the work, in which he appears to have been assisted by the same spirit under whose inspiration they were first written. Among such additions, he instances the last chapter of Deuteronomy, wherein Moses seems to give an account of his own death and the succession of Joshua after him. To the same cause, he thinks, may be attributed many other insertions in the Bible, which have created difficulties and have even caused the authenticity of the sacred text to be called in question. For example, Gen. xxxv. 8. 'And these are the kings that reigned in the land of Edom, before there reigned any king over the land of Israel.' It is evident that this passage could not have been written by Moses, but must have been inserted by a later writer, since there was no king in Israel until long after the death of Moses. Again, Exod. xvi. 35. 'And the children of Israel did eat manna forty years, till they came to a land inhabited; they did eat manna till they came unto the borders of the land of Canaan.' As Moses was dead before the manna ceased, these could not have been his words. Besides inserting passages for the purpose of explaining, connecting, or illustrating the text, Ezra also changed the names of several places which had grown obsolete, substituting their new names in the text.

Thus, Abraham is said to have pursued the kings, who carried Lot away captive, as far as Dan, whereas that place in the time of Moses was called Laish; the name Dan being unknown till the Danites (long after Moses' death) took possession of it. Although the Jewish canon was settled by Ezra, several variations have been made in it since his time, and several books of a later date have also been added to it. It is probable that the two books of Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, and Malachi, were added to the sacred canon in the time of Simon the Just.

The celebrated Septuagint, or Greek translation, has, of all the versions of the sacred writings, ever been esteemed of the greatest importance. Ptolemy Philadelphus, king of Egypt, who reigned about 285 years before Christ, and who was a monarch of great liberality, and a munificent patron of learning, having erected a grand library at Alexandria, which he intended to enrich with all the curious and important works of antiquity, produced a translation into Greek of the Pentateuch, or Five Books of Moses. It has obtained the name of the *Septuagint*, or version of the seventy, from a tradition that seventy-two interpreters, six out of each of the twelve tribes, were employed in this work by order of the Jewish High Priest and Sanhedrim, or great council of the Jews. It was believed by many of the fathers that 'each one of those interpreters translated the whole of the sacred books from Hebrew into Greek while confined in separate cells in the island of Pharos,' and that they were inspired by God, in such a manner as to prevent every species of error, and that the seventy-two copies, when compared together, were found to be precisely the same. But a much more probable account is, that five learned and judicious men only were engaged in the translation, which was afterwards examined, approved, and allowed as a faithful version by the seventy or seventy-two elders, who constituted the Alexandrian Sanhedrim. The other books of the Old Testament were translated at different times by different persons, and being added to the books already translated, were comprehended in the general term *Septuagint*, or *Septuagint* version.

The Vulgate is the name given to the most ancient translation of the Scriptures into Latin, and appears to have been so named from its having been a translation into the *vulgar* or *common* language of those belonging to the Latin church. The translator is not known. The version which is now called the Vulgate was formed by St. Jerome, at the command of Pope Damasus, A. D. 384. Jerome appears to have formed his text in general out of a great number of Latin versions, made by different hands, collating the whole with the Hebrew and Greek, from which he professes to have translated several books entire. The New Testament he is supposed to have taken wholly from the original Greek, yet there are sufficient evidences that he often regulated even this text by the ancient Latin versions.

The most ancient English version of the Scriptures is that of John de Trevisa, a secular priest, who translated the Old and New Testaments into English at the request of Thomas Lord Berkeley; he lived in the reign of Richard II., and finished his translation in the year 1357. The second author who undertook this work was the famous Wickliff, who lived in the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II. The manuscript of his version is in several libraries in England. In the year 1535, an English version of the Bible, translated partly by William Tindal and partly by Miles Coverdale, was completed abroad, and brought into England from Antwerp. It was published in a small folio, without any name of place or printer, but the generally received opinion is that it was printed at Zurich, in the house of Christopher Froschover. This work was inscribed to King Henry VIII. In the course of the epistle dedicatory, the translator, speaking in praise of the Scripture, says that 'it is the cause of all felicity, it bryngeth all goodness with it, it bryngeth lernynge, it gendreth understandynge, it causeth good workes, it maketh chyldren of obedience; brevely, it teacheth all estates theyr office and duty. Seyng that the Scriptures of God teacheth vs every thyng sufficiently, both what we ought to do, and what we ought to leave undone; whome

we are bounde to obey, and whome we shulde not obeye: therefore (I saye) it canseeth all prosperite, and setteth everythyng in frame; and where it is taught and known, it lyghtheneth all darkneses, comforteth all sory hertes, leaseth no poore man vnhelped, suffreth nothyng amysse vnammended, letteth no prynce be disobeyed, permitteth no heresie to be preached: but refourmeth all thinges, amendeth that is amysse, and setteth euery thyng in order.' The bishops found great fault with Coverdale's translation, in consequence of which the king gave orders for a new translation to be made with all possible haste, and within three years the first impression of the work was issued. Cromwell procured a general warrant from the king, allowing all his subjects to read it; for which Cranmer wrote his thanks to Cromwell, 'rejoicing to see the work of Reformation now risen in England, since the word of God did now shine over it all without a cloud.' Cromwell also gave orders that the clergy should set up Bibles in all their churches, and encourage the people to read them. In the reign of Edward VI., Fuller mentions another translation of the Bible, printed in two editions, the first in 1549, the other in 1551; neither of them was divided into verses. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth was published the Bishop's Bible, so called because several of that order were concerned in that version. The work was divided into several parcels, and assigned to men of learning and character; most of the divisions are marked with great initial letters, signifying either the name or the titles of the persons employed.

As the accounts which have been frequently given regarding the origin of our present version are in many points imperfect and inaccurate, it may not be uninteresting to our readers to give a few particulars. From the fact that many of the copies of our present English bibles contain a dedication to James I. of England, it has been all but universally believed that this version had either been suggested by that monarch, or that it was prepared at his expense. The authentic documents of the time, however, prove that these suppositions are entirely groundless. The Scriptures in no period of their history owed their existence or preservation to the kings and princes of the earth; and in regard to our present version, it was not suggested by James; the undertaking was not supported by his personal expense; nor did he ever issue one authoritative proclamation regarding it. The British public are indebted to the distinguished Dr John Rainolds, president of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, for the first suggestion of a new translation of the Bible. At what has been called the 'Conference at Hampton Court,' held on the 16th and 18th January, 1602, this proposal was made. James I. consented, but had little more to do with the matter. No further movement was made till the end of June, when a list of scholars, selected by Dr Rainolds and others for the work of translating, was presented to James for his acceptance. To the individuals selected, the king is said to have given the following instructions:

1. The ordinary Bible read in the church, commonly called the Bishop's Bible, to be followed, and as little altered as the original will permit.

2. The names of the prophets, and the holy writers, with their other names in the text, to be retained as hear as may be, according as they are vulgarly used.

3. The old ecclesiastical words to be kept, viz., the word *church* not to be translated *congregation*, &c.

4. When any word hath divers significations, that to be kept which hath been commonly used by the most eminent fathers, being agreeable to the propriety of the place and to the analogy of faith.

5. The division of the chapters to be altered either not at all, or as little as may be, if necessity so require.

6. No marginal notes at all to be affixed, but only for the explanation of the Hebrew or Greek words which cannot without some circumlocution, so briefly and fitly be expressed in the text.

7. Such quotations of places to be marginally set down as shall serve for the fit reference of one Scripture to another.

8. Every particular man of each company to take the same chapter or chapters, and having translated or amended them severally by himself, where he thinks good, all to meet together, confer what they have done, and agree for their part what shall stand.

9. As any one company hath dispatched any one book in this manner, they shall send it to the rest, to be considered of seriously and judiciously, for his Majesty is very careful on this point.

10. If any company, upon the review of the book so sent, shall doubt or differ from any place, to send them word thereof, with the place

difference to be compounded at the general meeting, which is to be of the chief persons of each company at the end of the work.

11. When any place of special obscurity is doubted of, letters to be directed by authority, to send to any learned in the land for his judgment in such a place.

12. Letters to be sent from every bishop to the rest of his clergy, admonishing them of this translation in hand; and to move and charge as many as, being skilful in the tongues, have taken pains in that kind, to send his particular observations to the company either at Westminster, Cambridge, or Oxford.

13. The directors in each company to be the Deans of Westminster and Chester for that place, and the King's Professors in Hebrew and Greek in each University.

14. These translations to be used, when they agree better with the text than the Bishop's Bible, viz., Tindal's, Matthew's, Coverdale's, Whitchurch, Geneva.

The authority of these, however, is very much shaken by the account given in to the Synod of Dort, on the 20th of November, 1618. It is there affirmed that only seven rules were in the end prescribed. Forty distinguished scholars were appointed to execute the translation, and these individuals were divided into five classes. The translation occupied three years, and the first copies were printed in 1611, one of which is in the British Museum. There is another copy in the Museum bearing the same date; but this is a mistake—it belongs to the editions of 1618. This translation was corrected, and many parallel texts added, by Dr Scattergood, in 1683; by Dr Lloyd, Bishop of London, in 1701, and afterwards by Dr Paris at Cambridge; but the most complete revision was that made by Dr Blayney, in 1769, under the direction of the vice-chancellor and delegates of the University of Oxford.

Selden, in his 'Table-Talk,' speaking of the Bible, says, 'The English translation of the Bible is the best translation in the world, and renders the sense of the original best, taking in for the English translation the Bishop's Bible as well as King James's. The translators in King James's time took an excellent way. That part of the Bible was given to him who was most excellent in such a tongue (as the Apocrypha to Andrew Downes), and then they met together, and one read the translation, the rest holding in their hands some Bible, either of the learned tongues, or French, Spanish, Italian, &c. If they found any fault they spoke, if not, he read on.'

The first Bible ever printed was a *Latin* one, without date or printer's name, supposed to have been printed at Mentz, between the years 1450 and 1455, in two volumes in folio, probably by Gutenberg and Fust. The first printed edition of the Bible in any *modern* language was in the *German*, supposed to be printed by John Mentelin. The first Polish version with which we are acquainted is one by *Hadwiga*, wife of Jagelton, Duke of Lithuania, who embraced Christianity about the year 1390. Poland was indebted to female piety for the introduction of Christianity, Dambrovka, daughter of Boleslaus, Duke of Bohemia, having by repeated exhortations persuaded her husband, Niccolaus, Duke of Poland, to abandon Paganism, and embrace the Gospel, which he did A. D. 985.

The celebrated Jewish critics, called Masorites or Masoretes, had their name from the Hebrew word *Masor*, to deliver from one to another, because they professed to deliver the Scriptures to posterity in the state of purity in which they were found previous to the Babylonish captivity. To this end, they not only numbered every verse, word, and letter, but even went so far as to ascertain how often *each letter of the alphabet* occurred in the *whole Bible*. They were very particular about the copies of the sacred writings designed for their synagogues, it being a constant rule with them, that whatever is considered as corrupt shall never be used, but shall be burned or otherwise destroyed; a book of the law wanting but one letter, with one letter too much, or with an error in one single letter, written with anything but ink, or written on parchment made of the hide of an unclean animal, or on parchment not purposely prepared for that use, or prepared by any but an Israelite, or on skins of parchment tied together by unclean strings, shall be holden to be corrupt; that no word shall be written without a line first drawn on the parchment; no word written by heart or without having been first pronounced orally by the writer: that before he

letter shall be joined to another; and that if the blank parchment cannot be seen all around each letter, the roll shall be corrupt. They had also settled rules for the length and breadth of each sheet of parchment, and for the space to be left between each letter, each word, and each section.

The following *masoretical* analysis, called the Old and New Testament Dissected, is by an anonymous English writer. It contains an enumeration of all the books, chapters, verses, words, and letters which occur in the English Bible and Apocrypha. For its accuracy, however, no one will venture to vouch unless he has followed the steps of the *painfully* laborious author of it, who is said to have spent three years of his life in the calculations necessary for its completion.

	Old Test.	New Test.	Total.
Books.....	39	27	66
Chapters.....	929	280	1189
Verses.....	23,214	7,959	31,173
Words.....	692,439	181,253	773,692
Letters.....	2,728,100	836,390	3,564,490

In the Apocrypha, chapters 182, verses 6081, words 152,185.
 The middle chapter, and least in the whole Bible, is Psalm cxvii.
 The middle verse is Psalm cxvii. 8.
 The middle chapter of the Old Testament is Job xxix.
 The middle verse would be Chronicles xxix. 17, if there were a verse more, and 18, if a verse less.
 The shortest verse is 1 Chronicles i. 25.
 The word *Jehovah* occurs 6865 times.
 The word *and* 35,543 times.
 The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra, contains all the letters of the alphabet.
 The 19th chapter of the 2d book of Kings, and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike.
 The middle book in the New Testament is 2 Thessalonians.
 The middle chapter would be Romans xlii. if there were a chapter more, and xiv. if a chapter less.
 The middle verse is Acts xvii. 17.
 The shortest verse is John xi. 35.
 The word *and* occurs 10,684 times.

The following descriptive character of the several books of the Old and New Testaments is from a tract entitled 'A Design about disposing the Bible into an Harmony; or an Essay concerning the Transposing the Order of Books and Chapters of the Holy Scriptures, for the reducing of all into a Continued History. By Samuel Torshell.' This work was published during the grand rebellion, and is now exceedingly scarce.

Genesis.....	The cabinet of the greatest antiquities.
Exodus.....	The sacred rule of law and justice.
Leviticus.....	The holy Ephemerides.
Numbers.....	God's Arithmetic.
Deuteronomy.....	The faithful mirror.
Joshua.....	The mirror of magistrates and tyrants.
Ruth.....	The picture of a pious widow.
Samuel—Kings.....	Sacred politics.
Chronicles.....	The holy annals.
Ezra—Nehemiah.....	An idea of church and state reformation.
Ester.....	The great example of God's providence.
Job.....	The school of patience.
Psalms.....	The soul's soliloquies, the little Bible, the anatomy of conscience, and the rose garden, the pearl island.
Proverbs.....	Divine ethics, politics, economy.
Ecclesiastes.....	Experience of the creature's vanity.
Canticles.....	The mystical bride-song.
Isaiah.....	The evangelical prophet.
Lamentations.....	The pathetic mourner.
Jeremiah.....	The voice of the turtle.
Ezekiel.....	Urim and Thummim in Babylon.
Daniel.....	The Apocalypses of the Old Testament.
Hosea.....	Sermons of faith and repentance.
Joel.....	The thunderer.
Amos.....	The plain-dealing reprovcr.
Obadiah.....	Edom's whip.
Jonah.....	The prophetic apostle of the Gentiles.
Micah.....	The wise men's star.
Nahum.....	The scourge of Assur.
Habakkuk.....	The comforter of captives.
Zephaniah.....	Preparation for sad times.
Haggai.....	Zeal for God's house.
Zechariah.....	Prophetic hieroglyphics.
Malachi.....	The bound-stone of the two Testaments.
Matthew, Mark, Luke, John.....	The four trumpeters proclaiming the title of the Great King.
Acts.....	The treasury of ecclesiastical story.
Romans.....	The principles of Christian faith; the catholic catechism.
1 Corinthians.....	Apostolical reformation.
2 Corinthians.....	A pattern of just apologies.
Galatians.....	The epistle of the Romans epitomised.
Ephesians.....	The opening of the great mystery of salvation.
Philippians.....	An apostolical parenesis.
Colossians.....	A brief rule of faith and manners.
1 Thessalonians.....	Practical theology.

2 Thessalonians.....	Polemic theology.
1 Timothy.....	The sacred pastoral.
2 Timothy.....	The title of the Scripture pleaded.
Titus.....	Agenda, or church orders.
Philemon.....	The rule of relations.
Hebrews.....	A commentary upon Leviticus.
James.....	The golden alphabet of a Christian.
1 Peter.....	A theological summary.
2 Peter.....	The encouragement of a spiritual warrior.
1 John.....	The glass of love, or charity.
2 John.....	The pattern of a pious matron.
3 John.....	The mirror of hospitality.
Jude.....	A picture of false propheta.
Revelation.....	Daniel Redivivus. The opening of the treasury of future events.

THE WOODEN LEG.

'MONSIEUR, I shall be glad to see you to-morrow at nine o'clock A.M., with your scalpal, tourniquet, and all the other instruments necessary for the amputation of a leg.'

'Well, that will do,' said M. Thevenet, as he glanced over the above note, and then turned it round and round, while a sardonic smile played upon his face. 'So I am a barber or a wood-chopper, that this incognito will send a tarterdemallion for to-morrow,' continued M. Thevenet, as he threw the card in the fire, flung himself into his arm-chair, and, lifting up a book, commenced to read in such a way as showed that he did not mean to pay the least attention to that anonymous note.

Louis Thevenet was the most celebrated surgeon in Calais. His fame, however, was not confined to his own city; it had travelled across the channel, and so had the great Louis Thevenet himself. When anything of a most grave and extraordinary nature in the art of surgery was to take place in London, his advice was looked upon as invaluable in consultation, and his assistance as almost essential to the success of the operation. He did not eclipse his fellow surgeons in Calais—he illumined them; for the halo of his surgical glory threw lustre upon his native city, and consequently upon all his professional brethren. He had been long attached to the army, and had embraced every opportunity of rendering himself perfect in his calling. He was not a man of many ideas. Sulphur was to him the chief of medicines; amputation his panacea for all cuts and bullet-wounds upon practicable places; so that he doubtless became a great surgeon, as the wooden legs of many soldiers like Corporal Trim attested. Everybody liked M. Thevenet, however, even though he was somewhat blunt in his manner; for his open-handedness and his more than common rectitude of character were proverbial. He was most attentive to his patients, who were generally of the *nobless* and wealthy class; and as loyalty was also esteemed a great virtue in France in 1782, he did not want for a goodly supply of that either; so that, taking him all in all, he was really a man of great consequence, and it is therefore no wonder that he felt a little piqued at the peremptory tone of the anonymous card. It had caused him a struggle, it must be confessed, to maintain that dignity which he esteemed to be proper on this occasion; for the idea of an amputation was one that exercised a powerful influence over him, and he fain would have been at that limb, had he seen that in the circumstances he was not derogating from the dignity of a famous surgeon. Three days after this, however, he received another card, more pressing in its tone than the former, and couched in a more becoming style. He was besought to be ready on the morrow morning at nine o'clock, and informed that a carriage would come to conduct him to where the operation was to take place.

Nine o'clock had scarcely struck upon the great bell, when a splendid caleche, drawn by two beautiful horses, drew up at the door of the surgeon. M. Thevenet did not now hesitate a moment, but mounted the steps of the vehicle; then rapping with his cane upon the golden epaulette of the coachman, he cried, as if impatient to be gone, 'Where shall we go now, my good man?'

'Where I have orders to conduct you, Mr Doctor,' replied the coachman, in surly English, as he cracked his whip, and set off at a gallop.

'Yes, yes, it is an English affair, is it?' thought the

doctor, as he shook his head. 'Well, the impertinence of these people is unsurpassable.'

The vehicle quickly arrived at its destination, and the doctor was let out by a lacquey.

'Who is ill?' he asked, as he was conducted to the door. 'Is it a man or woman?'

'You shall soon see that, sir,' replied the lacquey.

Thevetnet was received at the door of the house by a handsome, fashionably-dressed young man, between twenty-five and thirty years of age, who forthwith led him up stairs to a large and richly-furnished room.

'Is this the place to which I was invited?' said Thevetnet, looking round in surprise upon beautiful mahogany furniture, instead of a sick-bed, as he expected.

'Yes, sir, and I am happy that you have been pleased at last to respond to my anonymous invitation,' replied his conductor. 'Rest yourself, I pray you,' and he motioned the doctor to a seat. 'Have you brought everything necessary to commence this operation?'

'But hold, sir!' said the doctor, firmly. 'Permit me to see and examine this limb, before I say a word on the subject. Perhaps amputation is unnecessary.'

'Amputation is necessary, Dr Thevetnet,' said the young man, turning quickly upon the surgeon, and looking fiercely at him. 'Suffer me, I pray you, to be the sole judge of that, and prepare yourself to commence, and that, too, immediately.' The doctor sat down, and stared half-doubtingly in the face of this strange being. 'Listen to me,' resumed the unknown, speaking slowly and emphatically. 'Whatever may be the result of the operation, here are one hundred guineas for you, whenever it is finished. But I am to be operated upon—operated upon immediately, too—mark me well!—and if you refuse to obey me, you are in my power, and as sure as the sun shines, I shall blow your brains out in an instant.'

While speaking, the stranger had taken a pistol from his pocket, which he held carelessly in his hand, looking at the same time full in the surgeon's face.

'Oh, sir,' said Thevetnet, coolly, 'you no doubt have it in your power to lay me flat upon my face just now, but your pistol won't bring the palor of fear into it, let me tell you. But, come, explain to me frankly, and without any more ado about it, for what purpose did you bring me here?'

'Hearing you famed as an amputist, I sent for you to cut off my right leg,' replied the unknown, calmly.

'With all my heart, sir,' said the surgeon, smiling, and shrugging his shoulders, 'and your head also, if you please; but, if I don't mistake, your leg seems perfectly whole. You have come bounding up these stairs with the agility of a rope-dancer. What is the matter with it?'

'Nothing at all,' said the unknown, 'only I want to have it cut off.'

'Why, sir, you are mad,' said the doctor, looking at the cool Englishman from head to foot, and evidently becoming impressed with the belief that a strait waistcoat was necessary.

'That is just as you may imagine, sir,' replied the gentleman, sharply.

'Ah! just so,' said Thevetnet, in a careless tone; 'but it seems to me that I have a good right to demand of you wherefore you seek to part with a perfect and serviceable leg; for really, sir, you know we are strangers to each other, and I am desirous to have proof that you have all your reason about you.'

'M. Thevetnet,' cried the unknown, in a menacing tone, 'will you not comply with my desire?'

'Yes, sir, when you give me a conclusive reason for beginning an operation which seems to be quite uncalled for.'

'I cannot at this moment discover to you the truth regarding this affair,' said the young man, calmly. 'Perhaps it will be a mortifying loss to me, I own to you, before a year has passed, but still I am not afraid of being a gainer before the expiration of that time; and then you shall judge yourself whether my resolution to deprive myself of my leg is not dictated by reason, and worthy even of your approbation.'

'I will engage in no such work of chance, then, before

I know your name, your residence, your family, and your profession,' said the doctor firmly, and with much dignity.

'You shall know all, sir—but not at present,' said the unknown in an angry voice; 'and allow me to demand of you,' he continued, looking sternly on M. Thevetnet, 'if you consider me to be a man of honour?'

'A man of honour, sir,' replied the doctor, bristling up also, and returning the angry look with interest, 'would never stand over a surgeon with a loaded pistol, in order to force him to cut off a leg. I have duties to perform,' continued the doctor in a swelling tone—'duties towards even you, sir, although you are altogether a stranger to me; and, unless it were absolutely necessary for your safety and health, would not on any account consent to your mutilation. Now, sir, after this explanation, if you believe yourself obliged to become the murderer of the innocent father of a family, fire away!'

'It is well, doctor, your words are those of a brave and courageous man,' said the Englishman, lowering his pistol, and looking somewhat disconcerted. 'I have no wish to be your assassin, but I must, at all hazards, have you to take off that leg; and you may be induced to do in pity what neither fear nor a golden bait can force you to do.'

'How that, sir?' said M. Thevetnet.

'I shall pierce the limb with a ball in your presence directly,' was the reply; and forthwith the mysterious stranger placed the muzzle of the pistol to his knee.

The doctor leaped towards him, in the hope of preventing the rash act.

'If you advance a single foot,' cried the Englishman, vehemently, 'I will draw the trigger. One word more,' he continued—'will you spare me this useless trouble? Will you, by your refusal, force me to augment the sufferings which I am determined to endure?'

'Monsieur! once more I tell you, you are a madman,' said the doctor, unable to explain this strange affair: 'You are a madman, sir; but I yield to your desire—I consent to free you from that unfortunate leg.'

The preparations were quickly got in order. The limb was stripped, bandaged, and laid out; and Dr Thevetnet, throwing off his coat and rolling up his shirt-sleeves, soon showed that he was as active in the work as he had been averse to begin it. Before the first incision the Englishman lighted his pipe as unconcernedly as if nothing serious was to be done, and with much apparent pleasure he continued to smoke until his limb tumbled on the floor.

M. Thevetnet, of course, acquitted himself with his usual address; the operation was performed to admiration, and in a very short time the voluntary invalid was restored to health. He paid his surgeon generously, and contracted an esteem for him which increased day by day. At last, after again thanking his friend, with tears in his eyes, for ridding him of that wonderful limb, the unknown set out for England, with an excellent wooden substitute for the member that used to occupy his right trouser-leg.

Within eighteen months after his departure, the doctor received the following explanatory letter from his singular patient, then in England:

'M. THEVETNET.—Enclosed is a cheque upon Quinat, the banker in Paris, for two hundred and fifty guineas, which I beg you will accept upon my account. In depriving me of that member which was the only obstacle to my happiness here below, you rendered me indeed the happiest of mortals; and now, thou best of men, thou shalt know at last the real motives which induced me to do an action which, to you, seemed replete with folly and caprice. You have declared that nothing in the world could induce you to persist in depriving yourself voluntarily of a member, and it was noble, I do confess, in you to refuse the reward which I offered you in order to impel you to cut off mine; but listen to the truth of the case. Shortly after my last return from the East Indies, where I had been cruising for three years, I became acquainted with Emily Harley, a lovely girl, with whom I at once fell passionately in love. The wealth and nobility of her family sufficiently accounted to my parents for my ardour, and won their approval to my choice; but her

beauty and angelic disposition were all in all to me. I cared not for birth or riches. I yielded myself, with many others, a willing slave to her beauty, and dragged the triumphal car of this my goddess, because it was delightful so to do. Alas! my dear sir, I had the happiness to become the most unfortunate of all my rivals. This expression will astonish you; it is true, however; for when I declared my love, she indeed acknowledged that I was dear to her, but she refused my hand. It was in vain that I continued to pay my addresses to her; it was in vain that her parents and friends joined with me in trying to alter her strange determination—she was inexorable, and I was in despair. I was long in discovering the cause of her inexplicable but obstinate refusal. At last one of her sisters revealed the mystery to me. Miss Harley was a prodigy of beauty in face and form; but the dear girl had only one leg: and, fearing that the discovery of this defect might cause an aversion in me towards her, she had determined to retain at least my esteem, at the expense of her own happiness. A wooden leg! Was this all? Oh, lovely girl, to refuse me on such a plea! On being apprised of this, my resolution was at once taken. I determined to put an end to this disparity between us; and, thanks to you, respected Thevenet, it no longer exists. I returned to London with my wooden leg, and immediately obtained Miss Harley's consent to our union; for, thanks to a letter which I had taken care should herald my return, it was noised abroad that my leg had been broken by the kick of a horse, which accident had rendered amputation necessary. I therefore became the object of general pity, and returned with a happy prestige to the dear girl of my heart. On the morning of our marriage I avowed to Emily the sacrifice which I had made to obtain her hand, and the love of the dear girl was even increased for me when she heard that avowal. Oh, doctor, I would have lost six legs without the least regret to have obtained my Emily. Death will alone be able to obliterate my kind remembrance of you, and to cancel the debt which I owe you. Come and see us in London; and when you know that angel of my life, if you have previously treated me as a fool, you will then envy me of my folly.'

This rhapsodical and whimsical epistle was signed 'Charles Temple.' You may be sure the doctor often exhibited it to his friends, recounting the events which had preceded it; but he never did tell that story without bursting into laughter, and declaring, 'He is now a greater fool than ever.' At last the doctor took occasion to reply to the foregoing epistle, in the following sage terms:

'I thank you for your truly royal and munificent gift. I cannot look upon it as in any way merited by the humble services I had the honour to render to you. I wish you much joy upon your marriage with your delightful partner. Truly, I might once have been induced to regard it but a small sacrifice to lose the same leg in order to attain the possession of a lovely and virtuous woman. The loss is nothing in the meantime, if in the long-run one prove perfectly satisfied with a leg of wood. It cost Adam a rib to possess Eve; and many others of his male descendants have risked their bones for that sex which is so fair and saucy, and many also their cheeks, headpieces, and faces. But despite of your protestations, mark me well, I still maintain my former opinion. Very probably you have reason at present to speak as you do; for you are in the enchantment of the honeymoon. But I have reason also for my ideas, with this difference to you, that I have had time to justify my opinion, for it is not long before we are disposed to observe the stern realities which dispel the illusions of our early loves. Bear this in mind, sir, and observe if my predictions do not be fulfilled. I am much mistaken if in two years hence you do not begin to wish that the amputation had been below, instead of above the knee. In three years you will strongly regret that you did not see to having it taken off by the ankle. In four years you will wish that you had arranged to part with the foot only. In five years you will judge that your large toe would have been sufficient; and before six years have passed you will regret the sacrifice of even your little toe.

For all this, however, I entertain not the least doubt of Mrs Temple's good qualities, nor do I undervalue them. Beauty and virtue are attributes not likely soon to fade in man's estimation. In my youth I would willingly have ventured my life for my beloved, although I never was required to sacrifice even a leg. I might not have repented the loss of one; on the other hand, the likelihood is that each day might have been one of deeper regret. If I had been brought to consent to such a sacrifice, I would have assuredly said, Thevenet, you have been guilty of a folly which is utterly beyond naming.'

So closed M. Thevenet's answer to his friend's epistle.

In 1793, Dr Thevenet was denounced by the envious revolutionary practitioners of Calais, and fled to London for fear of undergoing an operation on the guillotine of a more serious nature than any he had ever performed. On his arrival in London he was soon conducted to the residence of Sir Charles Temple, who immediately opened his door to receive him.

Upon a large armchair in his parlour, at the corner of a great fire, with a quantity of newspapers scattered round him, was seated the baronet, without seeming to have the power of rising. 'You are welcome, Monsieur Thevenet,' cried Sir Charles, when he saw the Frenchman. 'Excuse me for keeping my seat, but my unbendable, abominable wooden leg fails to perform its functions well, and keeps me chained down to this corner. But doubtless you have come to see if I have repented of my ridiculous extravagances.'

'Alas! no,' said the doctor; 'I come as a fugitive from my country, to ask your protection.'

'Ah, well, doctor, and that you shall have,' said Sir Charles, heartily. 'I will give you a home in the best wing of my house, for you are a sage among the sages. But at this moment,' said the baronet, suddenly holding his wooden leg up in the air, and looking with a half-savage, half-sorrowful grin at it—'at this moment, my dear sir, I might have been rear-admiral of the Blue if it had not been for that wooden knob-stick substitute for my dear leg, the loss of which has excluded me from the service of my country. I read in these journals news of the greatest importance; I hear of nothing but stirring events; and I anathematise my unlucky stars that I am not able to take part in what is going on.' 'Do you see, sir?' continued Sir Charles, waxing red in the face and flinging his wooden limb up in the air, until he lost his equilibrium and fell back in his chair. 'Do you see, sir?' he cried, as he again recovered his balance and struck it down on the ground with great fury. 'This leg is like a bower-anchor attached to my body to keep me fastened through life to this fireside. It luckily happens that you have come to be a consolation to me, however; and he shook the doctor by the hand.

'But, Sir Charles,' interrupted the doctor, in a grave voice, 'that angel of your life—is she not also an angel of consolation?'

'Oh, the angel has taken wings and flown away now. Her wooden leg, you know, prevented her from dancing, and so she has taken to cards and scandal as her chief occupations. For all that she is a very good sort of woman—in her own way, that is to say.'

'Ah, then, I was right in my predictions,' said the doctor, smiling.

'Ay, that you were, my dear doctor,' said the baronet, shaking his head and looking half-philosophically at his wooden leg. 'Do you know what I have now adopted as my motto?' he asked suddenly. 'Never make for a woman an irreparable sacrifice.' Cut off, if it is agreeable to her, your hair, your beard, and your nails: that is all very well; for these will be restored to you before you have time to regret their loss; but never sacrifice for her either leg or arm, be she fair as day and as gentle as a zephyr.'

M. Thevenet lived with Sir Charles Temple until order was restored, and an amnesty was granted to all who had been obnoxious to the new regime; but from the first hour of his admission to his asylum to his departure, he carefully refrained from referring in the least to that once cherished but now derided wooden leg.

THE POETRY OF LIFE; OR, HOW DYE DO?

SECOND ARTICLE.

As there is no royal road to knowledge, we shall probably best attain to the knowledge and enjoyment of the poetry of life by endeavouring to ascertain, in the first place, what is poetry? The lesser always precedes the greater, and is the ladder which leads up to it. All true progress is a series of steps and patient labours. We cannot, by a single bound, spring to mountain-tops, either in the material or mental world. Obstacles and difficulties must be met and encountered, they cannot be evaded, and if they could, we should then lose all the enjoyment of laudable conflict and honest victory; and, besides, we should lose more than the excitement of conflict and the joy of triumph. For all is not a warfare, either in our special journeys, in our excursions of pleasure, or in our long journey of life. There are resting-spots by the way; quiet Sabbath nooks; golden flowers, appealing to our hearts by the mute eloquence of their beauty; and, better than all, there are the light-hearted mirth and laughter, the wit and wisdom of friends and companions; the reflection, from living mirrors, of the shows and forms of nature in her ever-varying moods of obstinate resistance, feminine beauty, and masculine sublimity. We would put a pleasure-party in the jury-box. We would ask them, what went ye forth, on that summer day, for to see? A celebrated *linn*, far among the mountains? A rocking-stone of the Druids? The far-famed Trossachs? Or the wild mountain-scenery which spreads around the lofty Seehallion? We would ask them, in what did ye find the chief enjoyment of that day? In the *linn*? the rocking-stone? the Trossachs? or the top of Seehallion?—In the *end* of your journey, or in the *ways and means* of it? We would put this alternative to them; you must blot out of your book of memory all that you saw, felt, and enjoyed in going and returning from the appointed spot, or all that you saw, felt, and enjoyed at the spot itself. Would one such jury in a hundred require to leave the jury-box to consider their verdict? Would they not declare at once, and with one voice, that the journey, and not the end of it, was the principal source of enjoyment? And would not such a verdict contain the essence of this important but too much neglected truth—that the elements of enjoyment lie in our daily paths and not in some dream-land far away; that our special journeys are epitomes of our great journey; that our pleasure excursions are types of what our excursion over the isthmus of time might be; and that, whereas in the one case the realities and beauties of the external world, the intercourse of friends, and the condition of our own minds and hearts, are the springs and causes of our happiness, so we should look to the same quarter for happiness in the other.

Let us join a pleasure-party for a moment. Why does that young maiden run and pluck that flower—that bunch of bonny blooming heather, or mountain daisy? Because she loves it. She is drawn to it by the gentle influence of sympathy. There is an affinity between the present condition of her heart and the flower, as in the material world there is an affinity between the loadstone and a bar of iron. The love of beauty is in her heart, and the flower is the Meese-rod which causes it to spring forth. Another might have seen the flower and passed by. To 'Peter Bell,' a yellow cowslip was a yellow cowslip, 'and it was nothing more; it was not a thing of beauty, and therefore it was not a thing of joy. But it was both to our young maiden. She saw it, and loved it, and plucked it; she ran to it, like a mother to the child of her heart, and from the same compelling cause—the love that was in the heart. It was an *anthurus* of the poetry of life; and, rightly understood, it is a key which unlocks all the secrets of our subject. This simple flower, the daisy, 'whose home is everywhere,' may be taken as the type or representative of all external beauty; the feeling which prompted the maiden to pluck it, as the type or representative of the feeling or mood of mind in which it sympathises with whatever is beautiful and true in the wide domains of nature. There was poetry in the flower, and there was poetry in the maiden's heart,

and in the meeting of the two we find a gleam of the poetry of life, which, in this as in all cases, is a synonyme for enjoyment. But we are anticipating and forgetting; the inquiry in hand is, What is poetry?

Some of our genuine poets, James Montgomery for instance, frankly admit that they cannot give a logical answer to this question. Various answers have been given to it, however, all of which we pass over. Probably the poets think that the best answer is a true poem; and it becomes us to accept this solution of the matter at their hands and be truly thankful. Like all other things of the spiritual world, poetry is a thing to be felt rather than described; at all events, it does not admit of direct description, but only of illustration by comparison with kindred subjects. It is so also with religion. There are thousands of true and intelligent Christians who could not, off-hand, give a logical definition of it. But set them a-thinking, and the thing will take shape and form in their minds; at least of the more reflective and intelligent. They will find that it is a two-fold thing, in appearance at least; that it consists first of mental perceptions, and then of feelings which flow from them; of ideas or pictures in the mind of things out of the mind, and then of a state or condition of mind induced by a contemplation of the things beyond it. Here it may not be improper to remark, that the religious mood or condition is the highest and happiest of all moods, just because those beings, things, and events from the contemplation of which it flows, or of which it is the reflection, are the highest, purest, and greatest in the universe.

Poetry is the natural counterpart of religion. We will not be misunderstood in saying that it is the secular religion of the soul. The two things are one, or, more correctly, are two phases of the same thing. Religion is the highest phase and development of poetry. The poetic capacity is the only foundation of religion in the soul. We speak of the capacity of wonder, love, and reverence; and, rightly considered, all the influences, ordinary and extraordinary, which have been brought to bear upon humanity, from the dawn of creation to this hour, were poetic influences, and addressed to this capacity. To counteract other influences—to counteract the material principles and tendencies of human nature, man has been serenaded for five thousand years with spherul harmonies; has been ministered to by the hands of angels; the veil has been drawn aside, and he has had glimpses of the spiritual world; prophets and seers have been sent to him with the loftiest songs; apostles, with visions of a new heaven and a new earth; and the Master of them all has come and shed light on life and immortality. All those messengers have addressed their ministrations to the capacity of which we have spoken; and upon it is built up the various poetic and religious moods of mind, from the love of simple beauty to the highest development of love, faith, and reverence which is to be found in the most matured Christian.

To take another illustration from this quarter, we should say that poetry is to other literature what the Sabbath is to the other days of the week. There is nothing particularly holy in the hours and minutes of the Sabbath-day; for what are hours and minutes apart from thought and thinking beings? what is time but the measure of motion, either of matter or of mind? If we search our own consciousness we shall assuredly find, to our cost and our loss, that there is nothing peculiarly holy in the hours and minutes of the Sabbath. It is holy, it is blessed and a blessing, just as we make it. If we gather around us the thoughts with which it were our wisdom to hold communion on that day; if we clothe us with them as with pure and beautiful garments of heaven, we shall then feel that the Sabbath is better and more blessed than other days; but not otherwise. We can make it a common enough day, and, comparing it never so carefully with any other day of the week, we shall be unable to discover the slightest difference.

And now for the practical application of these illustrations. We put them forth to elucidate and enforce a view or definition of poetry which, although it may not be new to all the readers of the INSTRUCTOR, is new to us, and which we regard as of considerable importance. This,

namely, that it is principally a state or condition of mind; that it is a subjective rather than an objective thing; a thing of the inner rather than of the outer world. When we say that a man is religious, we mean that he is devout, reverent, trustful, joyful. Each of these words indicates a state or condition of the man's mind. We could not conceive of a religious man apart from such moods, and hence we conclude that religion is a thing within the man, an inseparable part of his being, the true measure of his life. So also with poetry. When we say that a man is poetical, we mean that he has been trained and disciplined into love, sympathy, and desire for things of beauty, sublimity, and spirituality. The things which excite these feelings, in both cases, are without the mind. The reverent man must apprehend the being or thing which he reveres; and so with all the other moods of trusting, rejoicing, sympathising, loving, or desiring. They all suppose the existence of something beyond or without the mind, without which there could be no religion, no poetry, in the mind. But, unfortunately, the religious capacity, which, as we have said, is the highest development of the poetic capacity, may lie dormant and undeveloped, like a flower-seed which the breath and voice of spring, and the dews and sunshine of summer, had failed to call into vital activity. From all which we conclude, that the thing called poetry, in the best and highest meaning of the term, is a state or condition of mind—a thing of the inner rather than of the outer world.

Of course, it is a thing of the outer world also, where the clear eye and loving heart find it in rich profusion, scattered in the daily paths of men; sometimes appealing to them with bare and undisguised beauty; sometimes hiding in homely disguises, even as angels of old visited the abodes of men in the guise of mortality. It is a thing of the outer world, and the grand problem is, to make it a thing of the inner world; to bring the two worlds, or what is best in them, together in mutual sympathy; to convert the poetry of nature into the poetry of life.

We will glance now at the poetry without the mind, which is generally supposed to be the only form of poetry. How much of nature is poetical? Nay, but how little of it is not poetical? To the pure all things are pure, but to the froward and corrupt there is nothing pure. To the blind there is no light; to the deaf there are no sweet sounds; and upon the same principle there is no beauty, no spirituality, in the world to the man who lacks the capacity to see and receive them, or in whom it is not developed and exercised. It might seem injudicious and indiscriminating to affirm, that all things are full of poetry. It might fairly be retorted, is there any poetry in an ass? We would refer the sceptic to the chapter on the 'Dead Ass' in the 'Sentimental Journey.' We would ask him, have you found any poetry there; that is, anything which stirred you, which made you see a dead ass as you had never done before? We take this as a specimen or type of what we might call the humblest or lowest things. Sterne has clothed it with poetry, and taught us that the meanest things are linked to the highest, the least to the greatest. Wordsworth has made another ass venerable in the poem of 'Peter Bell.' The dumb brute was an affectionate member of a humble household; and in that household there were warm human affections, and hopes which rose to the highest heaven, and fears which stretched down to the deepest abyss. The members of that household were links in the great chain of humanity, which stretches back to Eden and Paradise; the actors in a drama in which kings and queens, statesmen and philosophers, are also actors. Looking at the lowliest and commonest things in this light, as linked to the highest and most glorious things, we shall not feel disposed to call them common or unclean; we shall not feel greatly surprised if one should say that all things overflow with poetry.

After all, this thought constantly recurs, that what we call poetry exists rather in the eye and heart of the poet than in the external things in which he sees it. He sees all things through this spiritual atmosphere; only we

must notice that he sees, not as a poet only, but, it may be, as a philosopher, a moralist, a naturalist, a humanist, or astronomer. The peculiarity in his case is, that he can see as a poet. This view of the matter renders it extremely difficult to give a logical definition of poetry. If we call it 'musical thought,' we shall not have reached its ultimate analysis. For musical thought is still a mood or condition of mind induced by the contemplation of external things. It is merely the harmony of the spiritual world within with what is pure and spiritual in the world without. It is a beautiful and blessed state, but it is not a logical definition of poetry. Other minds might contemplate the same things and not become musical under their influence, the reason being, that the poetic or musical faculty or capacity was either originally weaker, or had not been so well cultivated in the latter case as in the former. We shall point to a few examples by way of illustration.

A man of a speculative turn of mind may love to contemplate the abstract idea of eternity, infinitude, or any other magnificent idea. Take for instance the idea of eternity. Let us attempt to analyse it. We shall find that it is made up of several ideas, the first of which is *duration*. This is the ground-work. But duration is as idea to which we can set limits. We can think of it as extending from one given point to another. Here we have limited duration. But we can also imagine unlimited duration. This is eternity. But this is not all. Duration—what is it that endures? Closely considered, we cannot think of duration, either limited or unlimited, without including in it the idea of *being*. Duration, abstractly considered, is a nonentity; a thing impalpable even to the acutest mind. We thus find that the idea of eternity is compounded of three ideas at least; first, duration; next, endless duration; and, thirdly, endless being, which gives palpability and cohesion to the other two. Now, there is something very magnificent and ennobling in this idea, but it is not in itself poetical. The contemplation of it does not suppose a poetic mood of mind. But mark how near akin it is to poetry—mark how a sacred poet, in these few words, converts it into the sublimest poetry: 'Thus saith the High and Lofty One *who inhabiteth eternity*!' The man who uttered these words was in the poetic mood. But we had all the ideas before; we had duration, endless duration, endless being. We had before our mind's eye all of which Isaiah speaks. But it was not poetical before he spoke. *We saw it with the eye of a philosopher; we existed in the philosophic mood. He saw it with the eye of a poet; he existed in the poetic mood.* The thing was the same; the difference was in the eyes which saw it.

Innumerable instances of a like import might be given. There is nothing essentially poetical in the sea; even in the 'multitudinous sea' of Shakspeare. We can contemplate it as exceedingly useful for ships to sail on. This is the commercial view of it. We can think of it as a wall of circumvallation around our own island. This is the political and patriotic view of it. We can think of it in reference to its tides, its fresh-water springs, its currents, whirlpools, and so forth. This is to view it astronomically and geographically. But there is no poetry in all these marine aspects; at least not necessarily so. But mark again how the same sacred poet, in these few words, presents the sea to us in an aspect the most poetical and sublime: 'Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand!' Thus we see that in the humblest as in the loftiest things, there is or there is not poetry according as we look at them. From a dead ass, lying in an obscure corner in the outskirts of creation, up to the all-embracing idea of the universe, up to endless duration and Him who inhabits it as a dwelling-place, there is poetry or spirituality or there is none. But there is none only to him who lacks 'the vision and the faculty divine;' to him only whose best and noblest capacity is not attuned to the universal and everlasting harmonies.

On reviewing what we have written, we find that we have said either too much or too little about the *poetic capacity*.

We must guard against confounding it with the poetic faculty. The two things are intimately connected, but they are of the same. Faculty is the power of making—capacity of receiving. The former qualifies for writing poetry—for giving the highest and best interpretation of the highest and best things in nature or in human life; the latter for appreciating poetry, and receiving the revelations of the interpreters. The former is the gift of a very few; the latter may become the condition of all. We appeal to acts in confirmation of our statements. That the poetic faculty is the gift of a very few is clear from the small number of first-class poets. A short catalogue would contain all their names. But it is of more importance to establish the other point—that the poetic capacity is or may become the condition of all. All children have this capacity; indeed, so largely is it developed in them, that one might think that they are all born poets. They are ever personifying; to them there is life and strong-will in everything. Does the providence which impresses them with this beautiful faith, and leads their young footsteps into the holiest recesses of its temple, intend that they should yet outgrow it—should cast it from them, with other childish things, as unworthy of their manhood? We cannot believe it. We know, indeed, that we all do, and must outgrow the simple creed of our childhood. Such a process is not only inevitable but desirable. But what we have to regret is that our growing knowledge should blot out this pristine faith; that we should exchange a warm and generous state of being for one of ampler limits, but of colder atmosphere. We utter not a word against knowledge, which is the mind's perception of the realities of the universe; which is the door by which we enter into the holy of holies—the only door; which is an intellectual sun-light—a day-spring which knows no night; which is the pabulum of the soul, the food on which it lives; which, if not the source, is the medium of power. We utter not a word against knowledge, which is the mental telegraph by which a finite mind, imprisoned in a feeble body, and bound by the laws of matter to a narrow speck in the ocean of infinitude, holds intercourse with the far-off provinces of God's empire, with heaven, the place of his throne, with angels, with God himself. We utter not a word against knowledge, which is the wings on which we fly backwards into long-past centuries, and hold intercourse with patriarchs and prophets in the primeval ages—backwards to 'the beginning,' and from this boundary, which separates the eternity of uncreated being from the eternity of created being, look before and after upon wonders and mysteries. We utter not a word against knowledge, which is the window through which we survey all the phenomena of nature, the diving-bell by which we descend into the recesses of our own spirits. We utter not a word against knowledge; but all knowledge is a failure which does not lead the strong spirit of the man into the regions, up to the heights, where he will have again revealed to him those visions of childhood which had become invisible in his middle passage; to the regions and the heights where he shall find again the lost faith of his youth—the wonder, love, and reverence with which he was dowered when he started on his pilgrimage. There is a world of meaning in the divine words, 'Ye must become as little children!'

We sometimes hear people say they have no taste for poetry. It is a sad confession! They once had a taste for it; they once enjoyed it. When it was spread before them in the meadows of their childhood, and sung for them the live-long summer day in the woods and streams; when it descended from the skies, or sprung up from the ground; when it beamed upon them from a mother's countenance, or welled forth from the heart of sister or brother, then they had a taste for it—they loved and enjoyed it. In those days nature read her lyrics to them; now, in their strong manhood, she recites to them lofty passages from the grand drama of providence and human life, or chants from her solemn epic, 'Songs as in the night, when a holy solemnity is kept.' But they have no taste for them! Why have the chords which vibrated harmoniously and happily to the lyrics of young life become unstrung in the

heart of manhood? Why have those things of beauty, which were a joy to the child, failed to exert a benign influence upon the heart of the man, and to prepare him for higher revelations and enjoyments? The children are still joyful, as in the days of our childhood. Is not their joy a reproach and reproof to the man who has not higher and intenser joys than theirs? His resources are more copious than theirs; he surveys a far wider horizon; he has graduated in the school of experience, in which they are only learning their A B C. But the children are joyful while he is sad; they suck honey from the flower of life, while he extracts from it nothing but poison. In the morning of life the world was bounded to him by the hills and horizon of his native village; every succeeding day enlarged its boundaries, until, in his full manhood, he stands in the centre of an infinite universe; but it is to him only an infinite prison-house. To assist him in changing its nature, and to show him that, instead of a prison-house, it is a palace, worthy of its Divine Architect, is our ambitious aim in writing these papers, and we by no means despair of some success.

We expressed a hope, at the commencement of this paper, that we should probably best attain to the knowledge and enjoyment of the poetry of life by inquiring, in the first place, what is poetry? and hinted, that in passing from the lesser to the greater, we might perhaps light upon some resting-places, and quiet Sabbath nooks, where we should find pleasant refreshment and profitable entertainment. Upon these points, after the experiment which has now been made, readers must judge and determine. If we might say a word for ourselves it would be this: that if we do not find poetry *in* life, we shall find it nowhere. Are we told that we shall find it in nature—in books? But who finds it in nature but the man who has its spiritual counterpart in himself? and who finds it in books but the man who has an open channel to his mind and heart, through which it passes from the books without to the living life within? And, besides, who put poetry in books? What is the poetry which we find in books but the record of the higher life of the poet—his truest autobiography? And what is the poetry which we find in nature, of which he who is the best copyist is called the best poet? Is it not the manifestation, dim and partial, glorious though it be, of the Living Spirit which is the fountain of all life? And shall we not aim and strive, as for very life, to hold communion with this spirit, that we also may have our lives clothed with his beauty—our spirits steeped in purity and bliss, oceans of which are rolling around us—and our hearts warmed in the beams of a love which embraces and blesses all beings and things, but those that, unlike the sunflower, turn away their heads and hearts from its beautifying influence?

THIRTY DAYS IN THE SAVANNAHS OF CUBA.

CHAPTER II.

THE horses were not destined to be returned as O'Neil supposed. The furious storm which now threatened, was to be the commencement in our case of a chapter of accidents, at once comic and tragic, such as we little anticipated when it burst upon our heads. A hurricane at the Havannah is no ordinary tempest. It does not rise out of any ordinary strife among the elements. It seems to pre-empt the dissolution of nature itself. You are whirled along by the wind, together with the trunks of baobabs and palm-trees; the torrents of rain beat on you like the surges of a boisterous sea, and resistance is in vain. Happy the man who finds shelter in time. We made all haste to get into a sort of hollow road leading to a wide vale, bounded by steep rocks thickly wooded, and hence less exposed to the blasts. The sky seemed all in a blaze. Our horses trembled all over with fright. 'Where are we going?' said I.—'Going!' said O'Neil, 'I ask the same of you. We must go where we can, and where our horses like to take us.'

A spring of water rushed along the base of a perpendicular rock, which stood like a wall placed there for our special shelter. We followed this stream and natural

wall while the lightning rattled overhead, and, after riding for five hours, without a moment's lull in the storm, soaked to the skin and famished with hunger, we thought we could perceive at a little distance to the right, at the foot of a declivity which sloped away naturally into dark depths, a small light.—'See, here is an inhabited house!' I cried.—'Bah,' said O'Neil, 'it is only one of those large flies that carry a lantern about with them, and that are so common in this country.'—'I believe no such thing,' I replied, 'the light is too steady; so let us turn towards that quarter.'—'I can see no path leading to it,' said O'Neil; 'the lightning does not give light enough to show the way. My opinion is that we should avail ourselves of the first hollow in this rock and wait there till morning.'

Night had in fact come on, and we were in the saddest possible plight. The light in the distance continued to twinkle, but only as if to mock us. Our poor horses, jaded with fatigue and shivering all over, refused to go forward a step. We wrapped ourselves up as we best could in our cloaks, and planting ourselves against a fragment of rock, with our feet in the water, we let the thunder rattle and the lightnings flash. Never did night appear so long. The first rays of dawn, obscured as they were by the storm, which had nowise abated, proved that I had not been mistaken as to the light; we descried a sort of hut of mean appearance nearly half a mile off in the hollow. On remounting Jedediah's horse, O'Neil found himself seized with fever and ague, so that I had to assist him into the saddle, where he could hardly hold himself up. At length we reached the hut.

We found it occupied by a free negro (who of all negroes in that island are the most wretched) and his wife; and not only did these poor creatures give us a kind reception, but Flora, as the wife was called, and who, like most old wives, had pretensions to be a doctress, tended O'Neil with a mother's care, and showed herself a tolerable proficient, by providing him with drinks unknown in Europe, and made from the plants of the country, which completely cured him in five days. Still he was very weak; a little wine had become necessary, and our stock was exhausted. Accordingly our negro host, whose name was Joachim, went to the neighbouring village to procure some.

The news he brought back were not particularly encouraging. Two *capitanes de partido* had just passed through, in search of two Anglo-American malefactors who had made off with two horses, evaded the quarantine laws, and were suspected of being English spies, making common interest with the enemies of the state. A reward of a hundred dollars was offered to any one who should bring them to Havannah, 'living or dead.' These malefactors were no other than our two selves, and Joachim had no doubt of it. 'Senores,' said he, 'trust nobody. There are people hereabouts whose skin is white and their hearts black. As respects myself and my wife, you may keep your minds easy.'

The poor fellow spoke true. We had indeed nothing to fear from his disinterested fidelity. During the eight days required for O'Neil's complete restoration, we remained concealed in his hut, and, after giving him a score of dollars, which, to him, were worth a thousand crowns, we set off we knew not whither, our sole object being to avoid human dwellings, and to reach some point on the coast where we might chance to light on some vessel that would take us off. The savannahs promised plenty of food to the horses we were detaining illegally, and, in case of succeeding in getting on board a ship, we fully reckoned on being able to send them back with our compliments to Jedediah Gibson.

Such is the elasticity of youthful spirits that, on launching without a guide into those fertile and smiling yet uninhabited savannahs, neither of us felt in the least inclined to melancholy. Yet our situation was nowise to be envied. How were we to escape, and what were we to do? We had wounded the vanity of the sovereign master of the island, and had balked an American of his favourite amusement. We were proscribed, and a price set on our

heads. It was thought felony to have done such offence to those two puissant lords, as they could not forgive. We were foreigners, young, without weight or influence, without credit, without friends, and were ignorant even of the geography of the country through which we had to pass. In short, we had jeopardized our liberty and our lives, and all for a childish trick which my Irish friend had thought fit to indulge, and for certain absurd stories which he had taken it into his head to invent.

To undo what had been done was impossible now; and I know no greater folly than that of attempting to fight with fortune and vainly to struggle with what cannot be undone. So we surrendered ourselves absolutely to the Almighty's disposal. For three whole days we wandered about, meeting with nothing but iguanos, which, notwithstanding their crocodile-like shape, we found very harmless. We slaked our thirst at the springs, ate the fruit of the bananas, hunted the palombes and the agoutis, and led a very primitive and patriarchal life, with nothing in it that was disagreeable. Our horses had recovered their good condition. We had been careful to advance in an easterly direction, so as to approach that end of the island where we might find, or at least hoped to find, the means of escape. Not a single human creature had, during these whole three days, crossed our path. If anything can be thought marvellous, surely it is that such vast fertile tracts should have nobody to inhabit them, while there are regions in Europe, almost barren in comparison, that are inadequate to the maintenance of the enormous populations with which they teem.

Erelong, however, the aspect of the country underwent a change. Vegetation became more and more stunted, yellow, less wholesome, and finally disappeared. There were no more springs, and little herbage. At length we came to bare rocks with sandy spaces between them, and still not the vestige of a house was to be seen. Water was a matter of indispensable necessity, both for ourselves and our horses; so we turned towards the right, and, about nightfall on the fourth day, we descried a small plantation lying on the edge of a marshy creek. The first negroes that noticed us, brought us, without even waiting to be asked, oranges, bananas, water, and rum—so general, and natural as it were, is hospitality there. Their master, a poor enough Spaniard, called Don Urtubio y Salazar, traded in sugar, with Trinity; and I suspect, from the appearance of the locality, that he combined a little smuggling with his ordinary trade. A large boat with sails, his property, had arrived, as the negroes told us, who invited us into their cabins; but this O'Neil declined.—'Where then would you have us sleep?' said I.—'Where?' said he, 'why, in Don Salazar's boat.'—'Then we must find it,' I resumed.—'That will soon be done,' said he; 'let us go up along the edge of the creek; let us take the craft. We are each somewhat of a sailor. Our two horses, tied to the first tree we find, will be thought a sufficient compensation to the owner, and then we are safe.'

This, after all, seemed the best course we could adopt; in foolish conjunctures fools have most wisdom. After walking, with bridle in hand, for a quarter of an hour, we saw the boat, which a negro and a child were engaged in unloading. Night was drawing on; both were making all the haste they could; and, after mooring the boat to the shore, and suspending two enormous packages from a pole, one end of which reposed on the boy's shoulder and the other was held by the man, they wended their way, making no great haste, to the dwelling-house.

As for us, we had enough to do to keep out of sight. The huts of the negroes were so near that we could hear the children crying. We proceeded to fill our gourd, and a small crock which we had brought with us, with water, and to gather all the fruit we could from the trees about us, when an old negro woman, stealthily approaching the boat by creeping rather than walking, stepped on board, looked over every part of it, and, apparently finding nothing that she could steal, went away again, uttering the longest Spanish oath I ever heard. O'Neil then

stole out from our hiding-place, tied the horses to a wild carob-tree, and while I took a circuit round the house, in order to get a supply of oranges and lemons from a small grove which I had noticed, looked over the craft, and stowed away our food and arms, all in short that we possessed, before putting out to sea and trying our fortune there.

About nine o'clock that night we weighed anchor (for there was a small anchor), and I took the helm. O'Neil, less vigorous than I was, lay down on a coil of rope and fell asleep. In less than an hour the boat had cleared the bar, and we were out at sea. I then awakened my companion, that I might have his assistance in the management of the sail, which was in capital condition, and we bore away towards the east, being anxious to get as far as possible from the plantation whose owner we had deprived of his habitual means of transport. The night was beautiful, although there was no moon. A fine breeze blew from the northwest, and in less than two hours we were well clear of the land, though we could distinctly trace its outline on the blue expanse of sky.

The boat of which we had possessed ourselves was twenty-two feet long, and had two sails and a pair of oars. A ton of cinders, some charcoal, an axe, a knife, a tin goblet, and a locked box, was all we could discover on board. Still our situation was improved; should we meet with no accident in running along the coast, by holding an easterly course, we were sure to touch upon Jamaica, where we should be safe at least from the American consul and from the governor of Cuba; only we had a scanty supply both of food and water.

Till the evening all went on well, and then we went ashore in a small bay, on the borders of which we saw a great many cattle grazing. On this we left the boat, taking our guns with us, and soon heard the Spanish salutation: 'Strangers, may God be with you!' The person who hailed us thus, and who was on horseback, was a *moatero*—a fine looking fellow. We asked him if he could find us a supply of provisions, of which we were much in need; whereupon, taking us for smugglers from Jamaica, a sort of heroes no less popular in Cuba than men of the same profession in the mother country, he took us to his house, and there we spent the night. Next day he loaded his horse and two mules with two large jars full of water, one-and-thirty cocoa nuts, two smoked hams, a hundred oranges and bananas, eight or ten pounds of *tasco* (that is, sliced beef, dried and smoked), and a dozen four-pound loaves, all which he sold very cheap, without asking anything for the night's hospitality. After escorting us to the boat, he gave us a grave good-bye, and took the road again to his wild home, where, doubtless, he still lives, removed from all the centres of civilization, and richer perhaps in reality than the capitalists of great cities.

Again we stood out to sea, and the wind changed. A fresh breeze from the north raised a swell, and our boat shipped so much water that we hardly had time and strength to bale it out. Notwithstanding our utmost efforts we lost sight of the coast, and the boat became unmanageable. Our provisions were wetted, our bread soaked into a pulp, and thus we spent the whole day in an unavailing struggle. We had to resign ourselves to the necessity of going wherever the wind and the currents might carry us.

Towards evening we saw, right ahead of us, a long line of breakers, stretching almost as far as the horizon, and whose white and foaming crests announced instant danger. Our tiny bark, swept along by the current, carried us in spite of ourselves against this rampart of angry surges. We looked for instant destruction, having lost all command of our boat, when we discovered that we were in the midst of an archipelago of small rocks—little islands that hardly peeped above the surface of the water, sunken rocks, and sand banks. Amid the boiling surf, the boat darted forward through a narrow opening which we had not perceived, and glided between two walls of perpendicular rock, where the light of day could hardly penetrate.

This odd-looking passage, dark and threatening as it

was, yet proved the means of our salvation. After rushing, with the velocity of a steam-boat at full speed, into this gloomy opening, we found our craft lose way all of a sudden, and, on looking round, discovered that we had entered unwittingly an internal lake, several miles in circumference, having but one outlet, dotted all over with blooming little islands, and edged, or rather crowned, with forests, in whose bosom it seemed to lie hid. Here once more we found ourselves safe.

'Really,' said O'Neil as he backed the sail, 'I begin to think we are safe in port now. Who on earth could have suspected the existence of a lake behind the point of the Caballeros?'—'The bucaniers,' said I, 'knew something about it; nay, it seems to have been the very centre of their operations. See those bits of rope, and pieces of plank, and even a rusty anchor.'—'We will see about that to-morrow,' he replied; 'meanwhile let us get on shore; I feel quite knocked up.'

Both of us, in fact, were incapable of all further effort, so we landed, and having safely secured the boat, which had escaped without damage, we sought the first shelter we could find, and without saying a word, stretched ourselves at full length in a thicket, where we instantly fell fast asleep.

On the day following the wind blew with still fiercer violence. We cleaned our arms, and, after a frugal repast, proceeded to take a survey of our unlooked for retreat. The basin of the lake, which lay deep sunk amid banks that rose from ten to twelve feet above the level of the water, presented here and there, however, a more convenient landing in a piece of bright, flat, sandy shore. The small islands scattered over the surface, all of volcanic origin, gave a charming variety to the scene. Towards our left, at a distance of about sixty yards from the water's edge, the ground gradually rose, until the slope suddenly became steep and abrupt, and terminated in a large platform crowned with tall banana trees. We reached this admirable observatory with difficulty, but our fatigue was amply repaid by the splendid spectacle that then presented itself. The broad sea lay stretched out before us, bounded only by the horizon, between which and us a thousand jagged rocks formed a long rampart, rising with notched and calcined crest about a hundred feet above the foaming surges that heaved and dashed against their base. The numerous fragments of ships, pieces of plank and rigging, and even ships' cannons, that we could perceive in the indentations and fractuities of those shores, left no doubt as to the many shipwrecks they had witnessed from time immemorial. It was an admirable spot for pirates. Nothing easier than, from where we stood, to observe all that passed out at sea, and the little haven into which we had been cast, offered a safe asylum to the bucaniers on their return from an expedition, whether fortunate or the reverse.

We then returned to the boat in order to have our provisions dried; and, having spread them out on shore before the sun, we began the circumnavigation of the lake. In several natural hollows in the rocks lay old rusty cannons of small calibre; these, with the remains of ropes and shrouds strewn about, confirmed the opinion I had expressed the day before. It was evidently an old sanctuary of the bucaniers. Quite at the bottom of the lake, about twenty paces from the bank, and half hid by large trees, we discovered at last a sort of roof of an unusual kind, which announced a human habitation. Yet there was no sound to be heard, no smoke, no movement—nothing in short indicated the presence of man. We stepped ashore, however, with caution, having first loaded our pices.

The hull of a sloop reversed crowned a cottage longer than it was wide, and constructed of ship timber. A ship's stern, cut through, served as a porch. All was in a state of very bad repair. The door had been loosed from its hinges and lay inwards; but, on stepping over it, we were amazed to find a room of good size, elegantly furnished, and having two windows that looked out into a kind of English garden. Mahogany chairs; tables, with the richest coverlets hanging in tatters; a lamp of Ameri-

can manufacture, suspended from the roof by a brass chain; ottomans, covered with crimson velvet much worn; a bust of Napoleon, on a tablet under a Venetian mirror, and a large geographical chart unrolled—all announced that the pirates had forsaken their quarters here but a few years before. A small circular staircase at the further end of the apartment led up to the only storey above, and also to cellars below. We called, but no one answered. I fired a shot from the window; the echoes among the rocks repeated the sound ten times, and that was all. The upper storey was found in much worse case than that below. It was like an infirmary or dormitory. Three low wooden beds, a few household utensils, mattresses laid on the floor, and some straw-bottomed chairs, composed the whole of the furniture. Several seamen's chests stood piled up in one corner; the locks were old, and so rusted that we could break them with ease. We found their contents to consist of linen, well-worn coats falling into rags, and several Spanish and French books, among which were 'Vida de Santa Teresa,' and 'Histoire des Boucaniers et Filibastiers.' The margins and blank pages of the latter, which seemed well thumbed, and to have been read over and over again, were covered with manuscript notes, such as the following, which I copied exactly: 'Feby. 14, 1809—Foundered that beggarly cur De Martinez. 8th April, 1809—lost la Sylphide. Sept. 1811—found again the old seal of the bucaniers.' These notices were sufficiently precise, and could not be mistaken.

At the present day the borders of the lake are no longer deserted. A Havannese gentleman, the count of Villamar, has built a fine farming establishment, and has numerous herds feeding in the neighbourhood. Placed between the rocks of la Boca Grande and of the Boca de los Caballones, which rise and hide it on the right and left, embossed in a sea of verdure, at once reflecting and bathing the leaves of the palms and mango trees, and bananas that bend over its crystal waters, it presents a scene at once exquisitely beautiful and full of grandeur. The smallness of its extent and the limpid tranquillity of its waters make a fine contrast with the wild aspect of the two black-browed rocks that almost close the entrance to it. The roar of the sea heard afar, redoubles the sense of security felt in this harmonious retreat, traversed only by the murmuring turtle doves that stoop to dip their wings in the wave, and then regain their nests that hang suspended in the guava trees.

It was, indeed, a delicious retreat. The birds of the tropics; the small negritos, or black canaries, whose plumage is of a golden brown; the many-coloured paroquets; the white and pearl grey pigeons, that crossed each other in all directions over the lake, as their own peculiar domain; the golden and blue scales of the fish, that darted through the water like capricious arrows—all teemed with life; and yet there was no tumult, no confusion. The whispering of the breeze and the warbling of the birds made a sweet concert among the trees, while the chattering of the paroquets, and the shrill cries of the wild iguanas, broke in on the monotony of these agreeable and murmuring sounds, and the distant booming of the ocean formed a bass to this natural symphony.

We did not become fully alive to all these charms till the morning of the third day—not, in fact, until our having, as the poets say, reposed our weary limbs and chased away hunger with eating, as the good Virgil expresses it, who never disdains procuring a good repast for his Æneas. We added to our larder oysters of the finest flavour, and an excellent turtle, forming altogether a treat worthy of a prince. The wind had now fallen, and the sun was intensely hot. Since chance had brought us into the retreat of certain bucaniers or pirates, where it was very unlikely that these formidable personages would soon present themselves again, we thought we ought to take advantage of the opportunity we thus had of enjoying our ease as long as possible in their forsaken haunt.

Accordingly we took possession of their palace, and had breakfast there. O'Neil threw himself down on the sofa and fell asleep, while I took two chairs, and placing

them before the broken door, in the current of air coming from the sea across the lake, which refreshed me with a most penetrating and reviving mixture of sweet perfumes, with the peculiar scent of the sea water, threw myself upon them, and added the enjoyment of a pipe. Our breakfast had been excellent, though prepared in haste. I laid down my pipe and slept in my turn. On opening my eyes again, I found the sun high in heaven, and thought I heard a slight noise near me among the bushes. I rose. A body, which owing to the rapidity of its movements I could not distinguish, plunged from the bank into the lake, and swam off. I closely watched its course, and then gently awakened O'Neil.

'It is a woman,' exclaimed the Irishman. And so it was, and the adventure became quite mythological and worthy of Camoens himself. A Nereid was dressed so otherwise—this one by the delicacy and fineness of her shape, by no means recalled the creations of Rubens, but she was clothed much after the same fashion. We remained perfectly still, and for a long while O'Neil would fain have quitted his concealment, but I held him fast by the arm. The Indian in her capricious revolutions was as free as a little lady within the much narrower dimensions of her bath. She seemed to cast her eye round the lake as her own property; one moment she seemed to hear a sound, and popping her head above the water looked round on all sides; her profile was very delicate and her features pretty; she had none of the odd-looking ornaments in which savages are so coquetishly curious with their needles. A straight nose, a forehead rather low, bright expressive eyes, and straight eyebrows, composed a countenance on the whole charming and characteristic.

I will not dwell longer on the description of the Indian Naiad's evolutions, for she seemed like a small statue of Florentine bronze, endowed with life and mobility, which for us, it may readily be conceived, had much to excite. 'There now,' said O'Neil, 'this is a pretty kind of fish! Let us hold counsel for a little.'—'Yes,' said I, 'it is a serious affair, what say you to it? The personages of another sex, who are sure to be found in the neighbourhood, will not see us here with much satisfaction; we must fight.'—'Bah,' ejaculated O'Neil, 'we have our two guns.'

As he thus spoke the silly folk jumped out at the window, and began to address the inhabitant of the water in Spanish, which he pronounced wretchedly ill. On this she uttered a shrill cry, turned herself, and dived beneath the water. We saw only a slight furrow indicating the secret course she had taken. In two or three minutes she reappeared swimming towards a low grotto or cavern, forming a sort of depressed arch, crowned with the thick foliage of the mango trees, and there all trace of the Naiad was lost. We called in our best Spanish, that we were travellers, that we would not do her any harm—we begged her to conduct us to her family, and promised amply to recompense her. To all this she made no reply, and just as O'Neil, who had made the circuit of the lake, was approaching the cavern, and trying to push aside the mango branches, that he might have a view of the interior, a pistol-ball whizzed through the leaves, coming from the farther end of the cavern, and put a sudden stop to his indiscreet investigations, but not to our adventures, in which the bather and the person who had fired the pistol had a considerable part.

Now, who could the inhabitants be of the grotto into which the maiden had evidently found her way by the lake, and from which the pistol shot had been fired? Could it be the retreat of some refractory pirate who had refused to submit to civilisation? Or had some Mexican, from Yucatan, transported thither his household gods, from their being so often disturbed by the war of independence. We were trying to solve these problems, when another ball, which came from the thick wood which crowned on the right the sort of funnel in which the lake lay, warned us that this was not the time to philosophise or to study the picturesque, or to indulge day dreams about Eden, solitude and love. We were admirably placed as a mark to be shot at and killed on the spot, but

very ill placed for aiming at others, and defending ourselves. I looked all round in order, if possible, to discover our assailants, but after surveying the whole circuit of the lake and surrounding heights, from the Caballones to the Boca Grande, there was nothing to be seen but the everlasting foliage of a vegetation so beautiful, rich, and magnificent, that while gazing upon it, one felt inclined to wish at last that, by way of relief, there might be some dryness, and cold, and gloom, intermingled with the landscape.

It would seem that our enemies, whoever they were, thought of nothing more than interdicting us from approaching their abode, and politely giving us to know that as they did not receive company, they would rather not be disturbed. On the anchor being weighed, and the boat under sail, no one molested us; only O'Neil, according to his unhappy custom, having taken it into his head to recal danger, when danger was no longer thinking of him, thought he would give a slight turn to the helm and steer towards the Naia's grotto. No sooner was this perceived than the unknown inhabitants saluted us with another shot, which passed through one of our sails and very nearly struck my head.

'It blows fresh,' said O'Neil, apparently to prevent my reproaching him for his folly; 'the wind is from the south, we shall get on.'—'You must see, you incorrigible fool,' said I, 'that we do not draw enough of water; the least whiff will upset us and be our death.'—'Let us keep the cape to the north of us,' said O'Neil; 'the island has as many bays, creeks, coves, and inlets, as a piece of lace has holes in it; we shall land at night and ballast the boat with a supply of water without difficulty. But if you think yourself a better steersman than I am, pray take the tiller.' I did so, but no sooner had O'Neil ceased to steer, than as if fortune were resolved to favour the senseless, the navigation quite changed its character and became extremely difficult. Currents and counter-currents drove about our tiny craft in the most opposite directions, and the wind blew from all points of the compass, within a quarter of an hour. We were driven far from the coast, which was soon out of sight, and a heavy rain set in with the night. The sea became more boisterous than ever, and the Irish O'Neil, who was ordinarily far from devout, began to say his prayers, which I thought a very bad sign. It seemed a hundred chances to one that our frail bark, now dancing on the sharp crests of the waves, now poised between them, would be swallowed up in a moment. Nevertheless I continued to steer as I best could, and after two days and two nights of extreme anxiety and fatigue, we descried the land. The swell had by this time so far subsided; O'Neil began to sing, and again took the tiller.

THE OLD NEWSPAPER.

BY RICHARD OLDMAKENNEW

SHERIDAN.

Sheridan had not the comprehensive grasp of mind, the methodical arrangement, nor the uninterrupted flow of correct and harmonious rhetoric which characterised all the speeches of Pitt; but he excelled him in his bursts of unstudied pathos, in his appeals to the heart, in cutting sarcasm, and overwhelming repartee. Indeed, no one ever felt the force of these qualities so severely as the man who then wielded the destinies of the British empire. I was once informed, through a source on which I could place some reliance, that his servants in Downing Street, on the morning after a great debate, and before the newspapers made their appearance, could ascertain, from the temper their master was in, whether Sheridan had spoken on the preceding night, and what sort of a speech he made. Although the business of a parliamentary speaker was almost the only species of industry to which Sheridan could ever bring himself to devote any lengthened attention, even here an habitual carelessness was always more or less observable. Important as were most of the pro-

positions which he brought forward at different times, as well as the debates in which he took part, and great as was the impression which he never failed to make on the House of Commons, he seldom appeared to have made any preparation such as others were accustomed to make. His opinions being once formed on the subject he intended to discuss, he trusted to his own creative genius for the style and language in which they were to be delivered. This was always my impression respecting his indolent habits; although Mr Moore now tells us in his 'Life of Sheridan,' that he used to devote several hours of the day, when people supposed him to be asleep in his bed, to a laborious preparation of the speeches he intended to make the same evening. To me he always appeared to have derived less from study than from his accurate recollection of what had previously fallen from others; especially when I consider that he was much happier in his replies than when the business originated in a speech from himself. Pitt was often heard to say in the private circle of his friends, that Sheridan's best speeches might have been better, had he devoted a moderate portion of time in preparing them.

The failure of Sheridan at the Stafford election completed his ruin. He was now excluded both from the theatre and from parliament; the two anchors by which he held in life were gone, and he was left a lonely and helpless wreck upon the waters. The Prince Regent offered to bring him into parliament; but the thought of returning to that scene of his triumphs and his freedom with the royal owner's mark, as it were, upon him, was more than he could bear; and he declined the offer. Indeed, miserable and insecure as his life now was, when we consider the public humiliations to which he would have been exposed, between his ancient pledge to whiggism and his attachment and gratitude to royalty, it is not wonderful that he should have preferred even the alternative of arrests and imprisonments to the risk of bringing upon his political name any further tarnish in such a struggle. Neither could his talents have much longer continued to do themselves justice, amid the pressure of such cares, and the increased indulgence of habits which, as is usual, gained upon him, as all other indulgences vanish. The same charm that once had served to give flow to thought, was now employed to muddy the stream. By his exclusion from parliament he was therefore saved from affording the spectacle of a great mind not only surviving itself, but continuing the combat after life is gone. In private society, however, he could even now—before the rubicon of the cup was passed—fully justify his high reputation for agreeableness and wit.

The distresses of Sheridan now grew upon him every day, and through the short remainder of his life it is a melancholy task to follow him. The sum arising from the sale of his theatrical property was soon exhausted by the various claims upon it, and he was driven to part with all he most valued, to satisfy farther demands and provide for the necessities of the day. Those books which were presented to him by various friends now stood, in their splendid bindings, on the shelves of the pawnbroker. The handsome cup given him by the electors of Stafford shared the same fate. Three or four fine pictures by Gainborough, and one by Morland, were sold for little more than £500; and even the precious portrait of his first wife, by Reynolds, though not actually sold during his life, vanished away from his eyes into other hands. One of the most humiliating trials of his life was yet to come—he was arrested, and carried to a sponging-house—a sad contrast to those princely halls, of which he had so lately been the most brilliant and favoured guest, and which were probably, at that very moment, lighted up and crowded with gay company.

He had for some months had a feeling that his life was near its close; and I find (says Moore) the following touching passage in a letter from him to Mrs Sheridan, after one of these differences which will sometimes occur between the most affectionate companions, and which, possibly, a remonstrance on his irregularities and want of

care of himself occasioned:—'Never again let one harsh word pass between us during the period, which may not perhaps be long, that we are in this world together, and life—however clouded to me—is mutually spared to us. Don't imagine that I am expressing an interesting apprehension about myself that I do not feel!'

Though the new theatre of Drury-lane had now been three years built, his feelings had never allowed him to set his foot within its walls. About this time, however, he was persuaded by his friend, Lord Essex, to dine with him, and go in the evening to his lordship's box to see Kean. Once there, the inspiration of the place seems to have regained its influence over him; for, on missing him from the box between the acts, Lord Essex, who feared that he had left the house, hastened out to inquire, and, to his great satisfaction, found him installed in the green-room, with all the actors around him, welcoming him back to the old region of his glory with a sort of filial cordiality. Wine was immediately ordered, and a bumper to the health of Mr Sheridan was drunk by all present, with the expression of many a hearty wish that he would often, very often, re-appear among them. This scene exhilarated his spirits, and on parting that night with Lord Essex, he said triumphantly that the world would soon hear of him; but death stood near as he spoke—in a few days after his fatal illness began. Poor Brinsley! He was the last of that great constellation which shed upon our sphere so bright and steady a lustre: Burke, Pitt, Fox, Windham, Sheridan. They have made a chasm which not only nothing can fill up, but which nothing has a tendency to fill up. Let us go on to the next best—there is nobody—no man can be said to put you in mind of them. To Sheridan belonged every kind of literary excellence. The Lord Chancellor, in a speech in the House of Lords, alluding to the character of Lord Burleigh in the 'Critic,' characterised Mr Sheridan as the greatest wit in the present age. As a dramatic writer, forty years have elapsed since the 'School for Scandal' was brought out, and yet what writer has produced any comedy to be put in competition with it? Who has equalled the 'Critic'?—As a poet, who has surpassed the 'Monody on the Death of Garrick'?—As an orator (with the exception of Pitt and Burke), who excelled him? He had strength without coarseness, liveliness without frivolity; he was bold but dexterous in his attacks; not easily repelled, but, when repelled, effected his retreat in good order; often severe, much oftener witty, gay, and graceful, disentangling what was confused, enlivening what was dull, very clear in his arrangement, very comprehensive in his views, flashing upon his hearers with such a burst of brilliancy. When no other speaker was listened to, he could arrest and chain down members to their seats, all hanging upon him with the most eager attention, all fixed in wonder and delight; he never tired; he could adapt himself, more than any other man, to all minds and to all capacities. Moore, in his 'Lines on the Death of Sheridan,' thus flatteringly alludes to him:

'His mind was an essence compounded with art
Of the finest and best of all other men's powers.
He ruled like a wizard the world of heart—
Could call up its sunshine or bring down its showers.'

On an evening when he delivered one of his finest addresses in the British senate, the 'Duenna' was performed at the one, and the 'School for Scandal' at the other of our national theatres: thus at one hour did thousands of his admiring countrymen, in different places, feast on the produce of his exuberant mind. Such was the fascination of his manners and convivial powers in private life that it was impossible, after any intercourse with him, not to take a warm interest in his behalf, to forget his foibles, and only to remember his wit, his ingenuousness, his candour, and his genius.

Mr Sheridan was above the middle size, of a robust constitution, well limbed, inclining a little to a stoop, and deep in the chest. His eye was black, and of uncommon brilliancy and expression. Sir Joshua Reynolds has said that the pupil was the largest of any human eye he

had ever painted. Mr Sheridan, at the time of his death, was in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

HARLEY.

Harley the comedian was wont to take 'sisters and self' down to the seaside for summer relaxation. On one of the hottest days of an August month he had engaged three places in 'a Brighton four-inside coach'; and, being seated, the little family party were rejoicing that their *trio* had passed Kensington without being converted into a quartette; but, alas! their joy was short-lived; for at Croydon—sweet rural Croydon!—an attorney, nicknamed 'the Surrey Elephant,' a man of eighteen stones weight, made his appearance for an inside seat. Oh, *mort de ma vie!* a gross-feeding, garlic-eating, cigar-smoking, lozenge-swallowing, eighteen-stone attorney, inside of a small coach in the middle of August!—there is suffocation in the very thought. But in he must come; and upon his coming in, behold! the vehicle bows at the first step of the man-mountain. Harley, perceiving the discomfort of his sisters, gave a sly hint that he would soon put all to rights. The Croydon Falstaff had entered, was seated, and the vehicle moves on. Harley now plays the part of a stranger, and asks one of the ladies if pleasure is her sole object in visiting Brighton.

'Oh, no, sir!' is the reply; 'I am ordered sea-bathing for a nervous complaint.'

The other confessed to muscular rheumatism; and was proceeding in the language of deep lamentation as to the part in which it had fixed, when Harley cried out, 'Ah! ladies, what are your maladies to mine? yours may be remedied; but, alas! for me there is no relief!'

'Your malady, sir!' said one of the ladies, with a sympathizing, sympathetic voice—'your malady! why, sir, you look the very picture of health.'

'Ah, my dear madam,' was the reply, 'you know little about my disease; looks often deceive; the *virus* is working within me even now. I wish, for your sakes, that the journey were accomplished; but I greatly fear we shall not all be able to keep our places till then; there is premonition in my *virus*.'

'Your *virus*, sir! what do you mean?' said one of the ladies; 'you make me uneasy; and surely you are getting worse. But what do you complain of?'

'Alas! madam, about eight days ago I was bitten by a mad dog—my cure cannot be effected; but there is momentary relief when I have leisure and room to take a ride in a coach, when this can be done safely for my fellow-passengers. Though I look well, yet, when the fit seizes me—which it may do in a moment—I am no longer a responsible being; my strong inclination then is to bark like a dog and fix my grasp upon any gentleman present, but I will take a lady rather than have nobody to snap at.'

The feelings of the fat attorney, who had been a silent listener, were now wound up to the point of fear: 'Do you bite?' he exclaimed.

Harley's reply, with his teeth set on edge, his eyes staring in his head, and a horrible conformation of face, was, 'Hre-hre-chre-wha-whur-bow-wha-hre-bow-wow-wow-bow!'

'Open the door, coachman! stop the coach! let me out! I say, coachman, open the door! let me out!' bellowed the man-mountain.

The coach stopped, and down came Jehu, saying, 'Hillo, what's the row inside?'

'Bow-wow-wow,' said Harley.

'What's the matter?' said coachy.

'Hydrophobia's the matter,' said the attorney; 'open the door! be quick, and let me out!'

The door was opened, when another 'Bow-wow' made the bulky attorney leap out as if one other moment's delay would secure a horrific bite and bring him in for a disease for which no remedy had been discovered.

'But you'll get wet, sir,' said the coachman.

'Oh, never mind!' said the man-mountain; 'I'm thankful I'm out; I'll ride anywhere—on the top of the hug-

gaze, if you please;' and Harley and his sisters saw him no more.

LESSING.

This celebrated gentleman was remarkable for what is called absence of mind. Having missed money at different times, without being able to discover who took it, he determined to put the honesty of his servant to a trial, and left a handful of money on the table. 'Of course you counted it,' said one of his friends. 'Count it!' said Lessing, rather embarrassed, 'no, I forgot that.'

At a public sale there was a book which he was very desirous to purchase, and gave three of his friends, at different times, a commission to buy it *at any price*. When the day of sale arrived, all of them were present—all of them offered for the book—the price rose to upwards of twenty pounds, when one of them thought of speaking to the others, and it was found that the three were bidding against each other for Lessing, who had forgotten all about the matter.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LAY OF THE STREAM.

BY WILLIAM STEWART.

From a gurgling spring, like a sentient thing,
My devious way I take;
And I whimple along, unobserved by the throng
That love but the sea and lake.
In my youth I stray through the forests grey,
And slowly but noiselessly glide
Through the ravine and dell, by the hermit's cell,
In my course to the swelling tide.
Through the sylvan shades of the woodland glades,
And the sweet and sequestered glen,
To the heath-cover'd strath, I pursue my path,
Far remote from the haunts of men;
And my murmurings blend with songs that ascend
From a thousand mighty trees,
That hang o'er my track, and echo back
The sighs of the restless breeze.
In the noon of day, like a child I play
With the beams of the laughing sun;
And I sob at night, when the moon's pale light
On my face looks coldly down.
I sparkle and dance when the stars advance,
To watch the world asleep;
And I steadily flow, and no ebblings know,
Till I find my home in the deep.
To brighten the field my treasures I yield,
As my way through the landscape I thread;
And I wind round the bowers, and besprinkle the flowers,
That else were wither'd and dead.
I bitterly grieve such Edens to leave
To traverse less lovely soil;
Yet I gratefully flow o'er the gardens low,
Where the lowly labourers toll.
In my route I cross the dreary moor,
And gushing strains awake,
To cheer his heart, and vigour impart
To the traveller faint and weak.
The desert glows like a dew-sprent rose,
And with shady palms is crown'd,
When my current leaps o'er the sandy heaps
Of its parch'd and thirsty ground.
With gentle sweep my path I keep,
Still gath'ring breadth and force,
And winning strength, till I triumph at length
O'er aught would stay my course.
Then proudly I roll to my ocean goal,
Impatient its arms to reach;
And my flight I urge till I kiss the surge
That leaps on the pebbled beach.

CRANKY TOM.

'Well, and what now, Tom? Is it to be bush or biggin'?
Do you come back to swing the hatchet and grub the

stump, or do you remain amongst those who dwell in cities?'

The person addressed as Tom drew up his moleskin trousers with a sudden hitch, expectorated a large amount of tobacco-liquor diluted with saliva, and puckered up his mouth with a quiet meaning smile, as he thrust his large bony hand into his trouser-pocket, and, rattling the guineas deposited there, exclaimed, 'Do you hear that, Mr Cameron? That's my discharge from the bush as plain as gold can say it. I shall no more be called Cranky Tom, nor Merry Tom, nor Slashing Tom. I shall pitch away the hatchet, leave splitting, and fencing, and bullock-driving to those as likes it, and I shall settle down in the city with that little girl who always calls me good Tom; and I shall drive my own horse, and ride in my own waggon, and become a person of substance and importance.'

'I am glad to hear that you are so resolved,' said the good farmer, smiling—'I am glad for your own sake. We shall miss you, however, Tom, my boy, in the woods, on the harvest-field, and at the winter hearth. The crack reaper shall no longer be here to lead the corn-cutters with joke and song; and the brawnier thrasher in the settlements shall no more make the barn resound with his swinging flail; but good fortune to you, Tom, and a happy future,' said the farmer, with a hearty shake of the hand; 'and,' he continued, holding up his finger warningly, and looking in the face of the lumberer with an admonitory smile, 'beware of your mortal enemy, rum!'

Tom leant upon one foot, and then upon the other. He drew up his slacks with a half-perplexed air, and then, scratching his head, replied, in a half-confused voice, 'Well, Mr Cameron, that I'm half-resolved on. You see, I've been without it for these two years that I've been in the bush, and I've never sought for it. I've stood to the custom of your house all that time, drinking nothing stronger than tea, and I mean to do the same when I have a wife and house of my own. So good-by, Mr Cameron; it will be sundown before I reach Gardener's station to-night, and I mean to kiss my little girl in Adelaide on the day after to-morrow.'

'Farewell, Tom,' said the kind-hearted Scotchman, shaking the hand of the lumberer once more; 'farewell, and, remember, avoid as you would poison all that can intoxicate.'

'Ha! ha! no fears of me!' cried the young man with a wave of his hand, as, swinging his bundle over his shoulder, and, calling a large shaggy kangaroo-dog to him, he took the road, and, whistling an air, strode onward for the coast.

Tom Burd was one of those strong, brawny, hearty, active, handy men that seem to have been made expressly to clear the way for a superior civilisation. In a city, where the division of labour is so minute, and where talent and skill are so epitomised by being concentrated on what are termed the particular branches of professions, Tom would scarcely have been able to win his bread. He would have been a mere labourer, a hodman to masons, a coal-porter, or, at the best, one of those Jacks-of-all-trades who have the fame of never being masters of any. No joiner would have employed him as a joiner; no mason as a hewer or builder; and yet, in all the colonies of Australia, there was not a more handy, useful, or essentially important man. Standing upwards of six feet high, and being compactly built of firm and clean bone, brawn, and muscle, Tom was able to perform prodigies of physical strength; and as his shoulders were broad, his chest ample, his spirits light, and his hopes bright and inspiring, there seemed to be nothing that could ruffle his temper or fatigue his vigorous, healthy frame. As he walked along, his feet fell with the firm heavy tread of one who had been accustomed to toil; but yet he stepped with an elasticity that portended great muscular activity. Labour had not stiffened one of his joints nor cramped one of his physical energies; and his clear, ruddy complexion and peaceful blue eye gave evidence of his having breathed salubrious air and lived a temperate life. As he trudged on his way with his great shaggy dog at his heel, and cast his eyes now on the far expanse of yellow prairie land, and now on

the dark outline of the bush which clustered on the plains and covered the faces of the gently undulating slopes, he seemed to have been formed for such a scene. The half-savage landscape, where the long kangaroo grass grew up amongst the box and myrtle-trees, and amidst which the fat lazy steers were luxuriating in nature's profusion; the huge white dog, with its long, rough, hard, shaggy coat, its powerful limbs, and thoughtful, sagacious eye; and the brawny, coarsely-dressed labouring man, formed a *tout ensemble* of half-savage life and its accessories that was admirably in accord in all its parts.

The lumberer wore a cap of kangaroo-skin, not like those nondescript articles of fashionable wear called hats, but formed to fit the head; from under this cap his long, yellow, sunburned hair fell in ringlets, clinging to his hirsute cheeks and round his brown muscular neck. He wore a shirt of yellow check, with an ample collar laid over so as to expose his tawned throat; and his neck was loosely encircled with a silk kerchief of a bright red colour. Over his cotton under-dress was a frock of dark blue flannel, open at the breast, and profusely ornamented with roses, thistles, and shamrocks, wrought in green and red worsted—memorials of that triune nation far over the deep, of which Tom often thought, and to which he again and again went back in his dreams. Wide mole-skin trousers covered his nether parts, and these were belted over his upper clothes with a broad stripe of kangaroo-skin fastened in front with three steel buckles. Add to this short, broad-pointed, brown boots, that had often been wet with dew than Warren's or any other body's blacking, and you have Cranky Tom, as complete and excellent a specimen of the Australian pioneer as ever drank water from the Torrance, dined on kangaroo-flesh, held a plough, drove a bullock-team, hunted stray steers, blazed the old growth of grass, and prayed for rain.

'Come on, Sneezzer—come on, old boy,' cried Tom, snapping his fingers, and bending down to stroke his dog. 'You'll miss the bush and the plain mayhap, and the city folks may call you a rough customer, but the girl that loves me will love you too, boy. Rough dog and rough master are going home; and we'll rough it out through life together. Ah, what a trio we shall be—you, my little Bet, and I!'—and as the dog wagged his tail, bounded before his master, and barked in his face, as if he had comprehended every word, and was answering him back right cheerily, the lumberer, in the fullness of his heart, struck up that soul-inspiring ditty of Scotland and of love,

'Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly lo'e the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lass that I lo'e best.'

Home! holy, happy home! that ever rises before us like a dream of the better-land, when love and joy are stirring up the deepest fountains of our hearts! Poetry! sweet and magic poetry! that, like the finger of the Creator, embodies our best aspirations, and writes, with renewed brightness, upon our memories the joys of the past, the beatitudes of the present, the hopes of the future! Home dwelt in the spirit of that rough child of nature, like the fabled treasure in the head of the humble toad; and poetry came over his soul, like incense from flowers, to soften and refine him.

'Hillo, Cranky Tom!' cried a group of men just from the labour fields, as, with merry shouts and wavings of the hand they welcomed the lumberer, who, apparently as strong as when he started on his journey in the morning, approached Gardener's station as the sun was throwing his setting beams over the broad plains. 'Where for now, Tom?' cried they, as they gathered round him with outstretched hands and smiling faces. 'Hillo, Sneezzer, where for now?'

'Why, I'm going no farther to-night than father Gardener's kitchen-fire,' said Tom, as he shook hands with the frontier-men all round, with hearty good-will; 'and as for Sneezzer, good fellow, he'll not leave me. But I must see if they kill as good mutton here as they did two years ago, and I must taste mother Gardener's tea.'

'A cup of whisky would suit your Scotch stomach as well, Tom,' said one joker, as he slapped the pedestrian familiarly on the back.

'Or a flagon of old Johnnie Dodge's rum,' cried another.

'Ay! who knows how much blunt Cranky Tom has in his shagreen purse just now!' shouted one of those equivocal characters who are known in Australia as freemen; 'what does he say to standing treat at Johnnie Dodge's?'

'Two years in the bush are worth a hundred guineas, clear cash, to a Scotchman,' said a Welsh shepherd, who, being arrayed in garments of sheep-skin, looked Robinson Crusoe to the life.

'Och, boys,' cried a little Irishman, who followed the profession of bullock-driver, and who looked as poor as if he were still in county Roscommon, 'lava Tom alone; he has the bawbees, depind upon it: but they're where Patrick Rooney the carpenter's grinding-stone was—that's in a shark's mouth; and, as Teddy Mullins said to the gauger who came into his bothen when he was making a dithrop of the crathur, nobody will see them come out again. It's a Scotchman for houlding a grup of the money.'

Tom looked around on the careless, free-and-easy band of colonists, who laughed at this sally with a heartiness that quite displeased him. As an individual, jokes and quizzes had no effect upon Tom. His person, his habits, his qualifications, and even the objects of his love, might be joked about and caricatured with perfect impunity; but when his pride was touched, the bounds of legitimate ridicule were passed: you had pierced the armour of good-nature that defended the lumberer's bosom—you had touched his heart. If there was one thing he was more proud of being than another, it was that he was a Scotchman; if there was one stigma above another that he hated to hear attached to the character of his country, it was that of greedy, mean parsimony. It was therefore with no dove-like eye that Tom glanced round on the grinning men that environed him, and it was with no gentle voice that he said, 'Hark ye, neighbours, I am a Scotchman, and at this hour I would not exchange my country for that of the best man I see. I am from the bush, and, if it will be any satisfaction to you to know so, I don't mean to go back again. I have some hard cash, which, I daresay, is more than any of you can say; and I do not mean to drink, nor to treat you, which, I believe, is not agreeable news.'

'Och, Tom, the news is just like Biddy Malone's twins—the very things expected,' cried the bullock-driver; and this repartee was followed by another roar of laughter.

'It is not because I am afraid of the expense,' said Tom, his eye lighting, and his face becoming red with anger.

'Sure thin, it's because yer turning proud, Tom dear,' responded Mick, and he winked his eye provokingly in the sturdy lumberer's face. 'A Scotchman's always touched with one of four things, you know,' he continued, in a taunting tone—'the itch, greed, poverty, or pride; of the first three you seem to be free—so it's pride that's the matter with you. You'll be going to buy a farm on the Grampian hills now, since you've made your fortune!'—and again the laughter of the rude border-men rose at Tom's expense.

Tom gazed at Mick with the stern, severe look of a man who feels himself insulted, but who, having admirable command over his temper, disdains to expose his wrath to an unworthy object; yet, in his eye, as he looked around, a close observer could have traced an expression of vexation. He was in that state in which a man will either do something very violent or something very foolish, in order to wipe away a bad impression. He could have either spilt his blood or thrown his purse and all his hard-earned gold into the sea, to have convinced those men that the love of money was no essential attribute of a Scottish nature. He was vibrating on the point where resolution and inclination meet, and maintain a precarious equipoise. The advice of his good friend, Mr Cameron—his hopes, his love, his prospects of domestic felicity—his resolve that he should lead a life of truth and soberness—came flashing on his reason and his recollection; but the pride of coun-

try—a dangerous and a foolish pride, even at the best—was tugging at his heart-strings, and pointing him to the rude drinking-shop which, like the cholera-morbus on its desolating track, follows in the wake of so-called civilisation, displacing nature's liquid fountain in the haunts of nature, and desolating primitive life with a plague more direful and dehumanising than any of those which changed the land of Egypt into a charnel-house.

Tom stood upon the great colonial road, on each side of which were built the few rude, primitive-looking huts which constituted the settlement. The cows were being driven home for the night by mounted herds, and the sheep were trotting before their roughly dressed shepherds, and pouring into the yard of Squire Gardener. Round this square was a high and close fence, in order to keep the flocks and herds in and the wild animals out; and several barns and outhouses stood in confused disorder within its ample area. Wigwags of various sizes and forms constituted the homes of the herdsmen and other labourers whom Squire Gardener, a man of extensive possessions and great wealth, had gathered round him. These were generally parallelograms, whose walls were of upright stakes plastered with river mud, and whose roofs were covered with straw thatch. There might be ten or twelve of them in all; for Gardener's, although not exactly in the bush, was quite a frontier location; and yet, conspicuous amongst these few huts, was the rum-shop, with the high, upright post at the door, and the large barrel placed transversely upon it as a sign.

'Ah! I see that Tom is not going to be so stingy after all,' said the freeman who had been transported for forgery, and was consequently a knowing fellow. 'Come, Tom,' he continued, placing his arm in that of the too compliant lumberer, 'Johnie Dodge has just got a new supply! Come along, comrades, Tom's a trump after all!'

Alas! poor Tom! the fatal step was taken—the rubicon of safety was passed—and the generous, hard-handed, cheerful son of toil was within the dread circle of perdition's Maelstrom. He felt dissatisfied with himself as he sat at the rude bench where the maddening liquor sparkled before him, and the beams of prophecy danced in the bubbles that brimmed the peace-destroying cup. His conscience whispered, in terrified accents, monitions and apprehensions, and the wreck of all his hopes seemed to pass like a panorama before him, as the rays of the setting sun shone sorrowfully through the panes of the little lattice, and seemed to lighten as with a beacon of warning the fell destroyer which poor Tom was bearing to his lips. But the song and the joke, and that debasement of pride called nationality, together with the inherent weakness incidental to a false love of approbation, chained him to his seat; and when the sun rose next morning, Tom's treasure was less by a guinea, and he was sleeping in the hut of Johnie Dodge, with Sneezzer whining sorrowfully as he lay and watched his snoring master. Tom rose at last, and shook himself into something like sensibility. His first impulse was to examine his money; his next was to seize his staff and bundle, and, throwing them over his shoulder, to walk hurriedly and sulkily past the smiling rum-seller as he stood at his door, and to take the road with an irritated temper and a less elastic step than had been his on the previous day. Sneezzer bounded before him, and barked, as if glad to see his master right again, and the bells of the oxen were ringing merrily, but Tom was cross, and bent his eyes to the ground as if ashamed to look at the clear blue sky and the smiling sun. He was debased in his own mind since yesterday—he was on the mountain's brow of degradation, and the tendency was downward. There was no hand to warn him of his danger, for he had turned his eyes from heaven, and had fixed them like flint upon the ground; there was no voice to whisper the words to-day—'Beware of rum;' he dared not think of Mr Cameron now; he scarcely dared think of that young girl to whom he had vowed to be constant: why, yesterday he had divorced her love, and had married that household curse instead—the widow-making rum. His dreams and hopes were dimmer now; there was no

happy song, no kindly notice of his dog; a sense of meanness was ever before him and speaking in him, and to drown that sense's poignancy he entered the first low cabaret on his route, and drank again of his enemy—rum. Again and again he drained a fresh libation, and yet he staggered onward. The strong attraction of a purer affection still rose, like the glorious light of Zion, above the lust that was dragging him down into the vortex of its grossness; and still he drank; and still he drew nearer to the home of her who often looked with an anxious, hopeful eye towards the road on which she had often seen the tall manly form of that hearty, fearless youth, whom, for his temerity, and hardihood, and off-hand manners, his comrades had designated 'Cranky Tom.'

Cranky Tom!—They had never heard him whispering love-tales, nor singing in low soft tones, only meant for the ear of the Australian maiden, the songs of his native land, or they would not have called him by such a name. They could not see with woman's eyes, nor hear with woman's ears, or they would have felt their hearts thrill at the sound of his deep-toned voice, and their cheeks grow warm and red in the glance of his beaming eye: at least Betsy Kane thought so, and maybe she was right. She loved Tom; and when we look through the medium of love everything is bright and beautiful on which we look. He had one fault, however; and that, in the eyes of her severe and rigid father, was of itself a mountain—a mountain, indeed, that her woman's faith in the man of her affection removed, but which the stern old settler regarded as a deadly incubus. Tom loved spirits—he indulged in the inebriating cup; and when the father of the girl whose hand he sought admonished him of the prospective misery that slumbered in every draught of the fell poison, he laughed, and treated his admonitions lightly.

'My daughter shall never, with my consent, wed a man who indulges in alcoholic drinks,' said old Richard Kane, mildly but firmly; 'and, young man,' said he to Tom, with a sorrowful eye, 'if you had seen the misery and ruin that I have beheld flow from the withering fountain of its deep pollution, you would tremble to touch it with your lips.'

Impressed with the manner of the serious old man, and really loving Betsy Kane, Tom had pledged to abstain from rum, and had gone into the bush with a sober and industrious countryman, in order to earn the funds for his marriage. Month after month had brought a record of his progress in saving, and a declaration of his adherence to sobriety, to the delighted girl and the hopeful old man, who also loved the manners and generous nature of his intended son-in-law; and now the time of his probation was closed, and, like a trusting, loving Rachel, she looked forth for the form of the youth who was the Jacob of her dreams.

The day of his expected return closed, and Betsy and her father sat silently by their little fire. The maiden hoped, the old man feared, but neither spoke. They were at one in thought yesterday: they both expected Tom, and they chatted and joked about his coming; but now they were silent, and were widening in their reflections.

The second day dawned and closed, and again the old man and his daughter sat gazing into the hearth. There were tears in the maiden's eyes, and grief at her father's heart, but still they spoke not—for she still hoped, but the sun had gone down, and Richard's certainty was fixed that Tom was once more a broken man.

Sweet day of love! so calm, so clear, so bright—the bridal time of hope and happiness—alas! it had now set to Betsy Kane; and now she moved about a trembling girl, beneath the clouds of a hopeless grief. More than a week had passed, and still no Tom had come; and now she did not look for him.

One night, as she sat with her head upon her hand, and looked sadly at her sorrowing father, a low knocking was heard at the door of her home, and then succeeded the pitiful whine of a starved and feeble dog. In a moment the excited girl had sprung to the door; the latch was lifted with an eager, trembling hand; and then, as she

pulled back the door upon its hinges, she uttered a loud and agonising scream, and, rushing to her father, buried her face in his bosom.

With shoeless feet and dull haggard eyes, with swollen lips and cheeks, and nothing of clothing save a pair of trousers and thin torn check shirt, Tom staggered into the house of Richard Kane, followed by his emaciated and trembling dog. He spoke not a word, but, seating himself by the fire, he crouched over its flickering embers. The dog, faint and weary, lay down upon the warm hearth, as if to die; the man, bearing in every feature the deep pollution of debasement, came to kill.

'Take him away, father! take him away!' shrieked the maiden, as she started suddenly up, and, gazing at Tom with dilated eyeballs that gleamed with maniac light, shrunk back from the horrid apparition. 'That is not my Tom. No, no!' she muttered in a low voice, that was more awful than her screams. 'He is dead!—dead to me and to the world; and this spectre only comes to mock me. My Tom was a man,' she cried, with fearful energy, 'but that is a beast!'

There still was one chord left to vibrate in that victim's heart—one chord attuned to shame and agony—and now it was awakened. At the last cry of the poor trembling maiden, whose reason had been by him upset from its lovely throne, he sprang to his feet and threw his arms aloft. 'I am a murderer!' he shouted—'a murderer!—the bravo slave of rum! Farewell, Betsy! Farewell, Richard! Come, my dog!' and with these words he rushed from the home of his betrothed, never more to return. He went alone, too; for even his dog forsook him, and coming to the side of the maniac maiden, whined, and lay down at her feet.

Two days after this sad scene, Cranky Tom, with two pieces of torn sheep-skin bound round his feet for shoes, and with his arms crossed over his breast, limped up to the rum-shop of Johnie Dodge.

'Will you give me one glass of rum?' supplicated the poor debased wretch, in a trembling tone, as he stood before the dealer.

The man of the cabaret laughed, and turned away.

'Hillo! Cranky Tom!' cried some of the companions of his first revel, as they beheld him staggering onward: 'cleaned out! eh?' and they mocked him in his agony.

'Give me a morsel of tobacco?' muttered the lumberer, as he stood before Mr Cameron on the fourth day, and hid his face from the tearful eye of the farmer—'give me a morsel of tobacco, and let me go!'

'Come to my hearth, Tom—come and share my food, and I will spread a couch for you. I am sorry to see you thus; but, oh! come and be a man again; and may God restore you to yourself once more!'

'Ha, ha! I am a murderer!' cried the despairing man; 'and I am a liar. Let me go—let me go! I see her poor face always before me; I hear her voice ever in my ear—'That is not my Tom: that is a beast!'

'Come, Tom—oh, come with me!' supplicated the generous frontier-man; but Tom was deaf to his entreaties. Like that fabled wanderer of old, he bore a curse upon him that would not let him rest. On, on, was ever sounding in his ears, and the outcast, obedient to his impulse, crawled onward to the illimitable savage wilds that lay before him.

The sun went down on the second day after Tom had passed Cameron's station, and its beams fell on the face of a corpse—of a white man's corpse—that slumbered beneath a myrtle-tree; and the soft west wind seemed to sigh as it swept over the stiffened body—'*Here sleeps the victim of rum!*' The sun went down and the bright moon rose, and peered sadly, through the branches of the beautiful tree, upon this being that had been made in the image of God, and who slept the sleep that knows no breaking, by an Australian stream to which the wild beasts came to drink; and as they fixed their fangs in the flesh of this human offering at the shrine of heathen Bacchus, the moonbeams wrote with his blood upon the ground—'*Here lies the victim of rum!*' The autumn-leaves fell in showers

upon the bones that the wolf had gnawed and scattered, and they covered them up from human view, and almost from human memory, for the only one that would have remembered Tom long and fondly now wandered about the settlements, like Sterne's Maria, a harmless but sorrow-inspiring maniac, followed and jealously guarded by a large shaggy dog; and when the settlers would hear her sad voice and see her withering form, they would remember Tom, and shake their heads, as they muttered their abjurations of rum.

* The fate of Tom is no fable—no picture of the imagination. Any one acquainted with Australian life knows that many hardy and hard-toiling men are yearly thus victimised, by their own fatal indulgences in strong drink. Toiling and moiling in the bush they gather what to them is wealth, and coming to the cities with good resolutions, temptation and indulgence lead them on to such a death as we have described.

SCOTTISH PATRIOTIC SOCIETY,

FOR IMPROVING THE CONDITION OF THE LABOURING CLASSES.

DURING the last thirty years the philanthropy of Britain has acquired for itself a more undying and honourable fame than was gained by those individuals peculiarly called British heroes, from the Norman conquest up to 1815. The industrial energies of the country, intermitted and diverted for ages to the destructive pursuit of war, have been allowed, for more than a quarter of a century, to be directed more particularly to their legitimate purpose; and the benevolence which was formerly eclipsed by a spurious glory, and unnoticed amid the clang and clash of arms, has been more beautifully embodied and developed in Britain, within the last thirty years, than ever it was in the annals of any nation heretofore. It was not very likely that the nation would turn its eyes into the homes of the poor, in order to elevate and meliorate the condition of those who inhabited them, when at the same time it was dragging fathers, and sons, and husbands on board of tenders and to the tented field, through means of impressment and the ballot-box. It was not likely to apply itself to the legitimate business of government, that of caring for the welfare of the people, when, in order to raise money to pay the price of desolating battles, the light of heaven was taxed and the food of man mortgaged. The sentiments of the nation were blunted from the constant abrasion of swords and bayonets; and the means that might have been applied in promoting a philanthropic and essentially conservative system of social economy, were expended on powder and lead, with which to blow men's souls out of their bodies. That all the evils of a war spirit and war system are not comprehended in those apparent losses and horrors which we have been accustomed to esteem as the ills peculiarly incidental to such a spirit, the history of the last thirty years abundantly proves. 'The poor have always with you,' is a declaration as true during times of active fighting, and waste of labour-life and capital, as in times of profound peace; and as it is only during the latter state of society that men's minds seem fitted to receive the gentle promptings of charity and kindness, we may judge from the revelations now made of the condition of the poor, what must have been their condition at a period when, instead of seeking to elevate, the spirit of the times sought to degrade them; when instead of receiving sympathy, those upon whose labour wives and children depended were dragged from them by force, in order to become workers of ruin and misery to others. Private philanthropy might move modestly about in its mission of love, and shed a tear over the destitution which it could only partially and momentarily relieve; but the delirium and dread of a war-fever superinduced and perpetuated the ills of a general poverty, and kept locked up the wealth and sympathies of the truly benevolent. Men's eyes were diverted from the homes and haunts of the poor to the battlefields of the continent; and their means were expended in building Martello towers and purchasing the arms and

habiliments of volunteer cavaliers, instead of improving the condition of the peasantry or lessening the social evils under which the poorly fed and densely cribbed inhabitants of the towns laboured and do still labour.

During the last thirty years, Britain has been undergoing, as it were, a process of self-communion. She has been turning her eyes inward as well as abroad, and the conviction has strengthened, and is strengthening, that there are many evils to be weeded from the most intimate relations of her social economy, and a wide scope for improvement presented in the present condition of the people. There have been no lack of propositions and associations for bettering the condition of those who, living in cities, are brought immediately under the cognizance of the educated and philanthropic; and there is no doubt that there is a great advancement manifest, within the last quarter of a century, in the morals and deportment of the people, but the physical condition of both citizen and peasant is yet a subject of much anxiety to philanthropists, and the problem of its permanent melioration one of much concern. Benevolence may manifest itself in two ways, and these are equally commendable and good, according to the condition of the parties benefited; but it has been found that to minister to the wants of a strong and healthy man is not the best way to conduce to his welfare, although to a sick man it would be the only practicable and beneficial method of doing him good. The great incentives to labour are necessity and the desire of acquiring property. He who supplies his own wants, and of those also dependent upon him, although he may be poor, preserves one of the noblest attributes of the human soul—that of self-respect. By ministering to the wants of this man, in what may be termed the spirit of arbitrary charity, the necessity of labour is destroyed, and the sentiment of self-respect gives place to a sense of dependence; the impulse of progress is annihilated, and he who was formed to labour and support sinks down into a nonentity and a burden upon the industry of others. Experience has proven that arbitrary charity is neither the wisest nor kindest means of assisting, especially large numbers or classes of men, but that sympathetic charity is not only more efficient to elevate, but also more readily to be received and appreciated by those for whom the good is intended. Yearly donations of coals and blankets to the peasantry are no doubt welcome boons to them, and kindly meant by those who bestow them, but it is better, and kinder, and nobler far, to suggest means of improvement in the condition of the peasantry to the peasantry themselves; to sympathise with and assist them in their efforts at their own improvement; and rather to render the means given to them reproductive and accumulative than finite and conducive to habits of idleness and dependence. We refer our readers to No. 135 of the *INSTRUCTOR*, where they will find, in the sketch of the life of that great philanthropist, William Allen, an allusion to the colonies of Frederick's Oord, in Holland, which were founded by the *Société de Bienfaisance*, showing the practical advantages and blessings resulting from a proper application of the bequests of good men; and we are glad to state that a society, similar in constitution and identical in its objects with that of the Dutch *Société de Bienfaisance*, is now established in Scotland, and only wants the means to render itself as extensively useful and effective as its Dutch prototype.

In 1846, the great agricultural calamities which entailed famine upon every nation in Europe, drew men's eyes more particularly to the condition of the peasantry, and induced a more minute examination of the processes of agriculture practised by those upon whom the community is dependent for the staple of food. The condition of the Highland population, as revealed in 1846, produced a warm and active sympathy in the breasts of our countrymen generally, and ample means were subscribed in order to alleviate their distress, as had heretofore been done during seasons of calamity. The spontaneous benevolence of the wealthy produced a large sum of money, which was to be expended in bettering the condition of

the Highland people; this sum the committee, who assume its distribution, have expended and are expending in the arbitrary finite manner, obviously to the deterioration, in both morals and physical condition, of the Scottish Highland peasantry. A thorough knowledge of what was really requisite for the advantage and wellbeing of the community, induced a few enlightened philanthropists to associate themselves, in order to really better the condition of the people, and these individuals, in 1848, formed themselves into the 'Scottish Patriotic Society, for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes.'

The object of this society is to lend itself in every way to the promotion of the wellbeing of the labouring classes of this country; not confining itself to the advancement of capital for the establishment of a higher status of condition, but pointing out all the best plans suggested by science and experience for constantly improving the state of the people. In the first place, the society seeks to create and preserve, in all its integrity, a high feeling of self-respect amongst the peasantry. It does not offer gratuitously to support them in idleness, or to maintain them in their present truly low social and physical condition, but it seeks to inspire them with a sense of their own capacities for improvement, and to assist and direct them in their laudable labours of self-elevation. This society has recommended itself to the favourable consideration of the most intelligent and benevolent landed proprietors in Scotland. It is patronised by the Queen, Prince Albert, the Duke of Sutherland, and many other persons of the highest rank among the aristocracy; and its sub-committees are composed of many of the most active and zealous of Scotchmen, who have rendered themselves well known by their good deeds. To the peasantry, the society presents all the most improved modes of agriculture. The methods of working, draining, manuring, and cropping particular soils, are explained to them, and if they wish to become borrowers from the society of a sum of money, for the purpose of improving their garden patches or crofts, their recognition of the committee's plans of working is indispensable to their receiving the same. The propagation and feeding of bees, of rabbits, pigs, and poultry, are explained, and the profit likely to accrue from these almost inexpensive procedures are explained to the people; the society also pointing out the easiest and best methods of disposing of their produce. The state of the homes of the poor is also a chief object of the society's attention; and they offer every assistance in their power to increase the comforts and sanitary state of the people's dwellings, as well as offering premiums for cleanliness and neatness. The competitive emulative feeling is not one, however, which the society would seek to render the basis or impulse of a higher condition for the people. It would rather build their welfare upon that high moral sense of duty and utility, which might almost be styled a religious sentiment or principle. It is not intended that John should strive to be sober, intelligent, and industrious, because James would otherwise become more respectable and comfortable than he; but it is sought to infuse into each and all the knowledge that it is right as well as profitable to be so, and therefore that sobriety, cleanliness, and industry are delightful for their own sake.

There is not a subject connected with rustic life and rural economy which the members of this truly philanthropic and noble society do not take cognizance of, and which they do not purpose to furnish the means of improving. The Patriotic Society does not confine itself to educating and assisting the people, but it addresses itself to the benevolence and self-interest of the landowners. It urges upon them to grant to the labourers, crofts or gardens on lease, and to offer them every encouragement in their endeavours at self-support. In this recommendation of a universal garden or croft system, in the rural districts, is involved a fundamental principle in our agrarian economy which ought not to be lost sight of; that is, the people's *right* to the land. The Court of Session declared, in 1845, that the poor have as good a right to support from the land as the landlord has to his rents, so

that the only thing for the landowners to determine is, whether a portion of the land shall be set aside for this purpose or a portion of their rents. The former system involves no loss but rather a gain to both parties. The peasant maintains his independence, and his ability to support himself and those depending on him, without parish aid; at the same time paying a rent to the man who would otherwise be constrained to yield him a maintenance. A system of gardens and crofts for cottars, and those semi-agricultural tailors, shoemakers, weavers, and other craftsmen who live in country villages, would extinguish pauperism, increase the independence and comforts of the people, and refine as well as elevate their sentiments.

Aware that a city is not sufficient to develop the faculties of man, and sensible that so long as people are confined and pent up in close dark alleys, so long shall they be depraved, the society purposes to procure for working men in cities little plots of ground in the environs, in which they can spend their leisure hours profitably in every sense of the word. This enlightened proposition, founded upon an imperative requirement of human nature, has everything to recommend it to the hearts and reason of the community. The only desideratum will be the acquirement of land conveniently for working it out. We believe that a vast amount of the demoralization of cities is attributable to the dissociating of the people from what may be termed the poetry of life. We do not say that the population of the country is more moral on an average than that of the towns, but this is no argument against our proposition. The rustic has been neglected in his condition as well as the citizen, although perhaps in a different degree. We never see a sickly plant drooping over the rims of a broken tea-pot but we feel a pang of sorrow. Every such fading flower is a memento of a beautiful and humanising desire, which, not finding legitimate exercise in some little garden plot, such as that proposed by the Patriotic Society, seeks enjoyment in theatres, and skittle-grounds, and other places, where semblances of the country are presented in immoral society, or where flowers and fruits are too frequently the accompaniments to low gambling and drinking bouts. The idea of garden allotments in the neighbourhood of cities is one worthy of an age of advancement and high practical philanthropy, for it supplies to the people, who are discarding the more immoral habits of a former time, something to fall back upon, in lieu of the tap-room and skittle-ground. Healthful recreation, the cultivation and companionship of flowers, the production of edible vegetables, and the hum of bees, may be enjoyed by the working man during his summer evenings, beneath his own vine and fig tree, for a very small charge of rent; and these are what the Patriotic Society seeks to direct the people's attention to, and to secure for them, as a substitute for pleasures which involve a loss of money, self-respect, health, morality, and comfort.

In accordance with their plans, the Society has rented the portion of a field in the vicinity of Edinburgh, and on the 14th of February last about a hundred and fifty working men assembled, and took possession of their little allotments, which they hold at an annual rental of from three shillings upwards, according to the size of the lot. We have visited this interesting little system of embryo gardens more than once, and can perceive the ploughed field changing its aspect to that of fenced and well-defined gardens. They are to be wrought exclusively by spade husbandry, and we trust that, as an experiment, as well as a source of pleasure, health, and enjoyment to the workmen, they will prove eminently successful. This piece of land, which is situated upon the Queensferry Road, being the western part of a field immediately to the west of Mr Wright's nursery, is rather distant from the city, and this is the only circumstance that we see can affect the successful issue of the plan. The men who rent the plots will be constrained to walk a good distance in order to reach them, and unless they are all the more ardent, this of itself might be considered a great expenditure of labour.

If land could be procured in more convenient situations, we have no doubt that the number of eager applicants for lots would be greatly increased; as it is, there is no disposition on the part of those holding them to allow them to be neglected.

The Scottish Patriotic Society has nothing political in it, if its objects are not really more essentially political than those propositions of government which have been dignified with the name of politics. It seeks to cure, as far as associated humanity can, the evils that are superinduced by ignorance, crime, and poverty, without regard to anything of a politico-partizan or sectarian nature. Its objects, stated *seriatim*, are to improve the husbandry of crofters by introducing better methods of cultivation; to promote the field-garden system; to improve the cottages and gardens of the peasantry, and the residences of the labouring classes in towns. This society proposes the introduction of agricultural education into the general elementary schools of Scotland, and it seeks the establishment of self-supporting agricultural schools, where needed, upon the plan of that founded by the late William Allen at Linfield. It offers gratuitous information to parties desirous of emigrating; seeks the extension of Scottish fisheries, together with the safety and welfare of those employed upon them, and promises to promote the establishment of district loan funds for assisting the industrious under temporary difficulties. In order to carry out these highly noble and beneficial expedients, district auxiliary associations of the philanthropic have been and are being formed, and the society publishes a monthly magazine, full of information respecting the actual position and difficulties of the lower classes, and of facts and suggestions relative to the improvement of their condition. We would more immediately, however, direct attention to the city garden-allotment system, which has just been begun in Edinburgh under the Society's auspices, and we urge upon those who have the power to render such a system of healthy and profitable employment of the workman's leisure hours as extensive as possible. The man who has been born and educated in the city, and whose tastes and habits have been formed in a purely artificial state, may smile at the importance which we attach to this plan of moral reform; but it is the natural and only really efficient plan of producing and sustaining a generally high condition of refinement among the people. Everything vigorous is produced in the country—vigorous plants and vigorous men. A city confines and shuts up man; he learns almost nothing in it from observation; all he knows is the result of a process of secondary instruction, not of education proper. New discoveries in science, in natural history, and the physical sciences, are not made in menageries, nor conservatories, nor museums; they are made in the country, by countrymen, who are savants and philosophers when in cities expounding their experiences. The city artisan is, above all other members of the community, cut off from contact with rural phenomena. The professional man has his summer vacation, during which he rusticates; the wealthy man his town and country residence; but the workman is doomed to a grim immurement within the city from birth to death, and the only glimpses he obtains of the country are at the expense of that religious sentiment which induces men to meet in worship. Constant immurement in cities inevitably produces human deterioration; men, like plants, grow sickly in towns, no matter whether they are nursed in luxurious rooms, or sent to darkle in cellars; and were it not that there is a constant influx of the rural population to the manufacturing cities, we verily believe that the people of the towns would soon become mentally and physically pigmies, as in too many cases they are.

There are thousands of men in the Scottish towns whose minds are full of youth's day-dreams—of flowers, and trees, and green meads, and birds, and bees, whose hearts will leap for joy at the Society's proposition. They will be able to return to perhaps their early tastes of flower-culture, without being constrained to drink

whisky in the bower where they go to inhale the fragrance of thyme and sweetwilliam; and while they produce a healthy and necessary assortment of vegetables for food, they will also imbibe purer air into their systems and purer thoughts into their minds, than ever were or will be obtained in the pothouse or cockpit. The garden-allotment system has already done much good where it has been introduced, and now, as the experiment is being tried with ourselves, we hope to be able to speak of it hereafter in recommendatory terms, and to say that the Scottish Patriotic Society has been encouraged to prosecute and extend the scheme.

GLEANINGS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

APPARENT POWERS OF REASONING IN BIRDS.

In places frequented by the common blackbird and thrush, you may sometimes see a stone, which may be called the butcher's-block of these birds. To this they carry the snails (*Helix aspersa*, *H. hortensis* and *memoralis*) which they collect, and which they seem to know that their bills, without the aid of such a fulcrum, would find some difficulty in piercing. A still higher effort of reflection, and it may be said of invention, is related by Mr Yarrell ('British Birds,' vol. iii., p. 465) of a gull, which, for the first time, had made a lark its prey, but found some difficulty in devouring it. After several ineffectual efforts to swallow it, he paused for a moment; and then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he ran off at full speed to a pan of water, shook the bird about in it until well soaked, and immediately gulped it down without further trouble. Since that time he invariably has recourse to the same expedient in similar cases. It is amusing to observe the proceedings of the cormorant, shag (*Pelicanus carbo* *P. graculus*), and the looms (*Colymbi*), in dealing with the refractory subjects which they sometimes fish up in the course of their researches under water. If the prize be a crab, it is taken to the surface, and, fully aware of the danger in attempting to swallow it whole, it is there dropped, and a smart peck of the bill is made at the legs. These are either knocked off by the blow, or the crab is induced to throw them off, according to the known practice of these creatures when injured. Each of these is then seized and swallowed in succession; and the body, by this time become a mere lump, is gulped down last of all. A lance or shanny, if caught across the mouth or held by the tail, is flung aloft, and caught in a convenient posture as it falls. If the prey be a flounder or plaice, it is thrown on the surface, and pecked so violently as to break or dislocate the firm arrangement of transverse bones, and thus deprive the muscles of their strong contractile power, by which so rigid an obstruction was thrown in the way of swallowing. It is then rolled up into a cylinder, and easily disposed of. A close observer of nature informed me, that his attention was directed to a cormorant, which appeared to be much distended about the neck and throat; but, while watching its proceedings, the bird discovered his presence, and endeavoured to escape, by which means its attention became distracted, and an eel started from its jaws, and employed much effort to effect its retreat. Unwilling to lose so valuable a morsel, the bird pursued it, and was again successful; but it was not now in haste to ingulph its prey. Repeatedly and violently did it peck the fish through the whole of its length, and then again seized it across its bill; but, still finding it capable of too much activity, it continued to peck it, until the whole of its powers of contortion were subdued, and there was no farther risk of its again effecting an escape from its dungeon.—*Illustrations of Instinct by Jonathan Couch.*

MODE OF BREEDING LEECHES IN SCINDE.

The breeding of leeches, even in Europe, is kept a secret in that quarter of the world. The breeding of them was at one period almost entirely confined to a tribe of gypsies, but the secret got known, and went abroad. In Great Britain, even to this day, the best descriptions of leeches are procured from the Continent. In Ceylon, where

the variety of leeches is more numerous, perhaps, than in any part of the world, the propagation of the sort used in phlebotomy is made a secret of. In India, the leech-propagators do all they can to keep the knowledge to themselves. This has not, however, prevented one of our most accomplished naturalists and botanists from propagating these valuable reptiles with the greatest success, so much so, indeed, as to be a great saving to government in furnishing the hospitals. Major Blenheim is the gentleman to whom we allude, and to whom we take this opportunity of returning thanks for the perusal of his curious and very interesting paper on this subject. Burned earthen vessels, commonly called 'cottee pots,' are used for this purpose, of globular shape or form, being three feet in circumference, one ditto in height, and with mouth six inches in diameter, each pot being two-thirds filled with stiff black earth, containing a good portion of clay. To this add four handfuls of finely-powdered dry goat or cow dung, two handfuls of dried hemp leaves, finely powdered, with two ounces of assafetida. The vessel is then filled to within three inches of the mouth with water, and the whole mixed with a wand or stick. Leeches of full growth, and of the largest size, are required for propagation, varying, perhaps, from three to five inches in length, after being placed on, and glutted from the human body. The leeches, to the number of nineteen or twenty, are put into each vessel; an earthen cover is then placed over the mouth; and the whole smeared over with a coating of cow dung and earth, and placed in a sheltered spot, free from wind and sun. After the space of twenty-five days or a month, on the cover being moved off, about twenty caecons will be found, of the size of a sparrow's egg, and longer, and of a spongy nature. On being carefully torn open with the finger, from five to fifteen small leeches will emerge. All of these are then placed in a pot of water, into which a table-spoonful of sugar has been thrown. After ten days it is requisite to feed them with blood from the human body for a period of three months, when they will have obtained the usual size for application. During the warm months, after a respite of ten days or so, the breeding leeches can again be placed as above described. The leech appears to live about eighteen months, and any number can be procured in this way.—*Colonial Magazine.*

EXTRAORDINARY INVASION OF LEECHES.

The young of the leech are produced from caecons deposited by the mother towards the end of summer. The winter is passed by our common horse-leech in a state of torpidity, in the mud at the bottom of the ponds or ditches where it resides. This habit gave origin, on one occasion, to a somewhat singular scene, which we chanced to witness. On the morning of the 27th March, 1838, a part of the footway on one of the most crowded thoroughfares adjoining the town of Belfast, was so covered with leeches, that it was scarcely possible to walk without trampling them under foot. So great was their abundance, that some of the passers-by remarked that it seemed as though a shower of leeches had fallen. They extended for about a hundred paces in this profusion; on both sides of this space they were less numerous. The phenomenon continued for the two following mornings, but with diminished numbers. A slight examination served to explain its cause. The ditch on the side of the fence which separated the footway from the adjacent fields had been cleaned out the preceding day. The leeches had been buried in the slime, and on this being placed on the top of the fence, they had struggled out, and spread themselves over the adjoining footway.—*Paterson's Introduction to Zoology.*

ANIMALS OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.

Mr J. W. Dawson observes (in 'Jameson's Journal,' No. 84), 'It may be remarked, in general, that there is no animal, frequenting in Europe the cultivated grounds, and either beneficial or noxious to man, which has not indigenous species in America—an exact representative, filling its place in the economy of nature, and often, in a natural historical point of view, closely related to it. This results from the general sameness of arrangement in the system of nature in the Old and New World; and if studied in its

details, would form a subject of great interest to the zoologist and physical geographer.

THE JOHN-CROW VULTURE.

From a memoir of this vulture (*Turkey buzzard*, Wilson; *Cathartes Aura*, *Vultur Aura*, Linn.; *Cathartes Aura*, Illiger) by R. Hill, Esq., of Spanish Town, we gather that the common opinion is erroneous which attributes to this bird a confinement of appetite to flesh in a state of decomposition. Flesh is his food; and that he does not pounce upon living prey, like the falcons, is because his structure is not adapted for predatory warfare, and not because he refuses recent and even living flesh, when in his power. If the John-Crow vulture discover a weakling new-born pig apart from the rest, he will descend, and, seizing it with his beak, will endeavour to drag it away: its cries may bring the mother, but before she can come, the vulture gives it a severe nip across the back, which soon ensures the pig for his own maw. If a large hog be lying in a sick condition beneath a tree, the vulture will not hesitate to pick out its eyes. Cattle also he will attack under similar circumstances. One of Mr Hill's servants once saw a living dog partly devoured by one. The dogs of the negroes, half-starved at home, 'bony, and gaunt, and grim,' if they discover carrion, will gorge themselves until they can hardly stir, when they lie down and sleep with death-like intensity. A large dog thus gorged was sleeping under a tree, when a John-Crow descended upon him, perhaps attracted by the smell of the carrion which the dog had been devouring, and began tearing the muscles of the thigh; it actually laid open a considerable space before the poor animal was aroused by the pain, and started up with a howl of agony. The wound was dressed, but the dog soon died.—*The Birds of Jamaica*, by Philip Henry Gosse.

HUMMING BIRDS.

Wherever a creeping vine opens its fragrant cluster, or wherever a tree-flower blooms, may these little things be seen. In the garden or in the woods, over the water, everywhere they are darting about—of all sizes, from one that might easily be mistaken for a different variety of bird, to the Hermit (*T. rufigaster*), whose body is not half the size of the bees buzzing about the same sweets. The blossoms of the inga-tree, as before remarked, bring them in great numbers about the rosinehas of the city, and the collector may shoot as fast as he can load, the day long. Sometimes they are seen chasing each other in sport, with a rapidity of flight and intricacy of path the eye is puzzled to follow. Again, circling round and round, they rise high in mid air, then dart off like light to some distant attraction. Perched upon a little limb, they smooth their plumes, and seem to delight in their dazzling hues; then, starting off leisurely, they skim along, stopping capriciously to kiss the coquetting flowerets. Often two meet in mid air, and furiously fight, their crests and the feathers upon their throats all erected and blazing, and altogether pictures of the most violent rage. Several times we saw them battling with large black bees, who frequent the same flowers, and may be supposed often to interfere provokingly. Like lightning our little heroes would come down, but the coat of shining mail would ward their furious strokes; again and again would they renew the attack, until their anger had expended itself by its own fury, or until the apathetic bee, once roused, had put forth powers that drove the invader from the field. A boy in the city several times brought us humming-birds, alive, in a glass cage. He had brought them down while, standing motionless in the air, they rifled the flowers, by balls of clay blown from a hollowed tube.—*Voyage up the River Amazon*.

PRODUCTIVENESS AND NURTURE OF SILK-WORMS.

The time that elapses while the worm is undergoing its changes varies according to the state of the weather and the quantity of nourishment with which it is supplied. The Chinese are most particular on this head, as on this depends the quantity of silk which the worm will produce. The Chinese calculate that the same number of insects which would, if they attained their full size in twenty-five

days, produce twenty-five ounces of silk, would only yield twenty ounces if their growth occupied thirty days, and only ten if forty days. During the first twenty-four hours of its existence the Chinese feed it every half hour, or forty-eight times; the second day thirty times; and so on, reducing the meals as the worm grows.—*Martin's China*.

SWARM OF LADYBIRDS.

A correspondent of the 'Athenæum,' No. 1085, writes, that on Friday, August 8, 1847, he was at Broadstairs, in the Isle of Thanet. The wind was in the north-east; and a good deal of rain fell, after a drought in that district of six months' duration. On the Saturday it became fine, with a strong wind from the south-west. Early in the morning a few ladybirds made their appearance. Their number kept increasing during the whole of Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, when the esplanade and cliffs on the west side of the town were literally covered with them. They were evidently borne upon the wind, and were most numerous at the edges of the cliffs—as if they caught there as a last refuge before being carried out to sea again. The stalks of the dried plants were covered with these insects; and the stem of the *Dipsacus centaurus*, and other plants, looked as if they were borne down by a crop of red berries. The white dresses of the ladies attracted them especially, and gave no little annoyance to those who were afraid of them. They are, however, perfectly harmless; and, excepting for their disagreeable smell, need not be avoided. These creatures are carnivorous, and, of course, could not find food in such immense quantities; and many of them found were reduced to the sad extremity of feeding on their departed friends, whose dead bodies were strewn about the paths in all directions. They were preyed upon in great numbers by a black beetle. They were not all of one species. The common one, with a yellow body and seven black spots, was most abundant; next to that came the species with two black spots; the species with nine spots was scarcer still; and there were only a few specimens of one with a black body and orange spots. The intensity of their colouring varied from a light yellow to a deep orange. The ladybirds continued at Broadstairs till Thursday, August 12, when a strong wind from the south setting in, cleared the whole district. They, however, found a resting-place at Margate, where, in a line from the fort to the railway terminus, they covered everything, and the air was filled with them. Up to this time none, or not an unusual number, of these creatures had been seen at Ramsgate; but on Saturday, the wind having got into the east on the previous evening, they began to appear there, and on that evening they seemed to be as numerous at Ramsgate as at Broadstairs and Margate. On the 17th and 18th of August, there was a smaller swarm of these insects at Broadstairs, the wind blowing in a north-westerly direction. From several accounts in the 'Daily News,' of the 16th and 17th of August, it appears that on Friday, August 13, the same insects were observed at Southend; on the same day in great numbers in London; and on the following Saturday and Sunday at Brighton. Large flights of these creatures are not uncommon. Various swarms of them have been recorded as occurring at Brighton, where they were supposed to have been carried from the neighbouring hop-grounds, as the larva of the ladybird feeds on the aphides, which are so destructive of the hop-plant. On the present occasion, however, it appears that these insects must have been brought by the south-west wind from the continent. That the direction of the wind determined their appearance, is evident from the fact that they disappeared at Broadstairs on the day they were seen at Margate, and were not found at Margate after their appearance at Ramsgate. The cause of the swarming of these insects is probably a scarcity of their natural food during the prevalence of a strong wind, which, sweeping over a large track of the earth's surface, carries along with it all who are disposed to go. That this is the case seems confirmed by the fact, that at first these insects only appeared by degrees; a few arriving, and the number gradually increasing, on a particular spot.

SIR CHARLES BELL'S BRIDGEWATER TREATISE.*

No intelligent person can peruse this treatise without finding, not only that he has made considerable accessions to his stock of information, but that his mind has also been expanded by the trains of thought which are therein suggested. Rich, however, as it is in materials, they are not skillfully put together. The logical arrangement is far from being good, and, in cases not a few, the connecting links of the various parts have no perceptible existence. It is too discursive—a fault which may probably be owing to the engrossing labours of his profession, which left the distinguished author too little leisure for the masterly treatment which the high argument of his subject deserved. It leaves the reader too much to himself to gather the knowledge of the various topics discussed, and which lie scattered here and there throughout the volume. The work will thus never become popular; and with the highest possible respect for the scientific eminence and acknowledged ability of Sir Charles Bell, we cannot help thinking, that he earned a thousand pounds very easily, when this sum was paid him for the composition of the present Bridgewater Treatise. What then are we to do with it? It is not in our power to make an analysis of this volume which would prove interesting and useful to our readers. We cannot copy the numerous woodcuts which illustrate the anatomical descriptions, for much of the volume is occupied with the anatomical structure of other animals, as well as that of man, in order to bring out more fully the wonderful indications of design in the human hand. Perhaps the better mode will be to select such topics alone as can be made easily intelligible, not confining ourselves either to the order which has been adopted by the author, or even to the particular illustrations which he has employed. Avoiding then, as far as possible, all anatomical descriptions, let us endeavour to show the adaptation of the hand to the high rank which man has received in the scale of being. The argument is fashioned somewhat in the following manner: The physical organisation of all animals has a perfect adaptation to their individual instincts, intelligence, and necessities. No animal is brought into existence with a single instinct or a want for which abundant provision is not made in the bodily organs with which it has been furnished. To this rule there is no exception. The specimens of deficient organisation which former naturalists were wont to mention as freaks of nature, are now recognised as evidences of that exquisite perfection and amazing harmony which pervade the works of Him who 'saw everything that he had made, and behold it was very good.' The sloth is an illustration of this. Advancing knowledge has demonstrated how much Cuvier was at fault when he adduced this as an instance of deviation from the general law of perfection. It is to the application of this unerring principle—that all divine works are adapted to the purposes for which they were intended, and that every animal is a complete system in itself—that we are indebted for some of the profoundest discoveries in geological science. Let a bone be dug out of the earth, and carried to a scientific physiologist, and he will tell you whether it belongs to an animal now living upon earth or to one of those that have long been extinct. From this one bone he is able to construct a whole skeleton. Let it belong to one of the extinct classes. Be it so; he will inform you what was the bulk and the form of this unknown animal; what were its peculiar instincts and wants, whether it delighted in marshes or wandered among the primeval forests; what was the kind of food it lived upon, and what were the means by which this food was procured. And all this knowledge evolved from a single bone, because the man in whose hands it has been placed has learned by long study that God makes nothing in vain, and that the bodily organs are invariably constructed to meet the instincts and necessities of every being that has been formed.

The perfection of the human hand, viewed as an instrument adapted to the faculties and wants of the noble being to whom it belongs, has been seen and acknowledged from the earliest period. 'This, we perceive, consists in its power, which is a combination of strength with variety and extent of motion: we see it in the forms, relations, and sensibility of the fingers and thumb; in the provisions for holding, pulling, spinning, weaving, and constructing; properties which may be found in other animals, but which are combined to form this more perfect instrument.' It is the consummation of all perfection; and, singular enough, this fact has been urged by philosophers, both in ancient and modern times, as the great reason why man is so superior to the irrational creation. It would be almost a waste of time to refute with gravity, and at length, an opinion so absurd as this—that man is the wisest of all creatures, merely because he is in possession of a hand. The answer which was given by Galen, the celebrated physician of ancient Greece, exhausts the whole subject in a few words. 'It is not,' says he, 'the hands that teach men arts, but reason; the hands are the mere instruments of the thinking mind, as the lyre is of the musician and pincers of the smith.' There is still, however, a class of persons among us whose ideas have all a material tendency, who are perpetually seeking for the causes of phenomena in the phenomena themselves, and who are thus always mistaking effects for causes, and blundering with a mischievous ignorance. The hand, the noblest of all instruments, has been given to man because he is the noblest of all creatures upon earth. He is the wisest of all animals, not because he has hands, but the Creator has given him hands because he is the wisest of all animals. There is a hand to execute because there is a mind to conceive. God has skillfully adapted the organisation of his body to the wondrous faculties of his intellectual constitution, and the hand is only a specimen of that exquisite harmony which pervades all the parts of his physical system. Of what benefit, we may ask, would hands be to a dog? If conferred upon a horse, would they teach him to construct a house for himself? If the perfect hands of a human being were given to a monkey, would they give him the command of all other animals, or would they even inform him how to kindle a fire to keep himself from perishing with cold? Or take a case which may be regarded as more pertinent. Here is an idiot. His hands, on examination, show no deficiency as to organisation. They may be as admirably formed as those of Newton, Bacon, or Shakspeare. If the intellect depends on the structure of the hand, what prevents this poor idiot from rising up from his mental degradation and taking his place upon that platform of honourable eminence to which he has so manifest a claim? But a different train of illustration may be employed in reference to this material tendency. If the possession of hands be essential to the acquisition of mind, what must be the condition of those who are unhappily born without them? Several instances of this kind are upon record in our books of physiology, and they are far from being helpless idiots, destitute of intellectual activity, and having no more powers of combination and design than the offspring of the irrational creation. 'We have daily before us the proofs of ingenuity in the arts, not only surviving the loss of the hand, but excited and exercised where there were no such instruments from birth. What is more surprising than to see the feet, in such individuals, becoming substitutes for the hands, and working minute and curious things. Unfortunately, too, the most diabolical passions will in some natures be developed, and crimes committed where we might have supposed it impossible, from the power of execution being denied. Of this the most remarkable instance was in a man who from birth had no arms, but who, as if possessed of a devil, had committed many murders before he was discovered and executed. This wretch was a beggar, who took his stand on the highway some miles from Moscow, on the skirts of a wood. His manner was to throw his head against the stomach of the person who was in the act of giving him charity, and having stunned him, to seize

* The Hand, its Mechanism and Vital Endowments, as Evincing Design. By Sir CHARLES BELL.

him with his teeth and so drag him into the wood.' As a relief to this dark picture, we refer the reader to an article entitled 'Instances of Ingenuity under Deprivations,' which appeared in No. 125 of the INSTRUCTOR.

It would require the aid of diagrams and anatomical terms to describe the wondrous mechanism which connects the arm with the shoulder at one extremity, and the arm with the hand at the other. The remarks must thus be almost exclusively confined to the hand alone, though this takes away no small portion of the argument from design. Enough, however, remains for our purpose. Let the reader now be pleased to open his hand and consider its form. There are the fingers, with their infinite variety of motions. How are these produced? 'The motions of the fingers do not merely result from the action of the large muscles which lie on the fore-arm—these are for the more powerful actions; but in the palm of the hand, and between the metacarpal bones, there are small muscles (*Lumbricales and Interossei*), which perform the finer motions, expanding the fingers and moving them in every direction with great quickness and delicacy. These are the organs which give the hand the power of spinning, weaving, engraving; and as they produce the quick motions of the musician's fingers, they are called by the anatomists *fiducinales*. Attention to our most common actions will show us how the division into fingers, by combining motion with the sense of touch, adapts the hand to grasp, to feel, and to compare.'

There is a sketch before us of the bones of the paw of an adult chimpanzee. This animal is an ape from Borneo, on the coast of Guinea. It is much larger than an orang-outang, and nearer the human form in appearance. It has evidently an enormous power for pulling and swinging in these long and sinewy arms. But upon looking at the sketch of what may be called the hand of this animal, 'the remarkable peculiarity is the smallness of the thumb; it extends no further than to the root of the fingers. On the length, strength, free lateral motion, and perfect mobility of the thumb, depends the power of the human hand. The thumb is called *pollex*, because of its strength; and that strength is necessary to the power of the hand, being equal to that of all the fingers. Without the fleshy ball of the thumb, the power of the fingers would avail nothing; and accordingly the large ball, formed by the muscles of the thumb, is the distinguishing character of the human hand, and especially of that of an expert workman. In a French book, intended to teach young people philosophy, the pupil asks why the fingers are not of equal length? The form of the argument reminds us of the difficulty of putting natural questions—the fault of books of dialogue. However, the master makes the scholar grasp a ball of ivory, to show him that the points of the fingers are then equal! It would have been better had he closed the fingers upon the palm, and then have asked whether or not they corresponded. This difference in the length of the fingers serves a thousand purposes, adapting the hand and fingers, as in holding a rod, a switch, a sword, a hammer, a pen or pencil, engraving tool, &c., in all which a secure hold and freedom of motion are admirably combined. Nothing is more remarkable, as forming a part of the prospective design to prepare an instrument fitted for the various uses of the human hand, than the manner in which the delicate and moving apparatus of the palm and fingers is guarded. The power with which the hand grasps, as when a sailor lays hold of the rope to raise his body in the rigging, would be too great for the texture of mere tendons, nerves, and vessels; they would be crushed, were not every part that bears the pressure defended with a cushion of fat, as elastic as that which is to be found in the foot of the horse and camel. To add to this purely passive defence, there is a muscle which runs across the palm and more especially supports the cushion on its inner edge. It is this muscle which, raising the edge of the palm, adapts it to lave water, forming the cup of Diogenes.'

Let us now look at the fingers again, and observe the admirable provision which has been made for conferring and preserving extreme sensibility of touch. We are all

familiar with the fact that the fingers possess an exquisite sensibility of touch, indeed we are so familiar that it ceases to excite our astonishment until the attention be especially directed to it. To many, it appears as if a new faculty were given to a blind boy, when they see him taking up a book which has been printed with slightly raised characters, and reading, with the tips of his fingers, a portion of the word of God with as much fluency as many who have always enjoyed the use of their eyes. Place now a finger or a thumb upon the wrist, and the pulsation of the artery is felt. Every one knows this; but did you ever make as other experiment by way of comparison? How delicate the tongue! A single hair, how annoying it is! Well, press the tip of the tongue upon the wrist, and no beating of the pulse is felt. It is thus easily proved that there is a greater sensibility of touch at the points of the fingers than in the tip of the tongue. It is scarcely to be believed, until this simple experiment be made. One of the most astonishing proofs of this sensibility of the fingers, that has come under our knowledge, was the case of a young lady in England, who had the misfortune to be entirely deaf. By a diligent examination of the motions of her sister's lips, she could make out the meaning of what she said. Nor was this acuteness confined to the eyes. When in bed together, she put her fingers upon her sister's lips, when she was speaking, who, in these circumstances, spoke a little slower than usual; the motions of the lips enabled her to understand what words were pronounced, and thus the two sisters could carry on a conversation during the dark night. But in giving these illustrations of that fine sensibility which dwells in the fingers, we must not lose sight of the mechanism by which it is produced. Physiologists tell us of the cuticle or epidermis which covers the true skin, and which separates in thin scales from the body, a new supply being continually formed from beneath. The condition of this external covering is intimately connected with the organ of touch. 'The cuticle is the organ of touch in this respect, that it is the medium through which the external impression is conveyed to the nerves of touch; and the manner in which this is accomplished is not without interest. The extremities of the fingers exhibit all the provisions for the exercise of this sense. The nails give support to the fingers; they are made broad and shield-like, in order to sustain the elastic cushion which forms their extremity; and the fullness and elasticity of the ends of the fingers adapt them admirably for touch. But on a nearer inspection, we see a more particular provision in the points of the fingers. Wherever the sense of feeling is most exquisite, there are minute spiral ridges, which have, corresponding with them, depressed lines on the inner surface of the cuticle; and these again give lodgment to a soft pulpy matter, in which lie the extremities of the sentient nerves. There the nerves are sufficiently protected, while they are exposed to impressions through the elastic cuticle, and thus give the sense of touch. The organisation is simple, yet it is in strict analogy with the other organs of sense. Every one must have observed a tendency in the cuticle to become thickened and stronger by pressure and friction. If the pressure be partial and severe, the action of the true skin is too much excited, fluid is thrown out, and the cuticle is raised in a blister. If it be still partial, but more gradually applied, a corn is formed. If, however, the general surface of the palms or soles be exposed to pressure, the cuticle thickens, until it becomes a defence like a glove or a shoe. Now, what is most to be admired in this thickening of the cuticle is, that the sense of touch is not lost, or indeed diminished, certainly not at all in proportion to the protection afforded by the thickening of the skin.' The hands of a peasant become brawny from labour, and the palm and fingers of a smith, who daily uses a forehammer, become thickened almost to the hardness of horn. Still the sensibility of touch is not at all injured in proportion. This is effected by a simple provision. Compare the hands of a smith and of a clerk, and it will be found, in the case of the former, that 'the depressed lines in the inner surface become deeper, and the villi (or small delicate tufts) projecting

into them longer, which, joined to the aptitude of the cuticle to convey the impression to those included nerves, leaves him in possession of the sense of touch in a very high degree.'

Another quality of the cuticle may now be mentioned: its roughness and the advantages of this property. 'In the first place, as to the subserviency of this quality to feeling, we must be sensible that in touching a finely polished surface the organ is but imperfectly exercised, as compared with its condition when we touch or grasp a rough and irregular body. Had the cuticle been finely polished on its surface, it would have been but ill suited to touch: but, on the contrary, it has a very peculiar roughness which adapts it to feeling. A provision for friction, as opposed to smoothness, is a necessary quality of some parts of the skin. The roughness of the cuticle has the advantage of giving us a firmer grasp and a steadier footing. Nothing is so little apt to slip as the thickened cuticle of the hand or foot. In the hoofs of animals, as might be expected, this structure is further developed. The chamois or goat steps securely on the ledges of rocks and at great heights, where it would seem impossible to cling. On the pads or cushions of the cat, the cuticle is rough and granular; and in the foot of the squirrel, indeed of all animals which climb, those pads covered with the peculiar texture of the cuticle, give security in descending, as their claws enable them to climb.'

Sir Charles Bell makes some remarks on the superiority of the right hand to the left, which appear to us very philosophical. The cause of this acknowledged superiority has been supposed by some to depend upon the course of the arteries to it. 'It is affirmed that the trunk of the artery going to the right arm passes off from the heart so as to admit the blood directly and more forcibly into the small vessels of the arm.' Our author rejects this explanation as inadequate, and he refers it to an original provision made by the Author of our being and for an obvious purpose. His opinion will be read with interest: 'For the conveniences of life, and to make us prompt and dexterous, it is pretty evident that there ought to be no hesitation which hand is to be used, or which foot is to be put forward; nor is there, in fact, any such indecision. Is this taught, or have we this readiness given to us by nature? It must be observed, at the same time, that there is a distinction in the whole right side of the body, and that the left side is not only the weaker, in regard to muscular strength, but also in its vital or constitutional properties. The development of the organs of action and motion is greatest upon the right side, as may at any time be ascertained by measurement, or the testimony of the tailor or shoemaker. Certainly, this superiority may be said to result from the more frequent exertion of the right hand; but the peculiarity extends to the constitution also; and disease attacks the left extremities more frequently than the right. In opera dancers, we may see the most difficult feats are performed by the right foot. But their preparatory exercises better evince the natural weakness of the left limb, since these performers are made to give double practice to this limb, in order to avoid awkwardness in the public exhibition; for if these exercises be neglected, an ungraceful preference will be given to the right side. In walking behind a person, it is very seldom that we see an equalised motion of the body; and if we look to the left foot, we shall find that the tread is not so firm upon it, that the toe is not so much turned out as in the right, and that a greater push is made with it. From the peculiar form of woman, and the elasticity of her step resulting more from the motion of the ankle than of the haunches, the defect of the left foot, when it exists, is more apparent in her gait. No boy hops upon his left foot unless he be left-handed. The horseman puts the left foot in the stirrup and springs from the right. We think we may conclude, that everything being adapted, in the conveniences of life, to the right hand, as for example the direction of the worm of the screw or of the cutting end of the augur, is not arbitrary, but is related to a natural endowment of the body. He who is left-handed is most sensible to the advantages

of this adaptation, from the opening of the parlour-door to the opening of a pen-knife. On the whole, the preference of the right hand is not the effect of habit, but is a natural provision, and is bestowed for a very obvious purpose: and the property does not depend on the peculiar distribution of the arteries of the arm—but the preference is given to the right foot as well as to the right hand.'

There are two most important chapters in this volume, which have no direct connection with the hand—on sensibility and touch, and the muscular sense. The consciousness of muscular exertion he raises to the honour of a sixth sense. His views on the subject are original, but we cannot enter upon the matter here.

THIRTY DAYS IN THE SAVANNAHS OF CUBA.

CHAPTER III.

THE coast before us had a most singular aspect, and less resembled a shore than a forest half submerged, for we could see no ground. Having penetrated into a narrow cove or creek, shaded on all sides, and surrounded with low thick mango-trees, ere long the boat stuck fast in mud, and all our efforts to disengage it proved of no avail. The pistol-shots of the defenders of the lake having prevented us from taking in a proper supply of water, the little we had was exhausted, and we were tortured with thirst. We had now to procure a fresh supply at any risk.

Stepping out from the boat into the mud, we began one of the most painful and fatiguing marches that could be conceived, sometimes half sunk in mud, sometimes suspending ourselves to the best of our power from the knotty branches of the mango-trees, sometimes creeping under obscure archways and winding galleries formed by that singular tree, which, like the banian fig, reproduces itself, and, loaded with all sorts of parasitical plants, transforms its branches into new roots, and thus forms dark galleries of interminable length, and only three or four feet high. With our axe and knives we cut down as many branches as we could. But let any one fancy our situation—the sun darting his vertical rays right upon our heads, hunger and thirst tormenting us, our sufferings only aggravated by our attempting to chew the thick tough leaves of the mango, which were saturated with alkali.

We pushed on, however, with desperation amounting almost to madness. Night came on. Myriads of mosquitoes attacked us. The atmosphere felt oppressively heavy, and was charged with electricity. We halted; but where were we to sleep? The bites and stings of the insect tribes would not suffer us to close our eyes; we laid ourselves down in misery and discouragement on the muddy couch which damped our aching limbs. Though to sleep was impossible, I had horrible visions—the effect of what the Spaniards call the *calentura da morte*. At times I fancied myself dancing at one of the New Orleans balls, where the servants hand round in trays iced *sangaris*, a kind of Roman punch, at once most delicious, refreshing, and tonic. Again I fancied myself metamorphosed into a Havannah picador, and was galloping after an enormous bull, which threw me down, bathed in my own blood. Anon the vision fled, and I returned to the actual sense of sufferings that seemed worse than I had ever dreamed.

As the day broke we resumed our efforts. Exhausted, staggering, and ready to drop at every step, scarcely screened by the hard dry foliage, which obstructed our progress without affording us shelter, with empty stomachs and cold and benumbed extremities, at last towards noon the mangoes became less close, there was a change in the appearance of the soil, and large trees, of the palm tribe, enabled us to stand upright; dried vine branches clustered round them with their knotted arms. Here we discovered traces of an animal's footmarks, and they seemed to be those of a sow with her pigs, which had passed where we were. In our starving state this was quite a prize to us. For more than an hour, O'Neil and I with loaded gun, and creeping along the still damp ground, followed the footmarks which led us to a small thicket, very close,

from which there was heard a low and very formidable grunting. We were not the men to be faint-hearted. The inhabitants of the thicket, the sow and her pigs, made a vigorous sally, and in an instant I found myself wounded in the leg. This I did not mind. Having caught a glimpse of a little stagnant water at the farther end of the wild family's lair, I would have run through a blazing pile to get at it. Meanwhile, O'Neil took a chance shot at the sow, wounded one of her forelegs, and then, using his musket as a club, he struck her over the snout with such force that the butt was broken and the brute fell, on which I plunged my bowie-knife into its belly and despatched it. The rest of the family were very young and ran off in all directions, leaving us in undisputed possession of the ground.

Then, indeed, we had a feast worthy of the gods, although the water was brackish and detestable, and the flesh of the sow, which we roasted on a fire made of branches of the mango-tree, was tough enough to resist the most energetic teeth. By digging a little we succeeded in obtaining water, which was a little more palatable. We broke off a large heap of branches and lighted a fire to keep away the mosquitoes; and after washing ourselves all over, for we were black and swollen with insect bites, we lay down and enjoyed a sleep worthy of Sardanapalus.

I awoke about four o'clock next morning, and my first sensation was that of great pain caused by my wound. The sow's tusk had pierced the muscles of my leg, which bled profusely. In order to keep down the inflammation, I made use of the animal's lard, and, after washing the wound well, bound an old handkerchief about it. What was now to be done? Our boat as well as horses was lost, for to attempt returning to it was out of the question. In my state of lameness it would not have been possible for me to repeat the painful and tortuous journey that had brought us to where we were. We finished roasting our pork and walked towards the north. The ground became less encumbered with wood and more stony. We came to a little shallow lake, the water of which was lukewarm, and reached to about the middle of the leg. We drank it so eagerly as to be seized with fever and dysentery, yet were compelled to push on. Another day's march, during which we might be said rather to drag ourselves along than to walk, brought us to a small creek filled with alligators, whose gaping jaws and black lustrous fins were seen plainly enough on the surface of the water. These were rather unpleasant neighbours, but as we had no choice but to pass the creek in order to reach a low wooded and cultivated hill on the other side, we did not hesitate. From that hill, which presented a pleasing perspective, we heard sounds that told of civilisation—the tinkling of bells, and the lowing of oxen. So, arming ourselves with stones to frighten the monsters, and striking the water with long boughs, we succeeded at last in putting them to flight. About ten in the morning we reached the farther side, and saw a dwelling-house.

Whatever perils might await us, they seemed nothing to those which we had escaped, and we preferred the vengeance of the consul and the governor to the teeth of alligators, and death by hunger and thirst, in some unknown retreat. Chance led us precisely to a *teniente* or lieutenant of the governor, of the name of Don Fernan Pacheco, whom our shabby appearance and soiled clothes might have led to suspect us, but that he was put quite on another scent, by the salvo condotto which I had always carried carefully along with me. O'Neil told him about our losing the boat, disguising certain details of our story, and representing us as men of science, engaged in botanic researches. The *teniente* did not believe a word of this, but his incredulity saved us. He thought it impossible that the gobernador-general would trust so precious a document as the safe-conduct to persons travelling without some very special object. Residing in a part of the island which is rarely visited, he had never so much as heard of the American spies, who had been outlawed by public authority, and took a very different view of our arrival in that district.

Often as the Havannese authorities have been banished, in a hallucination which at one time possessed all the inhabitants of Cuba, they had not abandoned either the desire or the hope of yet discovering mines of gold and silver in the island. Every Spaniard who discovers and makes known a gold mine, is promised a dukedom; if it be a man of colour who does so, he is rewarded with a sixth part of the produce; if a slave, with a tenth part, and his freedom besides; if a foreigner, he receives a third of the produce. And in all cases the government undertakes to furnish all the expense and labour required for the working.

Now, as we had in our possession a safe-conduct signed by the governor himself, who could we be but American engineers—*ereticos* no doubt, yet skillful heretics, despatched by the governor for the purpose of investigating some lately discovered mine, and commencing the workings? The mysteriousness of our appearance, together with the safe-conduct, sufficiently announced our mission, and gave token of our importance. Such was the conviction which, without our doing anything to strengthen it, the brave *teniente* had already formed. He loaded us with civilities, and promised secrecy, soldiers to accompany us, and his protection under all circumstances. Were we not about to open up a stream of gold, and was not that the source of all favours?

Accordingly he made many mysterious and ingenious allusions to the importance of our governmental mission; and the keen interest with which he perpetually resorted to the subject of mines, metallurgy, and the stratum of gold and silver, which there could be no doubt formed the solid foundation of the whole island, soon made us aware of his mistake, which was too favourable to our interests for us to set about disabusing him of it. He made us change our clothes for such as he could spare from his own wardrobe, gave us the hospitality of his house, and introduced us to his wife, a young Spanish woman, of enchanting beauty and the most profound ignorance. For long we were allowed to establish ourselves alone, at about a mile's distance, in a small temporary hut made of wooden boards and fig-tree branches, amid the rocks that cover nearly the whole canton. Two soldiers were to be stationed near us for our protection—a precaution which somewhat thwarted our views; but we thought we might easily rid ourselves of this source of embarrassment, and, once in possession of our hut, set ourselves with hammer in hand and cigars in our mouths, to make metallurgic excursions in the neighbourhood—excursions indispensable to the success of our ulterior designs.

The first day that we brought to the honest *teniente* our basketful of chips of quartz, schistus and mica, he made us a low bow, and, with an eye sparkling with delight and curiosity, said, 'What is this, most illustrious lords—gold or silver no doubt?' To this we gave no precise or satisfactory reply; and our evasive expressions only confirmed the conviction of the *teniente*, who gave us an excellent dinner, and produced his best wines. At the dessert, when our tongues and hearts began to act more freely, I hinted that our escort was quite useless; and was immediately given to understand, by a knowing wink, that he perfectly comprehended what we meant. Why allow soldiers to become privy to this important secret? From the day following we saw no more of them, and were left perfectly free. Our grand object now was to escape from the *teniente*, who, sooner or later, was sure to find out who we were. So at eleven o'clock, on parting from the soldier who escorted us, we resumed our travels. In the course of our five days' stay with the *teniente*, we had picked up an exact acquaintance with the various localities in the neighbourhood, and had informed ourselves with respect to the owners of the country residences that lay least remote. One of these, and he too the wealthiest of them, whose house stood ten miles off from the *teniente's*, a Frenchman by birth, and famed for his kindness and generosity, seemed the likeliest to be of use to us, and whom we might most safely entrust with the knowledge of our real circumstances, and apply to for protection.

Here we were not mistaken. I insisted that O'Neil must hold his tongue, and when we arrived at M. Gerbier's, instead of entertaining him with the ordinary fictions of my comrades, I told him the plain and naked truth. He received us with the utmost kindness.

This gentleman, a St Domingo Frenchman, having lost both property and family in the insurrection of the blacks, became a pirate in his younger days, and served in the famous squadron of Lafitte and De Gomez. M. Gerbier became one of the most daring of its captains, a sort of *maréchal de l'empire* of the maritime usurers whom it was found so difficult to subdue and disarm. When peace came and Lafitte had returned into the ranks of legal society, Gerbier obtained a formal pardon from the President of the United States, and from the Spanish authorities, and bought, near Bataviano, a kind of estate on which he built a very pretty Italian villa. His bearing was singularly mild, his manners those of a man who had passed his life in good society, and one might have supposed him to be a gentleman of the old court, who had served in the campaigns of the army of Condé, rather than an old pirate. He did not care to speak of the exploits of his past life; but having got into that chapter at last, he gave way with a good grace. The Havannah authorities had no great liking for him. With the activity and sprightliness of the French race, he was ever and anon indulging a jest at the expense of the solemn airs of Castille, and the indolence of the Creoles. Extremely sensitive on the point of honour, he had taken it upon him to chastise some insolent Yankees and overbearing capitanees, and this procured him much consideration in the country. Our excursions and our adventures interested him, and he gave us his promise that we should have nothing to fear at his house, for that, on the first appearance of danger, he would see to means being found for securing our escape.

On the day following he introduced us to his wife. Who could have thought it? It was Seraphita herself! only prettier and more engaging than ever. She had been married for above a year and a half to M. Gerbier, who had embraced matrimony along with the other domestic virtues, and was now living like a little saint on his estates. Thus it was in Seraphita's house that both O'Neil and I were living concealed. O'Neil had not yet found his uncle, and I, who had in so unlooked-for a way found out the object of my idolatry, was hardly any happier than he was.

Seraphita was a mother. An infant whom she was nursing, the calm peace and winning grace of her household, and the simple unaffected hospitality with which we were treated, all would have made my situation, in so far as my heart was concerned, highly complicated, had it been prolonged for any length of time. M. Gerbier was old, bronzed and tanned with the sun, and crippled with rheumatism, yet, in other respects, an excellent man for a seawolf. His wife united to the elegance of the Creoles a languor almost American and truly enchanting. Adventurer as I was I had nothing to recommend me but youth and passion; no dishonourable idea ever entered my head. The first direct result of my situation was an attack of intermittent fever, which soon assumed a regular type, and during which M. Gerbier came to my bedside to keep me company. O'Neil told him all our peregrinations, and he listened with ecstasy to his description of the beauty of the lake, from which we had been chased by pistol-shots. I observed that M. Gerbier smiled.

'Indeed,' said he, 'I know the place; it was there that Lafitte used to retire after his great expeditions. And now, since you know what I once was, and I am not in worse odour on that account in these regions here, I will not conceal from you that my happiest days of leisure were spent on the borders of that very lake. As soon as our invalid is well again, and his complete recovery to be looked for, we shall all set out together. The weather is fine, I know the place, and it will be a highly amusing expedition to me, for it will take me again to my old haunts, and refresh my recollections of old habits.'

In point of fact I recovered pretty rapidly, and all was

got ready for our excursion. I was not ill pleased to be removed from Seraphita, and to have something to give a new direction to my thoughts. Mules, horses, three negroes, four Spaniards, including the overseer of the cafetal, Xaramillo, a child of Old Spain, who had quite the air of a true bandit of the fifteenth century, and of a man who could cleave down a Moor, started at four A.M., preceded by M. Gerbier, O'Neil, and me. By the side of the stout and bronzed Xaramillo, who was dressed like an old sailor, there strutted on his mule, like a cardinal of the middle age, Cornejo, dressed up like a Madrid *majo* or dandy, in a thread-bare costume, which had all the appearance of some cast-off garment of the Figaro of some provincial theatre. Six enormous dogs brought up the rear, of the same formidable breed that we had already made acquaintance with.

'These coasts are not quite safe,' said M. Gerbier, 'and now that the English entice away our negroes, the Maroons go in bands of from thirty to forty each. These bandits are capable of anything, but when such fellows are at their heels, they will give me news of them.'

We encamped very agreeably on the Rio Cobre; but, about midnight, M. Gerbier, awaking, exclaimed, 'Xaramillo! I hear the whistle of the Maroons. Get up! rouse the dogs!'

The instinct of those animals was already awakened, and they all rushed off among the bushes, from which ere long the most frightful howlings were heard. We were all on our legs and armed, M. Gerbier actually appearing to enjoy an adventure which so reminded him of his old mode of life. Meanwhile, one of the negroes, who was standing by him trembling all over, and whose teeth we could hear chattering, in the profound darkness of the night, exclaimed, with a voice at once hollow and shrill, 'Master, Master!'—'Well, what's the matter, Trullo?' he replied.—'Master,' said the black, 'there is an earthquake!'

Trullo was quite right. In less than two seconds we felt the ground shake, and the thunder began to roll. We heard the rocks split around us, and tumble over each other. The very dogs, whose natural fierceness had been inflamed, when apprized by the scent of the presence of the blacks, came back shivering all over, with their tongues hanging out, and uttering long howls.

Accident rather than any natural liking for such things had led me more than once into a scene of blood, sometimes as an actor, oftener as a mere witness. But none of these left so deep an impression on my memory as what now followed. The ground shook, the dogs whined, the lightnings furrowed the sky, the horses neighed, and all the while the Maroon negroes were howling in their peculiar *patou*; the caverns that were everywhere splitting and cracking in the savannah, sent forth a shrill whistling noise, rising so loud as to be heard even along with the thunder. Sighs were heard, breathed as it were from the fissures by which the earth was rent. The curses uttered by the Maroons, who were not so much dismayed as we were, and who took advantage of this convulsion of the elements to advance more boldly, were caught as they were uttered. The Spaniards repeated their paternosters, all except Xaramillo, who had served, I understand, as a pirate under M. Gerbier's orders. Seeing the peril in which we were, he took post in ambuscade behind his horse, and there loading, and taking aim with his *tromblon* or *trabuco*, shaped in the mouth like a blunderbuss, he sent such a hail of bullets among the blacks as very soon diminished their number by five or six, wounded or dead. M. Gerbier, or as they called him, Don Gerbero, did equal execution. Anon the presence of the blacks rekindled all the fury of the dogs, and there followed a close encounter, in which the latter held the first place, and which strewed the ground with upwards of twenty of our assailants. Two of M. Gerbier's men were killed, and he himself was slightly wounded in the wrist. O'Neil and I escaped unhurt.

The earthquake had not lasted above ten minutes, and its effects extended but a short way. Torches were

lighted, the dead bodies were removed, the wounded were attended to, and then we all fell fast asleep, but not till Xaramillo, that imperturbable musician, had tuned his mandoline, and given the company a short serenade.

Next morning, at five o'clock, the sky was calm, and some disturbances of the soil and of the rocks were all that remained to show that there had been an earthquake. We resumed our march. About eight o'clock, a singular personage, whose garments gave one no distinct idea either of the race to which he belonged, or of his usual occupation, was seen behind some trees and disappeared. 'It is Watchinango!' cried Cornejo; 'would M. Gerbier like us to follow him? He is gone away in the direction of Goyava, between the Boca Grande and the Bahia.'—'Just so,' was the reply; 'let us advance, then, at a gallop.' On this the whole troop galloped off. I had had time to observe minutely the person to whom they gave so odd a name, and whom they now so hotly pursued. He was dressed in the strangest fashion imaginable, with a Spanish woman's mantle, and yellow silk breeches, feet and arms bare, two epaulettes by way of ornament on his naked shoulders, and on his head a magnificent plume of parouet's feathers. His language, as I learned afterwards, was a strange sort of Spanish, softened with an infusion of the sounds of the Indian tongue, and modified with perfectly original turns of expression. A Catalonian dagger, and an American bowie-knife, held in their places by a small girdle, made of tree-bark, which compressed his waist, and kept up his yellow satin small-clothes, formed a contrast with the green ribbons and blue rosettes, borrowed doubtless from some woman's cast-off wardrobe, with which he had taken it into his head to bedeck himself. Poor Watchinango! it is to him, as it will be seen, that I owe my fortune. Without his thirty thousand dollars, I know not how my life would have turned out. With what remained of that sum, I bought, at a dollar an acre, those territories in Wisconsin, which I sold again at so high a profit, and where six towns have been built, since 1815. But let us proceed.

After half-an-hour's gallop, M. Gerbier ordered a halt, and bade Xaramillo follow alone a forest path, bordering a high knoll whence he could easily trace Watchinango's movements, and return to head-quarters with the result of his observations. Accordingly we halted, and I inquired of our host what all this meant.

'This Watchinango,' said he, 'is a Mexican of Indian blood, who very seldom allows himself to be seen, and, in the popular opinion, is in possession of a mine of gold, which he conceals from everybody. This notion has arisen thus. He used to come and go as the humour took him, from Yucatan to the coasts of Cuba, and was much liked on account of his gentle disposition; he was always observed to kneel as a Christian before the Virgin del Cobre, an altar which you know is frequented by devout pilgrims. Two years ago he arrived at San Yago, with a small parcel which he undid, when its contents were found to consist of gold, in rudely formed ingots, which he offered for sale, and which were, in fact, bought at a very low price. But how came he to be possessed of this gold? This set all men's fancies to work. The Indian was followed to the seashore, was observed to embark in a canoe, and then was lost sight of among the rocks. Some weeks after this, he re-appeared in a small village, and at a great distance from San Yago, and played the same part over again. The Havannah people, one of whose favourite ideas is that their island lies on a bed of gold, which has not yet been worked, dream about the most lucrative speculations; accordingly, above a hundred persons spread themselves through the woods, and along the shores, with pick-axe and hammer in hand, breaking off bits of all the rocks they met with, and all in hopes of discovering Watchinango's famous gold mine.'

'Well now,' said M. Gerbier to Xaramillo, as he came back panting, and out of breath, 'what news do you bring?'—'Why,' said he, 'he is sitting near a cavity, formed by the rocks of the Boca Grande. Let us go forward quietly, pass round the banana-tree wood, and we shall easily sur-

prise him in his hiding-place.'—'Very well,' said M. Gerbier, 'let us push on then gently.' Xaramillo's plan was excellent. Our leading horses were but a few yards from the Indian as he lay asleep between two rocks, under an old tree, when he awoke at the sound of the horses as they came up. Starting to his feet, after a moment's hesitation at seeing us so numerous and well mounted, he threw himself head foremost into a sort of funnel or crevice, eight or ten feet wide, and disappeared.

The eagerness of our pursuit increased every moment. All of us dismounted, and almost every head was turned at once to the interior of the dark cavern, in the depths of which, Watchinango, like another Curtius, had vanished. No light of any kind was visible, but ere long a musket or fowling-piece was fired, and poor Cornejo was killed on the spot. At this, as may well be believed, the assailants became furious. A council of war was held, all pistols were loaded, and with the exception of M. Gerbier and myself, all formed a circle round the cave's mouth, from which fresh shots were discharged, but without touching any body. On this all the fowling-piece and pistol barrels were pointed at once into the cave's mouth, and more than a score of balls discharged into it. A shrill scream was then heard to issue from the black yawning cavern, immediately followed by a new detonation accompanied with two balls, which passed between my legs, and struck one of our horses on the head. The gold hunters recoiled; there was manifestly no small danger in proceeding. Nevertheless, irritated and exasperated by resistance, and deeming that spoils thus defended must be worth the pains of a desperate pursuit, they threw bundles of blazing brushwood into the chasm, thinking that the smoke would compel the garrison who defended it to surrender at discretion. Watchinango's only reply was by a double shot, which took effect at the same instant on two of the assailants, a negro and a Spaniard, who were both leaning over the mouth of the cavern. The two wounded men were removed bleeding profusely, the one struck in the leg, the other in the chest, which last shot caused almost instant death.

Not a sound was now to be heard. In mournful silence the assailants now cautiously approached; then, bending the torches they had lighted into the gloomy opening, they discovered a singular spectacle, rather resembling some opera scenery than a natural grotto. The torches flickered on fantastically shaped columns and pilasters of mica quartz, of various sizes, reflecting the light from ten thousand natural mirrors, resembling the facets of a prism. A large carpet was suspended across a kind of alcove, so as to form a closet apart. On the other side there was a forge, the fire of which was out, and the instruments belonging to it were scattered over the rude uneven floor; three or four steps rudely cut in the quartz led to this forge. Objects of luxury, Spanish sabres, and American pistols were hung up here and there; a large Mexican hammock made of stained bark, and lined with feathers, swung to and fro on the right, in the wind, which seemed to enter by some distant inlet. That inlet was no other than that which connected the cave with the lake De los Cabelones; and in a recess, stretched on a Mexican mat, we soon perceived a young woman.

Into this strange abode we contrived, by means of cords and poles, to find our way at last. The young woman raised herself languidly, and showed us where she had been hit in the forearm, by a ball from the Spaniards. The ball had passed through the flesh and wounded the muscles, but no bone was fractured. We now recognised the naiaid who had so charmed us, the Ondine of the lake of the Cabelones. The particular traits by which she was distinguished were those of the Peruvian race—a large bust and extremely supple person. A forest of black hair fell in profusion over her shoulders. Her dress was very simple, in remarkably good taste, and not unlike that of Spanish Mulatto women; a petticoat of black and yellow stripes was bound about her waist; a small yellow gauze handkerchief was tied about her neck; besides which she had glass-bead necklaces, and other ornaments of various

colours. Her eyes, which were magnificent, shed a flood of tears. At her feet lay stretched a tall well made man, whose hand still grasped a horse-pistol, and the reddish brown hue of whose skin betrayed his Indian origin. We raised him, but life was extinct.

M. Gerbier discovered, under a kind of trap-door, the source of Watchinango's wealth. It was an old treasure of the bucaniers, consisting of roughly fused ingots, which Watchinango had discovered in his roving expeditions. When he needed coined money he exchanged this bullion for it. M. Gerbier conveyed to his own house, and carefully tended the young woman, who was Watchinango's daughter, by a Spanish wife, a Christian like himself, and to this daughter the half of her father's treasure was secured as a dowry.

We spent another fortnight with the reclaimed pirate, and in the society of Seraphita, who no longer gave me any uneasiness, and of Watchinango's daughter. The exceeding beauty of the wounded maiden deeply impressed both O'Neil and myself, so that we were on the point of having a quarrel of a singular kind, by both pretending to her heart and hand.

The preference of the young Teresa Wahminga, a name which signifies *golden partridge*, was decided in my favour, and, at the altar of Trinidad, I became lord at once of her hand and of the ingots of the bucaniers. It was, indeed, the most singular dowry that a bride could well bring to her bridegroom. Watchinango's ingots, when converted into cash, brought me near thirty thousand dollars, of which about a third sufficed for our passage, the arrangements for which were undertaken by our host, while the remaining two-thirds formed a capital, which I did not allow to lie useless in my hands.

Like Shakspeare's Romeo, I began my Havannese drama with love at heart, and brought it to a close more seriously, and more gaily, by carrying off and marrying another heroine. Further, Watchinango's daughter, by her unacted beauty, her charming character, and intelligent vivacity, was fully equal to Shakspeare's heroine, and the maid of the lake Los Caballones proved one of the most devoted and amiable of wives. She learned to read and speak Spanish and English with great purity; but what she never learned, notwithstanding her long residence in North America, Europe, and the Antilles, was the art of writing. She held a pen in abhorrence; but, to compensate for this, her musical instinct, which was remarkably developed, made her an excellent singer; and she possessed a rare sagacity, and good sense. I confess that I hardly ever regretted finding her so little of a learned woman, and so little of a *bluse*.

WOMAN AND HER ADVISERS.

THE Yankees are said to be a dollar-hunting people—a race who, if they understand any science, assuredly understand that which is the more especial object of their pursuit, namely, mineralogy in the particular phenomena which were observed in Ophir of old, in the mines of Potosi, and in the auriferous formations of the Urals, and elsewhere. They do know a good deal about gold, 'that's a fact,' as Sam Slick, the great horological philosopher, says, but they have also pretty considerably explored the deep mines of 'human nature' and social life, and sometimes say things that Socrates never thought of. The following, from some sage Cornelia, we transcribe from the columns of the 'Boston Journal,' with much pleasure, recommending its careful study to every individual of the male sex, who supposes he has a blood relation of Mrs Caudle's in his household.

'One would think that we women were something more than minor considerations in this world of ours, by the time and talent that is expended for our improvement. Every newspaper, pamphlet, and magazine is teeming with 'Advice to Wives,' 'Hints to Mothers,' 'Whispers to Brides,' 'A Daughter's Influence,' &c., &c. Now, would it not be well for some benevolent genius to turn his attention to the sterner sex? Let us, just for variety, have a

chapter of 'Advice to Husbands,' 'Hints to Fathers,' 'Whispers to newly made Benedicts!'

We are preached to, talked to, written to—here a little, and there a good deal. We are exhorted to be submissive, 'sober-minded, patient, long-suffering, enduring all things.' We are expected to equal Moses in meekness, Job in patience, Solomon in wisdom, David in goodness, and Samson in strength; we are to meet our husbands with an everlasting smile; we are to take from his burdens—soothe his troubled spirits. No matter if our own shoulders are already over-laden with our tasks; no matter if our spirits are weary; the words cross and dumpish are not allowed in a wife's glossary; these are the husband's especial prerogative.

If Mr Surly comes home in the sulks, a fit of the pouts is denied his poor wife. He may kick the dog, box Johnnie's ears, snap at Mrs Surly herself, yet she is expected to keep calm, and pour oil on the troubled waters. If there was a 'better' and 'worse' stipulated for in the marriage contract, she must remember that her husband expects to monopolise the *better*, while the *worse* is to fall to her share.

There is Mr Fairface, Mr Editor, I wonder if you have ever seen him? One of the smoothest, politest, most agreeable men in the world; has a smile for everybody: a travelling streak of sunshine is Mr Fairface! Only see him as he is going home—how gracefully he bends to this and that fair lady of his acquaintance; but see him as he nears his own door—the smile turns to a sneer, his face elongates, blackness gathers upon his brow, and by the time he lifts the door-latch you would hardly believe him the same man. Enter the little back parlour. There sits Mrs Fairface with a half-dozen Fairfaces around her. Willie wants a new string to his kite; Sarah's pantalette is off; Jack's face is daubed with apple-pie and must be washed; Mary is out of temper, and must be punished; and little Minnie, the youngest Fairface, is worrying in her mother's lap, experiencing the untold agonies of teeth-cutting.

Poor woman! who will say that her task is an easy one—to curb the headstrong, rouse the stupid, lend courage to the timid; and blend all these different spirits into universal harmony? Does she not deserve a kind and encouraging word from her husband? But does she always receive it? No; for there are too many men, who, like Mr Fairface, give their sunshine to the world and reserve the cloud for their own hearthstones.

I do not object to many things that are said and written to have women learn their duty, and do it. I would have her always gentle and kind; I would have her honour and respect her husband; but I would have him appreciate in some degree the affectionate care which anticipates his wants; I would have him forbearing and gentle to her.

Be gentle! for ye little know
How many trials rise;
Although to thee they may be small,
To her of giant size.

Be gentle! though perchance that lip
May speak a murmuring tone,
The heart may beat with kindness yet,
And joy to be thy own.

Be gentle! weary hours of pain
'Tis woman's lot to bear;
Then yield her what support thou canst,
And all her sorrows share.

Be gentle! for the noblest heart
At times may have some grief;
And even in a pettish word
May seek to find relief.

Be gentle! for unkindness now
May rouse an angry storm,
That all the after years of life
In vain may strive to calm.

Be gentle! none are perfect here;
Thou'rt dearer far than life!
Then, husband, bear, and still forbear—
Be gentle to thy wife!

Woman's life is made up of petty trials more wearying than heavy sorrows. I acknowledge that too many of the girls of the present day are totally unfit for the re-

sponsible station they are to occupy—that of wife and mother. But if a man has rushed heedlessly into matrimony, without examining critically the character and habits of the lady of his choice—to see if she will be a useful as well as a companionable wife—then, I say, let him hear patiently with her folly and ignorance.

Woman is just what man makes her. Show her that you admire usefulness more than tinsel—that you esteem beauty of mind more than personal beauty—and take my word for it she will so educate herself as to be worthy your respect and affection.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO MY BOOKS.

Time, ruthless time, no quarter gives:

Ye, like the aged owner, are,
With tatter'd coats and tarnish'd leaves,
Somewhat, methinks, the worse for wear.

I gaze on you with wrinkled brow—
With hollow cheek and haggard man;
For times are alter'd with us now—
We are not what we once have been!

Ye were the friends of other years;
And as each page I linger o'er,
I pause, to check the gushing tears
For those who must be mine no more!

The worm its canker may impart,
To 'point a moral' to the wise—
Who let not sin corrode the heart,
For there's 'the worm that never dies.'

And he who to this lore attends,
And lives (as I do) all alone,
Will find in books his truest friends,
When ev'ry earthly friend is gone.

Mine were ye, when, with youthful step,
I bounded lightly o'er the plain—
Mine are ye, now that I must weep
The loss of youth and strength in vain.

Be then my solace to the last,
While life's frail bark the helm obeys;
For ye remind me of the past—
Of brighter hopes, and better days! HERMIONE.

WILLIAM THOM.

WILLIAM THOM is dead. The weaver-poet's harp-strings are mute for ever, and the flowers of his own loved land are weeping over his lowly grave. The spring comes smiling down the Vale of Dee, scattering blossoms on its verdant wold, and the sunbeams awaken the plumed choristers to greet her approach with songs; but these blossoms now are funeral tributes to the bard, who shall see them no more for ever, and the birds sing a requiem to him who so often mingled his joyous voice with theirs. He is dead; well, his pilgrimage here below has been a sad and striking commentary on life. His probation in this lower world has been a continued combat between the real and ideal—between the wants of the body and the aspirations of the soul. Poverty iron-bound and rivetted him down to his treddles, and, by the power of its gravitation, even weighed him below them, while poetry would have him out among the beauties and sublimities of nature, and raise him up to heaven, until at last, to consummate the strife of that ill-sorted alliance, genius and extreme poverty, death dissolved the union, restoring to Him who gave it the immortal soul, and resigning to the cold earth the mortal tegument which had been its dwelling-place for a while.

William Thom's life and history are not singular in Britain. Poverty, and noble struggles to surmount or battle with it, form parts of the domestic heroism of almost every British labourer's lot. As another noble bard

of poverty has exclaimed, from the depths of his experience—

'To suffer is our legacy—the portion of the poor.'

Thom verified this fact in all its intensity, and he might have died without the world knowing of his struggles had he not written and published poetry.

William Thom was born in Aberdeen towards the close of 1799 or beginning of 1800, and was placed in a factory at the age of ten years. He was the son of a poor widow, who could bestow upon him the abundance of her love, but who could neither give him bread nor education, and so the little lame boy was constrained at this age to toil. After four years' apprenticeship, he entered the weaving establishment of Messrs Gordon, Barron, & Co., where he continued seventeen years, until, from a vague idea of bettering his condition, he removed to the village of Newtyle, near Cupar-Angus, in Forfarshire. In 1837, the failure of certain great commercial establishments in America silenced upwards of six thousand looms in Dundee and the surrounding villages, and William Thom's amongst the rest: and then the gloom and grief of penury, and care, and sorrow, and the deep degradation of beggary, curtailed his fate, and preyed upon his heart. No hand should attempt to transcribe his sorrows after his own vivid pictures; his 'Recollections' may be read in the beginning of his poems published in 1845; he who has read them will never forget them, he who has not read them *should*. They are harrowing pictures, full of the electricity of grief, but as distinct and palpable as life; they are painfully true, and are alas not individual but generic. After feeling what it was to lose a child by death, while he wandered his native land a houseless man, willing to toil, and drawing his only subsistence, like poor Goldsmith, from his flute, he returned to Aberdeen, glad to find employment at six shillings a-week. From Aberdeen he proceeded to Inverury, where he obtained 'customer-work,' weaving for seven or eight months in the year, thereby winning ten and twelve shillings a-week, and starving during the remainder of the season. Yet Thom called this the bright spot of his life, and pathetically mourned that his wife, who died in November 1840, was not permitted to share its joys. It was in Inverury that his poetical talent chiefly developed itself. He spoke in his sorrow, and the voice was beautiful, for it was natural—it was true. His pieces (first published in the Aberdeen Herald) attracted the notice of Gordon of Knockespoek, and by his means sunshine at last entered the lowly home of the weaver-poet.

In 1841, Thom, by the kindness of Knockespoek, visited London, where he was introduced to Allan Cunningham, and many of the master-minds of the great metropolis. His hopes, perhaps indefinite at first, had not found any specific answer; for he returned to Scotland and his loom again, but not to the cheerless poverty of his former lot. After this return he again married; and in 1845 we find him once more in London, rendered famous by a stroke of Douglas Jerrold's pen, and publicly feasted at the Crown and Anchor. Again, however, disappointment dimmed his aspirations, and he returned to Hawhill, near Dundee.

Before he bade a final adieu to England, he penned the following fine verses, then turned his 'watery e'e' and footsteps to his 'ain bonny North:—'

FAREWELL TO LONDON.

I'm sick o' this Babel, see heartless an' cauld—
It's din winna suit wi' my nature ava;
We canna graff branches when wither'd an' auld—
It's time, gentle friends, I were toddlin' awa.
I fain would be hame—I would fain be aane—
In my cottar house, tramping my treddles again!
I'm no made for mingling in fashion's gay thrang—
I'm out o' my element acting the part;
For better I lo'e to be crooning a sang
By the blithe chimley cheek wi' the friends o' my heart—
Whiles blowing a cloud, an' whiles blowing a note,
As the cutty or flute comes first in my thought.
I'll no be a lion for ennuled rank—
I winna be trotted, or roar any more;
I scorn Mr Pelf as he rolls to his bank—
The Weaver is sterling and proud at the core.
My thoughts are my ain—I can beck not nor boo—
Duke Supple may cringe, but the Weaver is true.

I ne'er see the sun in this dull foggy town,
 Though I whiles get a glimpse o' the calm leddy-meen,*
 Bless her sweet face, blinkin' cooilyly down
 On my ain canny, ain bonny, dear Aberleen.
 O, when shall I greet thee—again shall I see
 Thy soft light reflected in clear flowing Dee?
 Farewell to thee, Candle! and weel may ye thrive
 Who raised me to fame with a dash o' thy pen;
 A better mate to thee when next thou shalt wive—
 A blessing be aye on thy but an' thy ben!
 Frae auld Aristarchus to Jeffrey the 'cute,
 Come show me the orkic can stann' in thy boot!
 Success to thee, Candle! success to the crew
 Round Punch's guffawing but sovereign board!
 Determined that all shall have fairly their due—
 Now rustin' a weaver, now roasting a lord,
 Now snubbing a Jenkins—now higher they go,
 To slatter a steenlet at Albert's chapeau.
 And farewell, Knockspock, my patron and chief—
 Mæcenas, Glencairn, and father to me;
 My heart-strings may crack, but I'll get nae relief
 Till the tears fa' in showers on the banks o' the Dee.
 What pillow see saft that can lull to repose
 As the green velvet banks where my dear river flows?
 Then, lyne't o'er the water, for now I'm awa',
 To breathe caller air by my Urr again;
 Though Jennie nae langer can answer my ca',
 I part for my hame—I am weary an' fain.
 Come, rouse ye, my merry men! bend ye the sail,
 An' let us awa' on the wings o' the gale!

And before he bade a last farewell to his harp, he thrilled it with the following sympathetic song, and then laid it down for ever:

A SONG OF THE DWELLERS IN DEAN VALE.

While we laugh and sing in this happy ring
 With a bright and brotherly glee,
 May we never forget that the sun has set
 On the homes of misery.

For, oh! it may be that this chill night wind
 Sweeps round some fireless hearth;
 Freezing the heart of the homeless one
 With never a friend on earth.

Then aye as we sing may we closer cling
 In our bright and brotherly glee;
 Yet never forget that the sun may set
 On the homes of misery.

Man was not made for the world alone,
 The world was lent to man;
 'Tis a debt we owe to heaven, you know;—
 Then pay it as well as you can.

Now winter rides mad in his carriage of snow,
 With his pelting rain and his hail;
 May it never be said that hunger and wo
 Held abiding in bonny Dean Vale.

Then aye as we sing may we closer cling
 In our bright and brotherly glee;
 And never forget that the sun may set
 On the homes of misery.

His poetry is full of beauty and pathos; it is smooth as a glassy stream, and as pure as dew. The following, to our mind, is an exquisitely sweet song, full of truth and tenderness:

TO MARY.

Oh, Mary! when you think of me,
 Let pity hae its share, love;
 Though others mock my misery,
 Do you in mercy spare, love!
 My heart, oh, Mary! own'd but thee,
 And sought for thine so fervently;
 The saddest tear e'er wet my e'e,
 Ye ken wha brocht it there, love.

Oh, lookna wi' that witching look
 That wiled my peace awa', love!
 An' dinna let me hear ye sigh—
 It tears my heart in twa, love!
 Resume the frown ye wont to wear,
 Nor shed the unavailing tear;
 The hour of doom is drawing near,
 An' welcome be its ca', love!

How could ye hide a thought sae kind,
 Beneath sae cauld a brow, love?
 The broken heart it winna bind
 Wi' gowden bandage now, love.
 No, Mary! mark you reckless shower:
 It hung aloof in scorching hour,
 An' helps nae now the feckless flower
 That sinks beneath its flow, love.

* Lady moon.

† Stone.

‡ Haste.

The hand that harped these beautiful stanzas is cold; the mountain-echoes shall never thrill responsive to his songs of sorrow any more; the fountain of his griefs shall never again brim over with its fullness of tears: but he has left poetic links by which to bind men's hearts to his memory, and he has left those of his blood and name who shall lament him through many changing years. His 'Jennie,' like Burns's Highland Mary, preceded him to the narrow tomb, but he has left a widow behind him, like Burns's Jean, and three little children, as helpless as was the family of his great minstrel progenitor. His widow has been left literally penniless; the eldest of his young children is four years of age, the youngest only three months. The world has been accused of neglecting genius—of refusing it a crust of bread while living, and raising a monumental stone over it when dead. This is a cry which we will not reiterate, because we do not believe it to be literally true. The world is not such a callous, whinstone-hearted being as it is cried down to be. Let it know where genius is suffering, and it will stretch out its hand to ease his cares, and send its warm sympathies to soothe his sorrows; but when it only knows of the struggles of its noblest sons after they have sunk under them, what can it do more than pour its sorrows over their dust? In this instance, however, it can do as has been done in many other memorable instances—it can soften the sorrows and lighten the poverty of Thom's dependents, who, whatever the world may now say regarding the departed poet, ought not to be sufferers from his failings, and are, at least, the heirs of his fame and the world's better sympathies. A committee has been formed of active and philanthropic gentlemen, who are endeavouring to rescue the widow and family of William Thom from their necessitous condition. The Provost of Dundee is chairman, and the Rev. George Gilfillan is an acting member, of this committee. The funds placed at the committee's disposal shall be placed in the Savings Bank, and allotted to the deceased poet's family, under the supervision of the committee. Subscriptions to this benevolent fund will be received by Mr P. Watson, merchant, High Street, Dundee, and we shall gladly transmit to the treasurer any sums that may be sent to our care. We are confident that this appeal will not be made in vain. No one who has read the sweet and beautiful effusions of Thom but must feel his heart melt over the prospects of his family, and his purse-strings will assuredly open with his expanding sympathies.

Death, alas! has been busy among our minor poets of late. Peter Still, who was so lately rescued from a poverty which was as nobly supported as was the physical incapacity which deepened it, has just died. He, too, has gone away when the spring-flowers were flushing. He saw the winter of his poverty depart with the last winter of his life; and, like William Thom, he too now sleeps the sleep that knows no breaking. Peace to their memories!

ECHOES FROM THE JAIL.

THE whole period of human life may be divided into three cycles, each cycle containing its phases or stages. It may be viewed as a hemisphere, having the zones of sunny youth, temperate manhood, and hoary senility, and each invested with some peculiar attribute, essential to, and in harmony with its state. These successive stages of life are marked by an arbitrary arrangement, just as a map is. Youth merges in manhood, and manhood in age, at periods which cannot be precisely indicated; the child blends in the adolescent, and the adolescent in the aged man, and the gradations of transition are so silent that they cannot be observed. The first period, or that of youth, is essentially one of tutelage; it is the time when the human capacity is being acted upon and formed, by the plastic hand of tuition, either for good or evil. The young embryo mind, so lately sent from heaven, is like a sheet of pure sensitised paper, lying open, in its guileless innocence, for the inscriptions, which are to be the future elements of its reflections and its impulses. Our youthful days are the days of instruction. We learn then from

everything. The flowers educate our smiles; the songs of birds, and the sunbeams, which scatter their showers of gold upon the daisies of the meadow, and cause the murmuring streams to sparkle in their golden radiance, teach us that we have sympathies, and lead them forth. The gestures of our companions, the words of casual passers-by, the teachings of our parents and guardians—all the elements of education are more or less brought to a focus on the youthful mind, moulding it, and impressing it for its aspect of manhood. Manhood is the period of action—the time when we apply the precepts of childhood to the purposes of life. It is the meridian of the cycle of mortality, when thought and labour divide the whole man, and the former begins gradually to supervene the latter. Impulse has yielded to reason by this time, and deeds are the regulated results of thoughts. Age, again, is the meet period of instruction. There is nothing that so dignifies and exalts senility as the position of educator. Man has then passed through the more active stages of life; he has ceased to rush blindly on his path, as he was wont to do in youth, and the attrition which he has undergone in his passage through the competitive struggles of manhood, has smoothed his spirit and his manners. The aged man, who is drawing near to his resting-place, has little practical use for much of the instruction which he acquired in youth. He has discovered the futility of many things that were taught him, and has added his experience to strengthen and adorn others. He is growing riper for the home of immortality, to which his aged eye is brightening; thither he cannot carry his mortal frame, and he will yield it to the earth from whence it came; the experiences of human life he will bear away with him, but as the world requires them, and heaven knows no selfishness, he will leave a rescript of them to posterity, in requital of what his progenitors gave of knowledge to him.

Having passed through the former stages, then, I have dared to assume the position of a teacher. I have been young, and I know what it is to tremble between an evil impulse and a better thought; I know what it is to be swayed by minds to which dependent childhood intuitively yields reverence; I have seen the years of manhood, and have resolved the precepts of my youth into the principles of my riper years; I have seen, I have sympathised, and I have suffered; and now I propose to paint, to the young particularly, a few of the experiences of my life, in order that they may learn to avoid the hidden rocks that lie beneath the placid surface of pleasure, and to combat with the seductive influences of desire, and the dangers of a pliant disposition. I may premise that I have never been vicious. I make this explanation, lest it may be supposed that mine are the practical experiences of a felon, who only becomes didactic when he can no longer rob—who preys upon the lives and property of men when free, but who preaches when he becomes manacled, fettered, and imprisoned. The instructions of the condemned criminal, even when seemingly of the most earnest character, ought always to be received with caution, if not with doubt. Truth does not germinate in depravity, and therefore it is not from the higher motives that even the best of criminals indite those badly-spelt doggrels that are hawked about the streets. Troubled and polluted springs cannot afford a hallowed stream; the virtuous alone are truly competent to rear the young in virtue, or to gracefully impart to youth the precepts of truth. I have often crossed the threshold of the jail; I have listened to the clanking of its keys, the creak of its doors, and the echoing foot-steps of its officials, as they paced along its high-walled narrow passages; I have conversed with its inmates of all grades, from the child who was being initiated in crime, to the reprobate who was petrified in incorrigible vice; I have become in some respects the friend of those poor criminals—the repository of their better thoughts—the medium of communication between them and a world which had cut them off from its communion; I have been, too, their sympathiser, and their teacher.

If a criminal could be completely dissociated from hu-

manity by the exercise of the law, or if the acts of such an one were only visited upon himself in the punishment, I would not have been tempted to pen these records for the eyes of those who are hastening to the active stages of the world's highway; but my aim is in some degree to operate upon the sympathies of the young and generous for good, and to show that one crime, upon account of the circumstances of kindred, and the law of sympathy, is the producer of many tears—the breaker of many hearts—and the source of pain and agony, that are not borne over the seas with the felon, but lie corroding in the breasts of fathers, mothers, and kindred, until their hearts, full to repletion with wo, care, and shame, break, and cease to feel. Prison life abstractly would furnish almost nothing to interest the lover of narrative or the moral economist. One day's routine is an index of what goes on always, unless the old formula is changed for another by legislative enactment, and then it too becomes a system. It is from his connection with the world without that the criminal becomes an object of deep interest. Every human being has some relations from which a prison-walls cannot separate him—some affection that cannot be torn from him, however vile he may be. Such is, we might almost say, the infatuity of love, that an object which it has originally cherished for his virtues, it clings to in all the singleness and strength of disinterestedness, even when he falls to vice; this I have often seen. Ah, if young men only knew—if they could only see reflected before them the consequences of one folly, not to themselves, but to those who love them, they would surely pause and tremble lest they should step for a moment aside, and cause one pang to bosoms from which even their follies and their crimes cannot part them!

The massive doors of — jail were opened to me when I pleased to visit it, and as I pleased to do so very frequently, although each visit was productive of sadness and pain, I was looked upon in some degree as an associate by the taciturn, stern-looking officials, and treated with as much openness as men of their character and in their condition could be expected to show. I do not know whether they sympathised with me or not; perhaps they smiled at my mission, which was one of persuasion and appeal, as they compared its visible effects with those of bolts and bars. They admitted me to the cells, however, with all apparent goodwill, and they never scrupled to converse with me regarding the inmates of these dreary abodes that were so frequently changing their tenants.

'Well, Mr Barr,' said I to a turnkey, as I passed him on his accustomed bench, 'how is Harrington this morning?'

'Why, he's marked for the third batch,' said the jailer, coolly raising his eyes from the 'Newgate Calendar,' which he was studying, 'and,' he continued, 'he goes at two P.M.'

'The appeals of his friends have been unsuccessful, then,' said I, with a portion of the sadness of my feelings trembling in my voice, 'and the representations of Mr Morton have availed him nothing?'

'You see, sir,' said Barr, who was a large, stout man, with a broad face and low forehead, beneath which dull, leaden-like eyes twinkled from the shade of bushy, dark eyebrows—'you see, sir, the case was a good un'; and the jailer roused himself up, laid aside his book, and seemed preparing himself for a discussion.

'Poor fellow!' said I, involuntarily.

'Well, now,' said Barr, emphatically, 'he might have knowed better. He was not like one on them kinchins that are brought up to this, and are better here than out. He got education, and I should like to know what use education is for, if it don't teach a fellow to keep beyond them walls. I said the case was a good un,' he continued, pursing up his mouth, and looking infinitely satisfied. 'Gobby and I were a-talking over it, and we came to the conclusion that the judge that didn't see this case wasn't fit for his situation.'

'He is young, respectfully connected, and this is his first crime,' said I, in a deprecating voice.

'Ah, but then you see he flew high all at once!' said Barr, coolly. 'If he had been sensible he would have tried the petty larceny line first, and then he would have known by degrees how we treats patients here; but he didn't, you see.' Barr was here interrupted by a wave of the hand from a superior, and with a smile on his face at the idea of having perpetrated a joke, he hurriedly left me standing alone, as I could not visit any of the prisoners without his aid.

Edward Harrington was a young man, whose manners and exterior did not accord with a prison. He wore the degrading badge of crime, it is true, as well as the most depraved-looking of the wretches with whom he took his daily airing in the yard; but his countenance had not yet assumed the Cain-like cast of features that invariably stamps itself upon the faces of the fallen and the vile, and he still retained the carriage and the restrained deportment of one who had been conventionally educated. It is impossible to convey by language an adequate idea of a hardened, incorrigible criminal. He must be seen in order to be known. The dogged sullenness of his visage, and the bold abandoned swagger of his gait, are more forcible indices of the condition of his mind than are the oaths which he belches from the darkened, foul cavern of his spirit. Harrington possessed none of those graver attributes of the felon or murderer. A shade of irony or irritability now and again passed across his face, and sometimes a painful contraction of his features would involuntarily disclose the workings of a mind diseased, but otherwise he was as precise and gentlemanly in his deportment as if he had been at home. I liked the youth from the first time I had seen him, but I was sorry to perceive that he retained that mental confidence sufficient to enable him to act the conventionalist; not that I considered good manners out of place in a jail, but because the natural torrent of his sorrow had been too weak to irrigate his conscience with the healing waters of repentance. When he was first brought to prison he appeared to be totally cast down; tears, groans, and sobs were my only responses when I spoke to him of his condition; and when I tried to operate upon his sympathies, that I might warm his heart to receive the consolations of religion, he talked incoherently, and would not be comforted. When he became calm, he evinced more anxiety to know the relations of crime and punishment, than to listen to the precepts of religion and morality, and took more pains to catechise me concerning the spirit of human laws, than of those which are eternal and divine. I shall never forget the terrified yet indignant look which his countenance assumed when I, after repeated interrogations, informed him that young men of education, who had betrayed the trust which employers had reposed in them, or who used their education as the vehicle of dishonesty, were far more severely punished than the outcast, ignorant thief.

'And shall they banish me for a first offence?' he cried, while a choking in his throat showed the intensity of his fear.

'Forgery is a grave crime, young man,' said I, seriously, 'and you have neither ignorance nor poverty to urge in extenuation of its commission. You have been instructed in well-doing, and you have been nurtured in comfort, yet you have chosen the path of shame and sorrow, and have brought grief to the soul of your only parent.'

The heart of Harrington was not originally bad; it was not primitively a hard and callous case, full of selfishness; but education—the vicious education of an abandoned companionship—had corrupted it, and ruined its possessor. His mother's sorrows seemed hardly to touch him, as I spoke to him of them at first, and gradually he could converse about his former pursuits, and amusements, and companions, with an ease and carelessness that grieved me, and rendered my hopes of his redemption far less sanguine than my fears of his deeper fall were strong. He was the orphan son of a merchant of respectability. When his father died, he had been apprenticed to one of the trustees of his parent's insolvent affairs. A love of display, and false and perverted notions of manliness and spirit, had led the youth

into the company of others of his own age, whose vices and follies were too expensive for their means, and who, hurried on by infatuated appetites, paused not to consider where folly ended its career and crime took up the race. In an evil hour, and under the influence of that fearful vanity which so often plays with the gibbet to win the approbation of the thoughtless, or perhaps vicious, Edward Harrington had forged a bill upon an old correspondent of his father. It was, of course, dishonoured and protested, and, before either the partners in the banking-house, Mr Gully, or young Harrington, had well reflected on the consequences, the youth was apprehended, and the parties committed to prosecute for forgery. I had felt interested in the poor youth's case, and had endeavoured to become the medium of communication between him and home; but if he understood my intentions by the delicate hints which I gave him, he did not seem inclined to profit by them, for he appeared not to notice them. His trial had been an exposure of youthful follies that did not operate in his favour, and having been found guilty by the jury, and admonished by the judge, he was sentenced to ten years' transportation. Alas! and he so young—he was only in his twenty-third year. I thought it would have crushed him, but it did not. He had begun immediately to speculate, after his sentence, upon the probability of becoming an overseer, or some such thing, in Australia, and his spirit still retained a buoyancy which seemed, in him at least, very unbecoming.

'This way, ladies,' said Barr, as he returned to the yard, leading an elderly woman, in deep mourning, from the main passage into the yard, where I stood, while a gentleman, evidently some relation of the lady, followed, with two interesting-looking girls hanging upon his arms. 'This, ma'am,' said the official, pointing with a key through the massive stanchions of a parallelogram, 'is number one, where the little prize as is new caught are allowed to play leap-frog for an hour a-day. It's a good amusement to them as is used to it,' said the wonderfully loquacious turnkey, 'and two or three of the little boys as can't stay away from us, are really expert at it.'

The widow, who was tall, had once been handsome, happy, and beautiful, bent her head, and raised her handkerchief to her eyes.

'This here cage is number two,' said Barr, evidently supposing that he was both interesting and instructing the visitor; 'this here is where the femines teach each other vocal music, and the manly art of self-defence. There's a talk about making 'em work, and taking away several of the prisoners' privileges. I guess, if they had anything to say in the matter, they would protest against the change,' said the jailer sententiously.

As the group of visitors approached, I raised my hat and bowed. The sorrow-stricken family returned the salute with much apparent embarrassment, and I heard the youngest girl whisper to the gentleman, 'He is the chaplain.' They were extremely beautiful girls, tall, and delicately formed, with pale expressive features, in which grief was blended with intelligence and benevolence. They wore black dresses of Orleans cloth, and their little bonnets of black silk were scarcely so glossy as their raven hair. Their ages might be fifteen and seventeen.

'Visitors to number twenty-nine, sir,' said Barr, winking his eye to me. I bowed again, and they passed toward the yard which led into Harrington's cell. I directed my way to another part of the jail, lest I should intrude upon the sad meeting.

I was sitting conversing with an old man, who had been convicted of poaching, and who, having wounded a game-keeper in an affray, was about to be transported, when the cell-door was thrown open, and Giles Brook was called out into the yard to be manacled.

'Yes, yes, master,' said he, turning to me, and shaking his head before he went, 'you may bother me with logic, and put me out with your learning, but you wont make me believe that I am a thief for shooting a hare, or that the carcass of a leveret is worth seven years of my life and liberty.'

I followed the unhappy man into the yard, and never shall I forget the sad scene that was being enacted there. The prisoners who were about to be conveyed to the transport were joined in couples, and fastened to each other by strong iron manacles, which locked their hands together, and of which a constable carried the key. Their relatives had been allowed the melancholy privilege of seeing and conversing with them previous to their final separation, and these stood round in groups, sobbing or talking to each other in low, broken tones. The governor of the prison was there, to see that the prisoners were delivered, and to receive from the conveying officer the certificates of transfer. The chaplain, my aged and benevolent friend, moved amongst the prisoners, shaking hands with them, and looking sadly in their faces, as he gave them some kindly parting advice; and the other officers of the jail, dressed in their newest uniforms, were moving about with a busy, business-like air.

'Number twenty-nine,' said the governor, looking over his roll—'Edward Harrington.'

'Number twenty-nine,' cried one of the officials, taking up the word. 'I say, Barr, unkenel that file.'

Barr slowly opened the door of the cell, and pushed in his head. 'Time's up, visitors,' he said, in a low voice. 'Your batch is a making up, prisoner.'

A low, sad, sobbing sound issued from that chamber, in answer to the jailer's intimation.

'Oh, it's o' no use, ma'am,' said the turnkey, as kindly as he could. 'We can't put off no longer.'

'Come along there!' cried the man who had first ordered the prisoner to be brought forth; and he walked, with an imperious scowl upon his face, to the cell-door, and, pushing back the less impetuous turnkey, ordered the prisoner to turn out.

Edward Harrington had been allowed to dress in his own proper raiment, until he should reach the transport; and as he came forth, with his pale face and dishevelled hair, habited in the extreme of fashion, and surrounded by his mother and sisters, who clung to him frantically and wept, I felt that he was like an exotic in that home of the depraved. Vice owns no condition. Like sin, it belongs, alas! to all estates; but, nevertheless, it is true that it germinates and grows up most in the haunts of ignorance and destitution. We grieve less for actual suffering, if we expect it or believe it to be natural to the creature that endures. In the ragged, sullen-looking urchin, who has been born in sin, reared in vice, and nurtured in iniquity, we see less to claim our sympathy than in the little, delicate child, whose innocent face belies the charge of crime. It is not right that it should be so. Vice should be abhorred whatever form it assumes; and surely the most vicious are the objects most worthy of our pity, as assuredly they have known the least of moral sunshine. Yet Harrington was so unlike the coarser, more brutalised felons around him, that no one could have failed to single him out as an object of especial sympathy.

'Let me go, mother!—Jane, Eliza, leave me!' cried the young man, evidently struggling to suppress his conflicting feelings.

'Oh! Edward, Edward, we shall never see you again!' cried his sisters, simultaneously. 'We have been lonely without you, and we have been sad, but this will kill us.'

'My son, my son,' sobbed his parent, 'would that you had listened to the voice of your mother when you hearkened unto the words of evil companions!'

'You will drive me mad,' cried the young man, petulantly, while his eyes glared wildly around him.

'Oh, if the bubbles which danced on the surface of the cup in which you too often indulged, could have mirrored this scene, you would have paused, would you not?' and his mother looked with the most touching sadness in the face of the forger.

'If you had killed me when in my cradle I would have been spared this misery,' exclaimed the young man, boisterously.

His mother looked in his face for a few seconds silently, and an expression of intense pain passed over her own elo-

quent countenance. 'Yes, you have suffered misery, Edward,' she said, in low sad tones, that trembled on her quivering lips; 'but bethink you, my son, has it not been the result of your own follies and crimes? I, too, have suffered misery, and scorn, and shame, and sorrow, and your poor, innocent sisters have shared it with me. We were guiltless of the deed that produced our proscription from the happiness that attends an honest fame. Have you not thought of us?'

'You have nothing to do with my misfortunes,' said the youth, sullenly, 'so have done nothing to merit commiseration.'

'We have to do with you, however,' said his mother, sadly, 'and must remember and love you when you are far away. You only bear a small portion of the consequences of your deep, dire, disgraceful crime. The world shall point at us as the disgraced mother and sisters of a banished man.'

'You have come to upbraid me, mother,' said the young man, coldly, at the same time struggling to release himself.

'Oh, no, no!' cried his mother, sobbing aloud; 'but I wish that by the sacrifice of my life I could recall you to that condition of honesty which not a year ago was yours.'

The governor and his inferiors had refrained from interfering in this delicate and affecting scene, for the beauty of the sisters, and the eloquent agony of that mother, were too powerful and natural not to influence even the rudest of hearts. Barr wiped his dull eyes, and busied himself more than ordinarily in the arrangement of the prisoners, and even the peremptory head-turnakey, Gobby, stood mutely looking on for some seconds.

'Harrington and Giles Brooks must be coupled now,' said the governor at last, in an angry tone, as if he were ashamed of having caught himself giving way to his natural feelings while on duty. 'We must prevent the recurrence of such scenes as this,' he muttered; 'I shall sooner resign than be subjected to them. I say, Mr Tomlin,' he exclaimed, turning to the chaplain, with great excitement, 'I am only required to see the law executed upon malefactors; I am not expected to endure the sight of its operations upon the good and the innocent. I am not a stoic, and I will not bear this.' The tall and manly-looking governor walked rapidly up and down the yard, to hide the workings of his face, and to exclude the sight of the separation, which was now inevitable.

I shall never forget the screams of those innocent sisters, as their gentle arms twined round the brother who had debased their family name, and disgraced them in the eyes of the cold world; I shall never forget the silent, awful agony that wrote its deep and painful impressions on the pale and blanched cheeks of that mother. The son that had been her pride—the boy in whom she had beheld the image of a dead and beloved husband—the hope of her widowhood, and of her age—the actual blight and disgrace of her life, was being dragged from the bosom that had nurtured him, to be exiled from his native land, a broken man. There seemed to be something like an awe pervading the spirits of those who stood around, as they witnessed the grief of these superior natures, manifesting itself, not in frantic gestures and incoherent ejaculations, but in those speechless workings which reach the heart. The forger was torn from his sisters' arms and his mother's embrace. It was as gently done as strong, rude men could do it, and Mr Tomlin, the gentleman who had accompanied Mrs Harrington, and myself, strove to soothe the females. Alas! I saw in that poor woman's eyes the deep revelation of a cureless sorrow. Her son might even attain to wealth and consideration in the land to which he was being sent, but she was stricken down for ever by the sting of his disgrace. Her heart, that nobody could see, was sobbing and bleeding within her poor bosom, that concealed from all but one eye, the darkness of its troubled currents.

A few short months, and Mrs Harrington was in her grave. She had borne up until she heard that Edward had landed in Australia, and, blessing him, and hoping

that he would become a better and a wiser man, she died, leaving her daughters to struggle for a subsistence with their needles. The disgrace of that brother's crime clung to them through life. Goodness, suffering, and beauty, were insufficient to preserve them in that society in which they had been reared, and in which the bounty of their relatives might have preserved them. They were the sisters of a convict, whose presence in the house of a relative recalled a disgraceful connection. They were pitied at first, then shamed, and finally neglected, because of their accidental relationship.

Could the man who totters on the verge of criminality only realise the sublime saying of the Roman orator, that 'man does not live for himself alone,' how cautiously would he draw back from the dark gulf of temptation! If every man could only recollect that even the most trivial word or casual deed, spoken or transacted upon this earth, floats upon the stream of life, and vibrates into the ocean of eternity, operating through numberless beings, perhaps, who have been impressed by him, surely he would guard each word and deed, as he guards his grosser legacy of gold, and would take care that it should be pure and true.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY

IN CONNECTION WITH THE ABORIGINES OF AMERICA.

We are indebted (says the 'British Colonist') to Major Anderson, of the Indian department, for the particulars of a singular discovery made near Penetanguishene.

Some three years since, Canadians exploring in the neighbourhood of Penetanguishene, found, about six miles from it, a cavity in the earth, into which they thrust their 'walking-sticks,' and disturbed one or two skulls, but did not proceed further with the inquiry. From time to time the matter was considered and discussed, till at length Mr Henry Thomson and Mr Hill of the Mohawk determined to visit the spot and examine it more carefully. Provided with fitting implements, they went on with the excavation, in the course of which they threw out about 50 human skulls and a large quantity of bones. With these were found 26 or 27 copper kettles, shallow in form, about 3-16ths of an inch in thickness, and three feet in diameter. Some among them were hooped with a rude iron band, so rude that the hammer stroke is scarcely discernible except where they are rivetted. Some of those vessels are perfect, others are fractured from the extent to which corrosion has gone on; while many bear on the base marks of some red pigment, which time has failed to remove. It is assumed that they would each contain twenty gallons. With these remains were found three conque shells, which, as our readers are aware, are altogether unknown in the inland waters. Scattered irregularly among the bones were found a number of beads—not coral, or glass, or porcelain, but apparently sawn out of the conque shell, and perforated, that they might be strung. The presumption is, that this formed the original 'wampum,' before the introduction of beads, such as now grace the neck of the squaw. With these articles was found an iron axe; the rust, however, prevented any marks from being discerned. The whole of these remains and implements were placed on beaver-skins, the fur of which was destroyed, as may well be imagined, by the damp—the skin, however, remaining entire. The care bestowed by the denizens of the forest on the remains of those torn from them, when considered relatively with their rude mode of life, 'is passing strange.' A bed of beaver skins! how few among the civilised have had this in the 'still, cold chamber of the narrow grave.' A short distance from this spot a similar discovery has been made, on Bantry's Island, by some Canadians who were digging, and found a large worsted belt, bearing the indication of its having belonged to the sacerdotal office. With this there were some pieces of copper, of an isosceles triangular form, each weighing two or three ounces, and an agricultural implement made of copper, and fixed in a wooden shaft.

The skulls found are of a retreating character, in the portions allotted by phrenologists to the perceptive and

reflective faculties, bearing a marked resemblance to the early Egyptians. Nor are the utensils of which we have spoken without the evidence of their pattern having an eastern origin, as will be palpable to all who shall examine the specimens in the hands of Major Anderson. One singular feature of the discovery consists in the fact, that over the cavity (or rather in the centre of it) from which these relics were procured, a tree was growing, some eighteen or twenty inches in diameter, and giving assurance of it being at least 200 years old. The questions then present themselves: Who, in the year of grace 1647, were the lords of this continent? Who then traversed the forests on Lake Huron, and indulged in their siesta on the little islands with which its bright surface is studded? Who taught the art of making copper vessels of the thickness of a penny, and of three feet in diameter, at such a period? For what purpose were such vessels constructed? It may not be unprofitable to advert for a moment to the mention of such vessels in Holy Writ, which are there always spoken of as brass. In Exodus there is the declaration—'Thou shalt make his pans to receive his ashes, and his shovels, and his basons, and his flesh-hooks, and his fire-pans.' In Numbers—'The censers, the flesh-hooks, and the shovels, and the basons—all the vessels of the altar: and they shall spread upon it a covering of badgers' skins.' Again—'Every open vessel which hath no covering bound upon it is unclean;' and in Ezekiel—'Take thou also unto thee wheat, and barley, and beans, and lentiles, and millet, and flitches, and put them into one vessel.' May it not be that some of the forms of the Israelitish faith were received by those poor Indians, long before Columbus crossed the Atlantic, and retained by them till the gigantic strides of civilisation, made subsequently to 1650, reduced them to their present abject state? We are neither antiquarians nor archaeologists—would that we were!—but we do not feel the less anxious that those whose acquirements fit them for, and whose engagements are consonant with, such inquiries, should devote their attention to the subject.

'Truth is strange, stranger than fiction;' and it may be that even here some information, all-important in our reading, lies hid. However other relics and remains may have puzzled the inquirer heretofore, we do not recollect any circumstance forcing on the mind such important questions as surround the discovery of these Indian remains at Penetanguishene.

LIFE AND CHARACTER ON THE EAST COAST OF SCOTLAND.

A NIGHT ON THE DEEP.

WITHIN the elbow of the arm of the German Ocean which constitutes the Moray Frith lies the seaport town of Fraserburgh, in what sailors would call the 'bight of a bay.' Viewed from the sea, it has a very picturesque appearance. On the north-eastern headland or promontory stands Kinnaid Castle, now used as a lighthouse, but once famous as the stronghold of the Frasers of Saltoun in feudal times. Southward, about two miles from this point, a ridge or chain of rocks stretches fully a mile eastward into the deep sea, and mostly covered at low water. In the middle of this dangerous ledge there is a gap, or what the fishermen term a *hause*, through which, at stream tides, small vessels occasionally pass. On the rocky terrace, which here forms a point of the mainland, stands a cluster of fishing villages, that look as solid and enduring as if they had been hewn out of the grey-stone rock of which they are built. Midway in the semicircular sweep of yellow sand, which here lines off the bay, and over the sandbanks which flank the floodmark of the tide, there is a fine tract of prairie land opening up a highly cultivated country, in the foreground of which may be seen, peering through a clump of old firs, the present residence of Lord Saltoun. Here, in the quiet retirement of the far north, unattended by any retinue of officials, and undisturbed by the intrusions of obsequious visitors, the hero of many a battle-field and the conqueror of China now rests on his laurels. He has neither wife nor child to

share his fortune, and his chief companion is his mother, the dowager Lady Saltoun, who is nearly a hundred years of age. The seaport town of Fraserburgh holds baronial burgage from the Frasers of Saltoun, and the present lord takes a lively interest in all its fortunes.

'Twas a dark and stormy morning when we made our acquaintance with the geography of this spot. The little craft in which we had taken passage from the Moray Frith was all at once laid a-beam by a gale which came suddenly away from the south-east. In one short hour the sea was changed from the calmness of a lake to the wildness of an eastern tornado, and the waves which *lipped* along or over our washboards now playfully lashed our sides as if we had been in the Bay of Biscay. Our captain was a stranger to the coast, and, being unacquainted with the *set* of the tide, missed his calculation; and when we fondly hoped to be running for the harbour with the light bearing north-west of the compass, our vessel struck. Again she struck, and the third mighty wave heaved us over the *hausc* of 'Cairnbulg-Brigs,' the nautical name by which the chain of sunken rock previously described is known. Once over and into deep water, the little bark trembled, as it were, on recovering from the shock, and while we looked at each other wistfully, no one had power to speak. 'All hands to pump' was the first order; and for a time the democracy of necessity made us work together—captain, mate, crew, and passengers—for dear life; and by this united effort we were saved.

The storm is over, and the mighty moving mass of water is quiet and smooth again as a sea of glass. The bay is studded with tiny craft of all shapes and sizes, from France, Holland, Belgium, Russia, Prussia, Norway, and England. 'Where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together.' The herrings are now on the coast, and all kinds of animals, clean and unclean, hunt them as prey. Three hundred boats have just left the harbour of Fraserburgh to fish under the dead of night. In these three hundred boats are fifteen hundred men; and as almost every man has a wife and children, at least six thousand mouths are looking to be fed from the produce of this night's labour. The fleet, when under sail, is a fine sight. Bending to the breeze, and managed with as much ease and freedom as the engine-driver commands his locomotive, the boats 'walked the waters like things of life,' until they reach the offing of the Dogger-Bank, where a shoal of herrings, of some ten miles in length, two in breadth, and probably a quarter of a mile in depth or thickness, were now laying in wait for a smooth and land-wind to dart shorewards to the shingly bottom to spawn.

Stowed away in the 'stern-sheets' of one of these boats, 'as fine a clipper,' to use the description of our captain, 'as ever split a wave,' it was our privilege to enjoy a night on the deep. For two hours we had been under sail, but *doused* when 'Monivaird Hill' dipped its saddle-back in the water on the landward horizon. This was the Newtonian measurement of our distance from the shore to a point in the offing, where a good fishing had been secured the night before. The whole fleet, now under bare poles, looked like a forest of naked pines gradually disappearing, as one after another was dropped from the step and socket, to keep the boats easy while they lay at the nets.

The sun was now down, and our fishermen turned to the nets. Then commenced the *shotting*, that is, the casting of the nets into the water, and keeping the boat on line with the buoys. Each net is fifty yards long and six yards deep, the size of the meshes being fixed by act of Parliament. They measure nearly one inch square; the practical effect of which is to keep out the large herrings and let through the small, by which the coarse or large herrings are left to multiply the spawn—a philosophy which must satiate the heart of the veriest Malthus that ever lived. Along the upper edge of the net is fastened a bolt-rope, to which buoys are attached at equi-distances from each other, and from which the nets are suspended in the sea by stones in the foot-rope, or tied to the lower edge of the net like a sheet. If the fish are conjectured

to be near the bottom, the buoy-rope is lengthened; if near the surface, it is shortened; and each net is tied to the other until the whole extends a thousand yards from the boat, and swing with the tide. To prevent the herrings from seeing the meshes of the nets in the water, the twine is dyed brown by the liquid of oak or birch bark, which also prevents the hemp from rotting, by being thus made impervious to wet. On this invisible surface the herrings rush, and having got their heads in just over the ear, in drawing back the cord lays hold of the *gill*, and thus keeps them fast.

As soon as the nets are down, four out of every five of the fishermen roll themselves up in the sails, or stow themselves away in the forebreast of the boat to take a sleep, while the other keeps watch. Every boat now shows a light from the bow or stern; a floating light is sometimes placed on the outer end of the nets; and when the whole fleet from the coast, numbering some twelve or thirteen hundred boats, are fully lit up, the scene looks like a gala night in China, when 'the feast of lanterns' illuminates the bay of Canton.

Scarcely had the dead silence of night settled down upon us, when a peal of solemn music burst on the ear. The fine harmonious swell of the 'Old Hundred' psalm tune rose from a concert of voices, and spread its soft and delicious melody over the wide expanse of the quiet waters. For a time all heaven seemed vocal, and the soul a symphony of song. 'What meaneth that?' we inquired at our solitary watchman, as the music ceased and was followed by the voice of prayer. 'These, sir, are the missionaries, who pray and sing every night when their nets are down;' and then we learned that amongst those hardy sons of the ocean there are not a few pious, worthy men, who contrive to get as near to each other as possible at night, to engage in prayer and praise. The primitive character of Christianity is nowhere more remarkably exhibited than in the life of these devout fishermen. Every night they are prevented from going to stay their meet for prayer; and one evening, while resident in the locality, we happened to be present at one of their meetings. The room, in which some twenty or thirty men were assembled, was a hired lodging. During the fishing season of July and August, the fishermen leave their own little huts, and rent rooms in the fishing towns. It was in one of these rooms where this prayer-meeting was held. In one end was a fireplace, and around it a few children sat playing with the dying embers. Near by was their mother, seated on a low stool, with a Bible in her hand. On her right a patriarchal-looking, grey-haired, weather-beaten countenance man was turning over the leaves of a New Testament, brown as umber and yellow as gamboge with smoke. He was dressed in a suit of hoddens-grey, jacket, waistcoat, and trousers, well patched with white canvass and blue serge, the place of some large horn buttons that had been torn off being supplied by wooden pins fastened to the eye-holes by a few warps of net twine on the centre, over the ends of which the loop or button-holes were passed. Around his neck was carelessly coiled a grey worsted cravat, tied in single knot, the ends hanging loosely down, and but barely covering a blue striped shirt, the collar and breast of which stood out from the upper edge of a speckled jerkin, or woollen frock, worn immediately underneath the vest. He was seated on an old oaken chair, and before him stood a small deal table with a hymn-book lying on it. Around the other three sides of the room some twenty or thirty nets were dispersed, each net tied up in a bundle, so as to form both a seat and a sort of couch, where the fishermen were reclining, each with a book in his hand. On the floor a few stools and chairs were placed, and these were mostly occupied by women. The men were all dressed in hoddens-grey or blue. About eight o'clock the old man in the arm-chair gave out a hymn, which was sung by all the party standing, and with truly touching pathos. The patriarch then read a chapter in St John, and called on one of the brethren to pray. For fully half-an-hour did one of these simple-hearted men pour

forth his thoughts in devotion; and such was the flow of language, the felicity of expression, and the deep-toned earnestness of the prayer, that no mind, however thoughtlessly disposed, could have continued unimpressed in such a scene. Never before did we realise more fully the sublime language of Montgomery:

'Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed—
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.'

For three hours this meeting continued, and at nearly midnight each went to his own home. The religion of these fishermen is that of Christian enthusiasm. They look on themselves as immediately identified with the apostles in habit, in feeling, and association, and the very accessories of their profession are made to minister to a spirit of devotion. They read few books except the Bible and 'Pilgrim's Progress'; and although this necessarily keeps them ill-informed as to the progress of society, it serves to deepen their religious feeling and increase their reverence for the divine law.

But to return. The midnight hours were spent in cheerless languor. Not a sound was heard but the scream of the sea-fowl, and now and then the blow of a whale. Even our watchman went a-dozing while his fellows soundly slept. About three o'clock the sea all at once changed its colour from a deep black to a silvery white, on seeing which all hands were called, and a desperate effort made to get the nets aboard. The fish, it seems, had now struck—that is, a shoal had run against the nets; and as the herrings when first rise to the top and lie flat on the surface of the water for a time, we were now in the crisis of hauling a boatful, or seeing the nets sink to the bottom with the weight of fish. In one hour the nets were in, and sixty barrels, or 42,000 herrings, lay dead in our boat. This was a heavy take, and one which rarely crowns the labours of the industrious fisherman. Sail was then made for the land, and by seven o'clock we were ashore. Here we found that almost every boat had got a good take. There could not be fewer than six or seven thousand crans or barrels of herrings landed that morning, which, at the current prices, were equal in value to three thousand pounds sterling!

Having thus seen how the herrings are caught, few words will serve to show how they are cured. As soon as the boats land, the fish are carted or carried to the curing yard. Here they are poured into large square boxes, and women commence gutting them. Three women generally form themselves into what is called a *crew*, or joint-stock trio. Two of these, with a short-bladed, sharp-pointed knife, nip out the *gut* and *gill* by a process of throat-cutting which cannot be described. Yet so expeditiously is this work done, that one woman will gut two thousand five hundred herrings an hour! The third woman of the crew packs the fish into barrels. The herrings, when newly gutted, are tumbled into a large tub, beside which the packer stands, and with a tin plate scatters over them as much salt as serves to *rust* them well, in other words, to salt them for the first course in the packing, which is finished by laying the herrings nearly on their backs, with the heads to the side of the barrel, and one fish over every other two in the centre. Between each row is thrown a good sprinkling of salt; and as each course, as it rises, crosses the one immediately below it, some seven hundred herrings are thus crammed into an ordinary-sized cask, the dimensions of which, like the size of the meshes in the nets, are fixed by act of Parliament. After standing a few days, the greater part of the salt becomes brine, and in this the herrings float, and will keep for a year without damage. The shrinking of the fish in process of cure continues for about ten days. At the end of fourteen days the government officer inspects them, and if found properly cured, brands the cask with a red-hot iron, which leaves the impression of an imperial crown. They are then ready for shipment, and are mostly disposed of for exportation to Ireland and the Continent.

The home-cured herrings are chiefly *reds*. This process of cure is quite different from that of the other, or white fish. In preparing red herrings, the gut is not taken out, and they are only left about forty-eight hours in the salt before they are hung in the smoke-house. The first step in this process, after being packed as white herrings, is to run a spit of about a yard or a yard and a half long through the gills of a dozen or a score of herrings, which are then spread out at equal distances and swilled through two or three waters. They are then hung in frames in the open air or in covered sheds to dry, after which they are placed in the red-herring house. This house is generally about fifty feet long, fifteen broad, and thirty high. It is divided into say four compartments, each compartment having a framework which admits of the spits being hung the one above the other at given distances from the top to within ten or twelve feet of the floor. When the house is full, a few fires are kindled with oak, birch, or beech-wood, and kept so low with sawdust as to prevent flame and keep up a constant smoke. The roof of the house being tiled without plaster, the smoke escapes leisurely, and thus a fresh supply is constantly obtained. When the herrings begin to get firm, the fires are strengthened, and the fish are cured so as to suit the different markets of Scotland and England. The London market takes straw-coloured, soft, plump, large herrings; Glasgow and Liverpool high-coloured, hard-dried fish; the one cure being effected in three days, the other in a fortnight or three weeks.

Nearly half a million of people are in one way or another connected with or dependent on the herring-fishery of Scotland. A branch of business thus extensive is well worthy of every encouragement, and a class of people so interesting deserves the warmest sympathies of the wise and the good.

THE MONKS OF OLD.

THERE are few institutions, however reprehensible they may be in their general character, and however false the principles upon which they are based may be generally considered, which do not present themselves to us under some one or other aspect of good. Monachism, which may be termed associated anchoritism, possesses all those attributes of condemnation which attach to that solitary state, having indeed greater power either for good or evil. But while this is admitted, it cannot be denied that it is to the monks we owe the preservation of the Greek and Roman literatures during those dark ages which succeeded the destruction of the Roman empire, when the strong hand was reckoned the greatest good, and he who could write his name with fire and blood was accounted the noblest of men. It is to the same source that we owe the cultivation of letters, the transcription of historical events, and the compilation of books during that period when it was accounted mean of a noble to learn to read or write. The heroes of the battlefield and tilting-ring affected to despise what they were perfectly incompetent to perform and did not understand, just as a nature like Samuel Johnson's would affect to laugh at those delicate poetical allusions of a mind like Gray's, because he did not and could not feel them nor appreciate them.

The monks were the historians and the educators of their era; they preserved the books already in their possession by diligently transcribing them and sending the copies to other monasteries, and they took great pains in educating the young priests during their noviciate. In all large establishments of the order, there was an apartment called the writing-chamber, where study could also be prosecuted. Here the manuscripts were produced, under the supervision of the abbot, prior, subprior, and precentor of the convent, which committee was distinguished by the cognomen of *antiquarii*. The Anglo-Saxon monks were considered to be amongst the most beautiful of penmen, and they it was who originated the small Roman letters we now use, instead of the black-letter. The transcribing of books was considered to be one of the

most particular and delicate of processes, first as related to accuracy, and then to mechanical beauty, so that the old manuscripts are generally beautifully written and perfectly correct. It is a curious fact that the pens used by the monks of old were metal ones. They wrote upon parchment or vellum; their ink was a composition of soot or ivory-black and gum; they used pumice-stone in case of erasures; and they had an awl-like instrument, called a punctorium, for making dots. Metallic pens were used until the seventh century, when quills were introduced; and until the tenth century the substance on which they wrote was vellum, when paper came into use. It seems that even in this Providence had wisely ordered for the good of man, as many of the monastic manuscripts are still in a fine state of preservation, the writing being beautifully distinct and clear. The multiplication of books in those days was neither the easy nor cheap thing it is now, and, consequently, had the substance upon which they were written been less durable, we would have been more ignorant than we even now are of history. The monks, from being the only men of education in Europe at one time, completely monopolised the process of book-making, in all its forms; and they enjoyed the profits of bookselling also, as large estates were frequently set apart for the purchase of these valuable volumes, which ultimately came to the church. The vellum upon which these books were written was often of a very expensive kind, being purple in colour, in order to show to advantage letters of gold, silver, and parti-colours; and the binding was often very gorgeously embossed and lettered, although rude and heavy in its construction. A good idea of old books may be formed from those specimens now to be seen with illuminated title-pages and heavy oak-like bindings, which are at present becoming fashionable. The most common binding was a rough white sheepskin pasted over wooden boards, with large brass bosses; while the outsides of those intended for the service of the church were inlaid with gold, silver, ivory, and precious stones. Some books were covered with lead, and some had wooden leaves, but in the times of Froissart binding in velvet, with silver clasps and studs, began to be adopted for rich men's books. The monks also illuminated the title-pages of their volumes, and in this they were often assisted by the first painters of their age. This process, however, never attained to anything like perfection in their hands; the drawing and design were always confused and faulty; and colouring and gilding were the only two elements of the art in which they reached to a state of excellence. The pictures drawn upon their books were generally according to the nature of the subject treated of in the book, and the title itself was generally formed of letters of gold and azure mixed. Sometimes the labours of the monks, in writing and illuminating, so increased upon their hands that they introduced laymen to their studies, taught them the arts, and thus undoubtedly extended a taste for literature beyond the convent walls. This was regarded as an innovation upon monastic rules, and was as seldom as possible resorted to. The printing-press, however, soon superseded the labour of the monks, and rendered the profession of scribe as unprofitable as obscure; and in the year 1460, the art of engraving superseded that of illuminating. The last specimen of ancient illuminating is said to be preserved at Oxford, in the Lectionary or Code of Lessons for the Year, composed for Cardinal Wolsey. The process of illuminating is said to owe its origin to the very same principle as that upon which little picture-books for children, with illustrated alphabets, are produced—in order to render knowledge attractive to the senses in times of darkness and ignorance.

These employments of bookmaking were not the only ones, however, in which the monks excelled. The useful arts were cherished and cultivated by them, because, being theoretically men of peace, and acting as much as was convenient upon the principle they professed, they had both leisure to work and the tendencies towards productive labour. They were excellent sculptors and painters, were beautiful turners and carpenters, and also first rate arti-

ficers in gold and jewellery work. All these employments were developed upon the decorating of their churches and altars, which, it is well known, were splendid monuments of art and taste; and music and even chemistry were cultivated in these institutions. It is to monks that the discovery of coffee, Peruvian bark, gunpowder, and many other useful articles is attributed. Thomas de Bamburg, a monk of Durham, was employed to construct two great warlike engines for the defence of Berwick, which shows the fame this ecclesiastic had attained in these rude times as a handicraftsman; and at Wells there is still preserved an astronomical clock, which was made by one Lightfoot, a monk of Glastonbury, in the year 1825. The process of a monk's education was very tedious and very hard upon the intellect. They were generally men of much learning, although in many cases the most learned were the least pious.

It was as priests of the Church of Rome that the early reformers acquired their learning, and being filled with zeal and love of truth, they were on the one hand taught of the hierarchy the tergiversations of the Church of Rome, and on the other inspired to denounce and impeach them. Most of the candidates for the priesthood entered the monasteries when very young, and the traditions concerning the church were carefully repeated to them; the young men were also required to commit the Psalter to memory without omitting or changing a single word in the original, and this painful study was the occupation of many solitary hours in a lonely cell. Latin was also an essential study, being the language of the Septuagint; and French, after the Norman conquest, became an especial branch of acquirement. Writing and accounts were added to these lingual branches, and then the arts already specified, with gymnastic exercises, made up the routine of a monk's education. Their process of education, however, was at the best superficial. They were not taught to cultivate the understanding, and they never attained to anything like eminence in intellectual development. They never exemplified great literary ability, considering the opportunities and leisure they possessed; and the most elaborate or excellent of their works will never bear the least comparison with those of laymen of a later day. Any recluse can acquire the power of arranging words and sentences grammatically, and he may be able to discourse upon the ideas which have been left to him as the metaphysical heritage of a school; but a man must get out to the world, and hold converse with nature, before he can become its exponent and interpreter. William Shakspeare, the truant woolcomber boy of Stratford-upon-Avon, gathered more knowledge, in his everyday circumstances of life, in listening to common men and observing common phenomena, than did all the wall-circumscribed and formally-schooled monks who had gone before him. Monks never will make great poets or great philosophers; and although we confess ourselves indebted to them for the preservation of the Greek philosophies, we have not to thank them for anything very original of their own. It was not want of capacity in these men which prevented them from shining in the galaxy of genius; it was the circumscription of their sphere of observation. Genius must have a broader theatre in which to develop itself than the narrow circle of a monastery, where only one half-developed half of the human economy presents itself to the eyes and thoughts of youth. The world was given to man as a great book, where he should read of the might and glory of God, and from which he should draw corroborations of the revealed superiority of his own nature over all the works below. It was laid before him that he might grow in knowledge, as from his Bible he may also grow in grace, so that whatever tends to shut us out from the one or the other must be wrong in the sight of God. Monachism strikes at the root of original and vigorous thought. Moral sympathy is denied the exercise of all its varied powers, for it is shut up within the prison-walls of the convent, while nature is excluded from entering it. To monastics, however, we repeat, the world does not owe universal execration. But some thanks.





Portrait

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

JOHN KEATS.

'A POET is born, not made,' says Cicero, by which remark he means that the gift or faculty of song is a primary endowment, and not acquired artificially or by teaching and training. Nearly at the head of such true 'born' poets of nature, in whom 'the inspiration and the faculty divine' are developed so early in life, and so strikingly, as to leave no doubt of their proper vocation on earth, stands John Keats, the subject of our present sketch. Indeed, among all those whom Shelley beautifully styles 'the inheritors of unfulfilled renown,' no other name in English literature, save that of Chatterton, can claim for a moment even to rank on an equality with that of Keats. Michael Bruce, Henry Kirke White, and others cut off, like them, in their opening promise, must be assigned a much lower, though still most honourable place in the poetical scale. Not dissimilar were the fates of the two youthful sons of genius for whom we have thus claimed especial pre-eminence. The story of 'the marvellous boy who perished in his pride,' shadowed forth but too closely the career of his equally unfortunate successor, on whose high spirit the injustice of the world produced nearly the same disastrous effects; and, yet, short as was the existence here of the subject of the present notice, he lived long enough to ensure an immortality of fame. Grievous it must always be, nevertheless, to reflect on the brevity of his course, and the more so, as his last fragmentary composition was indubitably the grandest of all his works, exhibiting few or none of those blemishes, arising from youth and inexperience, which marred here and there the perfectness of his previous productions. In the poem alluded to, the 'Hyperion,' he rises into a style of sustained power, which makes us regret its unfinished state almost as much as Milton lamented that Chaucer should have

'Left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold.'

Byron, by no means inclined to over-rate the peculiar effusions of a genius like that of Keats, yet records his opinion, that 'the fragment of Hyperion seems actually inspired by the Titans (early giants), and is as sublime as Æschylus.' It may in truth be well compared to one of those wonderful torsos of antiquity, whose incompleteness cannot hide the grandeur of the original conception or the beauty of the execution, and only rouses the fancy to imagine what the work would appear in a state of entirety. Had Keats written nothing else, his name must have gone down to posterity as a genuine child of the muses. Yes! Coming ages will not allow the applicability of the words of the young bard himself, uttered in a moment of physical weakness, and when yearning for the repose of the grave, 'Here lies one whose name was written in water!' Touching language, but not just or true.

John Keats was born on the 29th of October, 1796. His parents were of humble station comparatively, but well situated in the world as regarded pecuniary circumstances. Very early in life did the 'divine *afflatus*' descend, apparently, upon his spirit, for his teachers at Enfield School became soon cognisant of his poetical tendencies, and encouraged him to cultivate them in his academic exercises. He was destined by his relations to the medical profession, though whether in the ambiguous English character of an apothecary or dispenser of medicine, or of a regular surgeon or physician, does not clearly appear. He was bound apprentice, however, to a surgical practitioner at the age of fifteen, and continued for a year or two to go through the ordinary drudgery attendant on such a position. When we think of the spirit thus trammelled, we cannot but entertain a strong (though perhaps very foolish) feeling of regret, every hour of that young life expended on the mortar and pestle being to all seeming a loss to the poetical literature of his country. However, the soul of song was in him, and long before he had reached manhood, he had both cultivated his mind highly by poetical reading, and had himself attempted to embalm his maturer thoughts in

verse. The model which he chiefly loved and followed among the works of the mighty dead, was the minor poetry of Shakspeare; and, among the moderns, his great favourite was Leigh Hunt. This is scarcely to be wondered at, or at least will be no matter of marvel to those who have particularly noted certain characteristics common to the poets in question, far apart as they may stand otherwise. *Eye-painting* is their especial and predominant feature; that is, painting (in words) either from a close and minute observation of actual objects in nature, or from fancy-subjects not less vividly presented to the mental apprehension. Keats seems to have felt this style of composition most congenial to him, and adopted it so completely, that even where he describes objects entirely supernatural, and not to be seen with the eyes of the body, he pictures them forth with as much point and force as if they had lain directly before his actual vision. One cannot help feeling, in truth, as if they must have been virtually if not really palpable to his sight, however impalpable to that of others. He was, indeed,

'One of the inmost dwellers in the core
Of the old woods, when Nymphs and Graces lived—
Where still they live, to eyes, like theirs, divine.'

The partiality of Keats for the writings of Leigh Hunt led him to select the 'Examiner,' then conducted by that gentleman, as the vehicle for the conveyance of his first published pieces to the world. One sonnet was printed originally in the periodical in question; and subsequently a number of other small poems were laid before Mr Hunt by a mutual friend (Charles Cowden Clarke, we believe). Himself a true poet, the editor of the 'Examiner' possessed too fine a taste not to discover at once that a new planet was here struggling to rise above the literary horizon, and he gave all the encouragement in his power to Keats. This incident occurred in the middle of 1816, and, in the course of a few subsequent months, various successive specimens of the young poet's powers were presented to the public by Mr Hunt, accompanied, in the December of the year mentioned, by a warm eulogy, in which their author was classed with another youthful bard, Percy Bysshe Shelley, whose career and works by no means disgraced the editorial prognostications. Keats was induced to print a small volume of occasional pieces in May, 1817, and his keenly sensitive nature was much gratified with the applause bestowed on it by those whose judgment he most valued. In that early publication appeared one of the most masterly sonnets in the English language—a perfect specimen, indeed, of what the sonnet should be. Though often quoted, yet *decies repetita placebit* (repeat it ten times o'er, it will but please the more).

ON READING CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

'Much have I travell'd in the realms of old,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been,
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold,
Of one wide expanse had I been told,
Which deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene,
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold.
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise,
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.'

We had intended to mark such lines and passages in this little piece as struck us most forcibly, but we desisted on recollecting Sheridan's remark when presented with the Beauties of Shakspeare in one volume. 'Very good,' said he, 'but where are the other nine?' There is an equality of power about this sonnet which, in like manner, renders it vain to specialise single beauties. Let the reader look at it as a whole, and mark with what force and congruity the comparison of poetry to a continent is carried out primarily, and then how appropriate and noble are the two similes at the close, elevating the dawning of Homer's greatness on the mind to the discovery of new hemispheres on earth, new worlds in heaven. The isolation too, as it were, of the last line is in the very per-

fection of this style of composition, exemplifying, to use the words of Keats himself—

‘The sonnet swelling loudly
Up to its climax, and then dying proudly.’

Yet, as it stands recorded in ‘Blackwood’s Magazine,’ certain critics could find nothing in this sonnet worthy of note, saving as it afforded room for a sneer at the implied confession of a want of knowledge of Greek. The present editor of the ‘Quarterly’ forgot, seemingly, what Ben Jonson has told us of Shakespeare himself, namely, that he could boast of ‘small Latin and less Greek.’ But, as we shall notice more particularly afterwards, to be a friend of Leigh Hunt was to carry ‘the mark of the beast,’ in the estimation of the partizan critics of those days.

In the year 1818, Keats again came before the public, producing his poem of ‘Endymion,’ the longest ever composed by him. Most readers will recollect the fable connected with this mythological name, and which forms the ground-work (a very slight one) of the piece. A youth of Mount Latmos, when sleeping on its slopes by night, becomes the object of a most fervent passion to Diana or Phoebe, the imaginary divinity of the Moon; and he is fancied ultimately, after much coy delay on the part of the innamorata, to have been rapt up by her into the heavens to enjoy there a wedded immortality. Never was there theme more congenial to the imagination of a bard, than this story of ‘Endymion’ proved to that of Keats. He says, at the outset, ‘The very music of the name has gone into my being.’ And the whole poem is one long moon-lit dream, like its subject; or, perhaps, it may be better compared to a wild fantasia on the Æolian harp, played by a fitful breeze on a lovely summer night. There are in it whole lengthened passages of consummate beauty—passages exquisite in point of thought, and melodious exceedingly in regard of expression. Individual similes, again, of the happiest description are scattered up and down profusely; and from no poem in the language, perhaps, could more perfect single lines be produced. Keats here shows himself, indeed, to be a complete master of *rhythm*, making, without any visible effort, the sound to echo completely the sense. For example, is not the very noise of the waters heard in this line?

‘The surgy marmurs of the lonely sea.’

But without positively echoing the sense in this manner, there are multitudinous single lines in the ‘Endymion,’ which, while perfectly expressive of the intended sense, are so harmoniously constructed as to gratify the ear like the finest music.* For example:

‘Ere yet the bees
Hum about globes of clover and sweet peas,
Fondles the flower amid the sobbing rain,
‘Prone to the green head of a misty hill,’
‘Like old Deucalion mountain’d o’er the flood,
Or blind Orion hungry for the morn,’
‘While tiptoe Night holds back her dark grey hood.’
‘A dusky empire and its diadems;
One faint eternal even-tide of gems.’
‘No old power left to steep
A quill immortal in their joyous tears.’
‘Ethereal things, that, unconfin’d,
Can make a ladder of the eternal wind.’

We quote these lines almost at random, for the poem is rich in such to excess, and we quote them chiefly to point out how completely either a fine natural ear, or observation, had taught to Keats the secret of composing melodious verse. Let young cultivators of the art mark how freely the vowels are varied in the above lines, particularly where the emphasis is laid, and they will find the real explanation of the musical effect of the verse. Milton, also, knew this secret well, and if the opening of ‘Paradise Lost,’ and others of his finest passages be examined, the variety of vowels introduced will be found to be the main source of their melody.

Let us now select a few of the similitudes interspersed through the poem of ‘Endymion,’ that we may justify the warm praises bestowed already on its author on this score. The sister of Endymion watches him sleeping—

‘And as a willow keeps
A patient watch over the stream that creeps
Windingly by it, so the quiet maid
Held her in peace.’

MISSPENT TIME.

‘Yet it is strange, and sad, alas!
That one who through this middle earth should pass
Most like a sojourning demigod, and leave
His name upon the harp-string.’

ADONIS ASLEEP.

‘Sideway his face reposed
On one white arm, and tenderly unclenched,
By tenderest pressure, a faint damask mouth
To slumbry pout; just as the morning south
Disparts a dew-lipped rose.’

LOVERS’ TALK.

‘Then there ran
Two bubbling springs of talk from their sweet lips.’

DROWNED MAID.

‘Cold, oh! cold indeed
Were her fair limbs, and like a common weed
The sea-swirl took her hair.’

‘Those dazzled thousands veil their eyes
Like callow eagles at the first sunrise.’

‘There she lay,
Sweet as a musk-rose upon new-made hay.’

But we might go on endlessly with the selection of such images, so rich in them is the ‘Endymion.’ We shall only notice further the beautiful way in which the poet marks time and space, not prosaically measuring them by the minute and inch, but indicating what he wishes in a mode truly poetic and original.

‘And now as deep into the wood as we
Might mark a lynx’s eye.’
‘Ere a lean bat could plump its wintry skin.’
‘Far as the sunset peeps into a wood.’
‘Counting his wo-worn minutes by the strokes
Of the lone wood-cutter.’
‘About a young bird’s flutter from a wood.’

These images, while sufficiently accurate for poetical purposes, are at the same time highly original and finely expressed. Indeed, originality is the most marked feature in the writings of Keats; and what feature may rank above originality in poetry?

We can only afford space for a short continuous passage from the poem of ‘Endymion,’ and shall select an address to the moon, its divine heroine:

‘Oh Moon! the oldest shades ’mong oldest trees
Feel palpitations when thou lookest in:
Oh Moon! old boughs flap forth a holler din
The while they feel thine airy fellowship.
Thou dost bless everywhere, with silver lip
Kissing dead things to life. The sleeping kine,
Couch’d in thy brightness, dream of fields divine:
Innumerable mountains rise, and rise,
Ambitious for the hallowing of thine eyes;
And yet thy benediction passeth not
One obscure hiding-place, one little spot
Where pleasure may be sent: the nested wren
Has thy fair face within its tranquil ken,
And from beneath a sheltering ivy leaf
Takes glimpses of thee; thou art a relief
To the poor patient oyster, where it sleeps
Within its pearly house; the mighty deeps,
The monstrous sea is thine—the myriad sea!
Oh Moon! far spooning ocean bows to thee,
And Tellus feels her forehead’s cumbrous load.’

Hitherto we have expended commendations only on the poem of ‘Endymion,’ and such as it well deserves; but, with all its beauties, it has also many faults. Perhaps these could not be better characterised than in the opening words of the author’s own brief preface. ‘Knowing within myself the manner in which this poem has been produced,’ he says, ‘it is not without a feeling of regret that I make it public. What manner I mean will be quite clear to the reader, who must soon perceive great inexperience, immaturity, and every error denoting a feverish attempt, rather than a deed accomplished.’ He continues to remark that he would not have published, could castigation have done the poem good, but that its foundations were too sandy, and that he must be content to see it die away, sustained only by the hope that, while it was dwindling, he might be ‘fitting himself for verses worthy to live.’ Disclaiming the wish to forestall criticisms, he adds, however, that

if he deserves punishment for presumption, 'no feeling man will be forward to inflict it, but will leave me alone, with the conviction that there is not a fiercer hell than the failure in a great object.' He was misled here by the high-toned sincerity of his own nature. Closing their eyes or blind to the fact that the very wildest extravagances of the poem were but the evident offspring of a fancy poetically rich to excess, the editor of the 'Quarterly Review' described the 'Endymion' as a piece of 'drivelling idiocy,' and its author as next thing to a raving madman. As Leigh Hunt observes, with a gentleness characteristic of him, but ill merited in the case, 'Mr Gifford, whose perceptions were all of the commonplace order, had a good commonplace judgment, which served him well enough to expose errors discernible by most people. He only betrayed his own ignorance and presumption when he came to speak of such a poet as John Keats.' It may be that Mr Hunt could not speak the whole truth with propriety, but the following sonnet addressed to himself on his leaving prison (where he had been confined one year for calling the Prince Regent 'a fat Adonis of fifty') more justly indicates, in our opinion, the cause of the hiring vituperation of Keats in the 'Quarterly Review':

WRITTEN ON THE DAY THAT MR. LEIGH HUNT LEFT PRISON.

'What though, for showing truth to fatter'd state,
Kind Hunt was shut in prison, yet has he,
In his immortal spirit been as free
As the sky-searching lark, and as elate.
Minion of grandeur! think you he did wait?
Think you he nought but prison-walls did see,
Till, so unwilling, thou didst turn the key?
Ah, not far happier, nobler was his fate!
In Spencer's halls he stray'd, and bowers fair,
Calling enchanted flowers; and he flew
With darling Milton through the fields of air:
To regions of his own, his genius true
Took happy flights. Who shall his fame impair
When thou art dead, and all thy wretched crew?'

We do not like, even at this time of day, to speak our free mind respecting the motives which led to the attacks on Keats in a noted Scottish periodical, holding the same politics with the English review. One of the parties implicated has since deeply regretted, we believe, the injustice committed in the reckless wantonness of youth, and in the flow of high animal spirits. Well may such be the case; since the main basis of the sneers at Keats was the profession which he for a time followed; and such sneers came very ill from the son of a Paisley weaver. Penitence makes amends for much, however; but the harsh and unjust treatment which he received inflicted a deep if not deadly blow on the sensitive mind of the young author of 'Endymion.' This has been doubted, and his early decline has been wholly ascribed to hereditary consumption. Without denying that the ailment in question might have been the ultimate cause of death, it is yet indubitable that he was so painfully affected, on perusing Mr Gifford's critique, as to burst a blood-vessel in the lungs, and that these organs never regained the same sound strength afterwards. Nay, he required to be carefully watched for a time, having even threatened his own life. A kindly, judicious, and just criticism, in the 'Edinburgh Review,' proceeded afterwards from the pen of Lord Jeffrey, and it is interesting to know, that time has only strengthened the admiration of his lordship for Keats. So we find from his lately collected essays. In a recent piece, Leigh Hunt also alludes prettily to this fact:

'Lo! Jeffrey, the fine wit, the judge revered,
The man beloved, what spirit invokes he
To make his hasty moments of repose
Richest and farthest off?—The muse of Keats.'

The generous praises of Lord Jeffrey came too late, however, to soothe the wounded sensibilities of the poet, not being published until two years after 'Endymion' appeared, and when another volume had been given to the world by Keats. It was his last, pulmonary disease having then laid upon him its fatal hand, and that unmistakably. The volume referred to contained the poems entitled 'Lamia,' 'Isabella, or the Pot of Basil,' the 'Eve of St Agnes,' and 'Hyperion,' with several minor pieces. Of the larger com-

positions here named, 'Isabella,' which is founded upon a story of Boccaccio, is the one most distinguished by the same defects visible in 'Endymion,' but its occasional extravagances are amply counterpoised by touches of profound pathos, and images of great beauty, scattered liberally throughout the narrative. 'Lamia' is a piece of much more equal merit; but the two gems of this final volume of the youthful bard are the 'Eve of St Agnes' and the fragment of 'Hyperion.' The first is one continuous strain of melody, gentle and pure as the theme. A young and lovely lady has been told that, by observing certain ceremonies on the eve of St Agnes, her lover and destined husband will be presented to her in her dreams; and the true living lord of her affections, assisted by an aged crone, visits her couch in reality, and persuades her finally to fly with him from her cruel kindred to become his bride. It is amazing with what delicacy Keats has touched on the points in this story most difficult to handle. For example, observe the richness of the picture when she has reached her chamber. The taper goes out as 'she hurries in,' and the whole light is finely described as falling through a casement stained with innumerable 'splendid dyes.'

'Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast;
As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven!—Forphyro grew faint:
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees:
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair St Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,
Until the poppled warmth of sleep oppress'd
Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away;
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day;
Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain;
Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynime pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.'

The last similitude is one to which it would not be easy to find a superior in the whole range of English poetry.

Lofty, dignified, and in parts sublime, is the fragment of 'Hyperion,' wherein the poet once more enters on his favourite field—that of Greek mythology. It is written in blank verse; and, since the time of Milton, no one has imparted to that form of composition so much of the Miltonic stateliness and harmony. The characters introduced into the poem are the early gods, the Titanic brood who ruled the universe under the supreme governance of Saturn; and allusions are likewise made to their successors, Jupiter and his brothers, Saturn's sons and dethroners. The Titans are pictured at the outset as having already fallen before the new deities, all save one, Hyperion, the 'giant of the sun;' and the transference of his golden empire to Apollo, the son of Jove, seems to have been the purposed subject of the poem, so unfortunately left fragmentary. One fine passage depicts the visit of Hyperion to Saturn and the defeated Titans, where they lay in a gloomy and rocky retreat,

'Like a dismal cirque
Of Druid stones upon a forlorn moor.'

Hyperion, still a form of undiminished brightness, leaves his solar throne for the craggy den of woe, where his brethren are:

'Like to a diver in the pearly seas,
Forward he stoop'd over the airy shore,
And plunged all noiseless into the deep night.'

The gradual approach of his radiant shape gives occasion for a poetical picture, which might have given a hint to Michael Angelo, and may yet do so to our own Etty. At first there shone in the faces of the Titans

'A gleam of light,
But splendor in Saturn', whose hoar locks
Shone like the bubbling foam about a keel
When the prow sweeps into a midnight cove.
In pale and silver silence they remain'd,
Till suddenly a splendour, like the morn,
Pervaded all the beetling gloomy steeps,
All the sad spaces of oblivion,
And every gulf, and every chasm old,
And every height, and every sullen depth,
Voiceless, or hoarse with loud tormented streams:
And all the everlasting cataracts,
And all the headlong torrents far and near,
Mantled before in darkness and huge shade,
Now saw the light and made it terrible.
It was Hyperion:—A granite peak
His bright feet touch'd, and there he staid to view
The misery his brilliance had betray'd
To the most hateful seeing of itself.
Golden his hair, of short Numidian curl,
Regal his shape majestic, a vast shade
In midst of his own brightness, like the bulk
Of Memnon's image at the set of sun
To one who travels from the dusky East:
Sighs, too, as mournful as that Memnon's harp,
He utter'd, while his hands, contemplative,
He press'd together, and in silence stood.
Despondence seized again the fallen gods
At sight of the dejected King of Day.

This sketch, embodied in the canvass, would certainly form a magnificent picture. But, in truth, as observed formerly, eye-painting is the most striking quality in the poetry of Keats.

We must at length quit our critical observations to notice the scanty facts which have been recorded respecting the last days of the poet. As a final resource, when his health declined more and more, he was ordered by his physicians to visit Italy, which he did in the summer of 1820. After passing a short time at Naples, he proceeded to Rome, accompanied by but one friend, Mr Severn the artist, who left profession and home to devote himself to the care of Keats. It is painful to learn, as we do through a friend of Mr Severn, that the temper of the invalid was sadly soured in his closing days, as well by the unmerited contumely cast upon his writings, as by the base ingratitude of parties whom he had deeply obliged. He longed earnestly for death, and used wistfully to watch the looks of his physician at every visit, not to draw thence a favourable augury, but the reverse. Sometimes his passions became excited to a violent degree, and tested the friendship of Mr Severn severely; but speedily he would melt into self-accusations and sincere remorse. His life came finally to a close on the 27th of December, 1820, when he had just completed his twenty-fourth year. Shortly before his decease, he remarked beautifully, 'I feel the daisies growing over me;' and true it is, that the spot where he lies, according to Shelley, is 'covered in winter with violets and daisies.' It is an open space under the pyramidal tomb of Cestius, which forms the cemetery of the Protestants at Rome.

Critical suggestions have been so largely intermingled with the preceding sketch of the career of John Keats that there is little occasion for any further remarks of the kind here. His main poetical characteristic was a splendid endowment of fancy, as contradistinguished from imagination. The one, it may be explained, deals chiefly with the imagery of external nature, animate or inanimate, and the other with the internal passions of the human breast. Perhaps no one, since the time of Shakspeare, has possessed the gift of pure fancy in a higher degree than Keats. Shelley, who had a mind of congenial cast, was a warm admirer of the subject of our notice, and, when drowned at sea, held the poems of the latter in his hands. But before that unhappy event took place, he had poured forth a lament for his brother in the muses, more tenderly impassioned than ever bard uttered for bard before. In the same piece, called 'Adonais,' Shelley also showers down bitter maledictions on those who persecuted in life the departed child of genius.

Keats was handsomely formed in person, and had a finely-shaped head, resembling in mould the heads of Milton and Wordsworth. His hair was of a beautiful auburn tint, and fell upon his neck in rich natural curls. Alto-

gether, Leigh Hunt tells us his aspect was that of a poet, and if ever poet lived he was one.

Much as we have already quoted from the works of Keats, we venture yet to give an entire specimen of his odes, which, like his sonnets, are wonderfully finished productions. In both cases his exuberant fancy seems to have been checked by the restraints of space, and to have benefited by such necessity.

ODE TO A GREEK URN.

'Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness!
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loath?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest
What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of its folk to this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,'—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.'

MRS MICKIE'S TIGER.

ALL mighty events are the results of great ideas. This is one of our friend Dionysius Mickie's aphorisms, and we write it down as an introduction to one of his dinner parties. Dionysius Mickie had perhaps as much reason to enunciate the above fact as some moral philosophers with more pretensions have to develop others less striking. It does not matter, however, upon what grounds he propounded the idea; it is enough that he did so. This was perhaps the most philosophical sentence that ever Dionysius gave expression to; many others might lie within the profound concavities of his capacious frame, working and fermenting like volcanic fire, but this was the alpha and omega of his philosophising; it was his *novum organum*, his *summum bonum*, his pearl of price, his all, and he plumed himself upon it. The accident which drew the mind of Newton down to the earth's centre, by the power of its gravitation, was a very trivial one, and so was that which set Galvani and Germany into a state of nervous experimentalising. The idea of denoting the specific gravity of substances came upon the Syracusan mechanician like the sparks from the kito-cord of the Massachusetts printer, and, therefore, inverting the proposition of Dionysius, we may safely declare that his great idea was the result of a mighty event.

'We must do it,' said Mrs Mickie, starting from her

reverses and looking thoughtfully at the candlestick, which stood in illuminative radiance before her. 'We must do it!'

'I should think so,' responded Dionysius, rousing himself from a nap, and looking first upon the right arm and then upon the left of his *faisseuil*, without properly knowing why or wherefore. 'I should think so.'

Mrs. Mickie knew that the development of her idea would require labour, hazard, precision, and, above all, courage, and therefore she looked serious and reflective for some time. At last she uttered an emphatic 'Yes!' and raising her left hand, with a theatrical flourish, exclaimed, 'Dionysius, count!'

'Yes,' responded Dionysius, and he aroused himself and looked keenly around the walls and on the roof of his room, as if he expected the galaxy to be shining there, and that Mrs. Mickie wished him to number the stars.

And reader, gentle reader, what had Mrs. Mickie resolved to do? To give a dinner. And what had Dionysius prepared himself to do? To count the guests. Anybody that looks upon a table standing passively in the middle of a dining-room, garmented with a fine damask cloth, and patiently supporting rummers, tumblers, plates, knives, forks, spoons, and ketchup cruets, would scarcely believe that this was the elaboration of the most lofty propositions in domesticity; that perspiration had been poured forth like water in preparing this, language vigorously expended in directing its arrangement, patience exhausted in the collocation of its accessories, and fear and trembling endured in the hope and desire of its 'being all right'; in short, that all the speculative genius and ardent aspirations of *femme de cuisine* and *maître du table* have been expended and are concentrated in the centre dish, and radiate to every point of the superficies on which shines the crystal and will smoke the dinner. Mrs. Mickie was a woman of genius; she was one of those independent-minded people whom the philosophic lark of old pointed out to her young ones as earnest people. When she resolved upon a thing she did it; and on the present occasion, as on all others, she was, like the Duke of Glo'ster, 'herself again.' She wrote out the invitations, fifteen in all. Her dining-room was small, it could only comfortably seat ten guests; but calculating, as New-haven dealers in fish do, that there would be a defalcation of fifty per cent. upon the original conscription, she boldly threw the missives into the receiving-box, and began the serious business of the menage. It was a fine idea that of Mrs. Mickie's—the creation of a tiger; Frankenstein's alchemic and corporeal labours were nothing to the original and courageous conception of this great woman. The studious mystical compounder of elements and smasher of retorts produced a monster who did not know a pot from a potentate, but Mrs. Mickie, on this memorable occasion, borrowed a human corpuscle, and divesting it of its superficial attributes, turned it out a tiger of the rarest kind, who knew what time of day was dinner-time.

Arrived at the door of Dionysius, I rang the bell. Toby Tosspot could not have done it more lustily; and Mr. Tomson could not, I am sure, have looked more bewildered than I when the portal was wide open flung and this specimen of zoology stood before me. 'Mr. Mickie at home?' said I, looking down in surprise.

'Should think so,' said the pedisequius, winking his eye.

I stepped into the lobby, and the door was closed with a bang that shook the plaster from the lath and made the walls to tremble.

Tom—they denominated this person Tom—was a creature *sui generis*. If it had been possible to petrify him, and bury him clothes and all in one of the alluvial pampas, he would assuredly have produced amongst future savans as much speculation as the bones of the megatherium. He might be fourteen years of age. We do not make this calculation from his corporeal appearance; judging from the apparent, we would have been inclined to call him as many hundreds. His nether garments seemed to have been a legacy from Hendric Hudson; they

were most capacious, especially posteriorly, and they had a very martial appearance from the stripes of red tape that had been carefully sewed down their lateral parts; a green coat, sparkling with buttons, hung upon the frame of this oddity, who seemed as if he had once been a giant and had shrunk up into his present dimensions. He seemed perfectly easy in his situation, however; his garments did not sit more loosely or lightly upon his person than did his mind adapt itself to his circumstances.

'Here we go,' cried the juvenile Charon, as he mounted the stair leading to the habitation of the Mickies, and swung back a step or two now and again upon the railing in his passage upwards. 'Here's a gemman, missus,' and he threw open the drawing-room door and sent us at once into the middle of the company with a push.

Unpropitious calculation, twelve guests had arrived; unfortunate occurrence, Tom had already destroyed the equanimity of Mrs. Mickie; and, gloomy prospect, he was the only prandial servitor destined to do the duties of the feast.

Dinner was set, and we adjourned to the festive board. It took some expenditure of apologies from the agitated hostess, and many extraordinary demonstrations of patience and satisfaction from the guests, before they were set, however. Mrs. Mickie hoped everybody was comfortable: everybody vehemently protested that he or she was. Mrs. M. looked red in the face, but she smiled as if to hide the perturbation of her spirit, and her guests all smiled in sympathy. Mrs. Mickie sat at the head of the table, as was her right, rigid and immovable as the statue of Memnon, and behind her stood Tom, with his red striped shirt-collar encircling the half of his face and the sleeves falling a *la Turc* over his knuckles; he stood bolt upright, as if he had been educated upon a barrack esplanade, and seemed to be thinking of nobody and nothing but his own personal appearance.

'Will you have roast beef, Mr. Blunt?' said Mrs. Mickie, smiling, and addressing herself to the veterinary surgeon, who sat at the door.

'Yes, ma'am, thank you,' cried Blunt, emphasising the pronoun and lifting up his plate.

Tom had been previously instructed what to do—that was easy to be seen—so, like the high-bred colt that first tries its strength and speed, he leaped from his passive position, and, making a demivolt in the air, he clutched the plate of the horse-doctor. The motion of the waiting-man's person imparted motion to his coat, whose tails, making a centrifugal sweep, dashed down a tray of crystal, and in a moment the floor was strewn with broken glasses. Crystal is a bad conductor of electricity; this perhaps happens from its surcharge of it; for this accident produced a profuse perspiration in every guest. Each face grew red, and every one seemed to boil over with vexation, save the cause of this ferment. Tom was as cool as a zephyr, and gathered up the fragmentary reliques of his mishap with the utmost gravity and *nonchalance*. The first course had to be removed, and of course Tom was the prominent actor in this part of the drama. Mr. Blunt's chair was placed close to the door, for the very good reason that the room was small; and as the little waiter rushed to and fro with the dishes, Mr. Blunt rocked to and fro upon his chair, bobbing his head like Napoleon's guide at Waterloo, lest peradventure he might accidentally require extreme unction. Perhaps we superinduce, by our fears, the very accidents we dread. Mr. B. lost time in his motion, and Tom did not perceive the change. Frigates at sea ascend and descend with the swell and fall of the waves, and hostile navies perceive this in their calculations of gunnery. Tom and Mr. B. lost calculation, however, and so the servitor rushed upon Mr. B. with a large ashet well replenished with gravy; he struck the guest upon the shoulder, causing his chair to gyrate for a moment, and, as the platter reacted, striking himself in the chest, he measured his length on the carpet, pillow-ing his head beside a mutton-bone. The indomitable little waiter was as resilient as whalebone, however. He lay and drew breath for some time, then, springing to his feet,

rushed to the kitchen, with the fragment of the mutton in one hand and the ashtray in the other.

If Dionysius had been a man of as much feeling as he was fat, he would have felt severely for poor Mrs Mickie. Her face seemed a prism, reflecting pale, red, and blue, in rapid and vexatious succession. Oh, dear! did ever woman so endure pain in her efforts to ape a footman? Why, an ape would have answered her purpose as adroitly as that grinning, careless boy. She looked at him as if she could have pierced him through, but Tom returned her stare with interest, and would insensibly wink in her face. She scolded him; but he seemed to have been accustomed to this, for his face brightened under it, like a duck in rainy weather. He was an easy, cool specimen of the precocious cockney, with his little abrupt calves stuck to his legs like adhesive golf-balls, his sympathetic knees and triangular feet, and his hair combed right up. There he was, as transparent as the atmosphere—you could see through him as far as you pleased; he cared not for place, or circumstances, or persons—Tom would always be Tom.

'Missus, there's no more forks,' said Tom, in an audible whisper.

'Yes, there is, behind you, sir.'

'No, Missus; you know, as you said, I has only got eight silver ones, and when anybody axes one, give them master's. Well, you see master's digging it in, and I can't get it.'

Mrs Mickie looked upward, and then she looked down. She looked askance at Tom, as if she could have bitten him, and then she ordered him to 'get along.'

Tom seemed to have a strong desire to do everything right, and he seemed to have a perverse faculty of doing everything wrong. He would whip up the butler's tray, in order to bear it from the room, and, after sundry ineffectual attempts to do so, leave it standing on the floor. When rung for, he would appear, divested of his coat, with a towel below his arm, and, declaring that he was engaged in 'washing up the dishes,' demand to know why he had been called incontinently from his duties. Poor Mrs Mickie could only respond, 'Get along, go.'

We retired to the drawing-room at last, in order to enjoy our coffee; and here Tom appeared as much at home as if he had been straddling a post in Hyde Park. He turned over the leaves of books with the air of a bibliophile, and coolly leaned over their pages, as they lay upon the tables in elegant confusion, in order to examine their contents. The coffee he handed round in single cups, much to the fear and annoyance of the ladies, and finally, in an attempt to carry away the urn, he dashed it upon a fire-screen, throwing its boiling contents upon the carpet, and sprawling as if he were practising swimming. This denouement was too much for the risible faculties of the ladies. Borne away by the ludicrousness of the scene, they roared right out, and the gentlemen, catching up the chorus, echoed it back, while Mrs Mickie precipitately retired to moralise over the mishaps of a day. Mishaps of a day, however, run into the current of days, and produce vibrations on the surface of social economy as stones do upon the bosoms of smooth lakes, or the concussions of artillery upon the motive air. This was exemplified in two ways by the redoubtable Mr Blunt. 'Ugh, out upon that boy!' he exclaimed, on his way home; 'I wish that he had been caged in a caravan when he attempted to serve table. He kept the door open, and in came the draught, until my poor bones are torn by contending nerves, and I have rheumatism for breakfast to-morrow, I know.' I called upon my friend next day, and there he sat, *à la cheval*, upon the fender, roasting his shoulder in a desperate attempt at rheumatic expulsion. Alas for Tom if this horse-chirurgien could have caught him at this very moment; for there he sat, 'like impatience on a fender,' threatening the extermination of poor Tom in particular, and tigers in general.

It is a fine thing, certainly, to live in the *beau monde*, and to breathe the atmosphere of *haut ton*; it is a fine thing to keep a tiger, and to see him flashing in his striped hide;

but peace is a finer thing than even fashion, and the pain of seeing a tiger stumble, and hearing him roar, supercedes all the glory that ever could shine from lace or armorial buttons. People can surely eat without subjecting their hostess to be worried and themselves to be tormented by an awkward menial! This was Mrs Mickie's first and last attempt to keep a tiger.

MOUNTAIN SLIPS.

WATER, like air, may be regarded as one of the most powerful, subtle, and active agents of change in nature, conducing to several of the most remarkable phenomena of physical history. The combined action of rain, melted snow, and frost upon rocks and other elevations of the earth is always producing a change in their aspect; and the passage of rivers, and torrents, and subterranean streams, has also caused very remarkable mutations in the appearance of the earth's surface. Nature's operations are generally slow when we compare them with the duration of human life; so that the transitions occurring in nature are not so visible to the eye as to arrest the attention of a casual observer. Again, they are conducted on a scale so grand, so immeasurably beyond the sphere of man's visible operations, that they are too large for his eye to comprehend, though they are nevertheless passing through great and rapid changes. Apparently accidental events take place, however, which, by their startling and destructive action, rouse men to examine and observe, and then it is often found that these accidental phenomena are the results of a long and continuous system of gradual changes.

If avalanches are fearful and destructive in their effects, and are produced by disintegration, more destructive and terrible are the mountain slips, which are produced by somewhat similar causes, although they are completely of a different nature. No one who has passed through the Highland glens of Scotland but must have remarked the large blocks of rock that are embedded in the rivers or lie scattered about upon flats at the bases of the steep rocky hills. These rocks have been detached from the original mass by the rains and frosts, and hurled with terrible rapidity down upon the plains. It has frequently occurred in this country that persons have been killed or seriously injured by the fall of these blocks, and that property has been destroyed to some extent by them; but in Switzerland and other countries, where the mountains are very steep and lofty, the devastations caused by the mountain slips, which are commensurate with the size of the mountains from which they are detached, are proportionately greater and more fearful. There are mountains which are broken up into shelves or terraces, being composed of alternate long ascents and flats leading to other façades, conducting, as it were, by a flight of steps to the summit of the mountain. The slips on these mountains are never very great nor destructive, as is the case in Norway, where the tablelands are reached by slopes that do not offer great facilities for the motion of the rocky masses. In Switzerland, however, where the mountains preserve an almost unbroken, abrupt ascent, and where huge crags rear their dark peaks into the sky, and seem to lean threateningly over the valleys, the disintegration of any part of these masses often causes great destruction, as little obstruction is offered to its descent, and as its motion attains to a great velocity in consequence of the height from which it descends.

Mountain slips are the result of a very gradual process in physics, and can only take place on hills that are stratified, or composed of layers of different kinds of stone. From mountains which are of an identical constitution, fragments of rock may be sent down; but it is only from stratified elevations that those great avalanches of rocks, earth, and stones, called slips, are hurled to the glens. When mountains are composed of various strata, it often happens that a more compact may lie above a loose stratum. Water penetrating through the rents of the upper stratum finds its way to the looser and lower layers, and softening

the component particles, carries them gradually off by the mountain streams, and torrents, and other deep rents. By this process of constant action the water undermines the stratum in superposition, until it loses its chief support and sinks down upon the stratum below. If the incline on the mountain is great, the depression will probably remain without sinking further; but if the inclination of the mountain's side is abrupt, and the fall of the upper mass anything considerable, it is projected into the valley with tremendous force, beginning its motion downwards slowly at first, and increasing as it descends, breaking into several masses and rolling on amidst clouds of dust and flights of stones, overwhelming human dwellings together with green pasture-lands, and rendering them ruinous and deserted. These mountain slips occur frequently in high or uninhabited valleys, and consequently often escape observation; but such of them as do take place in inhabited valleys produce results too serious to be forgotten. Several Alpine villages have been buried in this manner as completely as was Pompeii by the scoræ of Vesuvius; and amongst the Swiss and Tyrolese there are many tales of the devastations caused by these terrible falls. These catastrophes always took place after heavy and incessant falls of rain had washed the support away from under the slips; and so suddenly and unexpectedly have they sometimes been dislocated that many people have been overwhelmed and crushed by the compressed air and precipitous rubbish.

On the 4th of September, 1618, a town and village in the Val Bregaglia were overwhelmed by a slip from Mount Conto, at the base of which they were situated. Two thousand four hundred and thirty people perished by this terrible fall, and only three of the inhabitants of the town, who happened to be absent on business, escaped the all but universal destruction. The rubbish and debris that had fallen blocked up the river Mera for some time, but the water at last forced a passage through the ruins and flowed on its course. It had been observed, for several years previous to this catastrophe, that great rents and chasms had been formed on the hill; but people did not regard them as other than phenomena calculated to create wonder and not apprehension. Seven days' heavy and almost constant rains were considered to have accelerated the slip, which, upon the day following their cessation—a day calm and beautiful—came down the mountain's side with a loud and dreadful crash, burying the devoted town in its ruins, and forming over its roofs a tract upon which a forest of chesnut-trees now waves.

The Diablerets, or Devilshorns, which are peaks rising from a table-land at the junction of the cantons de Vaud and Valais, were four in number in the beginning of the eighteenth century, although they have now diminished to only three. In 1714, a partial fall of one of these peaks, which are from 10,000 to 11,000 feet high, took place, and another fall succeeded in 1749. Immediately preceding the first slip the herdsmen felt the ground tremble beneath them, and several took the hint and returned to their homes, but others, more careless, remained and perished with their flocks. One herdsman singularly and providentially escaped. He was a Valaise, a native of Aven; and not having returned home with the others, he was accounted as dead, and his children were declared orphans. Three months after this event, upon Christmas eve, the poor, emaciated herdsman presented himself to his terror-stricken relatives. He was believed to be a spectre, and refused admittance into any of the houses of the village until the frightened inhabitants had rushed to the priest and sought his spiritual aid. The poor, weary herdsman at last convinced his friends, however, that he was really in the body, and then their terror was changed to wonder at his preservation. When the slip began, this simple peasant fell on his knees and prayed to God; a tremendous block of rock then struck the ground before his shelling, and fell over it, resting on the shoulder of the mountain against which it was built; this was immediately followed by a great shower of stones and rubbish, which, had it not been for the rock, must have crushed

his hut beneath it. Quietness soon succeeded the terrible noise which had accompanied this great fall, and the brave peasant of the Valais found himself in utter darkness and buried alive. He was brave, however, for he was of simple and confiding piety; and having trust in God he had no lack of courage. He had a few pieces of cheese in his hut, and with this single article of aliment he had sustained himself, and bravely commenced to clear a passage from his place of immurement. After many days, but how many he could not say, he at last discovered an opening leading from his place of confinement, and beheld the rays of the sun. His eyes, unused for so long a time to the glare of day, were not able to bear the light at first, but they soon recovered their visual strength, and enabled him to trace his way to his friends and home. The second depression of this peak was preceded by the same warning sounds as had heralded the first, and the people living in the vicinity took care to remove in time; a large tract of pasture-ground was buried, however, by the rubbish, and reduced to a barren waste.

In 1806, the greatest and most remarkable mountain slip in Switzerland took place, devastating the Valley of Goldau for three miles in extent, and burying five villages and their inhabitants beneath its rocky fragments. The Vale of Goldau extends for about six miles, and lies between Mount Ruffi, on its north-eastern side, and Mount Righi, on its south-western, being formed of two inclined planes, one of which terminates in the north-west bank of Lake Zug, the other descending to the northern extremity of the smaller Lake of Lowerz. The Mounts Ruffi and Righi are both stratified, and consist of conglomerate, that is, round smooth stones cemented together by sandstone or carbonate of lime. Mount Ruffi slopes gently into the Vale of Goldau, while Mount Righi rises with a bold and sudden acclivity, having its strata inclining towards the south. For more than fifty years previous to 1806, great rents had been forming in Mount Ruffi, through which water penetrated into a loose marl and clay conglomerate stratum, which it washed away. The snowfalls of the preceding winter had also been very heavy, and the rains in July and August most copious. On the 2d of September following, unusual noises were heard to issue from Mount Ruffi, which were followed by the fall of several fragments of rock. At the same time a large horizontal rent opened across the brow of the hill, a good way below its summit, and then a portion of the mountain, with its forests and buildings, was seen to move slowly towards the valley. Immediately after, the whole mass above the horizontal rent began to move, slowly at first, and then with tremendous rapidity. The compression of the air bent and broke several old and lofty trees a good way distant from the course of the slip; clouds of white dust, like smoke, whirled above the awful torrent of stones, and seemed like the simoom of the desert; and large blocks of rock were hurled forward as if they had been missiles discharged from a cannon. This dreadful accident in nature was of a compound character, and presented two distinct appearances. The part of Mount Ruffi below the horizontal rent, which began first to move, was a slip, which, becoming dislocated in mass, slid from its position, undermining the more lofty part, which fell with a dreadful crash, breaking into a thousand fragments, and hurling several of these to the base of Mount Righi. The mass fell at nearly equi-distance between the Lakes Zug and Lowerz, forming a great ridge, which is crowned with tremendous rocks; from this ridge the rubbish had fallen to the north-west and south-east, overlaying the villages of Goldau, Busingen, and part of Lowerz, having already completely covered up those of Ober and Unter Rother, which stood nearer to the base of the mountain. The mass fell with such tremendous force into the south-east part of the Lake of Lowerz that it caused several great waves, during which the water rose more than sixty feet above the level of the lake, and rushed with great violence over a part of the village of Seven, which was situated at a distance of two miles from the part of the lake into which the mountain-mass fell. This fearful catastrophe

was accomplished in about five minutes, in which short time a beautiful fertile valley, with its gardens, orchards, pasture lands, sweet rural villages, and green waving woods, was changed into a dreary waste, beneath whose ruins were buried 484 human beings, with numerous sheep, goats, and cattle, and other property, amounting to about £90,000 sterling in value. The pious Swiss have erected a chapel over the village of Goldau, and an annual convention takes place on 2d September in order to pray that God may preserve them from such another visitation. Examinations of that portion of the summit of Mount Ruffi which still remains, however, has led to the conclusion that it too will likely fall at no distant date.

In 1841, a singular slip took place on Mount Ida, at Troy, in the state of New York. This mount, which is not of any considerable height, and is composed of a loose, gravelly strata, was under a fine state of cultivation, being covered in part with gardens, mulberry plantations, and orchards. The melting of the winter snow had produced a considerable freshet, and the spring rains had been very heavy also, so that this slip was adducible to the same primary cause which produced those greater motions on the Alps. There were comparatively few persons dwelling on this little hill at this time; but those who had their habitations there were awakened from their sleep during the night to find themselves moving gently forward in their houses. Comparatively little damage was done; and not the least remarkable appearance was that of houses which had previously stood at a pretty considerable elevation now occupying positions on comparatively low levels.

How wonderful do God's works appear when viewed by even the most superficial observer! but how much more wonderful and majestic do they seem to the intelligent eye! He, the great Creator, raised the mighty hills by the word of his power, and capped them with the clouds of heaven. From the bosom of the vasty deep he called forth the lofty mountains, with their peaks of vitrified rock and their ribbed bosoms, where stratum was superposed upon stratum by his omniscient wisdom, and over which He caused the herbage to grow. Men gazing on these mountains thought they saw in them an attribute of their Maker, and called them the 'eternal hills;' but there is no rest in nature, not even in the essence of the mountain-block; they are changing as a part of the incessant and universal change; and time, if not sent to sleep in the bosom of eternity, may yet behold these Himalayan ridges hurled by a determined gravitation to the level plains.

THE STORY OF LESURQUES.

BY MRS CROWE.

ONE of the great grievances under which the French nation laboured, previous to the revolution of 1792, was the extreme inequality with which the law was administered. The judges were too frequently corruptible; the influence of the aristocracy was enormous; and if neither of these succeeded in averting an unpleasant verdict, the king's grace was ready to come to the rescue, provided it were solicited by a pretty woman, or that any interest, of whatsoever nature, disposed his majesty to a favourable view of the criminal's case. The law therefore became, in too many instances, a mere instrument of oppression, from which the people had everything to fear and nothing to hope; whilst the aristocracy used it as a convenient veil for their injustice and exactions.

It was to remedy these crying evils that the National Assembly established the trial by jury; but as people who have long suffered from one extreme are apt to seek a remedy in the other, they at the same time abrogated the right of pardon, enacting the terrible statute that, provided all the forms of law had been duly observed in a process, the verdict of the jury should be irrevocable. It was not long before instances occurred which exhibited the fearful nature of this edict; and of these we are about

to relate one of the most remarkable; but so distressed had experience rendered the people, that they could never be brought to annul, but only to modify the law. Unwillingly, they consented to restore the royal privilege of pardon; but to this day, in France, not only cannot the verdict of a jury be reversed, but it is held criminal to arraign its justice. Neither, when they pronounce their decision, can they recommend the criminal to mercy; the sentence once registered must be executed; but to avert the fatal consequences of this rigour, they have recourse to two expedients. One is, that if they entertain a shadow of doubt with respect to the guilt of the prisoner, they give in a verdict of 'guilty, but with extenuating circumstances.' This particularity will account for the verdict in the case of Madame Laffarge, which surprised everybody unacquainted with the forms of criminal jurisprudence in France. There were no extenuating circumstances apparent to the public; but the jury feeling too well assured of her guilt to acquit her, and yet not so certain of it as to feel quite satisfied that it was right to take her life, had recourse to this *mezzotermine*.

In cases, however, where the evidence has appeared, at the time of the trial, so conclusive that this saving clause has been omitted, should any subsequent disclosures raise a doubt in favour of the prisoner, the Court of Cassation comes to his aid. They take upon themselves to review the proceedings, and in most instances succeed in discovering that there is some flaw in the indictment, or that some form of law has been overlooked, which involves a necessity for a new trial. If neither of these imperfections be found, however, the sentence must be executed, unless the royal pardon arrests the arm of the executioner, even though the judge and jury were morally convinced of the innocence of the sufferer. A French jury cannot err, nor can their verdicts be revised.

It was in the latter end of the month of April, of the year 1796, that a gentleman of the name of Joseph Lesurques arrived with his family in Paris. His age was about thirty, his fortune easy, his character unimpeached. He had served his country with credit in the regiment of Auvergne, and, since his retirement from military life, had filled respectably and without emolument the situation of *chef de bureau* in his native district. He was a man deeply attached to his family, undisturbed by ambition, unseduced by pleasure. His income of seven hundred a year sufficed for all his wants, and his object in coming to reside at Paris, for a few years, was not to plunge into its gaieties, but to afford his children those advantages that the provinces could not supply. On the arrival of this family in the metropolis, they established themselves as lodgers in the house of a notary called Monnet, in the Rue Montmartre; arrangements were made for the instruction of the young people, and Monsieur and Madame Lesurques anticipated much satisfaction in watching their progress. It will be admitted, we think, that the reasonable views of these worthy persons entitled them to all the happiness they promised themselves; yet so precarious are human hopes and expectations, that Joseph Lesurques and his family had not been many days in Paris before, without any fault of their own, they were plunged into an ocean of troubles from which no exertions of themselves or their friends could ever extricate them; an ocean whose waters of sorrow to this day embitter the bread of their descendants.

There resided at that time in Paris a gentleman of the name of Guesno; he, as well as Lesurques, came from Douai, where the property of both was situated; and being gratified at the arrival of his townsman, the new comer was scarcely settled in his lodgings when Guesno invited him to meet a few friends at his, in the *Rue des Boucheries*, where he proposed to give a breakfast in celebration of this reunion. The immediate origin of this compliment appears to have been, that Lesurques had formerly lent Guesno two thousand francs, and though the latter had repaid the debt he still felt bound by the obligation. The company, for some reason or other, seems to have fallen short of the entertainer's intentions, and

the only guest besides Lesurques was the Sieur Richard, the owner of the house. After they were assembled, however, a young man of the name of Couriol happening to call to speak to Richard, he was invited to join the party, which, it will be observed, thus consisted of four persons, all young men, dressed in the height of the fashion of that time, which was a fashion more remarkable for extravagance than taste. They wore, for example, ponderous pig-tails, top-boots with silver spurs, very large eyeglasses, a quantity of jewellery, and, amongst the rest, two long watch chains dangling from their waistcoat pockets. As this costume was *de rigueur*, they were necessarily all dressed alike. During the breakfast nothing particular seems to have occurred except the arrival of Couriol, who was known only to Richard. The appearance of this visitor does not seem to have been altogether prepossessing, for although he was a well grown man of twenty-five, and had a set of features that would be commonly called handsome, there was something in his countenance that inspired distrust and suspicion. He had black bushy eyebrows, and a pair of dark unsettled eyes that could not look anybody straight in the face. In the course of the conversation, Lesurques explained the motives of his removal to Paris, and expressed a hope that he might have an early opportunity of entertaining the present company at his own table.

'Your plans for the future seem well arranged,' observed Couriol, lifting his eyes from his plate, from which they had hitherto scarcely wandered; 'but who can foresee the future? Who knows what may happen to him before to-morrow morning? I sincerely wish that your anticipations for enjoying peace and happiness in the bosom of your family may be realised; but if they are, you may consider yourself peculiarly favoured by fortune, for, during the last five or six years, there is not a citizen in France, however secure his position may have seemed, who could reckon on the fee simple of it for a week.'

This evil augury of Couriol's seemed the more strange and sudden, that until that moment he had never opened his lips, but had appeared buried in thought; whilst the richness of his attire, and his excellent appetite, had not prepared the company for the announcement of such depressing views. After the *déjeuner*, which lasted about two hours, the party adjourned to the Palais Royal, where having taken a cup of coffee in the *Caveau*, they separated.

Four days had elapsed since the breakfast in the *Rue des Boucheries*, when at an early hour in the morning of the 8th *Florial* (a month which consisted, in the then French calendar, of half April and half May), the guard at the *Barrière de Charenton* observed four horsemen pass through the gate, and take the road to Melun. It was not difficult to perceive that the animals they rode, though handsome and in good condition, were on hire; whilst, from the lively josts that seemed to be circulating amongst the cavaliers, they were supposed to be leaving the city for a day's diversion in the country. A closer observer might perhaps have discovered some traces of anxiety beneath their smiles and laughter; and a slight metallic clang that was heard now and then, when their impatient horses reared or plunged, would have suggested the suspicion that they carried arms beneath their long riding coats. This gay humour, however, only extended to three of the party; the fourth seemed of a different temper. He rode somewhat in the rear of the others, taking no part in their conversation. His eyes were fixed and his countenance gloomy. This man was Couriol. The little party reached Mongeron, a village on the road to Melun, between twelve and one o'clock; one of them having galloped forward for the purpose of ordering a luncheon to be prepared at the *Hôtel de la Poste*. They ate with excellent appetite, and after their repast two of them called for pipes and smoked very deliberately till towards three o'clock, when having taken their coffee at a neighbouring *casino*, they mounted their horses again and pursued their journey. The road they selected was that which leads through the forest of Senart, and as it was protected from the sun on each side by rows of elm trees in

luxuriant foliage, they allowed the reins to drop on their horses' necks and advanced at a foot's pace, as if to enjoy the pleasant shade. In this manner they reached Lieur-saint, a beautiful village, surrounded at that period by a forest, and famous in history as the scene of Henry IV.'s adventure with the miller; and here they made a somewhat unusual stay; one of their horses had lost a shoe, and the chain which attached the spur of one of the riders to his boot was broken. This last, on entering the village, stopped at the house of a woman called Chatelain, a *limonadière*, of whom he requested a cup of coffee, and asked also for some strong thread to repair his chain withal, which she gave him; but observing that he was not very expert at the job, she summoned her maid to his assistance, during which operations they had both of course ample leisure to notice his person and features. In the mean time, the others had ridden through the village as far as an inn kept by a man of the name of Champeaux, where they alighted and called for wine; whilst the horse that had lost its shoe was sent to the blacksmith's. They then all repaired to the widow Chatelain's, where they played several games at billiards; after which, having once more refreshed themselves with a draught of wine at the inn, they mounted their horses and started in the direction of Melun, about half-past eight in the evening. When Champeaux returned into the room they had just quitted, he found a sabre in its sheath, that one of the party had forgotten. This he immediately sent after them, but they were already too far on their way to be overtaken by the messenger. In about an hour afterwards, however, the owner returned in great haste to reclaim it; it was he whose spur had been repaired at the *limonadière's*, and having hastily tossed off a glass of brandy, and buckled on his sword, he put his horse to its speed and rode off as rapidly as he had come.

Precisely at the same moment, the courier bearing the mail from Paris to Lyons drove into the village of Lieur-saint, for the purpose of changing horses. It was exactly half-past nine o'clock, and already quite dark. He was presently away again, with fresh horses and postilion, galloping at full speed towards the forest of Senart. The carriage which in those days conveyed the French mails is described as an elegant light vehicle, with a strong-box behind for the letters and room within for two persons, one place being occupied by the courier in charge of the bags and the other being let to any traveller who was willing to pay for it. On the present occasion, this place was occupied by a gentleman, apparently about thirty years of age, who had booked himself under the name of 'Laborde, silk-mercant at Lyons.' At about two hours journey from Lieur-saint, the road sinks into a hollow, out of which it rises on the other side by a very steep ascent, and up this the postilion was slowly walking his horses, when there was a rustle in the thicket, followed by the sudden appearance of four men, two of whom seized the horses' heads, whilst the other two attacked the postilion and in a moment separated his head from his body; at the same instant the courier was stabbed to the heart by his fellow-traveller—both murders being performed so dexterously that not a cry escaped from the victims. The coffer was then forced open, and the assassins possessed themselves of all the money the courier carried with him, amounting to a sum of 75,000 francs, in bills, bank-notes, and silver. They then returned immediately to Paris, the fifth conspirator being mounted on one of the carriage horses, and betwixt the hours of four and five in the morning they re-entered the city by the *Barrière de Rambouillet*.

A bolder and more reckless enterprise than this has seldom been undertaken, and even at that period, when deeds of blood and violence were too common in France, it awakened terror and amazement throughout the country. The assassins were scarcely in Paris before intelligence of what had occurred had reached the authorities, and the most rigorous measures been instituted for their discovery. The first indication met with was the post-horse, which the rider had turned loose on the *Boulevards*,

and which was found wandering about the *Place Royale*. It was also ascertained that four other horses, bathed in sweat, evidently much over-ridden, had been brought into the yard of a stable-keeper named Muiron, at five o'clock in the morning. Muiron admitted at once that they had been hired on the previous day by two persons known to him; one was a Monsieur Bernard, the other was Couriol. The former was instantly arrested, but the latter, with the rest of the band, had effected his escape; nevertheless, as the whole country was on the alert, and the descriptions given by the innkeepers, where the four horsemen had baited, were extremely precise, there seemed little chance of their ultimate evasion. With respect to the fifth, the people at the post-office, where he had taken his place, described his person with equal accuracy. In the mean time, Couriol had taken refuge in the house of a friend, named Bruer, who resided at Château Thierry, whither he was traced and arrested. In the same house was found Guesno, who appears to have gone there on business of his own. They, however, seized him and Bruer also, together with their papers; but the two latter having clearly proved their *alibi*, were dismissed; whereupon Guesno demanded back his papers. 'Come to-morrow morning,' said the magistrate, 'and they shall be delivered to you.' Now, Guesno was extremely anxious about his papers, the want of which was retarding some business he had in hand, so on the ensuing morning he started betimes for the police-office, and, as the fates would have it, who should he meet on his way but his old friend Lesurques? Naturally enough, they fell to discussing this strange affair, which was then the theme of every tongue, and, engaged in conversation, they proceeded arm in arm till they reached the office, where partly from curiosity and partly for the sake of his friend's company, Lesurques consented to wait for Guesno till his business was concluded. They were, however, so early that Daubenton, the magistrate, had not yet arrived, so the two friends seated themselves in the ante-room, through which they expected him to pass, where several other persons were also waiting, and amongst them the witnesses who had been brought in from Lieursaint and Mongeron to give evidence against Couriol and the others.

Daubenton, in the meanwhile, having entered his office by another door, was busily engaged in looking over the informations relative to this business, when one of his assistants hastily entered to inform him that some women in the ante-room declared that two of the murderers were calmly sitting amongst them. The magistrate could not believe it, and he sent for the women, separately, to question them; but, in answer to his inquiries, they both positively reiterated their assertions. One was the maid, Santon, who had served the travellers whilst dining at the inn at Mongeron; the other was Grossetête, servant to Madame Châtelain, the limonadière, who had mended the spur, given them coffee, and seen them playing at billiards; they were confident that they were not mistaken. Still the magistrate, who appears to have been most worthy of his office, could not bring himself to believe that the guilty parties would so recklessly run into the lion's jaws; and he urged the women to consider well the consequences of what they were saying—the lives of two of their fellow-creatures hung upon their breath—but their conviction was not to be shaken. He then bade them sit down, whilst he called in the gentlemen separately, and conversed with them both on indifferent matters, and also on the late assassination. When he dismissed them, promising Guesno to send him his papers, he again turned to the women, whom he hoped to find ready to retract their assertions; on the contrary, they were more than ever confident of their correctness. Nothing therefore remained for the magistrate but to order the immediate arrest of Guesno and Lesurques, although himself, especially after the late conversation, intimately persuaded of their entire innocence. What a dreadful situation for him! The two prisoners were immediately confronted with the witnesses, who one and all swore to their persons, agreeing, without exception, that Lesurques was the man

whose spur-chain had been broken, and who had afterwards forgotten his sword at Lieursaint.

On the day of his arrest, Lesurques wrote the following letter to a friend:—'Dear S.—Since my arrival in Paris, I have met with nothing but vexations; but a misfortune has now overtaken me that exceeds belief. I am accused of a crime, the very thoughts of which make me shudder with horror! Three women and two men, none of whom I ever beheld in my life before, have positively sworn that I was one of the band who murdered the Lyons courier! I leave you, who know me so well, and are also pretty well acquainted with the mode in which I have passed my time since I came here, to judge of the probability of this astounding accusation. But the dreadful consequences that may ensue, if this accused lie cannot be disproved, render the most energetic proceedings necessary. For God's sake, assist me with your memory. Try and recall where, and with whom, I was at the time these people assert that they saw me.' The writer then enumerates all the persons he can recollect to have conversed with on the day he was supposed to have been absent from Paris, including the Citizen Texier, General Cambrai, the Demoiselle Eugénie, Citizen Ledru, his wife's hairdresser, the workmen employed in his house, and the porter that kept his gate; and he concludes his letter by a request that his friend would frequently visit, and endeavour to support the spirits of his wife.

Lesurques, Guesno, Couriol, Bernard, Richard, and Bruer, were all brought to trial, the three first as principals, and the latter as abettors or receivers, on which occasion the witnesses swore as positively as before to the persons of Lesurques and Guesno. The last, however, proved a most satisfactory alibi, and Bruer succeeded in entirely establishing his innocence. Lesurques was less fortunate, although his alibi was also sworn to by fifteen respectable witnesses, some of whom had lunched with him, others dined with him, at such hours as rendered it physically impossible he could have been at Mongeron or Lieursaint on the day in question. The porter, and workmen employed in his house, also gave testimony in his favour. It was just as the jury were about to yield to the weight of this evidence that the well-meant zeal of a townsman of Lesurques proved fatal to him. This man was a jeweller called Legrand, who had sworn to having transacted some business of importance with the accused on the day mentioned in the indictment, which fact was corroborated by another jeweller named Aldenoff. Elated at the weight of testimony brought in favour of his friend, Legrand most unfortunately proffered his books, where, he said, a certain entry would be found establishing the fact of Lesurques' presence in Paris on the 8th Floréal. The books were accordingly sent for and examined; but an evident erasure and alteration of a 9 into an 8 overthrew, not only the evidence of the jewellers, who were very respectable men, but seems to have cast a doubt on that of all the other witnesses. The president of the court pressed for an explanation, which Legrand not being able to give, an order was issued for his arrest, whereupon the poor man, entirely losing his presence of mind, confessed that he did not know to a certainty on what day he had seen Lesurques, but that, being entirely assured of his innocence, he had made that alteration in his book with the hope of establishing what he was satisfied was true. From that moment the tide of opinion changed—the evidence of the other witnesses was looked upon as the result of a conspiracy, and a certain degree of anger and resentment took possession of the minds both of judges, jury, and audience. Lesurques alone was calm; the more things went against him, the more unmoved he appeared.

At this critical juncture, whilst the jury had retired to consider the verdict, a woman, in a state of excitement bordering on insanity, rushed into the court, and demanded to be heard. Being brought before the president, she declared, with the utmost vehemence, that Lesurques was entirely innocent of the crime imputed to him. 'The witnesses are deceived,' said she, 'by the extraordinary resemblance which exists between him and the real criminal.'

nal, for whom they mistake him. I know him well—he has fled—and his name is Dubosque.' This woman, Madelaine Brebon, was Couriol's mistress; and in making this avowal, to which her conscience urged her, she admitted the guilt of her lover. Yet was she not believed, nor was her evidence investigated; the ill effects of Legrand's confession were yet too recent. Couriol, Lesurques, Bernard, and Richard, were found guilty—the three first being condemned to death, the last to the galleys. Guesno and Bruer were acquitted. As soon as the sentence was pronounced, Lesurques rose from his seat, and, with entire composure, declared his innocence, adding, that 'if a murder on the highway were a fearful crime, it would be well for his judges to remember that a judicial murder was no less so.' Then Couriol arose. 'I am guilty,' said he; 'I confess it; but Lesurques is innocent, and Bernard had no part in the murder.' Four times he reiterated this assertion, and from his prison he wrote a letter, full of sorrow and repentance, to the same purpose. 'Lesurques knew nothing of the affair; the names of the other parties concerned were Vidal, Rossi, Durochat, and Dubosque; it is the last for whom Lesurques is mistaken.' Madelaine Brebon also made another effort to convince the authorities of their mistake; but, strange to say, neither her assurances, nor those of Couriol, who could have no interest but a conscientious one in denying for Lesurques what he avowed for himself, were sufficient to save the life of this unfortunate victim. It is true, a petition was sent into the directory, and the directory referred the matter to the *corps législatif*. All they asked for was a postponement of the execution. 'Must Lesurques die,' said they, 'because he has the misfortune to resemble a criminal?' The answer of the legislative body was, 'that the process had been strictly legal; that a single case could not justify the violation of a well-considered statute; and that to set aside the verdict of a jury for the reasons advanced, would be equivalent to arraigning the wisdom and justice of the law as established.' Since the right of pardon no longer existed, there thus remained neither hope nor help for Lesurques. On the day of his execution, he wrote the following letter to his wife, which, from the stoicism it exhibited, was very much admired by the republic, at that period, in the midst of their disorders, affecting a great admiration of classical heroism: 'My dearest love,—No man can elude his destiny—it is mine to die on a scaffold, the victim of an error. I shall meet my fate as becomes me. I send you some of my hair; when my children are old enough, you will divide it amongst them. It is the only inheritance I have now to leave them.' Unhappily, it was so, his whole property being confiscated to the state. After sentence was pronounced on him, Lesurques also caused the following letter to be inserted in the public journals, addressed to the real criminal:—'Be thou, in whose place I am to die, content with the sacrifice of my life. The day will probably yet come that you will find yourself in the hands of justice—then, remember me! Think of my children and of their broken-hearted mother, covered with disgrace. Restore them their good name; repair their dreadful misfortune, which has wholly originated in the fatal resemblance betwixt you and me.'

The executions took place on the 10th of May, 1797. It was Maundy-Thursdays, and Lesurques, who conducted himself to the last with the most heroic calmness and self-possession, went to the scaffold in a complete suit of white, which he wore as the symbol of his innocence. He said, he regretted it was not a day later—Good-Friday being more suitable for such a sacrifice. As they went through the streets, Couriol stood up in the cart, and cried aloud to the people, 'I am guilty, but Lesurques is innocent!' The latter died forgiving all men, and calling God to witness the injustice of his sentence. Thus the climax of all injustice was committed through the very fanaticism of justice. Nothing was stable in the republic, so they determined that at least they would have one thing to hold fast by, and that was the law, right or wrong.

Amongst those who were perfectly satisfied of Le-

surques' innocence was Daubenton, the justice of the peace; and as he had unfortunately been a principal agent in the catastrophe, he felt that nothing could appease his remorse but the re-integration of the victim's fame—a tardy, but, as regarded his family, most important reparation; and as this could only be effected by the arrest of the other three criminals named by Couriol, he resolved never to relax his exertions, till he laid his hands upon them. It would fill a volume to recount the means he used to effect his object; we can only here detail the result of his self-imposed and meritorious labours.

Two years had elapsed since the death of Lesurques, before Daubenton discovered the slightest indications of what he sought; but at the end of that time, he found in the police reports, which day and night were brought to him, the name of Durochat. This was the man who, under the name of Laborde, had travelled with the courier, and he was now in the prison of St Pelagie for a robbery. There was no difficulty in identifying him; and, accompanied by Daubenton, four gendarmes, and a constable, he was conveyed to Versailles to be examined. On the road, he expressed a wish to breakfast, alleging that he had had nothing to eat since his arrest on the previous day. They accordingly stopped at a small public-house, and there Durochat requested a private interview with the magistrate. The constable pointed out the danger of trusting himself alone with such a confirmed villain; but Daubenton, bent on obtaining the justification of Lesurques, ordered breakfast to be served for himself and the prisoner in a private room. They seated themselves opposite each other, and Daubenton took up a knife to open an egg; it was the only one on the table, the constable having cautioned the maid who waited not to put down a second.

'You are afraid of me,' said Durochat to the magistrate, looking hard at him; 'you arm yourself already.'

'Take the knife,' said Daubenton, handing it to him.

'Cut yourself a slice of bread, and tell me what you know of the affair of the Lyons courier.'

He had taken the right way. Durochat savagely clutched the knife; but in a moment more he stood up, and laid it on the table. 'You are a brave man, citizen!' said he, 'and I am a lost one. You shall know all.' Whereupon he made a full confession, confirming in every particular the account given by Couriol. He had himself fled on the first alarm, and the name of Lesurques he had never heard till after his execution. It was Dubosque that had repaired his spur at Mongeron—Dubosque that had forgotten his sword at Lieursaint. Some time elapsed before the other three were taken, but finally the exertions of Daubenton were crowned with success: Vidal, Dubosque, and Rossi, were arrested, and paid the penalty of their crimes. The confessions of Durochat and Rossi coincided entirely with that of Couriol; Vidal and Dubosque denied to the last, though no doubt remained of their guilt. A light wig, such as he had worn on the fatal day, being placed on the head of Dubosque, the resemblance betwixt him and Lesurques became so remarkable, as perfectly to account for the unfortunate error of the witnesses, who had also been led by a certain similarity of feature to mistake Guesno for Vidal.

The innocence of Joseph Lesurques was thus made manifest to all the world; nobody could doubt it; and his family seemed naturally entitled to the restoration of their property, and such a full and perfect vindication of his fame as a revision of his sentence alone could afford. And for these, we will not say favours, but sacred rights, they have never ceased to supplicate, backed by the support and assistance of several eminent jurists; whilst the good magistrate, Daubenton, devoted not only the latter years of his life, but a considerable part of his fortune, to the promotion of their suit. But, alas! without success—the verdict of a French jury cannot be revised! In 1842 died the widow of Lesurques, leaving a son and daughter, from whom, on her deathbed, she required a promise that they would never relax in those duties to their father's memory to which she had devoted her life. Her eldest son had

fallen, some years before, in the service of his country. During the reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X., a part of the property of this unfortunate family was restored to them—not as a *restitution*, however, but as a *favour*!

Never was there a more lamentable verification of the maxim, *summum jus summa injuria*, than is afforded by the story of Joseph Lesurques. Man is too fallible a being to venture on irrevocable statutes. We are the subjects of the law; but justice and mercy are the laws of God, and to these all human institutions must yield precedence.

SO MANY CALLS.

BY MRS H. B. STOWE, OF NEW YORK.

It was a brisk clear evening, in the latter part of December, when Mr A—— returned from his counting-house to the comforts of a bright coal fire and warm arm-chair in his parlour at home. He changed his heavy boots for slippers, drew around him the folds of his evening gown, and then, lounging back in the chair, looked up to the ceiling and about with an air of satisfaction. Still there was a cloud on his brow: what could be the matter with Mr A——? To tell the truth, he had that afternoon received in his counting-room the agent of one of the principal religious charities of the day, and had been warmly urged to double his last year's subscription, and the urging had been pressed by statements and arguments to which he did not know well how to reply. 'People think,' soliloquised he to himself, 'that I am made of money, I believe; this is the fourth object this year for which I have been requested to double my subscription, and this year has been one of heavy family expenses—building and fitting up this house—carpets, curtains—no end to the new things to be bought—I really do not see how I am to give a cent more in charity; then there are the bills for the girls and boys—they all say that they must have twice as much now as before we came into this house: wonder if I did right in building it?' And Mr A—— glanced up and down the ceiling, and around on the costly furniture, and looked into the fire in silence. He was tired, harassed, and drowsy; his head began to swim, and his eyes closed—he was asleep. In his sleep he thought he heard a tap at the door; he opened it, and there stood a plain, poor-looking man, who, in a voice singularly low and sweet, asked for a few moments' conversation with him. Mr A—— asked him into the parlour, and drew him a chair near the fire. The stranger looked attentively around, and then, turning to Mr A——, presented him with a paper. 'It is your last year's subscription to Missions,' said he; 'you know all of the wants of that cause that can be told you; I called to see if you had anything more to add to it.'

This was said in the same low and quiet voice as before; but, for some reason unaccountable to himself, Mr A—— was more embarrassed by the plain, poor, unpretending man, than he had been in the presence of any one before. He was for some moments silent before he could reply at all, and then, in a hurried and embarrassed manner, he began the same excuses which had appeared so satisfactory to him the afternoon before—the hardness of the times, the difficulty of collecting money, family expenses, &c.

The stranger quietly surveyed the spacious apartment, with its many elegancies and luxuries, and without any comment took from the merchant the paper he had given, but immediately presented him with another. 'This is your subscription to the Tract Society: have you anything to add to it? you know how much it has been doing, and how much more it now desires to do, if Christians would only furnish means: do you not feel called upon to add something to it?'

Mr A—— was very uneasy under this appeal, but there was something in the mild manner of the stranger that restrained him; but he answered that, although he regretted it exceedingly, his circumstances were such that he could not this year conveniently add to any of his charities.

The stranger received back the paper without any reply, but immediately presented in its place the subscription to

the Bible Society, and, in a few clear and forcible words, reminded him of its well-known claims, and again requested him to add something to his donations. Mr A—— became impatient.

'Have I not said,' he replied, 'that I can do no more for any charity than I did last year?' There came to be no end to the calls upon us in these days. At first there were only three or four objects presented, and the sums required were moderate; now the objects increase every day; all call upon us for money, and all, after we give once, want us to double and treble our subscriptions; there is no end to the thing; we may as well stop in one place as another.'

The stranger took back the paper, rose, and, fixing his eye on his companion, said in a voice that thrilled to his soul, 'One year ago to-night you thought that your daughter lay dying; you could not sleep for agony: upon what did you call all that night?'

The merchant started and looked up; there seemed a change to have passed over the whole form of his visitor, whose eye was fixed on him with a calm, intense, penetrating expression, that awed and subdued him; he drew back, covered his face, and made no reply.

'Five years ago,' said the stranger, 'when you lay at the brink of the grave, and thought that if you died to-day, you should leave a family of helpless children entirely unprovided for, do you remember how you prayed?—who saved you then?'

The stranger paused for an answer, but there was a dead silence. The merchant only bent forward as one entirely overcome, and rested his head on the seat before him.

The stranger drew yet nearer, and said, in a still lower and more impressive tone, 'Do you remember, fifteen years since, *that time* when you felt yourself so lost, so helpless, so hopeless; when you spent days and nights in prayer, when you thought you would give the whole world for an hour's assurance that your sins were forgiven you?—who listened to you then?'

'It was my God and Saviour!' said the merchant, with a sudden burst of remorseful feeling; 'oh, yes, it was he.'

'And has He ever complained of being called on too often?' inquired the stranger, in a voice of reproaching sweetness; 'say,' he added, 'are you willing to begin this night, and ask no more of him, if he, from this night, will ask no more from you?'

'Oh, never, never!' said the merchant, throwing himself at his feet; but, as he spoke these words, the figure seemed to vanish, and he awoke with his whole soul stirred within him. 'Oh, my Saviour! what have I been saying! what have I been doing?' he exclaimed. 'Take all, take everything! what is all that I have to what thou hast done for me!'

PAGE BY PÆDEUTES.

VIGILS, REVELS, WAKES.

THESE three words are what grammarians term *synonyms*, that is to say, words having the same meaning. By this grammarians do not mean to affirm, that what they call synonyms are exactly and literally identical in sense, conveying neither more nor less of meaning the one than the other. On the contrary, the ingenious Abbé Girard, who has written incomparably the best treatise on synonyms extant—neither Dusmieu nor Hill excepted—maintains that there are no two words thoroughly and out and out synonymous, and which can, on all occasions, be used indifferently at the option of the writer or speaker, the one for the other. The proposition of the abbé is undoubtedly true; no one language gives birth to two words fully and precisely synonymous—yet it holds not in the case of a language which, though it abounds in significant words of its own generation and growth, to get variety of expression and of sound, and to relieve at once the ear and the mind from that weariness and tedium which result from a dull and reiterated monotony, borrow largely, yet wisely, from other tongues words exactly

synonymous. For instance, in our own language, we hold *fitness* and *aptitude* to be exactly synonymous. If no two words, then, in the same language, are altogether alike in meaning, why are they so called, and what is meant by *synonymes*? Words are so called when they have one common and leading idea, in which they agree; though they may be distinguished the one from the other by some accessory idea, or distinctive shade of meaning peculiar to each. They have a certain family likeness and a peculiar difference, like what Ovid says of the daughters of Nereus: 'Facies non omnibus una, nec diversa tamen;' that is, they had neither the same nor a different aspect and expression of face. And it is in a nice discrimination of these delicate shades of difference in the choice of vocables in composition, that elegance and propriety of language must consist, which is in accordance with Swift's comprehensive, though laconic, definition of a good style, viz., '*fit words in fit places*.'

We shall now proceed to illustrate these remarks by a practical application of them to the words that form our present text, so to speak. *Vigils, revels, wakes*, all of them agree in denoting sitting up late at night, and waking and watching when the rest of the world have gone to bed, and are asleep. This is the family feature common to them all—the leading and prominent idea indicated by all—though they differ widely in the manner in which this *waking* is kept, in the objects which the parties *waking* have in view, and in the motives by which they are actuated. To understand the full meaning of *vigils*, it will be necessary to look back for a moment to the *watch* and *ward* discipline, and particularly the *night* economy of the Roman army when in quarters or camp. They kept watches or sentries at the gates, on the ramparts and other important places of the town or camp, both day and night, and to denote both sorts they have the word *excubie*. But to indicate and to distinguish *night* watches from *day*, they employed *vigilie*, *vigils*. These words themselves are apt illustrations of our argument, as above advanced. The Roman night began at six in the evening, and ended at six in the morning—a space of twelve hours; and, as the standing order was to mount and relieve guard every three hours, the night was thus commodiously divided into four watches or vigils, of three hours each. The first vigil began at six o'clock, and continued till nine, whence called the *evening* watch. The second began at nine and continued till twelve, the third was from twelve till three in the morning; which two were strictly speaking the *night* watches. The fourth vigil was from three till six, whence called the *morning* watch; as also *gallicantium*, i. e. the watch of the *cock-crowing* or *chan-celler*. This word is most appositely employed in the Scriptures of both the Old and the New Testament; thus, Exodus xiv. 20, 24: 'And the pillar of the cloud came between the *camp* of the Egyptians and the *camp* of Israel; and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light by night to these: so that the one came not near the other *all that night*.'—'And it came to pass, that in the *morning* watch the Lord looked unto the host of the Egyptians.' Again, Luke xii. 37, 38: 'Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching. And if he shall come in the *second* watch, or come in the *third* watch, and find them so, blessed are those servants.' The Lord of *hosts* is in the former citation described as acting the part of a sentinel over his chosen people Israel, and in happy allusion to which is the devout watchword or motto of the city of Edinburgh—'*Nec dominus frustra*.'

'Except the Lord do build the house,

The builders lose their pain;

Except the Lord the city keep,

The watchmen watch in vain.—Psal. cxxvii.

It is to be noted, that being *vigilant* or keeping *awake* was the very essence of the nocturnal sentinel's duty; and that sleeping at his post was a dereliction almost tantamount to a desertion of it, which was death by the military code. It is also noteworthy, that the names of *Vigi-*

sued their studies to a late or early hour, and whose lucubrations in consequence, like the Athenian orator's, were redolent of the midnight oil. The Greek *Gregorius* and our *Gregory* are equivalent terms; the Rob Roy, *Gregor* to name and *Gregor* to nature, turned his long *night* watchings to a somewhat different scope. *Bees* not *books* were the objects of honest Rob's *vigilant* investigation, and the autumnal moon the lamp by which he prosecuted his desultory studies.

The reader will now see the reason and the propriety of applying the term *vigils* to *watchings* over *night*, whether these be made to celebrate certain superstitious customs, or observe devotional exercises, as was the practice of the early Christians, who were wont to watch, fast, and pray in churches on the *eve* preceding any solemn feast, in order to prepare themselves for a proper solemnisation of the same. A remnant of one of these superstitious observances still remains in the ceremonies celebrated on the *first of May* by the country people in many villages of England; and till of late years on Arthur Seat, near 'our own romantic town.' This high festival was called by our Ethnic ancestors *Beltane*, i. e. the *Lord of the fire*, or the sun, from the Celtic *Bel* or *Baal*, *lord*, and *tane*, *fire*, in whose honour it was first instituted. Though the manner of its primitive celebration be buried in the 'dark backward and abysmal' of antiquity, still, that it continued to be kept up as an annual festive holiday, with great pomp and circumstance, by our ancestors long after their conversion from idolatry, is evident from the first stanza of James First's comic Ballad, '*Pebble to the Play*;' the first stanza and two lines of the second stanza of which we quote in proof and illustration:

'At Beltane, quhen ilk bodie beweis
To Pebble to the play,
To heir the singin and the soundis;
The solace, uth to say,
Be airth and forrest furth they found;
They graythit them full gay;
God wait that wald they do that stound,
For it was thair feist day,
They said,
Of Pebble to the play.'

'All the wenchis of the west
War up or the cock crew';

To *boun* is to hasten, to hie; and *grayth* is to clothe, now only applied to horses. *Pebble* or *Peebles* is the county town of Tweeddale. Ettrick forest, which is not far distant from it, was anciently a royal chase, and much resorted to by the Kings of Scotland to enjoy the pleasures of hunting. The ill-fated Darnley paid it a visit in the winter preceding his mysterious death. *Play* means here neither more nor less than the *annual festival of Beltane*, held at *Peebles*, as a convenient central point, and from its contiguity to a royal demesne.

Dryden, too, whose story, and scenes of action, and *dramatis personae*, are often foreign, but whose manners are those of his own country, shows that it was customary for young folks to keep the eve of the first of May as a *vigil*, before they sallied forth to wash themselves in the sovereign cosmetic of May morning dew;

'The young Emilia, fairer to be seen
Than the fair lily on the flowery green,
Waked, as her custom was, before the day,
To do the observance due to sprightly May:
For sprightly May commands our youth to keep
The vigils of her night, and breaks their sluggard sleep.'

It was part of the ritual of the games enacted on *Beltane*, that a shepherd should be elected as *King May*, and a shepherdess as *Queen*, who was styled *Lady Flora*. Their majesties, seated on a royal throne, in a waggon open at the sides but arched atop, attired in green, and preceded by a band of music, paraded in procession through the village. Then they repaired to the *green*, where was erected the *May-pole*, decked with flowers and leafy boughs; and around which the lads and lasses, rigged out in their holiday gear, footed it merrily to the music of horn-pipe and tabor, and carolled out ever and anon, light of heart and shrill of voice, their congenial roundelay of joy and mirth. A fragmentary relic of this festivity is trace-

acted in London and vicinity, on the first of May and two following days. *Jack in the Green* is evidently the representative of *King May*; but why and how *Queen Flora* has been dethroned by the *chummies* we know not—it is problematical if they themselves do. Perhaps the smutty fraternity have become converts to the Salic law, and ungallantly swept the distaff, as a regal emblem, from their code, unless the fair lady to be afterwards spoken of be her representative.

To those of our readers who have never witnessed this plebeian sport of 'merry England,' and vestige of the good 'olden times,' it may not be uninteresting to know, that the *chummies*' show consists of dancing in a ring, and hand in hand, to singing and music, the sooty brethren beating time, and swelling the concert to a diapason with the rough and rattling *charivari* of their wooden shovels and brushes. Their music beats that of the butchers' 'marrow bones and cleavers' hollow; and their performance on the 'light fantastic toe' is conformable. What is wanting in grace is made up in spirit and vigour. Their style of saltation is a medley of the old Cyclopean and modern Jim Crow school. Any gratuity you feel disposed to bestow towards contributing to the hilarity of the company, you deposit in the shovel, which puts the pilgrimating Scot in remembrance of the *wooden ladies*, which were wont to circulate in the country kirks to gather in the *bawbees*. The duty of going round with the shovel to solicit a largesse devolves upon a lady who is styled 'Black Sall,' a name which she derives and deserves from having her face all smutted over with soot and grease, wrought up to a shine that casts Day and Martin's far-famed jet polish into the shade. In the centre of the tripping circle, and constituting the grand object of attraction, is 'Jack in the Green' himself: but, like his redoubted namesake of giant-killing renown with his invisible cap on, he is not to be seen by the sharpest eye. In this lies the gist of the merriment; for he is inclosed in an arbour of flowers, leaves, and branches, so contrived that while he sees perfectly well the spectators, they cannot get a peep of him, it rears its boughs so thickly interwoven, and drags such a length of train behind; in fact, it is the exact counterpart of king Oberon's bower in Fairy-land:

'The hedge was set so thick, no foreign eye
The persons placed within it could espy;
But all that passed without with ease was seen,
As if no fence, nor tree, was placed between.'

This portable arbour Jack by means of a walloping pole raises now aloft, now ducks aloe, like a ship's mast in a rolling sea, and anon twirls round with amazing agility, keeping time and measure with the music and the dance, to the great delight and admiration of the onlookers.

From Spencer we gather that it was customary to deck the church pillars, and the posts of private houses, with boughs and blossoms in honour of this joyous month; which custom is now fallen into desuetude:

'Is not this the merry month of May,
When love lads masken in fresh array?
Youthes folke now flocken in everywhere
To gather *May buskets*, and smelling breere,
And home they hasten, the *posts to dight*,
And all the *kirk pillars ere day-light*,
With hawthorn buds, and sweet eglantine,
And girlonds of roses, and *sops in wine*.'

Sops of wine are a species of carnation; and *buskets* were little *bushes of hawthorn* neatly trimmed, wherewith the rustic belles were wont to adorn and scent their heads on holidays, whence the artificial flowers of modern dames—which custom also has given rise to one of the most expressive and beautiful of our Scottish proverbs, viz., 'A bonnie bride is sune *buskit*,' which we hold to excel Thomson's

'Needs not the foreign aid of ornaments,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most;'

and to equal, at least, if not surpass, Horace's admired antithesis, '*Simplex munditiis*.' It may be observed, that the practice of ascending to the summit of Arthur's Seat on Beltane morning, may have originated in the ancient custom of our remote ancestors performing religious rites

on the tops of mountains. Hence *Benledi*, Perthshire, i. e. the *mountain of God*; and *Sulitelma*, the highest glacier in Sweden, is in the Lapponean language identical in meaning; and Livy (xxi. 38) informs us, that the mountaineers of the Alps worshipped the god *Peninus* on the summit of the ridge, which is called the *Penine Alps* from that circumstance. Homer, moreover, represents Jupiter as seated on the serene top of 'old Olympus,' and thence surveying the subject world; or, from Ida's cloud-capt summit, launching his angry thunderbolts, splintering the mountain peaks and the palace pinnacles; scathing the giant oaks, and appalling the guilty souls of mortals:

'So Jove from *Ida* did both hosts survey,
And when he chose to *thunder* part the fray.'

Our maiden aunt, who verges on fourscore years, but who yet loves to look back and dwell upon the heartsome days and doings of 'auld lang syne,' states that the doggerel rhyme in vogue in her *kempie* days, when she loved her face in May-dew, was

'If ye do gather the May-dew,
Ye'll be bonnie a' the year through.'

Our aunt, who is as *canty* and *gabby* a gossip as ever knapt ginger or quaffed a cup of comfort, is a staunch believer in the marvellous virtue of the lavenment, and avers 'that it's name o' your auld farram, uncanny frets.' She holds that the dew which is procured from a meadow of natural grass, damasked with *donnart gowans* (Anglice, *speckled daisies*), has by far the most efficacy; and no wonder, for every dairy-maid knows that cows fed on such yield the prettiest and the primest butter.* Hence the peerless superiority of the Banffshire article. Perhaps there was couched a covert sanitary moral, after all, under the custom, and the popular belief of the beautifying powers of the *May-dew*. They at least tend indirectly to inculcate early rising, and matutinal washing—two lessons and habits of paramount importance towards health and comfort; and, as such, auxiliary not only to the acquisition and preservation of physical, but even of moral loveliness; for

'Even from the body's purity the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.'

SENEFELDER AND THE SPRIG OF MOSS.

In 1789, those who witnessed the first representation of a new piece produced at the theatre of Munich might have remarked one among the actors whose deportment was anything but in unison with his words. He filled the anomalous part of a comic personage, whose business it was, whatever might be the state of his own feelings, by dint of buffoonery and burlesque gestures, to elicit fresh bursts of laughter at every phrase. The poor actor, however, possessed none of the *physique* so necessary to such employment. His features pronounced him to be about fifteen years of age; and on his long, weakly, bent body was perched a little pale head which he balanced slowly, now on one shoulder and then on the other, somewhat resembling a stalk of withered asparagus in a vase; his eyes were dull, blue, and melancholy-looking; as to his mouth, when he essayed to laugh, he only succeeded in extorting a grim, nervous contraction.

The piece was hissed down from the commencement; the young actor came in for a fair share of the disapprobation; and after the fall of the curtain he was still engaged in changing his costume, when the secretary of the theatre appeared at the door of his room, saying, 'Monsieur Senefelder, the director wishes to see you.'

'Certainly,' said Alois, coming out and following the secretary into the cabinet of the director.

'Monsieur Senefelder,' said the latter gentleman on the actor's entrance, 'do you know that I am the author of that piece played to-night?'

'Yes, sir,' said Alois, at the same time anxiously seeking to divine from the grim, menacing face of the director to what this question was a prelude.

'You know that the piece is hissed down.'

'Sir,' faltered Alois, 'I have done all that I could to'—
'To bring it down, and you have succeeded admirably,' growled out the author. 'Here is what I owe you. Pick it up, sir, and begone.'

So stunned was Alois that he seemed changed into a marble statue. He had no strength to take his money, to refuse it, or to go out. However, the secretary having gathered up the small sum and put it into the hand of Alois, the contact with the cold crowns seemed to recall him to himself, for with a shudder and a convulsive clasp of his hands he fell on his knees and burst into a flood of tears.

'Oh, do not send me away—do not send me away!' was his first exclamation.

'I want an actor, and not a weeper,' was the gruff reply of the director-author, whose ears were still ringing with the hisses which had drowned his piece. 'Instead of laughing you weep.'

'Sir, my father has been dead for two days, and I have not yet raised as much money as will serve to inter his beloved remains,' said Alois, in a choked voice. 'My mother, my two young brothers, and three little sisters, are all depending upon me for bread. Have pity, then, Monsieur Spacmann, I pray you, and don't dismiss me.'

'I am sorry I can do no more for you,' said the director, taking up his hat and preparing to go; however, on passing Alois, who remained on his knees mute and immovable, more like a corpse than a living body, the author relaxed a little into the man, and turning round to the secretary he said, 'Double the sum, Mr Fritz, and let his father be buried.'

Fritz took some crowns from a little drawer in his writing-table, and having thrust them into the hand of Alois, he assisted the poor, weakly youth out of the theatre. On their way to the dwelling of the widow Senefelder they passed a carpenter's shop. Fritz waited only so long as necessary to order a coffin and pay for it, and then left Alois to pursue his way.

Alois proceeded so slowly, absorbed in the one crushing idea of his entire dismissal from that situation which had hitherto been the source of provision for the family, that the undertaker had preceded him by some minutes; so, when he entered the house, his ears were saluted by the double sound of the nailing of the coffin and the weeping of his brothers and sisters. A fresh and a deeper gloom was cast around the heart of the miserable youth. What a heart-sickening scene was before him! Here was the bier containing his father, at the head of which lay his mother plunged in tears and sobbing loudly, while close by was the undertaker, carelessly plying his work; and there, crouched all in a corner, were the five children, of whom the eldest was but ten and the youngest scarcely three years of age. The eager look with which they saluted their brother's entrance too plainly betokened that hunger and fatigue had been preying deeply upon them, and that only the fear of wounding still more the feelings of their widowed mother had kept them silent on this point.

When Alois entered, Marianne, the eldest, ran towards him and whispered, 'Have you brought supper, brother?'

'There,' said Alois, drawing out all his money.

'So much as that!' said his sister; 'how well pleased they must be with you that they give you nearly twice your ordinary wages.'

'So pleased that they have discharged me,' said the ex-actor, in a low, hollow voice.

'You are not going to be an actor any more then, are you?' said a little boy who had followed after Marianne; 'so much the better; it is a bad trade, the curé says.'

Alois answered not. The undertaker had finished his work and departed; the poor youth went and knelt by his father's coffin to pray. What his thoughts were during that long night of grief we will not attempt to describe.

The next day the coffin was conveyed to the cemetery, Alois following the remains of his father to their last resting-place. Then, instead of returning home, he strolled through the streets, pursued by the fearful perplexity, what shall I do—what shall I do? All day he

wandered on, and, wrapped up in his own dreary thoughts, he noted not its decline. Night came. He now began to think of going home, and of the anxiety his absence would undoubtedly occasion to his family, but on raising his head to look around he was surprised to find himself in a part of the country with which he was totally unacquainted. In the morning, when he had left the cemetery, plunged in his all absorbing ideas of his father's death and his own dismissal from the only kind of employment he had imagined himself fitted for, he had followed the first route which offered, until now he found himself in a highway far beyond the city. All around was hushed in silence save the murmuring of a river that flowed past, and which he approached. Fatigue and want of nourishment forced him to sit down on the first stone which he saw; and there, resting his elbows on his knees and his head between his hands, he sat gazing at the running water. The little flowers, which the waves bore on their bosom, were meet emblems of life; then to the flowers succeeded floating branches and shoots of herbs. All these were apparent by the light of a thousand stars, which shone down and glimmered back in the blue limpid water, but were unheeded by Alois. Suddenly an idea struck the wandering brain of the forlorn one. 'There, at the bottom of that water, shall I find the end of all my misfortunes,' said he, and for a while he caressed the idea, and endeavoured to conjure up every plausible reason likely to encourage and strengthen him in his wicked and cowardly thoughts. 'I am good for nothing,' said he to himself, 'and by the director's dismissal, instead of being a help to my family I shall only become a burden. My poor mother has to-day still another mouth to fill, if I die then all that will be ended.' Happily for Alois he had been reared by Christian parents, who had endeavoured to imbue his mind with Christian principles. They had sought to inculcate love to God and faith in his promises, and now all their pious teachings rushed up before the mind's eye of the youth. He could not, despite his most earnest endeavours, conceal for a moment from his conscience that he entertained the thought of a great crime. He thought of asking pardon of his Creator, and he knelt down by the river side. A few incoherent words escaped him, but gradually his ideas became less and less distinct, the sound of the water ceased to tinkle in his ear, the little flowers swept past, and the brilliant stars shone down as before, but Alois was asleep. His last waking thought followed him into his sleep, and he dreamed that, in order more easily to precipitate himself into the water, he had gone to one of the bridges which spanned the river, but that the moment he reached the centre of the bridge a genie caught him by the hair with one hand, and with the other carried him back to the paternal dwelling. In that habitation, where he had left so much of misery and desolation, abundance and joy now reigned. All the arrangements for a bridal were apparent; his sister, dressed in white, followed to the altar one of his cousins, who had asked her in marriage. It was he (Alois) who gave away his sister, and all the guests, and his mother and brothers blessed him, for it was to him, by his industry and good conduct, that his sister owed a good husband and his family their happiness. Just then, at the very moment when Alois was happy, and joyful that he had not, as he one day meditated, destroyed himself, he heard the voice of the genie, who spoke thus—'See, fool, what thou hast lost by losing that confidence which thou owest to thy Creator. Die then, coward, who hast not been able to bear one of the many sorrows inseparable from human nature; die, and go to the bottomless pit, thy crime well merits it.' Saying which, the genie relaxed the grasp that held Alois suspended above the waves, into which he was now plunged headforemost, and down he rolled from abyss to abyss to a fathomless depth. The intensity of his dream had now reached a point which caused Alois to struggle, and he awoke. He opened his eyes and perceived the dawning day; he beheld the water, the sky, the trees, all the landscape gilded by the yellow rays of the rising sun; he heard every little songster

chirping forth a note of welcome to the returning day, and his spirit gave back a responsive echo. He was not dead; and giving a cry of joy, he knelt down and poured forth his yearning spirit in thankfulness to his Maker, and a wail of bitter repentance for his recent sin.

Suddenly, while his eye roamed from side to side, as if it could not be satiated with that beautiful landscape, to which he was lately so indifferent, and which teemed with so many bright examples of God's bounty and care, so well fitted to purify man's love and strengthen his faith, he saw very near him a little calcareous stone, very smooth and white, and upon which was traced the delicate design of a sprig of moss with its pretty little flowers and their roots. He recollected that on the previous evening he had moistened that stone with his tears, and had even taken a strange kind of pleasure in drowning with them the little sprig of moss, which some bird had probably dropped in its flight. The little sprig was now gone, the wind had carried it away, but its imprint, so delicately encrusted on the white smooth surface of the stone, caused the young German, despite himself, to reflect on the phenomenon.

'It is not without design,' thought he, 'that God has conducted me here—that he has sent me sleep to calm my sufferings, and a dream for a warning. I am a bad actor, a bad singer; but, who knows, perhaps I am reserved for some other thing.' While these thoughts revolved in his mind, Alois continued to examine the calcareous stone, and the minute reproduction of the sprig of moss on which his tears had flowed so freely the preceding evening. At all hazards, he determined to carry the stone with him, and, tucking it under his arm, he retook his path to the town. On drawing nigh the gates of the city, among the first persons he perceived was his little brother, who had been despatched by the anxious mother in search of him. The child told him, that on the day of the interment an old uncle had arrived from the country to see his mother, and, on beholding their misery, had left a small sum of money to assist them in passing the winter. 'Thank God!' ejaculated young Senefelder; and many a time afterwards did the same aspiration rise in his heart, in gratitude for the stone and the sprig of moss so miraculously placed under his eyes. At first he employed his discovery only by printing the sprig of moss on watch-cases and snuff-boxes, till one day the idea occurred to him of taking impressions of such little designs as could be obtained by pressing flowers and herbs upon the stone. This plan succeeded admirably, and the art of LITHOGRAPHY was discovered.

Senefelder patiently plodded on, elaborating his discovery. In his efforts to improve his art, he recalled all the chemical knowledge which he had been taught at school. Many ideas suggested themselves, only to be discarded again, in consequence of some new impediment; but still he ceased not in his experiments, and at last succeeded to his own satisfaction. Even when the art was brought to maturity, there were grievous obstacles to surmount—he was doomed to many bitter disappointments and corroding cares. His own work, describing the progress of his invention, is at the same time an interesting and painful memento of the frequent trials which he experienced. One may be mentioned. At first he was unable to command the small capital necessary to purchase a press, stones, and paper; but, loathe to relinquish all the bright hopes just dawning upon him, many expedients were resorted to, and at length he resolved to enlist in the artillery as a substitute for a friend, by which he would gain a bounty of two hundred florins. This would purchase the materials necessary, and, by working hard at all leisure moments, he thought it would not be long ere he could purchase his discharge from a profession which was disgusting to him. Accordingly, he set out for Ingolstadt, with a party of recruits, to join the regiment, where, however, his mortification was great, on it being discovered that he was not a native of Bavaria, and consequently, by a recent electoral order, could not serve. But these, and weightier difficulties, were surmounted.

After many disappointments, he acquired sufficiency for all his wants—attained the royal notice, and the approbation and gold medal of the Royal Academy of Sciences—and, what was still more dear to his heart, he lived to see the widely-spread extension of his art, its introduction into England, France, Berlin, St Petersburg, and even Philadelphia and Astrakan, in all which he beheld it flourish.

It was always with a shudder of horror that Alois Senefelder recalled to memory the evening when he entertained the idea of throwing himself into the water. How changed indeed would have been his lot, if his prayer had not arisen to the sky, and God bestowed his benediction in a long and sweet sleep! 'What do we know?' he would frequently exclaim. 'We say we are glad, or we are grieved; but, as Jesus changed the water into wine, so also does God, in his infinite wisdom, change our pains into pleasures, and our joys into sorrows.'

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

[From Byrd's 'Psalms, Sonnets,' &c., 1688.]

My mind to me a kingdom is:

Such perfect joy therein I find,

As far exceeds all earthly bliss,

That God of nature hath assign'd;

Though much I want that most would have,

Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content to live, this is my stay;

I seek no more than may suffice;

I press to bear no haughty sway;

Look, what I lack my mind supplies.

Lo! thus I triumph, like a king,

Content with what my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,

And hasty climbers soonest fall;

I see that such as sit aloft,

Mishap doth threaten most of all:

These get with toil, and keep with tear;

Such care my mind could never bear.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store;

No force to win the victory;

No wily wit to save a sore;

No shape to win a lover's eye;

To none of these I yield a thrall.

For why?—my mind despieth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave;

I little have, yet seek no more;

They are but poor, though much they have,

And I am rich with little store;

They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;

They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss;

I grudge not at another's gain;

No worldly care my mind can toss;

I brook what is another's bane;

I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend,

I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

I joy not in no earthly bliss,

I weigh not Cressus' wealth a straw!

For care, I know not what it is—

I fear not fortune's fatal law;

My mind is such as may not move,

For beauty bright or force of love.

I wish but what I have a will,

I wander not to seek for more;

I like the plain, I climb the hill;

In greatest storms I sit on shore,

And laugh at them that toil in vain

To get what must be lost again.

I kiss not where I wish to kill;

I feign not love where most I hate;

I lack no sleep to win my will;

I wait not at the mighty's gate—

I scorn no poor, I fear no rich,

I feel no want, nor have too much.

The court nor cart I like nor loathe;

Extremes are counted worse than all;

The golden mean betwixt them both

Doth surest sit, and fears no fall.

This is my choice—for why? I find

No wealth is like a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease;

My conscience clear my chief defence;

I never seek by bribes to please,

Nor by desert to give offence.

Thus do I live, thus will I die;

Would all did so as well as I

GALLERY OF LITERARY DIVINES.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

NO. II.—DR GEORGE CROLY.

In the introduction to our last paper, we deemed it necessary to defend the literary divine from certain coarse, common, but false charges. We feel, on reflection, that we did not, in his vindication, occupy ground sufficiently high and strong. Not only is the literary divine not a disgrace to his profession, he is a positive honour. His pulpit becomes an eminence, commanding a view of both worlds. He is a witness at the nuptials of truth and beauty, and the general cause of Christianity is subserved by him in more ways than one; for, first, the names of great men devoted at once to letters and religion neutralise, and more than neutralise, those which are often produced and paraded on the other side; again, they show that the theory of science sanctified, and literature laid down before the Lord, has been proved and incarnated in living examples, and does not therefore remain in the baseless regions of mere hypothesis; and, thirdly, they evince that even if religion be an imposture and a delusion, it is one so plausible and powerful as to have subjugated very strong intellects, and that it will not therefore do for every sciolist in the school of infidelity to pretend contempt for those who confess that it has commanded and convinced them.

Literary divines, next to religious laymen, are the chosen champions of Christianity. We say next to laymen, for when they come forth from their desks, their laboratories, or observatories, and bear spontaneous testimony in behalf of religion, it is as though the earth again should help the woman; and the thunder of a Bossuet, a Massillon, a Hall, or a Chalmers breaking from the pulpit does not speak so loud in behalf of our faith as the 'still, small voice' issuing from the studious chamber of an Addison, a Boyle, a Bowdler, an Isaac Taylor, and a Cowper. But men who might have taken foremost places in the walks of letters and science, and yet have voluntarily devoted themselves to the Christian cause, and yet continue amid all this devotion tremblingly alive to all the graces, beauties, and powers of literature, are surely standing evidences at least of the sincerity of their own convictions, if not of the truth of that faith on which these convictions centre. And when they openly give testimony to their belief, we listen as if we heard science and literature themselves pronouncing the creed or swearing the sacramental oath of Christianity.

Such an one is Dr George Croly. He might have risen to distinction in any path he chose to pursue; he has attained wide eminence as a literary man; he has never lost sight of the higher aims of his own profession; and he is now in the ripe autumn of his powers, with redoubled energy and hope, about to dive down in search of new pearls in that old deep which communicates with the omniscience of God. He is projecting at present, and has in part begun, to elaborate three treatises on the patriarchs, the prophets, and the apostles, from which great issues may be expected. Meanwhile we propose rapidly running over the general outline of his merits and works.

Dr Croly is almost the last survivor of that school of Irish eloquence which included the names of Burke, Sheridan, Grattan, Curran, and Flood. He has most of the merits, and some of the faults of that school. A singular school it has been, when we consider the circumstances and character of the country where it flourished. The most miserable has been the most eloquent of countries. The worst cultivated country has borne the richest crop of flowers—of speech. The barrenness of its bogs has been compensated by the rank fertility of its brains. Its groans have been set to a wild and wondrous music—its oratory has been a safety-valve to its otherwise intolerable wrongs. Yet, over all Irish eloquence, and even Irish humour, there hovers a certain shade of sadness. In vain they struggle to smile or to assume an air of cheerfulness. A sense of their country's wretchedness—their Pariah position—the dark doom that seems suspended over everything connected with the Irish name, lowers over and behind

them as they speak or write. Amidst the loftiest flights of Burke's speculation, the gayest bravuras of Sheridan's rhetoric, the fieriest bursts of Grattan's or Curran's eloquence, this stamp of the branding-iron—this downward and austere drag of degradation—is never lost sight of or forgotten.

Ireland! art thou a living string of God's great lyre, the earth; or art thou an instrument, thrown aside like a neglected harp, and only valuable for the chance notes of joy or sorrow, mad mirth or despair, which the hands of passengers can discourse upon thee? Art thou only a wayward child of the mighty mother, or art thou altogether a monstrous and incurable birth? Has nature taught thee thy notes of riant mirth or yet richer pathos, or have torture and tyranny, like cruel arts of hell, awoke within thee those slumbering energies which it were well for thee had slept for ever? Well for thee it may be, but not for the world; for thy loss has been our gain, and from thy long and living death has flowed forth that long, swelling, sinking, always dying yet never dead music which now sounds thy requiem, and may peradventure herald thy future resurrection.

Dr Croly has not altogether escaped the pervasive gloom of his country's literature. This speaks in the choice of his subjects and in the lofty, ambitious tone of his manner. He would spring up above the sphere of Ireland's dire attraction! 'Farthest from her is best.' Irish subjects, therefore, are avoided, although from no want of sympathy with Ireland. Regions either enjoying a profounder calm or torn by nobler agonies than those of Erin, are the chosen fields for his muse. Of his country's wild, reckless humour, always reminding us of the mirth of despairing criminals, singing and dancing out the last dregs of their life, Croly is nearly destitute. For this his genius is too stern and lofty. He does not deal in sheet lightning, but in the forked flashes of a withering and blasting invective. But in richness of figure, in strength of language, in vehemence of passion, and in freedom and force of movement, he is eminently Irish. Stripped, however, he is—partly by native taste, and partly by the friction of long residence in this country—of the more glaring faults of his country's style, its turbulence, exaggeration, fanfaronade, florid diffusion, and that ludicrous pathos which so often, in lieu of tears of grief, elicits tear-torrents of laughter. To use the well-known witticism of Curran, he has so often wagged his tongue in England that he has at last caught its accent, and his brogue is the faintest in the world. The heat of the Irish blood and its wild poetical affluus he has not sought, nor, if he had, would have been able to relinquish.

Dr Croly's principal power is that of gorgeous and eloquent description. There are five different species of the describer. The first describes a scene or character as it appears to him, but as it really is not, he having, through weakness of sight or inaccuracy of observation, missed the reality and substituted a vague something, more cognate to himself than to his object. The second is the literal describer—the bare, bald truth before him is barely and baldly caught—a certain spirit that hovered over it, as if on wing to fly, having amid the bustling details of the execution been disturbed and scared away. The third is the ideal describer, who catches and arrests that volatile film, expressing the life of life, the gloss of joy, the light of darkness, and the wild sheen of death; in short, the fine or terrible something which is really about the object, but which the eye of the gifted alone can see, even as in certain atmospheres only the rays of the sun are visible. The fourth is the historical describer, who sees and paints objects in relation to their past and future history, who gets so far within the person or the thing as to have glimpses behind and before about it, as if he belonged to it, like a memory or a conscience; and the fifth is the universal describer, who sees the object set in the shining sea of its total bearings, representing in it more or less fully the great whole of which it is one significant part. Thus, suppose the object a tree, one will slump up its character as large or beautiful—words which really mean nothing; another will, with the accuracy of a botanist, analyse it into its root, trunk, branches, and leaves; a third will make its

rustle seem the rhythm of a poem; a fourth will see in it, as Cowper in Yardley Oak, its entire history from the acorn to the axe, or perchance from the germ to the final conflagration; and a fifth will look on it as a mouth and mirror of the Infinite—a slip of *Igdrasil*. Or is the object the ocean—one will describe it as vast or serene, or tremendous, epithets which burden the air but do not exhaust the ocean; another will regard it as a boundless solution of salt; a third will be fascinated by its terrible beauty, as of a chained tiger; a fourth, with a far look into the dim records of its experience, will call it (how different from the foregoing appellations!) the ‘*melancholy main*’; and a fifth will see in it the reflector of man’s history—the shadow and mad sister of earth—the type of eternity!

These last three orders, if not one, at least slide often into each other, and Dr Croly appears to us a combination of the third and the fourth. His descriptions are rather those of the poet than of the seer. They are rapid, but always clear, and vivid, and strong, and eloquent, and over each movement of his *pen*, an invisible *pencil* seems to hang and to keep time.

Searching somewhat more accurately for a classification of *minds*, they seem to us to include five orders—the prophet, the artist, the analyst, the copist, and the combination in part of all the four. There is, first, the prophet, who receives immediately and gives out unresistingly the torrent of the breath and power of his own soul, which has become touched by a high and holy influence from behind him. This is no MECHANICAL office; the fact that he is chosen to be such an instrument, itself proclaims his breadth, elevation, power, and patency. There is next the artist, who receives the same influence in a less measure, and who, instead of implicitly obeying the current, tries to adjust, control, and get it to move in certain bounded and modulated streams. There is, thirdly, the analyst, who, in proportion to the faintness in which the breath of inspiration reaches him, is the more desirous to *turn round upon it*, to reduce it to its elements, and to trace it to its source. There is, fourthly, the copist—we coin a term, as *he* would like to coin the far-off *sigh* of the aboriginal thought, which alone reaches him, into a new and powerful spoken word—but in vain. And there is, lastly, the combination of the whole *four*—the clever, nay, gifted mimic, whose light energy enables him to circulate between, and to be sometimes mistaken for, them all together.

Dr Croly is the artist, and in general an accomplished and powerful artist he is. There is sometimes a little of the slapdash in his manner, as of one who is in haste to be done with his subject. His style sometimes sounds like the horse-shoes of the belated traveller, ‘spurring apace to gain the timely inn.’ He generally, indeed, goes off at the gallop, and continues at this generous, breakneck pace to the close. He consequently has too few pauses and rests. He and you rush up panting, and arrive breathless at the summit. And yet there is never anything erratic or ungraceful about the motion of the thought or style. If there be not classical repose there is classical rapture. It is no vulgar intoxication—it is a debauch of nectar; it is not a Newmarket, but a Nemean race.

Dr Croly’s intellectual distinction is less philosophic subtlety than strong, nervous, and manly sense. This, believed with perfect assurance, inflamed with passion, surrounded with the rays of imagination, and pronounced with a dogmatic force and dignity peculiarly his own, constitutes the circle of his literary character—a circle which also includes large and liberal knowledge, but which has been somewhat narrowed by the influence of views, in our judgment, far too close and conservative. Especially, as we have elsewhere said, whenever he hears the French Revolution he loses temper, and speaks of it in a tone of truculence as if it were a virulent ulcer and not a salutary blood-letting to the social system—the stir of a dunghill and not the explosion of a volcano—a few earthworms crawling out of their lair, and producing a transient agitation in their native mud, and not a vast Vesuvius moved by internal torments to cast out the central demon and with open mouth to appeal to heaven. To Croly this re-

volution seems more a ray from hell, shooting athwart our system, than a mysterious part of it through which earth must roll as certainly as through its own shadow—night; more a retribution of unmitigated wrath than a sharp and sudden surgical application, severe and salutary as cautery itself. Now that we have before us a tremendous trinity of such revolutions, we have better ground for believing that they are no anomalous convulsions, but the periodical fits of a singular subject, whom it were far better to watch carefully and treat kindly than to stigmatize or assault. Bishop Butler, walking in his garden with his chaplain, after a long fit of silent thought, suddenly turned round and asked him, if he did not think that nations might get mad as well as individuals. What answer the worthy chaplain made to this question we are not informed, but we suspect that few now would coincide with the opinion of the bishop. Nations are never mad, though often mistaken and often diseased, or if mad, it is a *fine* and terrible frenzy, partaking of the character of inspiration, and telling, through all its blasphemy and blood, some great truth otherwise a word unutterable to the nations. What said, through its throat of thunder, that first revolution of France? It said that men are men, that ‘God hath made of one blood all nations who dwell upon the face of the earth,’ and it proved it, alas! by *mingling* together in one tide the blood of captains and of kings, of rich and poor, of bond and free; it shattered for ever the notion of men being ninepins for the pleasure of power, and showed them at the least to be gunpowder, a substance always dangerous, and always, if trode on, to be trode on warily. What said the three days of July, 1830? They said, that if austere unlimited tyranny exceed in guilt, diluted and dotard despotism excels in folly, and that the contempt of a people is as effectual as its anger in subverting a throne. And what is the voice with which the world is yet vibrating, as if the sun had been strack audibly and stunned upon his mid-day throne? It is that, as a governing agent, the days of expediency are numbered, and that henceforth not power, nor cunning, not conventional morality, not talent, but truth has been crowned monarch of France, and, if the great experiment succeed, of the world.

It is of Dr Croly as a prose writer principally that we mean to speak. His poetry, though distinguished, and nearly to the same extent by the qualities of his prose, has failed in making the same impression. The causes of this are various. In the first place, it appeared at a time when the age was teeming to very riot with poetry. Scott, indeed, had betaken himself to prose novels; Southey to histories and articles; Coleridge to metaphysics; Lamb to ‘*Elia*’; and Wordsworth to his ‘*Recluse*,’ like the alchemist to his secret furnace. But still, with each new wound in Byron’s heart, a new gush of poetry was flowing, and all eyes were watching this martyr of the many sorrows, with the interest of those who are waiting silent or weeping for a last breath; and at the same time a perfect crowd of true poets were finding audience ‘fit though few.’ Wilson, Barry Corawall, Hogg, Hood, Clare, Cunningham, Milman, Maturin, Bowles, Crabbe, Montgomery, are some of the now familiar names which were then identified almost entirely with poetical aspirations. Amid such competitors Dr Croly first raised his voice, and only shared with many of them the fate of being much praised, considerably abused, and little read. Secondly, more than most of his contemporaries, he was subjected to the disadvantage, which in a measure pressed on all. All were stars seeking to shine ere yet the sun (that woful blood-spattered sun of ‘*Childe Harold*’) had fairly set. Dr Croly suffered more from this than others, just because he bore in some points a striking resemblance to Byron, a resemblance which drew forth, both for him and Milman, a coarse and witless assault in Don Juan. And, thirdly, Dr Croly’s poems were chargeable, more than his prose writings, with the want of continuous interest. They consisted of splendid passages, which rather stood for themselves than combined to form a whole. The rich ‘*bugle blooms*’ were trailed rather than trained about a stick,

scarce worthy of supporting them, and this, with the monotonous inevitable to rhyme, rendered it a somewhat tedious task to climb to the reward which never failed to be met with at last. 'Cætiline,' we think, is the most powerful of those productions, and copes worthily, particularly in the closing scene of the play, with the character of the gigantic conspirator, whose name even yet rings terribly, as it sounds down from the dark concave of the past.

His prose writings may be divided into three classes; his fictions, his articles in periodicals, and his theological works. We have not read his 'Tales of the Great St Bernard,' but understand them to be powerful though unequal. His 'Colonna, the Painter,' appeared in 'Blackwood,' and, as a tale shadowed by the deadly lustre of revenge, yet shining in the beauty of Italian light and landscape, may be called an unrhymed 'Lara.' His 'Marston, or Memoirs of a Statesman,' is chiefly remarkable for the sketches of distinguished characters, here and in France, which are sprinkled through it, somewhat in the manner of Bulwer's 'Devereux,' but drawn with a stronger pencil and in a less capricious light. To Danton, alone, we think he has not done justice. On the principle of *ex pede Herculem*, from the power and savage truth of those colossal splinters of expression, which are all his remains, we had many years ago formed our unalterable opinion, that he was the greatest, and by no means the worst man, who mingled in the mêlée of the Revolution—the Satan, if Dr Croly will, and not the Moloch of the Paris Pandemonium—than Robespierre abler—than Marat, that squalid, screeching, out-of-elbows demon, more merciful—than the Girondin champions more energetic—than even Mirabeau stronger and less convulsive; and are glad to find that Lord Brougham has recently been led, by personal examination, to the same opinion. The Danton of Dr Croly is a hideous compound of dandyism, diabolism, and power—a kind of coxcomb butcher, who with equal coolness arranges his moustaches and his murders, and who, when bearded in the Jacobin Club, proves himself a bully and a coward. The real Danton, so broad and calm in repose, so dilated and Titanic in excitement, who, rising to the exigency of the hour, seemed like Satan, starting from Ithuriel's spear, to grow into armour, into power and the weapons of power—now uttering words which were 'half battles,' and now walking silent, and unconscious alike of his vast energies and coming doom, by the banks of his native stream—now pelting his judges with paper bullets, and now laying his head on the block proudly, as if that head were the globe—was long since pointed out by Scott as one of the fittest subjects for artistic treatment, either in fiction or the drama. 'worthy,' says he, 'of Schiller or Shakspeare themselves.'

Dr Croly's highest effort in fiction is unquestionably 'Salathiel.' And it is verily a disgrace to an age, which devours with avidity whatever silly or putrid trash popular authors may be pleased to issue—such inane commonplace as 'Now and Then,' where the only refreshing things are the 'glasses of wine' which are poured out at the close of every third page to the actors (alas, why not to the readers!), naturally thirsty amid such dry work, or the coarse greasy horrors which abound in the all-detestable 'Lucretia'—that 'Salathiel' has not yet, we fear, even reached a second edition. It has not, however, gone without its reward. By the ordinary fry of circulating library readers neglected, it was read by a better class, and by none of those who read it forgotten. None but a 'literary divine' could have written it. Its style is steeped in Scripture. And what a magic this adds to writing, let those tell who have read Bunyan, Southey, Foster, even Macaulay, yea, and Byron, all of whom have sown their pages with this 'orient pearl,' and brought thus a reflection from Divine inspiration to add to the momentum of their own. Scripture extracts always vindicate their divine origin. They nerve what else in the sentences in which they occur is pointless; they clear a space for themselves, and cast a wide glory around the page where they are found. They are taken from the classics of the heart, and all hearts vibrate more or less strongly to their voice. It is even as

David felt of old toward the sword of Goliath, when he visited the high priest, and said, 'There is none like that, give it me.' So writers of true taste and sympathies feel on great occasions, when they have certain thoughts and feelings to express, a yearning after that sharp two-edged sword, and an irresistible inclination to say, 'None like that, give it us; this right Damascus blade alone can cut the way of our thought into full utterance and victory.'

But Croly does more than snatch 'live coals from off the altar' to strew upon his style; his spirit as well as his language is oriental. You feel yourselves in Palestine, the air is that through which the words of prophets have vibrated and the wings of angels descended—the ground is scarcely yet calm from the earthquake of the crucifixion—the awe of the world's sacrifice, and of the prodigies which attended it, still lowers over the land—still gapes un-mended the ghastly rent in the veil—and still are crowds daily convening to examine the fissure in the rocks, when one lonely man, separated by his proper crime to his proper and unending woe, is seen speeding, as if on the wings of frenzy, toward the mountains of Naphtali. It is Salathiel, the hero of this story—the Wandering Jew—the heir of the curse of a dying Saviour, 'Tarry thou till I come.'

As an artistic conception, we cannot profess much to admire what the Germans call the 'Everlasting Jew.' The interest is exhausted to some extent by the very title. The subject predicts an eternity of sameness, from which we shrink, and are tempted to call him an everlasting bore. Besides, we cannot well realise the condition of the wanderer as very melancholy, after all. What a fine opportunity must the fellow have of seeing the world, and the glory, and the great men thereof! Could one but get up behind him, what 'pencilings' could one perpetrate by the 'way!' What a triumph, too, has he over the baffled skeleton, death! What a new fortune each century, by selling to advantage his rich 'remembrances!' What a short period at most to wander—a few thousand years, while yonder, the true wanderers, the stars, can 'hope for no rest? And what a jubilee dinner might he not expect, ere the close, as the 'oldest inhabitant,' with perhaps Christopher North in the chair, and De Quincey (whom some people suspect, however, of being the said personage himself) acting as croupier! Altogether, we can hardly, without ludicrous emotions, conceive of such a character, and are astonished at the grave face which Shelley, Wordsworth, Mrs Norton (whose 'Undying One,' by the way, is dead long ago, in spite of a puff, also dead, in the 'Edinburgh'), Captain Medwyn (would he too had died ere he murdered the memory of poor Alastor!), Lord John Russell (who, in his 'Essays by a Gentleman who had left his lodgings,' has taken a very, very faint sketch of the unfortunate Ahasuerus), and Dr Croly put on while they talk of his adventures.

The interest of 'Salathiel,' beyond the first splendid burst of immortal anguish with which it opens, is almost entirely irrespective of the character of the Wandering Jew. It is chiefly valuable for its pictures of Oriental scenery, for the glimpses it gives of the cradled Hercules of Christianity, and for the gorgeous imagery and unmitigated vigour of its writing. Plot necessarily there is none; the characters, though vividly depicted, hurry past, like the rocks in the 'Walpurgis Night'—are seen intensely for a moment, and then drop into darkness; and the crowding adventures, while all interesting individually, do not gather a deepening interest as they grow to a climax. It is a book which you cannot read rapidly, or with equal gusto at all times, but which, like 'Thomson's Seasons,' 'Young's Night Thoughts,' and other works of rich massiveness, yield intense pleasure, when read at intervals, and in moments of poetic enthusiasm. We have been, as a friend in the INSTRUCTOR has already told its readers, for some time past preparing materials for a work on the 'Hebrew Poets,' and propose reading 'Salathiel' over again, for a fourth or fifth time, to get ourselves into the proper key for beginning the high theme, since in no modern work do we find the spirit of Hebrew song in finer preservation.

Dr Croly's contributions to periodicals are, as might

have been expected, of various merit. We recollect most vividly his papers on Burke (since collected into a volume), on Pitt, and a most masterly and eloquent outline of the career of Napoleon. This is as rapid, as brief almost and eloquent, as one of Bonaparte's own bulletins, and much more true. It constitutes a rough, red, vigorous chart of his fiery career, without professing to complete philosophically the analysis of his character. This task Emerson lately, in our hearing, accomplished with much ingenuity. His lecture was the *portable essence* of Napoleon. He indicated his points with the ease and precision of a lion-showman. Napoleon, to Emerson, apart from his splendid genius, is the representative of the faults and the virtues of the *middle class* of the age. We heard some of his auditors contend that he had drawn two portraits instead of one; but in fact Napoleon was two, if not more men. Indeed, if you draw first the bright and then the black side of any character, you have two beings, which the skin and brain of the one actual man can alone fully reconcile. The experience of every one demonstrates at the least a dualism, and who might not almost any day sit down and write a letter, oburgatory, or condoling, or congratulatory, to 'my dear yesterday's self?' Each man, as well as Napoleon, forms a sort of Siamese twins—although, in his case, it was matter of thankfulness that the cord could not be cut. Two Napoleons at large had been too much.

Of Dr Croly's book on the 'Revelation' we have spoken formerly. Under the shadow of that inscutable pyramid it stands, one of the loftiest attempts to scale its summit, and explain its construction; but to us all such seem as yet ineffectual. A more favourable specimen of his theological writing is to be found in his volume of 'Sermons' recently published. The public has reason to congratulate itself on the little squabble which led to their publication. Some conceited persons, it seems, had thought proper to accuse Dr Croly of preaching sermons above the heads of his audience, and suggested greater simplicity; and, after a careful perusal of them, we would suggest, even without a public phrenological examination of those auditors' heads, that, whatever be their situations in life, they are, if unable to understand these discourses, incapable of their duties, are endangering the public, and should be remanded to school. Clearer, more nervous, and, in the true sense of the term, simpler discourses, have not appeared for many years. Their style is in general pure Saxon—their matter strong, manly, and his own—their figures always forcible, and never forced—their theology sound and scriptural—and would to God such sermons were being preached in every church and chapel throughout Britain! They might recall the many wanderers, who, with weary heart and foot, are seeking rest elsewhere in vain, and might counteract that current which is drawing away from the sanctuaries so much of the talent, the virtue, and the honesty of the land.

Dr Croly, as a preacher, in his best manner, is faithfully represented in those discourses, particularly in his sermons on 'Stephen,' the 'Theory of Martyrdom,' and the 'Productiveness of the Globe.' We admire, in contrast with some modern and ancient monstrous absurdities to the contrary, his idea of God's purpose in making his universe—not merely to display his own glory, which, when interpreted, means just, like Cæsar, to extend his own name, but to circulate his essence and image—to proclaim himself merciful, even through punishment—and even in hell-flames to write himself down Love, is surely, as Dr Croly proclaims it, 'the chief end of God!' His sermon on Stephen is a noble picture—we had almost said a daguerreotype—of that first martyrdom. His 'Productiveness of the Globe' is richer than it is original. His 'Theory of Religion' is new, and strikingly illustrated. His notion is, that God, in three different dispensations—the Patriarchal, the Mosaic, and the Christian—has developed three grand thoughts: first, the being of God; secondly, in shadow, the doctrine of atonement; and thirdly, that of immortality. With this arrangement we are not entirely satisfied, but reserve our objections till the 'conclusion of the whole matter,' in the shape of three successive volumes

on each of these periods, and the idea of each, has appeared, as we trust it speedily shall.

We depicted, some time since, in the *INSTRUCTOR*, our visit to Dr Croly's chapel, and the impression made by his appearance, and the part of his discourse we heard. It seemed to us a shame to see the most accomplished clergyman in London preaching to so thin an audience; but perhaps it is accounted for partly by the strictness of his Conservative principles, and partly by the stupid prejudice which exists against all literary divines.

We are sorry we cannot, ere we conclude, supply any particulars about his history. Of its details we are altogether ignorant. In conversation, he is described as powerful and commanding. Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, we remember, describes him as rather disposed to take the lead, but so exceedingly intelligent that you entirely forgive him. He has been, as a literary man, rather solitary and self-asserting—has never properly belonged to any clique or coterie—and seems to possess an austere and somewhat exclusive standard of taste.

It is to us, and must be to the Christian world, a delightful thought, to find such a man devoting the maturity of his mind to labours peculiarly professional; and every one who has the cause of religion at heart, must wish him God speed in his present researches. Religion has in its abyss treasures yet unsounded and unsummed, and strong must be the hand, and true the eye, and retentive the breath, and daring yet reverent the spirit of their successful explorer—and such we believe to be qualities possessed by Dr Croly.

FLOATING GARDENS OF CASHMERE.

THERE are floating gardens, independent of the absurdities which ancient travellers wrote down in their books for truths. There is, we wot, no Eldorado, with its perpetual beauty, its golden sands, its diamond lakes and streams, which, to drink of was to renew youth, and to perpetuate life; there is no Laputa floating in the atmosphere, with its hosts of wise and misty-minded savants; no Kraken skimming over the sea with its groves and shrub clamps all in leaf. Lemuel Gulliver, and that equally veracious mariner Sinbad, might see these although nobody else could; but there are floating gardens, independent of them, which are seen every day. Everybody who has travelled by book or map, or who has studied the nativity of shawls, must have heard of Cashmere—the beautiful valley around which towers the 'hills of goats,' and in which the flowers and fruits, the trees and other plants, with lakes and flashing rivers, revive thoughts of beautiful Eden, and which also claims to itself the name of the 'Indian Paradise.' In this valley the roar of the tiger is never heard, neither the howl of the jackal; the mountain-goat, with its silken wool, browses unmolested in the little grassy glens, and the cattle low on the plains, without fear of beasts of prey. One hundred thousand beautiful villages stand on the bosom of this magnificent natural amphitheatre, and these are peopled by men and women who are ingenious, and are said to resemble Europeans more than any other Asiatic nation.

The capital of the province of Cashmere is also called by the same name. This city is situated in the midst of numerous lakes, which are connected with each other, and with the river Vedusta, by numerous little canals—which canals, again, are only divided from each other by narrow stripes and insular pieces of ground. These lakes are not allowed to lie in passive beauty for poets only to sing about, and for the sun to exhale; upon their surface are floating gardens, and in these gardens melons and cucumbers thrive like mushrooms in a hundred years' old pasture-field. Cashmere is frequently inundated during the rainy season; and this frequency of inundation had considerably increased of late years in consequence of the lakes becoming more shallow and superficially extensive. The spread of the water, by diminishing the arable land, set the wits of agriculturists to work, and necessity, that mother of invention, developed a plan of floating gardens.

Numerous aquatic plants spring from the bottoms of the lakes, and cover their surface with a mantle of green; the boats traversing the lakes keep on tracks, and thus the yearly growth of sedges and other plants is allowed to come up and mingle with the old growths undisturbed. The gardener then cuts the plants about two feet below the lake's surface, and thus completely separating them from their roots in the bottom of the lake, he erects on them his melon-floats. When the plants are separated from their roots, they are closely pressed together. The heads of the sedges and reeds are next cut off and laid on the top of the floating beds; and above this again is laid a thin coat of mud, which gradually sinks into the mass of matted stalks. These floating beds, perhaps two yards in breadth, are retained in their positions by willow-stakes, which, being thrust through the floating beds into the mud of the lake, admit of the gardens rising and falling, according to the ebb or fullness of the waters. The gardeners then go out to the lakes in boats, and thrusting long poles in amongst the reeds at the bottom, they twist them round several times, and when the plants become sufficiently attached, they drag them from the lake and carry them to the melon-beds. These reeds are then formed into cones about two feet in diameter at the base, and, rising to about the same height, they terminate at the top in a hollow, which is filled with fresh soft mud, and sometimes wood-ashes. These cones run in double rows down each side of the float, and are distant from each other about four feet. Previous to this preparation of the beds, the farmer has raised cucumber and melon plants under mats, and when they have struck four leaves he places three plants in each cone, and then his labour, except in gathering the fruits, is completed.

The general depth of the floating gardens is about two feet, and in breadth they average from six to seven feet. The season for cultivating these terraqueous gardens begins in June and ends about the middle of September. The plants thrive most luxuriantly, few ever dying, and the fruits are most abundant; for eight days, which may be termed the extent of the melon harvest, perhaps thirty fruit from each plant, or from ninety to a hundred in all may be seen clinging round a cone. The melon-seeds are obtained from Balistan, and the first year yield fruits of from four to ten pounds weight. If the seed of the fruit grown at Cashmere is sown, the quality of the melon is finer, but the fruit seldom exceeds three pounds each in weight. The melon is a most healthful article of food, and it is remarked of those in Cashmere who do not indulge in it to excess, that they become fat during the fruit season, and horses exhibit the very same appearance. There are about fifty acres of these fruits cultivated in Cashmere; and early in the season full-sized cucumbers sell at about three for a coin valued at about a halfpenny, but as the weather becomes hotter and ripens them very quickly, even twenty may be obtained for this sum. It is calculated that every cone yields a money return of about eighteenpence. Now if we suppose that labour, seed, and the impost amount to about sixpence per cone, these floating beds, it will be perceived, are not unprofitable objects of culture.

SAVE THE ERRING.

FROM ALDERBROOK.—BY FANNY FORESTER.

THERE was bustle in the little dressing-room of young Ella Lane; a dodging about of lights, a constant tramping of a fat, good-natured serving-maid, a flitting of curious, smiling little girls, and a disarranging of drapery and furniture, not very often occurring in this quiet, tasteful corner. An arch-looking miss of twelve was standing before a basket of flowers, selecting the choicest, and studying carefully their arrangement, with parted lips and eyes demurely downcast, as though thinking of the time when the little fairy watching so intently by her side would perform the same service for her. On the bed lay a light, fleecy dress of white, with silver cords and clusters of silver leaves and seashells of a pale blue and others of a

still paler pink, and here and there a little wreath of flowers, or a small bunch of marabouts—in short, ornaments enough to crush one person, had their weight been at all proportioned to their bulk. Immediately opposite a small pier-glass, sat a girl of seventeen, in half undress, her full, round arms shaded only by a fold of linen at the shoulder, and her eye resting very complacently on the little foot placed somewhat ostentatiously upon an ottoman before her; and, indeed, that foot was a very dainty-looking thing, in its close-fitting slipper, altogether unequalled by anything but the finely curved and tapered ankle so fully revealed above it. Immediately behind the chair of the young lady, stood a fair, mild-looking matron, her slender fingers carefully thridding the masses of hair mantling the ivory neck and shoulders of her eldest daughter, preparatory to plaiting it into those long braids so well calculated to display the contour of a fine head. There was a smile upon the mother's lip, not like that dimpling at the corners of the mouth of the little bouquet-maker, but a pleased, gratified smile, and yet half-shadowed over by a strange anxiety, that she seemed striving to conceal from her happy children. Sometimes her fingers paused in their graceful employment, and her eye rested vacantly wherever it chanced to fall; and then, with an effort, the listlessness passed, and the smile came back, though manifestly tempered by some heaviness clinging to the heart.

At last the young girl was arrayed; each braid in its place, and a wreath of purple buds falling behind the ear; her simple dress floating about her slight figure like an airy cloud, every fold arranged by a mother's careful fingers; her white kid gloves drawn upon her hands, and fan, bouquet, and kerchief, all in readiness. The large, warm shawl had been carefully laid upon her shoulders, the mother's kiss was on her bright cheek, and a 'don't stay late, dear,' in her ear; she had shaken her fan at the saucy Nelly, and pinched the cheek of Rosa, and was now toying with little Susy's fingers, when the head of the serving-maid was again thrust in at the door, to hasten the arrangements. Ella tripped gaily down stairs, but when she reached the bottom, she paused.

'I am sorry to go without you, mamma.'

'I am sorry that you must, dear; but I hope you will find it very pleasant.'

'It will be pleasant, I have no doubt; but, mamma, I am afraid that you are not quite well, or perhaps,' she whispered, 'you have something to trouble you; if so, I should like very much to stay with you.'

'No, dear; I am well, quite well, and—' Mrs Lane did not say *happy*, for the falsehood died on her lip; but she smiled so cheerily, and her eye looked so clear and bright as it met her daughter's, that Ella took it for a negative.

'Ah! I see how it is, mamma; you are afraid my new frock is prettier than any of yours; and you don't mean to be outshone by little people. Do you know, I shall tell Mrs Witman all about it?'

'I will let you tell anything that you choose, so that you do not show too much vanity; but don't stay late. Good night, darling.'

'Good-night, till sleeping-time, mamma.' And, with a light laugh, Ella Lane left her mother's side and sprang into the carriage.

When Mrs Lane turned from the door, the smile had entirely disappeared, and an expression of anxious solicitude occupied its place. While the joyous children went bounding on before her, she paused beneath the hall-lamp, and pulling a scrap of paper from her bosom, read—'Do not go out to-night, dear mother; I *must* see you. He will not come in before eleven—I will be with you at ten.' It was written in a hurried, irregular hand, and was without signature; but it needed none.

'My poor, poor boy;' murmured the now almost weeping mother, as she crushed the paper in her hand and laid it back upon her heart. 'It may be wrong to deceive him so; but how can a mother refuse to see the son she has carried in her arms and nursed upon her bosom? Dear Robert!'

Ay, poor Robert, indeed! the only son of one of the proudest and wealthiest citizens of New York, and yet without a shelter for his head!

Mr Lane had lived a bachelor until the age of forty-two, when he married a beautiful girl of eighteen—the mother whom we have already introduced to our readers. She was gentle and complying; hence, the rigid sternness of his character, which so many years of loneliness had by no means tended to soften, seldom had an opportunity to exhibit itself. But the iron was all there, though buried for a time in the flowers which love had nursed into bloom above it. The eldest of their children was a boy; a frank, heartsome, merry fellow—a lamb to those who would condescend to lead him by love; but exhibiting, even in infancy, an indomitable will, that occasioned the young mother many an anxious foreboding. But as the boy grew toward manhood, a new and deeper cause for anxiety began to appear. To Robert's gaiety were added other qualities that made him a fascinating companion; his society was constantly sought, first by the families in which his parents were on terms of intimacy, and then by others, and still others, till Mrs Lane began to tremble lest among her son's associates might be found some of execrable character. By degrees he spent fewer evenings at home, went out with her less frequently, and accounted for his absence less satisfactorily. Then she spoke to him upon the subject, and received his assurance that all was well, that she need not be troubled about his falling into bad company. But she *was* troubled.

There was at evening a wild sparkle in the boy's eye, and an unnatural glow upon his cheek, that told of unhealthy excitement; but in the morning it was all gone, and his gaiety, sometimes his cheerfulness, fled with it. Oh! what sickness of heart can compare with that indefinite fear, that foreshadowing of evil, which will sometimes creep in between our trust and our love; while we dare not show to the object of, much less to others, anything but a smiling lip and a serene brow. Mrs Lane was anxious, but she confined her anxiety to her own bosom; not even whispering it to her husband, lest he should ridicule it on the one hand, or, on the other, exercise a severity which should lead to a collision. But matters grew worse and worse constantly; Robert was now seldom home till late at night, and then he came heated and flurried, and hastened away to bed, as though his mother's loving eye were a monitor he could not meet. She sought opportunities to warn him, as she had formerly done, but he feared and evaded them; and so several more weeks passed by—weeks of more importance than many a life-time. Finally Mrs Lane became seriously alarmed, and consulted her husband.

'I have business with you to-night, Robert,' said Mr Lane, pointedly, as the boy was going out after dinner, 'and will see you in the library at nine o'clock.'

'I—I—have—an engagement, sir. If some other hour—'

'No other hour will do. You have no engagement that will be allowed to interfere with those I make for you.'

Robert was about to answer—perhaps angrily—when he caught a glimpse of his mother. Her face was of an ashy hue, and a large tear was trembling in her eye. He turned hastily away and hurried along the hall; but before he had reached the street door, her hand was upon his arm, and she whispered in his ear, 'Meet your father at nine, as he has bidden you, Robert; and do not—for my sake, for your mother's sake, dear Robert—do not say anything to exasperate him.'

'Do not fear, mother,' he answered, in a subdued tone; then, as the door closed behind him, he muttered, 'he will be exasperated enough with little saying, if his business is what I suspect. What a fool I have been—mad—mad! I wish I had told him at first, without waiting to be driven to it; but now—well, I will make one more attempt—desperate it must be—and then, if the worst comes, he will only punish me; that I can bear patiently, for I deserve it; but it would kill my poor mother—oh! he *must* not tell her!'

Mrs Lane started nervously at every ring of the door-bell that evening; and when at nine she heard it, she could not forbear stepping into the hall to see who was admitted. It was her husband; and only waiting to inquire of the girl if Mr Robert had yet come in, he passed on to the library. Mrs Lane found it more difficult than ever to sustain conversation; she became abstracted, nervous; and when at last her few evening visitors departed, she was so manifestly relieved, that Ella inquired, in surprise, if anything had been said or done to annoy her. It was past ten, and Robert had not yet appeared. Finally the bell was pulled violently, and she hastened to the door herself. With livid lip and bloodshot eye, her son stepped to the threshold; and, starting at sight of her, he hurried away to the library, without giving her another glance. How slowly passed the moments to the waiting mother! How she longed to catch but a tone of those voices, both so loved, that she might know whether they sounded in confidence or anger! What Robert's course had been she could not guess; but she knew that he would be required to give a strict account of himself; and she dreaded the effect of her husband's well-known severity. A few minutes passed (they seemed an age to her), and then she heard the door of the library thrown open; and, a moment after, a quick, light step sounded upon the stairs. It was Robert's.

'You are not going out again, my son?' she inquired. 'Father will tell you why I go, dear mother,' said the boy, pausing, and pressing her hand affectionately. 'I must not wait to answer questions now.' He passed on till he reached the door, then turning back, whispered, 'Be at Mrs Hinman's to-morrow evening, mother,' and before she had time to ask a question or utter an exclamation of surprise, he had disappeared up the street.

But poor Mrs Lane was soon made acquainted with the truth. Mr Lane was somewhat vexed with himself for not perceiving his son's tendency to error before; and, like many others, he seemed resolved to make up in decision what he had lost by blindness. It was this which had occasioned his sharpness when he made the appointment, and he considered his dignity compromised when nine o'clock passed and his son seemed resolved on acting in open disobedience to his command. An hour's ruminating on the subject did not tend to soften his feelings; and when at last the culprit appeared, he was in a mood for anything but mercy. He demanded preposterously a full confession; and Robert gave it. He did not colour, soften, nor extenuate; but boldly—too boldly, perhaps—declaring that he scorned falsehood, he told the whole. He had fallen into gay society, then into vicious; and he was not the one to occupy a minor position anywhere. Wit and wine seduced him; and in an evil hour he sat down to the gaming-table. He had played at first for a trivial stake, then more deeply, and to-night, in the hope of retrieving his bad fortune, he had plunged in almost past extrication. At any time Mr Lane would have been shocked; now he was exasperated, and spoke bitterly. At first Robert did not retort, for he had come in resolved on confession and reformation; but finally repentance was drowned in anger, and he answered as a son, particularly an erring son, should not. Then a few more words ensued, unreasonable on both sides; Mr Lane asserting that debts so contracted were dishonest ones, and should not be paid; and Robert declaring that they *should* be paid, if he gamed his lifelong to win the money; till, finally, the old man's rage became uncontrollable. It was in obedience to his father's command that Robert left his home that night, with the order never to cross the threshold again.

For two or three weeks, Mrs Lane, now and then, of an evening, met her son at the houses of her friends; and then he disappeared almost entirely. While she could meet him, and speak a few words, even in a gay party, and perceive that he regarded her with as much affection as ever, she continued strong in the hope of final reformation and reconciliation; but when, evening after evening, she carried a hoping heart abroad, and dragged home a

disappointed one, imagination busied itself with a thousand horrors. Her first-born, her only son, the darling of her young heart, her pride in the first years of wedded life, he whom she had loved so fondly, and cherished so tenderly—to what vice, what suffering, might not he be exposed! Then she had no confident, no friend to sympathise with or encourage her. Since the first disclosure, she had never mentioned Robert's name to her husband, and Ella knew only that some angry words had estranged her father and brother for a time; she was enviously ignorant of Robert's guilt and danger.

The evening on which our story commences, Mrs Lane had intended to spend abroad with her daughter; but had been prevented by the receipt of the note above mentioned. Robert had never been home since he was commanded to leave it; and though anxious both about the cause and result, she could not but be rejoiced at the thought of seeing him again in her own private sitting-room. She had many things, too, to learn. She wished to know where he lived, how he supported himself, and what were his intentions for the future; and she wished to expostulate with and advise him; in short, her mother's heart told her that everything could be done in that one evening.

While Mrs Lane walked up and down her little sitting-room, wishing that ten o'clock would come, her son entered his small, scantily furnished apartment in a decent boarding-house, and throwing himself upon the only chair within it, he covered his face with his hands. For a long time he sat in this position; then he arose, and taking down a pocket-pistol, examined it carefully, primed it, and laid it beneath his pillow. Immediately, however, he took it out, charged it heavily, and laying it on the table, folded his arms and gazed upon it, muttering, 'It may be needed when I least expect it. I have one friend, at least, while this is by.' After pacing two or three times across the narrow space between his bed-head and the little window at the foot, he opened the door of a small closet, and taking thence a cloak and muffler, carefully adjusted them; then slouching a broad-brimmed hat over his eyes, he hurried down the stairs into the street. Two or three times Robert Lane paused and reasoned with himself, before he reached his father's door; and even when his hand was extended to the bell-knob, he hesitated.

'I must see her, at any risk,' he at last exclaimed, polling lightly upon the cord.

The girl started when she opened the door, but gave no other token of recognition. Robert inquired for Mrs Lane; and following after the girl, found himself in the back sitting-room, remembered but too, too fondly for his composure. As soon as the door closed behind him, he cast off his mufflings, and throwing himself upon a little ottoman at his mother's feet, leaned his forehead on her knees.

'Is it any new trouble, Robert?' she inquired, tenderly, and laying her hand gently on his head, 'any new—*guilt*?' she whispered, bending her lips close to his ear, and placing the other arm over his neck. 'Tell your mother, Robert—tell her everything—she may help you—she will—oh, Robert! you know she will love you, and cling to you through it all!'

The boy raised his head, and now she saw, for the first time, the change that had come over him. His face was haggard, his eye sunk and bloodshot; that round, rosy cheek, which her lip had loved to meet, had grown pale and thin; and, in place of the gay, careless smile, had risen looks of anxiety and bitterness.

'I shall break your heart, mother,' he said, sorrowfully, 'and poor little Ella's, too. Oh! it is a dreadful thing to murder those one loves best. I never meant to do it—try to believe that, dear mother, whatever comes.'

'I do believe it, Robert.'

'Ah! you know only a small part yet; but I could not go away without seeing and telling you. I knew you would learn it from others, and I wanted to hear you say you could love me after all. I knew you would, but I wanted to hear you *say* it.'

'I will, Robert, I will; but surely you have nothing worse to tell than I know already!'

The boy looked down; his lip quivered, and the large purple veins upon his forehead worked themselves into knots, and rose and fell as though ready to burst at every throbb.

She passed her hand soothingly over them.

'Whatever it is, Robert, you are not before a harsh judge now. Tell it to your mother, my darling boy; perhaps she can assist, advise—she certainly can *love* you through all.'

'Oh, mother! you must not speak so, or I can never tell you. If you talk like this—if you do not blame me, I shall almost wish I had gone away without seeing you. Oh! if I had only listened to you six months ago! but they flattered me, and I was foolish, I was wicked. But I thought of you all the time, mother—of you and Ella—and I promised myself, every night when I went to my pillow, that I would break away from the things that were entangling me, and become all that you desired. I was not conscious then of doing anything decidedly wrong; but I knew that my companions were not such as you would approve, and I knew—I could but know—that I was too much intoxicated by their flatteries. At last I resorted to cards; I played very cautiously at first, and only to do as others did, then for larger sums, and again still larger; till finally it became my sole object to recover the moneys I had lost, and thus prevent the necessity of applying to my father for more. I still lost, and still went on, till finally the discovery, which, I believe, dear mother, all in kindness, you brought about, was made. Perhaps I was in the wrong, but, mother, it *did* seem to me dishonourable to refuse to pay those debts which—'

'Your father was angry, or he would not have refused. You tried his patience, Robert, and then, I fear, you were more bold than conciliatory.'

'I made one more attempt to better my fortunes that evening, and the time passed before I was aware of it; I promised—I told *them*—those scoffers, mother—that it was my last evening among them; I promised myself so, and repeated it to my father; and I would have kept my promise—I *would*. But you know how it turned. Then I was desperate.'

Mrs Lane trembled, and passed her arm caressingly about his neck, as though to re-assure him. 'I met you several times after that, Robert, and you did not seem so very unhappy.'

'I was determined to have the money, mother, and I got it.'

'How, Robert?'

'Not honestly.'

The boy's voice was low and husky; and his hand, as it closed over his mother's while his forehead again rested on her knees, was of a death-like chillness.

A faintness came over her, a horrid feeling went curdling round her heart, and she felt as though her breath was going away from her. But the cold hand was freezing about hers, the throbbing forehead rested on her knees, and every sob, as it burst forth uncontrolledly, fell like a crushing weight upon her bosom. It was the mother's pitying heart, that, subduing its own emotions, enabled her again to articulate, though in a low whisper, 'How, Robert?'

'By forgery. No matter for the particulars—I could not tell them now, and you could not hear. To-morrow all will be discovered, and I must escape. Such fear, such agony—oh, mother! what have I not endured? No punishment men can inflict will ever be half so heavy. I deserve it, though—all, and ten thousand times more. But I never meant it should come to this, mother; believe me, I never did. I meant to pay it before now, and I thought I could. I have won some money, but not half—scarce a tithe of what I ought to have, so there is nothing left but flight and disgrace. You do not answer me, mother; I knew I should break your heart, I knew—'

Mrs Lane made a strong effort, and murmured brokenly, 'To-morrow—to-morrow! Oh! my poor, ruined boy!'

'I know that after deeds cannot compensate, mother; but if a life of rectitude, if—' Robert paused suddenly and started to his feet. 'I know that step, mother!'

'Hush, my son, hush!' Mrs Lane had time for no more before her husband entered the apartment. A cloud instantly overspread his countenance.

'You here, sirrah! What business brings you to the home you have desecrated?'

'I came to see my mother, sir.'

'Nay,' interposed the lady, anticipating the storm that seemed gathering on her husband's brow, 'let the fault be mine. He is my own child, and I *must* see him—a little while—you cannot refuse to leave me a little while with my own boy.'

'It is the last time, then,' said Mr Lane, sternly.

'The last time!' echoed Robert, in a tone of mocking bitterness.

'The last time!' whispered the white lips of the mother, as though she had but that moment comprehended it; and, as the door closed upon the retreating form of her husband, she slid to the floor, lightly and unresistingly. Robert did not attempt to call for assistance; but he raised her head to his bosom, and covered her pale face with his boyish tears.

'I have killed her! my poor, poor mother!' he sobbed. 'That I should be such a wretch! *I!* her son!—with all her care and with all her love! Oh! if they had but given me a coffin for a cradle! A grave *then* would have been a blessed thing; but it is too late now—too late!'

Mrs Lane was awakened by the warm tears raining upon her face; and, starting up wildly, she entreated him to be gone. 'Every moment is precious!' she exclaimed, gaspingly. 'You may not make your escape if you do not go now. Oh, Robert! promise me—on your knees, before your mother, and in the sight of your God, promise, my poor boy, that you *will* forsake the ways of vice, that you *will* become an honourable and a useful man—promise this, Robert, and then go! Your mother, who has gloried, who has doted on you, entreats you to be gone from her forever!'

'I cannot go to-night, mother. I waited to see you, and so lost the opportunity; but there is no danger. It is too late to take a boat now. I shall go to some of the landings above when I leave here, and in the morning go aboard the first boat that passes.'

Again the mother required the promise of reformation; and it was given earnestly and solemnly. Then he again sat down on the ottoman at her feet; and, with one hand laid lovingly upon his head, and the other clasped in both of his, she spent an hour in soothing, counselling, and admonishing him. So deeply were both engaged, that neither the merry voice of Ella in the door-way, nor her step along the hall, reached them.

'Has my mother retired?' was her first inquiry.

'No, miss; she is in the back sitting-room,' and before the girl could add that she was engaged with a stranger, Ella had bounded to the door, and flung it wide open.

'Robert!—you here, Robert! If I had only known it, I should have been home long ago. So you are sorry you quarrelled with papa, and you have come back to be a good boy, and go out with me when I want a nice beau, and all that! Well, it *does* look natural to see you here.'

As the young girl spoke she cast hood and shawl upon the floor; and, with one bared arm thrown carelessly over her brother's shoulder, she crouched at her mother's feet, looking into her eyes with an expression which seemed to say, 'Now tell me all about it. You must have had strange doings this evening.'

But neither Mrs Lane nor Robert spoke. The boy only strained his sister convulsively to his heart; while the poor mother covered her own face with her hands to hide the tears, which, nevertheless, found their way between her jewelled fingers.

The eyes of the fair girl turned from one to another in amazement; then, pressing her lips to the cheek of her brother, she whispered,

'What is it, Robin? Has papa refused to let you come

back? I will ask him; I will tell him you must come, and then you will, for he never refused me anything. Don't cry, mamma; I will go up stairs now, and have it settled. Papa cannot say no to me, of course, for I have on the very dress he selected himself, and he said I should be irresistible in it. I will remind him of that.'

'Alas! my poor Ella!' sobbed Mrs Lane, 'this trouble is too great for you to settle. Our Robert has come home now for the last time—we part from him to-night forever.'

'Forever!' and Ella's cheek turned as pale as the white glove which she raised to push back the curls from her forehead.

'Yes, *forever*,' answered Robert, calmly, 'I will tell you all about it, Ella. You seem not to know that it was something worse than a quarrel which lost me my home. I had contracted debts—improperly, wickedly—and my father refused to pay them. I obtained the money for the purpose, and now, Ella, I must escape or—or—'

'How did you get the money, Robert?'

The boy answered in a whisper.

'You!' exclaimed Ella, springing to her feet and speaking almost scornfully; 'you, Robert Lane! my brother! Is it so, mamma? is my brother a villain, a forger, is he—'

'Hush, Ella, hush!' interrupted Mrs Lane. 'It is for those who have hard hearts to condemn—not for thee, my daughter. There will be insults enough heaped upon his poor head to-morrow—let him at least have love and pity here.'

'Pity! Whom did he pity or love when he deliberately—'

'Ella! Ella!' again interposed Mrs Lane, almost sternly.

'Nay, mother,' said the boy, in a tone of touching mournfulness, 'do not blame poor Ella. She does right to despise me. I have outraged her feelings, and disgraced her name. *She* deserves pity, and she will need it, when people point at her and say what her brother is. I have forfeited all claim even to that. Oh, mother! why did you not let me die in that last sickness? it would have saved a world of woe.'

Ella stood for a moment, her head erect, and her lip white and tremulous, while tears came crowding to her eyes, and her face worked with emotion; the next she threw herself into the arms of her brother. 'Forgive me, Robin! my own dear, darling brother! I do pity you! I do love you, and will for ever! But, oh! it is a horrible thing to be a forger's sister! I cannot forget that, Robert, and I *must* say it, if it break your heart to hear me, it is horrible! horrible!'

'It is horrible, Ella; I never thought to bring it upon you, but—'

'Why are you here, Robert? Will they not find you, and drag you—oh, mamma! where shall we hide him?—what can we do?'

It was several minutes before Ella could be made to comprehend the absence of immediate danger; and then she insisted on hearing all the particulars of the crime, even though poor Robert appeared to be on the rack while giving them. She loved her brother dearly, and was distressed for him; but she thought too of herself, and the disgrace of her family; hers was not a mother's meek, affectionate heart—a mother's all-enduring, self-sacrificing nature. At last she started up eagerly. 'The disgrace may be avoided; papa will of course shield his own name; I will go to him directly.'

'But the sin, my child—the conscious degradation!' inquired Mrs Lane, with reproof in her mild eye. 'What will you do with that, Ella?'

'Poor Robert!' whispered the girl, again folding her white arms about him; 'he is sorry for what he has done; and our kind heavenly Father is more ready to forgive than we. You will never do such a wicked thing again, dear Robin, will you?'

Robin answered only by convulsive sobs, and Ella, too, sobbed for a few moments in company; then, suddenly breaking away from him, she hurried up the stairs. Along

the half she went, as fast as her trembling feet could carry her, and past the room in which she had been so happy while willing hands decorated her pretty person; but when she reached her father's door, she paused in dread. She could hear his heavy, monotonous tramp as he walked up and down the room; and, remembering his almost repulsive sternness, she dreaded meeting him. 'If I had only known it before,' thought Ella, 'all might have been avoided; but now it is almost too much to ask.' A fresh burst of tears had no tendency to calm her; and she could scarce support her trembling frame, when, repeating to herself 'he must be saved,' she gathered courage to open the door. The old man paused in his promenade, and fixed his troubled eye sternly on the intruder, while Ella rushed forward, and, twining her arms about him, buried her face in his bosom. 'Oh, I am so wretched!' she exclaimed, all her courage forsaking her on the instant; and then she sobbed, as Mr Lane had never supposed his daughter could. But he did not attempt to quiet her; he only drew her closer to him, as though he would thus have shielded her from the wretchedness that was bursting her young heart. At last Ella broke forth, 'Come down and see Robert, papa; come and save him. They will drag him away to prison for forgery, and you will be the father of a condemned criminal, and I his sister. Oh! do not let him go away from us so, papa—come down and see him, and you will pity him—you cannot help it.'

'Forgery, Ella! he has not—'
'He has! and you must save him, papa, for your own sake—for all our sakes.'

'Do you know this, Ella? It is not true—it is a miserable subterfuge to wheedle money from his mother—money to squander among the vile wretches whom he has preferred to us. No, send him back to his disolute fate—'

'Is that the way to make him better, papa?' inquired Ella, raising her head, and fixing her sparkling eye upon him resolutely. 'You sent him back to them before; you shut him away from yourself and from mamma; you closed the door upon my only brother—there was none by to say, "take care, Robin," none to give him a smile but those who were leading him to ruin; and no wonder that they have made him what he is. Be careful, papa. Robert has committed a crime, a dreadful crime; but it was when you, who *should* have prevented it, had shut your heart against him, when we, who *might* have prevented it, were obliged to go abroad to see him, and then could give him no more than a few stolen words. It was not just to keep me in ignorance so long, for he is my own brother, and only one little year older than I. But I know all about it now, and if Robert is put in prison, I had almost as lief be in his place as yours.'

'Ella! Ella!'

'I should, papa. I know that one like you cannot do wrong without feeling remorse; and when you reflect that poor Robert might have been saved, if you had only had more patience with him, you will never sleep peacefully again.'

'Ella, my child,' said the old man, cowering in spite of himself, 'what has come over you? Who has set you up to talk in this way to your father? I suppose I am to be answerable for this impertinence, too.'

'Oh, papa! you know this is not impertinence. I have a right to say it, for the love I bear my only brother; you know that my own heart is all which has set me up to it, and your heart, dear papa, is saying the same thing. You *must* forgive Robert, and you *must* save him and us the disgrace of an exposure.'

'I will avert the disgrace while I have the power, Ella, but that will not be long, if he goes on at this rate. Do you know the amount of money he asks?'

'He asks none—I ask for him the sum that you refused before.'

'Ah! he has gained the victory, then. Well, tell him to enjoy his villainous triumph. Give him that, and say to him, that if he has any decency left he will drop a name which has never been stained but by him, and leave us to

the little peace we may glean, after he has trampled our best feelings under foot.'

'Thank you, papa; and may I not tell him you forgive him?'

'No!'

'That you pity him?'

'No!'

'May I not say that when he is reformed he may come back to us, and be received with open arms and hearts?'

'Say nothing but what I bid you, and go!'

Ella turned away with a sigh. She had scarcely closed the door when a deep, heavy groan broke upon her ear, and she paused. Another and another followed, so heart-rending, so agonised, that she grew faint with fear. For a moment her hand trembled upon the latch; and then she raised it, and, gliding up to her father, folded her arms about him, and pressed her lips to his.

'Forgive me, dear papa—forgive your own Ella her first unkind words. I was thinking only of poor Robert, and did not well know what I said. I am sorry—very sorry—cannot you forgive me, papa?'

'Yes, child, yes. Good-night, darling!—there go!'

'And Robert?'

No answer.

'You will feel better if you see him, papa.'

'Go! go!'

Again Ella turned from the door and hurried down the stairs. Still the boy sat with his face in his mother's lap, and his arms twined about her waist. Both started at sight of her slight figure, dressed, as it was, for a different scene from this. The pale, anxious face, looking out from the rich masses of curls, now disarranged and half drawn back behind her ear, appeared as though long years had passed over it in that one half hour. Poor Ella! it was a fearful ordeal for glad, buoyant seventeen.

'There is the money, Robert,' she said, flinging the purse upon the table, 'and now you must go back with me and say to our father that you are sorry you have made him miserable.'

'He will turn me from the door, Ella.'

'And do you not deserve it?'

'Ella!' interposed the tender mother.

'I do—that and more. But perhaps he will think I come to mock him.'

'Your manner and words will tell him for what you come. You have very nearly killed our poor father, Robert. I have seen his grey hairs to-night almost as low as the grave will lay them. I have seen him in such agony as none of us are capable of enduring. You ought to go to him, Robert—go on your knees, and, whatever he says to you, you will have no right to complain.'

'Ella, child! Ella!' exclaimed Mrs Lane. 'You have too much of your father's spirit—that is, too much for a woman. Beware how you break the bruised reed.'

'Ella is right, mother,' said the boy, rising. 'I will go to him—I will tell him how wretched I have made myself; how I wish that I could take the whole load of wretchedness, and relieve those I love. I will promise him to look out some humble corner of the earth and hide myself in it, away from his sight for ever. Perhaps he will bid me earn his confidence by years of rectitude—perhaps he will, but, if he does not, Ella is right—whatever he says to me, if he curse me, I shall have no right to complain.'

'But I will complain, Robin,' exclaimed the girl, with a fresh burst of tears; 'and wherever you go, I will go with you. Poor, dear papa! But he shall not separate us—we, who have sat upon his knee at the same time—his own darling children! I will never stay here while you are without a home, Robin.'

The excited girl clasped both hands over her brother's arm, and led the way up stairs; while the trembling mother followed, praying in her heart that the interview might terminate more favourably than her fears promised. When they entered Mr Lane's room, the old man sat in his armed chair, leaning over a table, and resting his forehead upon his clasped hands. Books were scattered

around, but they had evidently not been used that evening; there was a glass of water standing beside him, and his neckcloth was loosened as though from faintness. Had his hair become greyer, and his vigorous frame bended within a few days? It certainly seemed so; and the heart of the erring boy was stricken at the sight. The sorrow that he had brought upon his mother and sister had been duly weighed; but his stern father had never been reckoned among the sufferers. A loud, convulsive sob burst from his bosom, and he threw himself, without a word, at the old man's feet. The mother drew near and joined her son, meanwhile, raising her pale face pleadingly to her husband's; and Ella, first kissing her father's hand, and bathing it with a shower of warm tears, placed it on Robert's head.

'You forgive him, papa—you forgive poor Robin? He shall never act wickedly again; and he is your only son.'

The old man strove to speak, but the words died in his throat; again he made a strong effort, but emotion overmastered him; and, sliding from his chair into the midst of the group, he extended his arms, enclosing all of them, and, bowing his head to the shoulder of his son, wept aloud. 'Stay with us, Robert,' he at last said; 'we can none of us live without you. Stay, and make yourself worthy of the love that forgives so much!'

Men never knew by what a very hair had once hung Robert Lane's welfare—that a mere breath alone had stood between him and ignominy. Years after, when he was an honoured and respected citizen, adorning his brilliant talents by virtues as rare as they were ennobling, no one knew why he should turn ever to the erring with encouraging words. The key-stone of his generous forbearance was buried in the hearts of three, and they all loved him. It was buried; but yet a white-haired old man, who watched his course with an eagle-eye, and followed his footsteps doatingly, receiving always the most refined and deferential attention, might often have been heard muttering to himself, with proud and wondering affection, 'This my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found.'

INTEMPERANCE.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

(From a forthcoming Poem, in eight books, entitled 'The Bottle'.)

Since man against his Maker did rebel,
And the great primal curse on Adam fell—
Since sin first walk'd abroad upon the earth,
And evil, in its many shapes, had birth—
Since wasting pestilence and fell disease
Scatter'd the seeds of death upon the breeze,
Gave to the genial sunshine power, like flame,
To scorch the blood and rack the human frame,
Bade the soft shower accomplish fever's work,
And pain and anguish in the night-dews lurk—
How much of misery, how much of crime,
Hath man beheld since that unhappy time—
Beheld, and wrought, and suffer'd, striving still,
And still opposing the Almighty's will:
Still disobedient, headstrong, stubborn, proud,
Though impotent, and frail, and sorely bow'd
Beneath the load of sorrow and remorse
Which he must ever bear—the daily cross
Of cares, anxieties, and doubts, and fears,
Wherewith he journeys on through all life's toilsome years!

How much of misery and guilt; how much
Of sorrow whereupon we dare not touch—
Of woe almost too deep for words to paint,
Which to contemplate makes the spirit faint,
And fills the mind with anguish and despair,
Much less to do, to suffer, and to bear—
Have been and are; still making earth a home
Where perfect happiness can never come;
Still making angels weep and men deplore
That innocence can dwell with them no more,
That radiant peace hath spread her wings and flown
To watch and wait beside the eternal throne.

Of the dire train of evils which, through sin,
The arch deceiver, did admission win
When earth lay smiling on creation's morn,
And man and all God's creatures, newly-born,
Were fill'd with love and joy, and wander'd here
Without a careful thought, without a fear—
None hath so fruitful been of crime and woe—
None hath so wrought to crush and overthrow
The purest pleasures unto mortals given,
The earthly hopes, the longings after heaven,
As the fell fiend INTemperance, that o'er
Its victim millions gloats, and craveth still for more.

Intemperance! Oh, word of fear—of dread!
On all domestic comforts art thou fed.
By thee, what homes are render'd desolate!
What loving hearts are crush'd! what hopes elate,
What aspirations, and what proud desires
Are daily cast in thy devouring fires!
Since first thy poison cup to mortal lips
Was held, what suns have sunk into eclipse,
Bright with the light of genius! what great souls
Have turn'd aside from their immortal goals,
Forgot their holy missions, and beneath
Thy chariot-wheels have bent, and twined the wreath
Triumphant which adorns thy brow, the while
Thou lured them onward with thy mocking smile
And sensuous delights, till they became
Debased, degraded—men in nought but name—
Wrecks of what had been noble—what might be
Still good, and great, and glorious, but for thee!
Intemperance! what pictures there arise
Of vice and suffering before mine eyes,
As thee I name! what forms around me press—
Madness, disease, and crime, and wretchedness!
What words of blasphemy, and woe, and fear,
And idiotic mirth, on every side I hear!

The mighty murderer War, may scarce with thee
Contest the palm, or claim equality,
Though countless millions of the human race
He hath down-trodden; though no pen may trace
The fearful ills which follow in his train—
The woes and horrors of his world-wide reign,
With due effect: yet unto him belong
The historic blazon and the poet's song,
While none have sought, in high immortal verse,
Thy deeds and thy achievements to rehearse;
To him the painter, and to him the sage,
Have dedicate the canvass and the page,
And still to him, in glory false array'd,
The blinded world hath senseless homage paid.
At times, however, as intent we scan
The record of man's intercourse with man,
We learn of thee, and of thy direful works;
We find that *everywhere* temptation lurks,
Arm'd with thy poison, to delude—betray;
We own how universal is thy sway.
At times, too, hath the moral painter caught
Thy lineaments, and on his canvass wrought
Scenes such as those whereon we shuddering gaze,
Drawn from the life by him—the Hogarth of our days.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT WINDS.

WIND is air in motion. This phenomenon is caused by the sun's heat and the elasticity and fluidity of the atmosphere. A particular part of the earth's surface is acted on by the solar rays, and this heat operating upon the air rarifies it, and, causing it to expand and ascend, produces a motion in the atmospheric fluid like the motion of the waves of the sea, towards a central point. This is what may be termed the fundamental law of winds; other causes operate in producing the great variety of eolian phenomena. We intend to confine ourselves at present chiefly to the names and character of the winds, referring to No. 60 of the INSTRUCTOR for a more particular notice of the phenomenon.

Winds assume names as numerous as the human sentiments and passions, and of which they may be termed

no bad illustration. The ancients, who embodied every idea or appearance of nature in their mythology, gave to the winds a very important place in their 'system of ideas. Eolus, the god of the winds, had his halls in those islands of the Mediterranean called the Lapari Isles, and here he confined the four brothers (*quatuor fratres*)—Boreas, the north wind; Eurus, the east; Auster, the south; and Zephyrus, the west. These, however, often escaped his vigilance and his chains, and then maniac Boreas went howling and screaming over the bosom of frightened Tellus, hurling down rocky peaks and tearing up mighty oaks, until he was exhausted, captured, and led back to prison; Eurus was sometimes ardent as a lover, sometimes cold as charity—a very hermit who could blow hot and cold with one breath; Auster was severe as austerity itself; Zephyrus gentle as a sleeping baby's breath, and soft as the aroma of flowers, which the cunning wanton flattered, wooed, kissed, and then deserted. The monsoons, or trade-winds, which blow for six months in one direction, and then blow in a contrary direction for another six months, following the sun towards the solstice, were known to the ancients under the name of 'Etesian winds.' The word monsoon is said to be derived from the Arabic *mausim*, meaning a season, because the trade-winds return periodically, or at stated seasons; another etymologist derives it from the Latin *motiones*; the Portuguese called them *monções*; but the English word monsoon is immediately derived from the French *monson*. Those dreadfully devastating winds which occur in very hot countries, and are seemingly accidental, from their suddenness and fury are called 'hurricanes' or 'tornados.' Hurricane is supposed to denote the four winds all blowing against each other, and creating much devastation in their terrible elemental war. The word is of West Indian origin, the Spanish voyageurs calling it *hurruacan*, the French *ouragan*. The word tornado may be more properly applied to a whirlwind, however, being taken from the Spanish verb *tornar*, to turn, and hurricanes often blow in direct lines. These fierce commotions in the atmosphere are the cause of much destruction to property; but neither are they of unmixed evil, for they drive before them the pestilential miasma of the stagnant pools, and, clearing the air, for some time increase the salubrity of the countries where they occur. Hurricanes or tornados are common in the East and West Indies; and akin to them is the *pampero*, or wind of the pampas, of South America. This terrible wind has its origin in the Andes, from which it comes sweeping like a destroying angel eastward to the Atlantic. It sweeps up the dry earth in its course, and water from the lakes and rivers; and these, mingling, form a complete wind of mud, which destroys life and property by its stifling density and terrible force. Of a somewhat similar character with the wind of the pampas is that of the Sahara, called 'simoom.' This wind, blowing over the sandy region with a whirling motion, raises the loose sand, and forming pillars of this easily disturbed soil of the desert, sends these pillars dancing over the plain, overwhelming caravans, and burying men and camels, whose bones, perhaps, will be found by succeeding wayfarers. The simoom often passes over travellers, who, following the instinctive example of the camels, throw themselves on their faces, and, after suffering the most intense heat and sense of suffocation, rise up to behold the wind and sand sweeping away over the plain.

One of the most singular of the winds is the 'sirocco,' an east wind that blows from the Levant, and prostrates the energies of the Sicilians while it lasts. When the sirocco begins to blow, the Sicilians close their doors and windows, and fling themselves down in a state of complete inertia. Every physical faculty is suspended—motion is intermitted—business is stopped—and nothing is in requisition save couches. If a robber capable of sustaining all his powers under the influence of this wind were to enter the house of a Palermese during its continuance, he could rob with perfect impunity. Immediately upon its cessation people rouse up as if a load

were taken from their breasts, and for some time engage in friendly visits, to congratulate each other on the change of the wind.

The word 'tempest,' from the Latin *tempestus*, time, season—which is again a derivative from *tempus*—was applied, according to Pliny, exclusively to times of foul weather. A tempest is a storm of hail or rain and wind. A fall of hail, or snow, or rain, individually, would not constitute a tempest unless fierce winds were blowing; and yet a wild commotion of the winds constitutes a tempest, independent of rain, hail, or snow. Tempest has been peculiarly adopted by old writers as a type of the human passions. Erasmus beautifully says, 'I have ever rejoiced when that, in these long storms and tempests of war, there would some fair weather of clearness of peace shine upon us out of one quarter or other.'

In addition to the phenomena already mentioned, there is the steady 'gale,' and what seamen term the snoring 'breeze;' and then there is the sudden and dangerous 'gust,' which resembles bursting bubbles of rising passion. Winds that blow from the sea, which preserves a very equal temperature during the whole year, are generally temperate. The west wind, which comes to us from the bosom of the Atlantic, is mild and soft in winter, and in summer it is cool and refreshing; while the east wind, which comes driving from the cold continent in winter, is very piercing and hurtful to invalids, and inequable in its nature.

The winds have often been used as images of strength as well as the hills; the former, however, is used in an active sense, the latter in a passive. Ossian, in apostrophising his son Oscar, says—'In peace thou art the gale that bloweth over the flowers in spring; in war the storm that comes sweeping from the mountain.'

THE ANCIENT IDEA OF A FUTURE STATE.*

ALL nations have entertained some ideas respecting the existence of the soul in a future state. These ideas, which have differed in some respects, corresponding in a measure with the intellectual character and cultivation of those that have entertained them, we purpose to notice, taking the sixth book of the *Æneid* as our standard of comparison.

The first thing which will demand our attention, in an attempt of this kind, is the local habitation of the dead. This was supposed to be deep in the earth, as far removed from the surface as the latter from the firmament above, dark and gloomy, shut out entirely from day and the light of the sun. A minute description of this place, according to the ideas entertained by the Romans in his time, is given by Virgil. Darkness broods over it; walking in it is like walking by the faint glimmering light of the new moon, when it is every now and then obscured by clouds. Upon the confines of this, old Pluto's dusky realm, clothed with a kind of aeriform body, are the various calamities which befall mankind. There sit sorrow and vengeful remorse; here dwell wan disease and morose old age; here fear and evil—wasting famine and squalid poverty—forms terrible to behold; here, too, dwell toil, death, and sleep, his brother; while over against them is pernicious war, and the iron heels of the furies; and frantic discord, with locks of vipers. In the midst of this locality, a great aged elm throws out its huge arms, upon whose leaves perch delusive dreams. Within the shadow of this dream-tree are found many spectres of savage beasts—the centaur, a monster half man and half horse; the double formed Scylla; the old hundred-handed giant, Briareus; the seven-headed, or, as some have it, fifty-headed snake, which Hercules slew; the gorgon; and the filthy harpy. All these monsters occupy what may be called the vestibule of the infernal regions. Separating this vestibule from the main part of the lower world, is that terror of the ghosts, the river Styx, and upon its bank the inexorable old ferryman Charon, ready to convey over those who are buried, but

* By the Rev. ALEXANDER YERRINGTON, East Windsor, Connecticut, in the 'Biblical Repository and Classical Review.'

sternly repelling all others, until they have wandered about a hundred years. The first object which meets the eye, after passing the river, is the old three-headed dog Cerberus, with all his mouths wide open. The borders of this interior of Hades are occupied by three classes of the dead—the first, infants, whose wailings are continually heard; the second, those put to death wrongfully, and by an unjust sentence; and the third, those who, innocent in other respects, commit suicide, and who would most gladly return to life, but that the odious Styx, nine times flowing round, prevents. Not far from these, in a forest of myrtle, are the retired haunts and walks of deceased lovers; and beyond these the ghosts of warriors. Farther on still, upon the left, is Tartarus, with its walls of adamant, which neither men nor gods can demolish, and with the flaming river Phlegethon flowing around these walls; and upon the right, Elysium, with its flowery fields and sunny skies. Within the former are confined the Titans, or giants who had the impious audacity to attempt to scale heaven and dethrone Jupiter, and were cast down for it, blasted by lightning, to the lowest hell. Here, too, is confined Salmoneus, who attempted an imitation of the thunder and lightning of Jupiter, for which daring impiety he was struck dead by a thunder-bolt. Here Titius, suffering continually the most excruciating torment conceivable, the gnawing and devouring of his vitals daily by an immortal vulture, which are as often renewed; here Lapithus, bound to a wheel, hung round with frightful serpents, which he is doomed eternally to turn; here Sisyphus, rolling his huge stone up the hill, which, just as he thinks to force to the top, is always sure to roll back to the bottom. On the right, in delightful contrast with the gloom which reigns here, are seen the green fields of Elysium, whose inhabitants are engaged continually in the most agreeable sports and exercises, some wrestling, some dancing, some singing, while old Orpheus warbles from his harp music as sweet as that by which trees and stones were charmed. Such, according to Virgil's description of its several localities, is the lower world.

Similar ideas respecting it, though not so fully and distinctly developed, were entertained by the ancient Greeks, as is evident from Homer, of whose description Virgil's is little more than a copy, with various additions and modifications. The ancient Israelites, also, whose ideas upon this subject it is particularly interesting to notice, supposed the abodes of departed spirits to be down in the lowest parts of the earth. This is evident from numerous passages in the Old Testament:—"A fire is kindled in mine anger, and it shall burn to the lowest hell." "Canst thou, by searching, find out God? canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is high as heaven, what canst thou do? deeper than hell, what canst thou know?" "If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there!" "Hell from beneath is moved for thee." "Thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit." "Though they dig into hell, thence shall my hand take them; though they climb up to heaven, thence will I bring them down." "There is something," says Lowth, "peculiarly grand and awful in this under-world of the Hebrews. It is an immense region—a vast subterranean kingdom; it is involved in thick darkness: a land of darkness as darkness itself, where the light is as darkness—filled with deep valleys." "But he knoweth not that the dead are there, and that her guests are in the depths of hell," shut up with strong gates. "I said in the cutting off of my days, I shall go down to the gates of the grave," or hell; from it there is no possibility of escape. "As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the grave (or hell) shall come up no more." Whole hosts go down there at once, as Korah and his company, "quick into hell;" and heroes and armies, with all their trophies of victory; "kings and people are found there." We meet with allusions to the same ideas in the New Testament, as in the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, and the question of Paul, "Who shall ascend into heaven? (that is, to bring Christ down from above;) and who shall descend into the deep? (that is, to bring Christ again from the dead.)"

In the case of each of the nations we have mentioned, there is a gradual development and an obvious increase of distinctness in their ideas respecting the place of the dead. In the time of Isaiah, all dwell together, the good and the bad; but in the time of Christ, as the parable above referred to shows, though they were supposed to be in the same general locality, yet they were separated from each other by an impassable gulf. So in Homer, those who are punished are in the same place with the other shades. But the opinions of the Greeks and Romans gradually improved, and at length became what we find them in Virgil. This is the theory of the Platonic philosophy, and represents an Elysium for a select few, 'the salt of the earth,' an intermediate place—to use a phrase which has since come into use—for the great mass of mankind, in which they remain until purified from all their pollution, and a Tartarus or hell for the daringly impious, where they are to suffer excruciating torments for ever. This idea is similar to the Catholic doctrine of purgatory, and is the source from which it is evidently derived. They suppose a heaven for the most distinguished saints to enter immediately, and a purgatory or place of purification for the great mass of the faithful, where they are purified from the sin which cleaves to them when they leave the world, and a hell for heretics and incorrigible sinners. From this source, too, is doubtless derived the idea of some in the Church of England, Bishop Horsely for example, of an intermediate place, in which the dead are to remain until the resurrection.

The idea that the world of shades is subterranean, and the varied and gloomy imagery with which it is associated, is supposed by some to have been derived, in the case of the Greeks and Romans, from the Cimmeri, a people of Campania, who are fabled to have dwelt in caverns deep under ground, and in perpetual darkness. As respects the Jews, it is supposed that they may have derived the same from the construction of their tombs. "These tombs," says Lowth, "were extensive caves or vaults, excavated from the native rock by art and manual labour. The roofs of them were in general arched, and some were so spacious as to be supported by colonnades. All round the sides were cells for the reception of sarcophagi. These were properly ornamented, and each was placed in its proper cell. The cave or sepulchre admitted no light, being closed with a great stone, which was rolled to the mouth of the narrow passage or entrance. Now," says he, "figure to yourself a vast, dark, dreary sepulchral cavern of this kind, where the kings of the nations lie, each upon his bed of dust, the arms of each beside him, his sword under his head, and the graves of their numerous ancestors round about them. Behold! the king of Babylon is introduced; they all rise and go forth to meet him, and receive him as he approaches. 'Art thou also come down unto us? Art thou become like unto us? Art thou cut down and withered in thy strength, O thou destroyer of nations?'" Other nations are supposed to have derived the idea from a similar source, from the fact that the dead are deposited beneath the earth.

Closely connected with the place of the dead is their state. Some things pertaining to this have already been mentioned; but its importance demands for it a more distinct and full consideration. And first, we have to notice their employments. These are supposed to be the same as in the present world; and they are supposed, too, to occupy the same stations. Those who had been kings, are represented by Isaiah as still kings, who all rise from their thrones at the approach of the King of Babylon. And so Achilles is represented by Homer as ruling the dead far and wide. Such, too, were the ideas entertained by the aborigines of our own continent. And hence we have to account for the very singular custom, said to have prevailed among the Mexicans and other nations, when their king died, of slaying his wives, servants, and courtiers, that they might perform for him the same service in the other world which they had performed in this; and hence, too, the custom among many tribes of killing the dog of the deceased, that he might serve him in hunting. It follows, if men are engaged in the same employments in the other world as in this, that they carry with them their passions

abits and dispositions. They carry with them the remembrance of their present life; they still keep up a delightful social intercourse, and converse of the things which happened to them when alive. Anchises is found by Æneas in a green and flowery vale, entertaining his fellow-spirits with a recital of his own exploits, and the various fortune of his friends. They harbour their resentments for affronts, or ill treatment received in the present life. Of this we have plentiful illustrations—among others, in the case of Dido, Ajax, and Agamemnon. Æneas spies Dido wandering in the great wood, and approaching, addresses her: 'Unhappy Dido! It was then true, too true, the report I heard of your death. Alas! that I should have been the cause of that death. I swear by the stars, by the great gods, that I left you against my will; but the same gods compelled me to do so who now compel me to visit these gloomy regions. But stop, do not run; why do you fly from me? I converse with you for the last time.' But in vain; no longer is she charmed by the sight of that face, or by the sound of that voice, though it be heard in the melting accents of love. Her love, once so fervent, so strong, which led her to die upon the funeral pile by her own hands, is turned to hatred, and she heeds neither his cries nor his tears, but leaves him to indulge in bitter, it may be, yet fruitless lamentations. And so Ajax, when Ulysses finds him among the shades, and entreats him in the most passionate strains to forget their former differences and become reconciled, departs without deigning to say a single word in reply. So also Agamemnon, who, it will be recollected, was slain by the contrivance of his adulterous wife, vents his spleen to Ulysses against her, and, because of her, against the whole female sex, in the following words: 'My wife has disgraced all the women that shall ever be born into the world, even those who hereafter shall be innocent. Take care how you grow too fond of your wife. Never tell her all you know. If you reveal some things to her, be careful you keep others concealed from her.' You indeed have nothing to fear from your Penelope; she will not use you as my wife has treated me. However, take care how you trust a woman.'

The dead retain their affection for their friends left behind, and take a high degree of interest in their welfare, and are greatly rejoiced at hearing of their prosperity. Of the former we have a most touching example in the case of the mother of Ulysses, who, as soon as she sees him, with tears bursts out, 'O my son!' Of the latter we have a fine example in the case of Achilles, who inquires with the greatest earnestness after his son, and when he learns that his heart alone is firm, when that of every other hero quakes for fear, is so delighted and proud of him that he stalks with more than ordinary majesty over the meadow. From this interest which the dead are supposed to take in the affairs of the present world, doubtless originated the custom of the invocation of saints.

We have to notice the state of the dead as happy or miserable. On this point, the ideas of men have been vague, especially in the infancy of their intellectual cultivation. Their state was represented in early times as not wholly miserable, and still as not altogether desirable. 'Curse the shades,' Achilles tartly replies, when congratulated by Ulysses upon his singular good fortune in that he was adored by the Greeks while alive, and reigned over the shades after death; 'talk not to me of reigning over them, for I had rather be the veriest day-labourer that walks the earth.' No rewards and punishments were supposed to be allotted to them, at least in places specially designed for each. Tartarus was the place of punishment of the giants alone, and Elysium was the abode only of heroes or demi-gods. But the conceptions of the Greeks gradually advanced in distinctness and correctness, until at length they came to suppose that men were admitted to Elysium and sent down to Tartarus. They even then, however, seem to have supposed only the grossest crimes were there punished. In Homer only one is mentioned, that of perjury. As they advanced in intellectual cultivation, and their moral ideas came to higher perfection, they supposed other crimes were punished, and finally that every virtue

met its due reward, and every vice its due punishment; such, in imitation of Plato and other philosophers, is the representation of Virgil. The ideas of the ancient Israelites seem to have been in like manner indistinct and defective, so much so, that some have contended that there is no allusion at all to the future existence of the soul in the Old Testament.

It may be proper here briefly to notice, in what future rewards and punishments were supposed to consist. We have already spoken of Virgil's description of Elysium: it was the counterpart of Italy, a sensual paradise, where heroes reposed from their toils after they had shuffled off their mortal coil, and amused themselves as they saw fit, in sports and conversation. Of the nature of the punishments the soul is to endure, the Platonists had a very beautiful theory. 'They suppose every passion which has been contracted by it during its residence in the body, remains with it in a separate state, and that the soul, in the body or out of the body, differs no more than the man does from himself when he is in his house or in open air. When, therefore, the obscene passions in particular have once taken root and spread themselves in the soul, they cleave to her inseparably, and remain in her for ever after the body is cast off and thrown aside. Thus the punishment of a voluptuous man after death consists in this: he is tormented with desires which it is impossible for him to gratify, solicited by a passion that has no objects adapted to it. He lives in a state of invincible desire and impotence, and always burns in the pursuit of what he always desires to possess.' Virgil has given this idea a beautiful poetic dress:

'They lie below on golden beds display'd,
And genial feasts with regal pomp are made.
The queen of furies by their side is set,
And snatches from their mouths the untasted meat,
Which, if they touch, her hissing snakes she rears,
Tossing her torch, and thundering in their ears.'

Such a punishment, too, seems to have been drawn in the description of Tantalus, who was punished with the rage of an eternal thirst, set up to the chin in water, which fled from his lips whenever he attempted to drink it. The sensible images by which the happiness or misery of the soul in the future world is represented, are in all cases those things which are looked upon with the greatest desire or dread by those that make use of them. The Jews' figure for the consummation of future bliss, is the garden of Eden; that for the intensity of future misery, the being consigned to a fire, of which that kindled in the valley of Hinnom, continually burning and smouldering, is a faint emblem. The Indian imagined his heaven an immense hunting-ground, abounding in every kind of most precious game, where 'the deer doth bound in her gladness free,' and the buffalo roams over the vast prairie. He is said to have had a singular idea of future punishment as respects the Spaniards, drawn from their greediness for gold: he supposed them placed either in a molten sea of this metal, or else the same, red-hot, continually poured down their throats.

Another point which deserves notice, is the forms of the dead. They are supposed to bear an exact resemblance to their forms when alive, so that they are at once easily recognised. They are enlarged, however, in size, to giant proportions, and are shadowy; they are seen, but cannot be felt. Of this many illustrations might be given. Æneas attempts to embrace his father, but, to his surprise, finds nothing but air, thin air. A spirit is indeed before him, and he discerns the form thereof, but it is something which cannot be felt. Achilles attempts to embrace the shade of his friend Patroclus, but it eludes his embrace, and in astonishment he exclaims, 'Heavens! every thing in Hades is spirit and shadow; of substance there is none.' So Ulysses, when he attempts to embrace his mother—

'I ardent wish'd to clasp the shade
Of my departed mother; thrice I sprang
Toward her, by desire impetuous urged,
And thrice she flitted from between my arms,
Light as a passing shadow or a dream.'

We have to notice one other idea, that of transmigration.

A belief in this, under different forms, is found to have prevailed among many nations. Some have supposed the soul to pass from one human body into another, some into the bodies of beasts, or even into plants and stones. 'The belief in this doctrine,' says Knapp, 'seems to have rested at first upon a certain supposed analogy in nature, where one body is always observed to pass into another, and even when it seems to perish, only alters its form and returns in different shapes. Or it may have sprung in part from the almost universal idea that every thing in the whole creation is animated by a soul, especially everything possessing internal life and power of motion.' This doctrine was a prominent article in the religious creed of India, of some of the nations of our own continent, and of Egypt; and from this latter country it is supposed to have been introduced by Pythagoras into Greece, and thence into Rome. The doctrine as held by the philosophers of these last countries was, that 'the souls of men exist in a separate state long before their union with their bodies, and that upon their immersion into flesh, they forget everything which passed in the state of pre-existence, so that what we call knowledge is nothing else but memory, or the recovery of those things which we knew before.' The poetical version of the same as given by Virgil is, that the souls, to prepare themselves for living upon the earth, come to the river Lethe, and quaff the waters of oblivion. Other nations, particularly in India and other parts of the East, have supposed that the soul passes into the vilest animals. A singular story, arising from this belief, is given in the Asiatic Researches, from the literary annals of the Burmese. 'A priest died, and, according to custom, his fellow-priests proceeded to divide among themselves his effects. When they came to the robe and were about to cut it a louse was discovered, and showed, by his frequent going and coming, and by his extraordinary gestures, that the division of the robe would be no wise agreeable to his feelings. The priests, all astonishment, consulted God upon the occasion, from whom they received information of the character of this louse; that the soul of the priest had passed into it, and were commanded to delay for seven days their intended division, that being the length of time allowed for the life of a louse among the Burmese.'

From the doctrine of transmigration, as thus held, may have arisen the idea that it is unlawful to kill animals, and that whoever does so is to suffer death, and also to be punished hereafter, according to the nature of the animal killed, the manner of killing it, and the use made of it. Those who kill oxen, swine, goats, and other such animals, are to suffer between two burning mountains two thousand years; those who kill animals by immersing in boiling oil or water, are to have their bowels consumed by fire entering their mouths, and this is to last four thousand years; and all who, besides killing, skin, roast, or eat these animals, are to be transixed on an iron spit, while they are cut and torn by the demons, and this is to last sixteen thousand years. This prohibition and punishment would seem very natural, upon the supposition that the soul passes into these animals, for in killing or eating them, one might kill and eat his neighbour, or even his own father. This idea is beautifully expressed by Ovid, as translated by Dryden:

'Thus all things are but altered, nothing dies;
And here and there the embodied spirit flies;
By time or force or sickness disposessed;
And lodges where it lights in bird or beast;
Or hunts without till ready limbs it find,
And actuates those according to their kind;
From torment to torment is tossed,
The soul is still the same, the figure only lost.
Then let not piety be put to flight,
To please the taste of glutton appetite,
But suffer inmate souls secure to dwell,
Lest from their seats your parents you expel;
With rapid hunger feed upon your kind,
Or from a beast dislodge a brother's mind.'

Hence too, perhaps, the care taken in some parts of the East of old worn-out or useless animals, such as old horses, oxen, cows, dogs, cats, monkeys, and reptiles. Of an establishment for this purpose among the Mahrattas, we find

an account in the Missionary Herald for 1841-2. In this establishment, the writer says, were about 100 old horses, 175 oxen and cows, about 200 dogs and cats, monkeys and reptiles, whose numbers he does not give. These are furnished with whatever they may need as long as they live.

The kind of animal into which the soul of a person enters, has been sometimes supposed to be that which he most resembles in his manners. For example, the soul of Orpheus, who was musical, melancholy, and a woman-hater, enters into a swan; the soul of Ajax, which was all wrath and fierceness, into a lion; the soul of Agamemnon, that was rapacious and imperial, into an eagle; and the soul of Thersites, who was a mimic and buffoon, into a monkey.

The doctrine of transmigration, similar to that of the Greeks and Romans, seems to have been held by the Jews before and at the time of Christ. Hence the question of John the Baptist, 'Art thou Elias?' hence the report Peter said was abroad respecting Christ, 'Some say thou art Elias, others Jeremias, or one of the prophets;' and hence, too, the question put to Christ by the disciples respecting the blind man—'Master, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?'

Such are some of the ideas of the ancients respecting a future state; many of them erroneous, many absurd, but at the same time containing many germs of truth, which a more correct philosophy, the offspring of revelation, has more fully developed and confirmed. The perplexing doubts and fears, the absurd conjectures and ridiculous fancies of these have been swept away, and the light of revealed truth has broken in with a brightness which has for ever dispelled the mists of error and superstition which hung for so many ages over everything pertaining to the future world.

TENDERNESS OF PARENT MARTENS.

A PAIR of martens had built under the slate roof of the cottage, above the bedroom window. The summer being unusually hot, the clay cracked, and the nest fell to the ground. It was picked up, with the young ones unhurt, placed in a basket, and hung under the sill of the window, so that the motions of the parent birds could be observed. They came to their young ones, and fed them as usual. One of the nestlings was the Tiny Tim of the family. He was half-starved, and well-nigh crushed by his more vigorous relatives. When they flew away, half fledged, he was still a shivering helpless little creature. 'On the morning after the flight of his companions, I was awake, very early, by an unusual fluttering of wings. I looked out from my window-curtains, and saw the two old martens perched *vis-a-vis* on the edge of the basket. They twittered to each other, and I could almost fancy that they were conversing for some time. It must have been an important consultation. When it appeared to be over they flew away. 'Alas! you poor cripple,' thought I, 'what will become of you now? Your parents think it too much trouble to attend to you alone; a sharp east wind has set in; you have no warm covering to your nest, as it had before it fell from the roof—then one little hole was the only aperture, and whichever way the wind came it was the same to you—perhaps your parents are going to desert you;' but I did not know the 'bird mind.' The old birds are gone, but they soon return. They feed their little helpless young one—they gave him, as we supposed, more than enough; but they were going to be busy, and would not have leisure to give him another meal for a long time. Away they flew, but soon returned with their bills full of clay, which they deposited on the edge of the basket—then away again, then returned loaded as before, and then backward and forward all day till they had worked up a wall more than three inches high, on that edge of the basket exposed to the east, from which the cold wind at that time had set in. The young bird was thus protected, and was also carefully tended by its parents till the time came when it was able to procure its own living.'—*Jesse's Rural Studies.*

LOVE IS POWER.

Strong men dragged him within the enclosure of the trading-house, and they beat him and bound him with thongs. His horse, the sole companion of his solitude during many a long summer day and night march, was torn from him, and the rifle which had so often borne death to the buffalo on the prairie and the deer in the forest was broken before his eyes. From a rich and free Indian who had cattle and venison browsing wherever he roamed, and who was respected by his tribe for his prowess and his wealth, Hisoona was almost in a few seconds reduced to beggary, and rendered more helpless than a squaw. Cold, silent, and impassible, there he stood in the centre of the stockade, with his brawny arms bound across his broad, manly chest, his wide nostrils breathing fire and scorn, and his piercing black eyes rivetted on the sky. He might have been taken for a bronze statue of a barbarian gladiator, whom the civilised subjects of a second Commodus were striving to provoke to life and action with their taunts and sneers. But though he heard he heeded them not; he seemed to have only sufficient Promethean fire to supply him with the breath of life; he had none to spend in flashes of passion. The acquired stoicism of the Indian was superior to the fierceness of his human nature; for although he felt the vibrations of fury at his heart, he scorned that man should know them only in his weakness.

Hisoona was a Seminole Indian, and he was reputed to be the fiercest and most sanguinary of his tribe. He had been scorned in his infancy on account of his birth, his father being a Spaniard; and as the education of the boy invariably reacts in manhood, he had repaid to mankind in scorn and blows the account of sullen malevolence which the full-breeds of his tribe had lent him. He had grown up the very Cain of his race—jealous, cruel, dishonest, and sullen, but strong, impetuous, and utterly dauntless in battle. He had fought himself into consideration among his mother's people, and his name was known and feared by all the enemies of her tribe throughout the broad expanse of Florida. He was indeed a dauntless warrior who had longings to meet face to face this famous Seminole. He seemed to have no fear, and it was said that he had no mercy. Nearly fifty dried scalps hung in his lodge, which he had torn indiscriminately from the heads of men, women, and children; and many villages that no longer stood on the banks of the Oltamaha owed their blackness of desolation to his single hand and midnight brand.

The name and fame of Hisoona were sung by the squaws in their wigwams while they sewed the buffalo-ropes, or to their children as they hung in their wind-rocked cradles on the forest branches while they hoed the maize-patches, with much the same feeling that inspired them when they spoke of the evil spirit Wacondah. They said that Hisoona was too fierce even for a warrior, too powerful for a man, and too crafty for anything mortal; the fox and the beaver were neither of them so wise. He was a mystery, deeper and darker than the wigwam where slept the sun at night; he was stronger than the storm; and more unsearchable in his ways than the moose or the cougar. They dreaded the half-breed of the Seminoles, and yet they admired him; and many was the tale they recounted of his deeds, and many was the speculation they had hazarded regarding his fate; and now here he stood, as weak and helpless as the weakest of them, bound and scorned within the square of the white man's trade-house, reft of his arms and horse, and taunted by white hunters, and scourged by white men's hands.

'You are a thief,' said Abel Paynter, a strong and hardy Kentuckian, as he swung a thong round his head and laid it on Hisoona's shoulders. 'You stole my traps last fall when I was out on the Oltamaha, and you burned my shanty at Ontas Creek. I'll pay you, you savage!'

The dark red streaks followed the cruel and degrading blows, but Hisoona moved not; not a muscle of his fine athletic frame gave any quivering indication of pain. He stood as rigid as if he had been hewn from the sacred red-pipe-stone, which is found only in that Indian theatre of

human creation, the Coteau du Prairie; and with his eye fixed on the blue sky above him, he seemed not to hear or feel.

'It was this Indian rascal that shot my horse two days ago when I was out scouting on the flats,' said Aaron Bardel, as he shook Hisoona violently; 'otherwise I should have been in time to apprise Governor Ellis of the black-foot war-party, who surprised Middleton's waggons last night, and robbed the Florida Trading Company of more powder and lead than will be good for the trappers and hunters on the Mississippi this fall. I shall make his black steed carry me in lieu of my brown Bess, however.'

'Stop till the old man comes,' cried several of those who stood around and eyed the prisoner sullenly. 'He is coming up from the Red Beech Creek, and if he does not order this Seminole to be suspended from all future service in mischief and upon the tough limb of some sycamore, I am no judge of law.'

As these rude and lawless men spoke, the strong, heavy outer gate of the stockade was opened, and a horseman, armed and seemingly somewhat agitated, rode into the square. A broad straw hat spread over his square shoulders, from which hung down his back a screen of gauze. His shirt was of the purest, whitest linen, gathered round his waist, and tightly bound to his body with a red silken sash, in which were stuck pistols and a bowie-knife. A rifle lay on his crupper before him, and as he lightly sprang to the ground, threw the reins over the neck of his docile steed, and laid his handsome rifle carelessly against the logs that walled in the trade station, it was easy to see that he had authority. He was low in stature, but strong and active in form, and the motions of his agile limbs seemed to keep time with his rolling, restless eyes. As soon as he perceived the group which encircled Hisoona, he walked quickly towards the spot where those who formed it were collected, and, pushing his retainers aside, he confronted the Indian.

'And so you have trapped the big beaver of the Oltamaha at last,' said Governor Ellis, glancing his eyes proudly and rapidly round; 'you have torn the fangs from the grisly bear of the Seminoles. Ay, ay, my man,' said he, drawing his knife and cutting the thong that bound the Indian's arms, 'you have neither rifle nor horse now, so go home and tell your squaw that you will help her to nurse the papoose and hoe the corn.'

'Hugh, hu! wa, ha!' was Hisoona's only response to this insulting speech, for in a moment he had bounded towards the gate of the stockade, seized the rifle of the governor, mounted his horse, and, dashing out of the fort, swung the murderous weapon over his head with a triumphant, grim smile. Once he paused when he gained the open plain, but it was only to shout defiance to all the trappers and hunters at the station, and to declare that he would kill the first white man he met.

The sun was gradually sinking in the west. His beams were streaming over the uncultured wilderness, which lay like the mother of vegetation asleep, by the murmuring Oltamaha, until labour should come with his ploughshare and reaping-hook to awaken her up to action. It was a peaceful scene, because there were no warring elements at work in all the wide prairie and forest-lands that stretched westward from the most extreme settlement of the whites to the trading-house of Governor Ellis. It is true that Hisoona was abroad, and Hisoona, it was said, was an incarnation of war; but he had no one to call forth his evil passions now, although the vow of death was yet on his haughty lips, and the scowl of defiance was on his cheek.

It has been argued that war is natural to man, and that when he fights he but obeys the impulses of his nature. Does it not seem wonderful, then, that they who most study nature imbibe the most of love? Old Horace declares that his nature and studies disqualify the poet from being a warrior, and that although he sings in admiring strains the deeds of the warrior, yet he has not the spirit which he canonises in his song. Hisoona might be called a child of nature with his pride and savagery; but does not this seem erroneous when examined? This Indian loved the

woods, and the plains, and streams, and strange musings came over his soul when he was amongst them. He felt the faint flutterings of a sympathy which he knew not of when amongst men; he felt the feeble stirrings of that love which his education of scorn and repulsion had crushed and overshadowed. As a child of nature, Hisoona was not dead to the universal sympathy which tells us that all creation comes from one source. It was as a child of Cain's first act of hatred that he was feared and fierce. 'I will slay the first white man I meet,' he muttered, and he examined the rifle he carried to see that it was fit for the dark purpose. At that moment the song of the whip-poor-will and the soft sighing of the west wind fell upon his ear, and slowly and silently he let the murderous weapon fall upon the crupper before him, and gradually his dark eye softened as he turned his ear to the sound with an abstracted, listening air.

Equally abstracted, but more exquisitely delighted with the scene, was a traveller who wended his footway over the unreclaimed wild. He saw in this broad plain the handiwork of a revealed God, and viewing it as a provision of his bountiful providence for future generations of men, he felt his heart stirred with a recognition of the Almighty's love, and he whispered 'Father,' and turned his eyes aloft in the fullness of his soul. He had come across the deep, this pious traveller, to see how it fared with his redskin brother, and to tell him of a better life on earth than that which he now led, and of a better land where love in God was king. He wore no weapon by his side; he carried no rifle on his shoulder. His simple coat of brown covered his meek and loving heart, and not a coat of steel. Love shining in his mild blue eyes and lighting up his beautiful and placid features was the vizor which covered his countenance; and faith in the all-protecting power of God was this good Christian's shield. Ay, lonely traveller, there is a fierce, and wronged, insulted savage, armed and breathing vengeance, on thy path. He will meet thee soon; he is strong and active, and his rifle is loaded with two leaden balls. Thou hast no carnal weapon, not so much as a staff to crush the enmity of this foe to thy race. Who shall conquer?

Hisoona and John Bartram emerged from two points of the forest at the same time, and they at the same moment observed each other. For a moment fear came over the spirit of the Christian, and he would have fled, but suddenly the sighing harmony of inspiration stole over his spirit, and muttering, 'Yea though I walk in the dark valley of death, yet will I fear no ill, for Thou art with me,' and with a heart reassured and at rest, he walked forth to meet his fate, with his eyes speaking love, and his extended open palm proclaiming peace and brotherhood. The fearless attitude, the calm face, the friendly sign seemed to come over the spirit of Hisoona like a dream, for he suddenly drew up his steed, and instead of showing hostility, gazed in wonder on the unarmed man.

John Bartram advanced calmly towards him, still extending his hand, and then he said, in soft, gentle tones, 'Peace be with thee, my brother.'

Hisoona's eyes shot fire, and his nostrils expanded and collapsed with the passions that agitated him. He threw the rifle before him in a threatening manner, and then he flung it on his left shoulder and then upon his right, until, letting his eye rest upon the white man's, who was now close upon him, as if he sought to read his thoughts, he suddenly urged his horse towards John Bartram, and clasped his hand, while a smile stole over his features.

'Now, brother, you are safe,' said the redskin, calmly, as he flung the rifle on his shoulder. 'I thought to kill you as the young hunter slays his first buffalo, for I vowed to Manitto when the sun was over the cedar-tops that I would slay the first white man I met. Yet I cannot take thy scalp—I feel that I cannot; for thou art unarmed, and thou seemest to have no fear of Hisoona. Strange feelings are here,' said the redskin, striking his broad, manly chest with his open palm—'feelings that whisper to me that thou art no enemy of Hisoona. Thy tribe has been cruel to me,' continued the warrior, his face be-

coming stern and fixed, 'and they have robbed me, yet they had arms in their hands, and I shall slay only warriors for breaking my gun, and stealing my horse, and scourging me.'

'My brother hath felt rightly,' said the Christian traveller, gently; 'I am not the enemy of Hisoona. The great chief whom I follow loved all men, and died for all men; and he has told all his people even to die rather than to hate or kill; therefore I love Hisoona, and can never be his enemy.'

The Indian gazed for a few moments fixedly upon the open face of the traveller, as if he sought to resolve himself of a strange doubt, and then his face lighting up with conviction, he extended his hand again, and shook that of the unarmed man. 'There is a trade-house a few miles onward,' said the Indian, calmly and even softly, as if influenced by John Bartram's manner, 'where some of thy nation have set themselves up; thou wilt rest with them, and they will wonder when they see thee. They will ask where Hisoona's eye was, and if his powder had drank the dew-water when he allowed thee to pass him; but tell them that Hisoona met thee in the forest and clasped thy hand; that he spoke to thee, and not in anger; and that he told thee that a mystery in thy helplessness and fearlessness made him feel what he never felt before. Tell Abel Paynter,' he continued, 'that I shall dye the waters of the Ottamaha with the red water of his heart yet; and let Aaron Bardel prepare his scalp for this sharpest knife of the Seminoles. Governor Ellis owes me nothing now but vengeance, and let him know that his papooses shall wait in sorrow when Hisoona meets their father; but, traveller with the soft tongue, the open hand, and dove-like eye, farewell, and go in peace.' So saying he waved his hand, and dashed into the forest.

The fame of Hisoona for deeds of daring and enmity to the white braves continued to increase rather than diminish amongst his tribe; but now there were strange and vague ideas mingling in the minds of those who spoke of him. They knew of the white man who had escaped the death and who had even gained his heart, and they longed to know the mystery medicine by which the unarmed traveller had conquered. Reader, wouldst thou know it? It was Christian love.

NEW PROFESSION IN PARIS.

UPON a brass door-plate, in the Rue de Lancry, in Paris, is inscribed, 'Ambroise Fortin, Fourteenth.' Upon the common superstition that thirteen is an unlucky number at table, this gentleman has founded the profession of dining out—holding himself ready at his lodgings, from six o'clock till eight, in full dress and appetite, to receive any summons and fill a vacancy at any table. His fitness for his profession consists, moreover, in his unsuspected morals and complete acquaintance with the topics of the day. He passes his mornings in collecting the political hearsays, the private scandal, the *bon mots*, and the rumours of forthcoming gaieties. He begins to converse whenever looked at by his host, and ceases and eats when the attention is withdrawn, or when a real guest has anything to say. For this ready supply of a very common necessity to dinner-givers, he makes no charge—as he unites with his profession that of wine recommender, and is paid handsome sums by different owners of vineyards for speaking his mind as to the wines he finds on the different tables to which he thus has professional access. There are five well-known professed *quatorzièmes* (fourteenths) in Paris, and as it is estimated that there are 500 houses in that city where dinner-parties are given, the fatal number of 'thirteen' happens often enough to give full employment to these. It is supposed, indeed, that the profession will be largely increased before the publication of the next census of trades in the almanack. Monsieur Fortin is described as a very handsome young man, of dignified manners and unstaggerable self-possession, an ornament to any table, and claiming no subsequent acquaintances, unless by the expressed wish of his employer.

THE POETRY OF LIFE; OR, HOW D'YE DO?

THIRD ARTICLE.

THAT is unquestionably a fine utterance, 'the open secret is the grand secret'—a divine oracle, full of deepest meaning and import. Compared with this, all masonic signs and symbols, 'grips' and pass-words, which bar the uninitiated from the mysteries and secrets of crafts and brotherhoods, are but the toys of children. It is in complete harmony with our definition of poetry, that it is subjective rather than objective, a thing of the inner life rather than of the outer world. It indicates that poetry, in the highest acceptation of the term, by which we mean the highest truth in its highest phasis of beauty and spirituality, may be lying naked and open around us, and yet be to us a profound secret, 'a spring shut up and a fountain sealed.' The open secret! We have called it a divine oracle, for it is a Hebrew and not a German utterance. It is shadowed forth, nay, explicitly taught, to him who has capacity for the highest teaching, in such expressions as 'The secret of the Lord is with those that fear him,' and 'The natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned.' We shall attempt, in this paper, to survey a few of the provinces of this wide-lying open secret, and endeavour to unfold some of its mysteries, under the conviction that the great work of life is to convert the open secret into an illuminated revelation.

The popular faith is, that there is far more of prose than poetry in life. Its wine is all drunk in boyhood and youth. Then come the vinegar and the lees, the wormwood and the gall. The boy has gone out of Eden into the wilderness, and cherubim and flaming swords bar return. Memories of the past come not to brighten and bless, but to make darkness visible, and mock him with his irrecoverable loss. The primeval curse is heavy upon him. Labour is a toil and a sorrow. Briars and thorns spring up instead of vines and fig-trees; 'cockles grow instead of wheat, and thistles instead of barley.' The springs of feeling are dried up, or its streams frozen over. The mind also loses its elasticity. Imagination and fancy, stars which rose with the young spirit, set before mid-day, and 'the trailing cloud of glory,' which erewhile rose from the womb of being, becomes a murky cloud, instinct with lightning and thunder. If the intellect grows in strength amid the storms and ungenial weather of life, it lays up truth after truth with little more of joy or emotion than the well-to-do practitioner pockets a fee, or the capitalist, who has invested in all sorts of securities, counts and lays by his regularly recurring dividends.

This is the popular faith, and it is sanctioned, indirectly but emphatically, by the sons of genius and the giants of literature. We do not know that any composer has written an oratorio of life. The Creation, the Messiah, Elijah, and others, have furnished splendid topics for musical genius; but the oratorio of life is yet to be written. The first-class poets have fixed upon the mountain-tops of things, and clothed them with the unsetting sunlight of their intelligence. They have chosen for their themes and illustrations the most attractive landscapes in creation, solemn passages in the scroll of Providence, striking chapters in individual life. We have odes on childhood without end; comedies, which portray the sentiment of young love, the flowering season of the heart; tragedies and epics, which strike deeper chords, and exhibit humanity as acting within an impassable circle of moral and physical laws, and impinged on every hand with moral and physical responsibilities. The sublime and beautiful, the lights and shadows, the good and evil, the strong contrasts in the world without and the world within us, are enshrined in notes and songs, and glow upon the canvass. And that is poetry. Yes, that is poetry, and we take it and are thankful. But, by implication, that is *all* that is poetical, especially in human life. Only a passage here and there, the intervals being made up of the dullest prose! We have poets who have walked in spirit with the sun and the stars round the circle of the seasons, and returned with the report that at

no point of the great circumference was the spherul music mute for a moment. But no poet has written the epic, no composer the oratorio of life. No one has traced the course of that divine spark—'The soul that rises with us, our life's star,' from its mysterious source in the fountains of morning, through its devious course in sun and shade, to where it sinks in the silent sea in the west, and given us the cheering report, that all was musical, or might be musical, in this orbit of humanity.

Thus the popular faith on this point is supported by the practice of the aristocracy of mind, and, we must admit, is attested by fact and experience. The great mass of mankind, Samson-like, grind in the prison-house of labour, with shorn locks and blinded eyes, and it is but at rare intervals that the spirit of the Lord comes mightily upon them, or they obtain a glimpse of the open secret of the universe. Nor are the lords of the Philistines, who look on, more to be envied. 'Examine their spiritual mechanism, the same great need, great greed, and little faculty are there; nay, ten to one but the toiling Samson, who has actually put forth his hand and operated on nature, is the more cunningly gifted of the two.' Examine the programme of amusements for the London 'season,' and if you are skilled in the higher laws of interpretation, you will find it summed up in this sentence—There are no perennial springs of poetry in the lives of idle lords. Their 'great need, great greed, and little faculty' are exhibited in the fact, that they have been known to give a stranger girl five hundred pounds to sing a song to them, one word of which they did not understand. To sum up all: the popular faith, the works of genius, and the frivolities of the London season, point to this issue—that if the elements and appliances for building up the loftiest and purest life of humanity are lying around every man in the richest profusion, but small use is made of them; there is but little harmony between the inner and the outer world, and but few have found out the key which unlocks the invisible gates of the open secret.

We would be understood as having struck the lowest note of our gamut, and will now endeavour to ascend; as having exhibited the dark side of the picture, and will now proceed to unfold its brighter aspects. We have spoken of the actualities, we will now speak of the possibilities, of humanity. We have spoken of facts, we will now speak of truths. We would illustrate the difference between a fact and a truth by an incident with which every child is acquainted, and from which every man might learn wisdom. Once upon a time two pilgrims were imprisoned in the dungeons of Doubting Castle. We will suppose that this incident in Bunyan's beautiful allegory is a reality. It is a *fact* that the pilgrims were imprisoned, but not a *truth*. In reality they were not imprisoned at all. They had the means of escape in their own hands, only they were not conscious for a time of the treasure they possessed in 'the key called knowledge.' Thick stone walls and strong bolts and bars were around them, and Giant Despair kept watch and ward over them. Beyond them at a little distance lay the fair world and freedom, and the king's highway, leading direct to the celestial city. It was but a few steps from the dungeon to the highway, but that little distance was equal to immeasurable leagues or an impassable gulf so long as the prisoners were unconscious of the possession of their key. But how bolts and bars give way, how dungeon gates fly open, when the key is applied to them! How speedily the pilgrims pass from darkness to light, from bondage to liberty! How near the darkness and the light, the bondage and the liberty, are to each other! Hence we say that this allegorical incident illustrates the difference between a fact and a truth. The pilgrims were prisoners, but they needed not to be so. Unbounded liberty was in their power while they lay in their dungeon; but, unconscious of this truth, they began to give way to despair, and in that mood they would have told you, no doubt, that there was more sorrow and bondage than joy and liberty in the life of a pilgrim.

We can never meditate sufficiently on the deep import of the truth which is here shadowed forth by the genius of John Bunyan. It typifies the condition and capabilities of

the life of every man. It presents us with its actualities and possibilities, and teaches us that if the one is dull and prosaic, the other is radiant with the light and beauty of the highest spirituality. Two worlds are sketched before us. One of them is a region of darkness and bondage, the other of light and liberty. They lie alongside each other, they overlap or run into each other, or rather the two worlds are one. Cast a thick covering over a man. Bind up his eyes and stop his ears. Lead him in that condition into the fairest landscape when nature is in her vernal or summer prime; place him in the loveliest earthly paradise; lead him into the vocal woods; or take him into a gallery of paintings, where the genius of the artist shines forth in high interpretations of nature; or into music halls, where melodies intermix, and the soul of harmony stirs the atmosphere as with the very spirit of life; or into lecture-rooms, where is to be heard the greatest and wisest discourse of life, death, and immortality, of the mysteries of being, and the solemnities of duty. What would all avail? The poor man saw no beauty, heard no melody, listened to no words of wisdom; not that he lacked capacity, but it was not unfolded. He had eyes, but saw not, for they were blinded; ears, but heard not, for they were closed. But beauty, and melody, and words of wisdom, spread and floated around him. Others saw and heard, because their eyes and ears were open. That made all the difference.

Our theme is boundless in illustrations, both in the physical and spiritual worlds. How different 'all the world' of these days from 'all the world' of the ancients! Ages and empires rose and passed away; dynasties, systems of morals, government, philosophy, and religion flourished and faded in the old world, while the new world in the west, and the great Australian continent at the antipodes, were unknown to the inhabitants of these countries. The properties of matter were inherent in it from the beginning, but were unfolded slowly and after the lapse of ages to the human mind. The polarity of the magnet, the genius of modern navigation and discovery, the expansive property of water, the elemental spirit of modern mechanism, were truths from the beginning; but they became truths in the mind only as it were yesterday. The lightning of heaven was seen by Adam; but Franklin was the first man who handled this thunderbolt of the Eternal; and only in our own days has it been made the medium of human thought between minds at the extremities of our island. This knowledge was hidden from the ancients. They lived in the midst of powers of which they knew nothing. They were subjected to physical laws whose nature they could not comprehend, but of whose presence they were made painfully aware by the recoil which always follows the breach of them. The stroke came from an unseen and unknown hand. In physics, as in morals, they felt themselves passive and helpless in the hands of an inexorable destiny or of capricious gods; and as regards the laws of matter, as well as of mind, they might have exclaimed, 'Wherewithal shall we come before the Lord?' It is so also in the spiritual world. The liveliest truths are found in contact with the blackest night of ignorance. The land of promise lies alongside the great and terrible wilderness. One other illustration will suffice, and we shall take it from sacred writ. Once upon a time the hosts of the King of Syria surrounded the city of Dothan, with a view to capture a prophet of the Lord. The servant of the prophet was greatly afraid when he saw the horses and chariots of the enemy, but his master possessed his soul in patience. Why the difference? Because of the difference of their vision. The seer said unto his servant, 'Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them.' And Elisha prayed and said, 'Lord, I pray thee open his eyes that he may see.' And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw, and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire about Elisha.

We shall do well to mark the process by which this young man was transformed from a state of fear and anger to one of confidence and security. It was merely by opening his eyes. It is not, however, as a miracle that we

press this incident into our service, but rather as a companion-picture to the pilgrims in Doubting Castle, and both of them for the sound philosophy of life, and the mode of its development, which we find in them. In now proceeding to speak briefly upon this higher department of our subject, it may be proper to state, that we designedly pass over, with a reverential acknowledgment, that standing miracle of our own times, which constitutes the turning-point of the life, and the starting-point of the true spiritual life, of every good man. The question to the threshold of which all that we have written in this series of papers has now brought us, is, *How does a mind grow*—in strength, in goodness, in purity, in blessedness? We have spoken of a knowledge 'which does not suppose a high degree of mental culture;' then what sort of knowledge do we want, and how shall we attain to it? We have spoken of poetry as the secular religion of the soul, and of the poetic and religious capacity as one; also of poetry as a condition of the mind, rather than a thing of the outer world; but we have just been speaking of an 'open secret' in the outer world, which, all-open though it be, most men cannot perceive. In this we might, at first sight, seem to be chargeable with a little confusion, if not contradiction. But to careful readers we shall easily blow away the mist which misleads them to see confusion where there is merely complicated order, and show them that all the parts of our little system are in perfect harmony.

How does a mind grow? Just as a body grows. The elements of growth are different, but the process is the same. The analogy is striking and complete. Bodies grow by appropriating and absorbing foreign but congenial elements into their own substance, and so do minds. The bread which we eat becomes part of ourselves; trees and flowers are the visible incarnations of the invisible gases, of the dews, the rains, and the sunlight. They have the capacity of receiving and appropriating the substances by which they are surrounded, and the measure of that capacity is the measure of their strength and beauty. So with minds. The elements of their strength and beauty lie around them in rich profusion, and their capacity of appropriation and reception is also the measure of their strength and beauty. A mind is strong just in proportion to the amount of absolute and relative truth which it has been able to receive—beautiful and pure, in proportion to the love with which it has received it. Moral beauty is simply the harmony which subsists between the perceptive mind and the moral laws of the universe, as, inversely, moral deformity, or sin, is simply a discord or antipathy between things, which, as they exist together, ought to exist in harmony and peace. We might therefore speak of the transition from the wilderness to Canaan, from Doubting Castle to the king's highway, from the prose to the poetry of life, as the unfolding of the beatitudes and sublimities. They are the bridge by which we pass from the one to the other—the horses and chariots of fire by which we are translated from the lower world into the vestibule of heaven. The servant of the prophet saw, and became a new man—received a feeling of security and a consciousness of strength. This is a type of all healthy mental processes. Our seeing is the measure of our being and our strength; that seeing, or vision, however, which, although receiving its credentials and attestations from the few things of sense which lie around us upon the narrow mole-hill of our individual experience, comes rolling upon the heart and soul from the long-drawn, dim religious vistas and mountain-tops of the past, and which, by the eye of faith, we descry on the more glorious mountain-tops, and in the longer vistas of the future. But it is an essential condition of strong and vigorous life that our vision be clear as well as extensive. Like the eagle, we must be able to look upon the sun. The reason why our knowledge often serves so little purpose is, that it is but *half* knowledge, but *half* seeing. We live in a twilight, or rather, our eyes being but half open, we see men like trees walking. We have not mastered and matured the knowledge which we think we possess, and worked it into the texture of our life. We are content to know only its out-

ward signs and symbols—the words and logic of our creeds and confessions, without penetrating into the living soul which lies beneath, like fire in the hard and cold-seeming flint, of which the words and logic are but the visible vestures. Perhaps we shall best illustrate our meaning in these immediate remarks, as well as the general scope of this paper, by endeavouring, by the magic of words, to shed a light, such as bursts upon a nook of the summer landscape in a breezy, cloud-rolling day, upon one or two of the nooks and corners of this open secret and continent of truth, which stretches illimitably around us—which lies upon 'our right hand though we see it not, and upon our left though we cannot perceive it.'

The poor artisan and operative—the shoemaker in his stall—the weaver on his loom—the factory-girl, who is a living crank or pin in the roaring mechanism of the mill, often utter in their deepest hearts the vague, inarticulate complaint, that they live and labour in narrow overcrowded spaces, and that no noble thoughts, arrayed in beauty and crowned with sublimity, come to lighten their toils, cheer their sorrows, and make melody in their hearts. They shiver in a bleak, wintry climate, and have no covering for the cold. But for them, also, there are wedding-garments, if they but knew how to open the great wardrobe, and put them on. They are like the prisoners in Bouding Castle, and have the means of enlargement in their own hand. Do they toil in sadness, in narrow places? Let them look out with us from the doors of their workshops, and we will show them room enough. They stand in the midst of infinitude, and where could they find ampler standing-room? Created being surges on all sides around them, and the uncreated Being himself enfolds them every moment in his fatherly embrace. They live in the midst of a creation, of all conceivable creations the most beautiful and magnificent. Beneath them are infinite depths, above them infinite heights, and there are illimitable extensions on their right hand and their left. But beneath and above, the east and the west, are only figures of speech, and frequently hide as much as they reveal. We look up to the sun by day, to the moon and stars by night; but we might look down upon them all. We stand upon the firm earth, but in mental contemplations we can dispense with our pedestal. By a wave of the magic wand of mind the earth vanishes, but we fall not, for spirit is not subjected to the physical laws. This is in the night. We now look down upon the sun, which shines in the depths beneath. We are in the centre of two great concaves. In the depths below and in the heights above, in the illimitable extensions on the right hand and on the left, suns are blazing and planets burning—moons and stars shed a chastened radiance through the empty spaces—comets whirl in erratic orbits—and suns, moons, planets, stars, and comets, in their mystic dance to their own spherul music, which fills the immensity, utter the words, 'The hand which made us is divine,' and in reason's ear, the voice, as of him who inhabits eternity, proclaims, 'This is the house of God.'

Another wave of the magic wand, and the earth is in its place again. But now it hides not the splendour of the vision, for that once seen is seen for ever. We can now look through the earth as it were a ball of glass, into the literally unfathomable abyss over which we are suspended, and see the wonders of creation by which it is replenished. But we need not wander far from home in search of the noble companionship of great thoughts; for every living soul is a centre in which converge the wires of a spiritual telegraph, by which messages and visitations are communicated from the near and the far-lying provinces of God's empire; and there are capacities and faculties in every soul, by which more or less of the inflowings of the universal bounty might at all times be received and enjoyed. On some of these wires physical truths, on others spiritual truths, are conveyed. We would make the former vibrate with the physical laws by which we are surrounded. Reading carefully, we learn the steadiness with which they operate, and the prompt obedience which is paid to them, by all the forms and varieties of

matter. There is no relaxation, no rebellion in this department of creation. They come from afar, but they come with power. We might speak of the *strong* influence as well as 'the *sweet* influence of the pleiades.' They come from afar, from the sun, moon, and stars, but the seasons hear their voice and are prompt to obey. The sea wears away the rocks only in submission to the power which is upon its waves. The rivers overflow their banks in obedience to the law which teaches them to find their level; but they never run backwards or stand in heaps, unless at the behest of Him who sits king on all their floods, when he, to subserve the highest moral purpose, steps from behind the veil of phenomena, makes bare his right hand, or utters his voice, and thus, by a visible display to human sense, lays the sure foundation of faith in the invisible.

If the house is thus great and glorious, much more its inhabitant. If he who builds the house have more honour than the house, so also he for whom it is built, fashioned as he is in the image of the builder, being as he is the temple of his Spirit—the finite transcript of the infinite and uncreated. And yet the privileged inhabitant of this house of many mansions, a few of which we have just surveyed—this finite transcript and temple of the Infinite—is often heard complaining that his life is cold and comfortless, that he is chilled with vacuity, and he cries with bitter pathos, 'Oh, who will show us any good?' In mournful mood and accents he tells companions mournful as himself that his life is a bundle of disappointments, follies, regrets, faded hopes, decaying fires; that the past which lies behind him is dotted with some bright spots, but an inexorable destiny prevents him from returning to bask in their sunlight, while the future, to which that destiny urges him, spreads before him an illimitable wintry waste of desert. This is a correct reading of human life in its deep eclipse; but let us again try to work a few of those telegraphic wires of which we have spoken, and see if there are not sympathetic responses in that highest, unwritten apocalypse of God, a man, to the visitations which come from afar; let us watch this living phenomenon as the day-spring of truth and beauty falls upon it, and hear if it does not become musical as the fabled statue of Memnon under the earliest rays of the sun.

True as it is to fact, it is yet strange enough that we should suffer our present to be eclipsed by the brightness of our past. We may reasonably enough regret the dark things which seem to lie behind us, but which in reality are not behind us but present with us, and part of ourselves; but the bright things of the past should naturally be loved and cherished always. But in truth they are so. Our regrets are the reflex or eclipse upon our minds of the moral spots with which we have stained our nature—the smarting of self-inflicted wounds. Pursuing this train of thought, we shall find that *the past* is a figure of speech. There is no past in the life of any of us. We do not 'drag a lengthening chain,' we carry it all on our backs, and it is a burden which crushes us, or a rich intellectual capital which cheers and comforts us, opening for us sources of enjoyment in the various inns on our journey, just as we have made it the one or the other. The past and the distant are not only present with us, but as inseparable from us as our own shadow. We have not left our young heart by the burns and braes of our childhood; we shall return and search for it there in vain. We carry it with us over wide oceans to the uttermost ends of the earth; and when, upon the extreme verge of life, we look upon the red of the evening instead of the red of the morning, that young heart lies buried deep in the depths of our being, probably under much rubbish, but also, we should hope, under much wisdom. What was the young heart but a mood of being, which was succeeded or modified by other moods, all of which, taken together, make up the building of an individual life? What we call time is the evolution of our thoughts; and although we say that 'time flies,' we know that our thoughts remain with us, and mould our existence. Our yesterdays are still with us; and thus our life seems to assimilate to the life of Him who changes not.

As we perceive this assimilation we get hold of another natural argument for our immortality, and our life is ennobled when we see that it is not only a thing of progression and change, but of *be-ing* and accumulation. Pondering on this phase of being, we obtain a glimpse of something like a capacity or faculty of becoming at pleasure what at any time we were; and it is not perhaps drawing too much upon imagination to anticipate that, in future and higher states of being, we shall be able to run over all the mental moods which we had ever experienced, to linger on any one of them, to combine or separate them, to strike them all simultaneously, like the strings of a harp, and enjoy a multitudinous harmony of life! The idea of 'no past' grows and brightens the longer we contemplate it. Not only is our own past, as we call it, present with us, but the past of all the ages. We are plants of time, watered from above, but our roots are among the generations of the dead, and we draw nourishment from their graves. We are 'the heirs of all the ages, in the foremost files of time.' The thousandfold influences of the past environ us. The words and thoughts, the reason and unreason, the wisdom and folly of all ages, mould the minds and manners, direct the course, and shape the destiny of the living generation of men, while they, in their turn, contribute to swell this ocean-tide of influences, which rolls onward with ever-accumulating force and volume for evermore.

What amount of illumination we have been able to shed upon the open secret of the universe, and how far we have succeeded in indicating the mode or process by which the truth and beauty of the world without is conveyed to the world within, others must determine. We are not over-sanguine. We hope, however, we have said enough to show that there is, wide-lying around us all, a secret worth searching out; and, however dull and prosaic life in its ordinary run may be, that the orbit of humanity runs through constellations, and is encircled with sublimities and beatitudes.

SNAKE-CHARMERS.

THERE is no species of creature so dreaded by Europeans on their first settlement in India as the snake. They are so noiseless in their approaches, so hidden in their habits, and so fatal in their attacks, that truly the primeval malediction is verified to them. They are dreaded above every beast of the field. The lion and tiger sometimes attack the people of the east, but men generally are apprised of their approach, and can unite for their destruction; the snake, on the other hand, insidiously crawls at your feet, glides noiselessly into your house through narrow and almost unnoticeable apertures, and twines round your limbs, puncturing your flesh with his fangs, which contain the virus of inevitable death, at a most unexpected moment. The most dangerous serpents known in Cape Colony and in the East Indies are the cobra-capello or hooded snake, the puff-adder, and the berg-adder or mountain-snake. These creatures do not approach the dwellings of man in order to attack him, but that they may procure mice, on which they prey. It is in fact from apprehensions of danger, or from the instinct of self-defence, that they attack man, and not from any innate fierceness of disposition. They bite when they are trampled upon, or when they are irritated, but they always manifest more inclination to escape from than to face a foe. It is, therefore, asserted by travellers that the antipathy manifested towards these reptiles is not so much on account of their destructive and malignant propensities as the deadliness of their sting when they do attack. The natives of eastern countries, who are used to their appearance, are indifferent to it, and even Europeans come in time to regard them as they would adders at home—with distrust, but not fear. The bushmen of Hottentots' Land poison the points of their arrows with the virus of snakes. This subtle poison they can only obtain from the live animal; and the courage and dexterity which they display in the acquirement thereof are very remarkable. They discover the retreats of the snakes with much ease, drag them from their holes by the tails,

all writhing with anger though they be, and irritated that they cannot recoil upon their tormentors; then, throwing them on the ground, they plant their naked feet upon their necks, crushing the poison glands from their throats and drinking off the virus—a draught of which they believe will render them invulnerable to the bite of the snake or wound of a poisoned arrow ever afterwards; or they retain this poison-bag and its contents, in order to form a venom for imbuing the points of their arrows with mortal power. These fierce, venomous reptiles are supposed, however, to be most sensitive to the sounds of music, and reducible to a state of complete innocuousness through the fascinations of men called snake-charmers in India, and by the Dutch boers of Cape Colony *slang-meesters*. It is now almost universally admitted that snake-charming is one of those most surprising and almost incomprehensible juggles at which the Indian mountebanks are such adepts. The incredible stories told of these jugglers would almost superinduce with the most intelligent a belief in necromancy; and it is no wonder that still a strong belief in their astonishing dexterity and cunning assumes a somewhat superstitious complexion in the east amongst those people, who have a traditional veneration for magic, and ocular demonstrations of the juggler's powers. Snake-charming, it is allowed by keen observers, however, is but a clever juggle, but that it is a clever one the difficulty of unveiling it proves.

Snake-charming is of remarkable antiquity, and must have prevailed to a great extent in the east, for in the Psalms we find allusions to this practice, in which King David compares the wicked to 'the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear, and will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely'; and in the eighth chapter of Jeremiah it is said, 'I will send serpents, cockatrices among you, which will not be charmed.' This belief, still prevalent in India, is also entertained in the Barbary States, and, as we have said before, in Cape Colony. Several European travellers have been led to credit it also, but latterly the tendency is to look upon it as one of the most successful tricks of eastern legerdemain.

The charmers are characterised in Johnson's 'Sketches of Indian Field-Sports' as a low caste of Hindoos, who are wonderfully clever in catching snakes, and other legerdemain tricks. They pretend to draw the most poisonous serpents from their holes by singing and playing upon an instrument somewhat resembling the Irish bagpipe, on which they perform a plaintive air. These snakes, however, are all declared to be tame. They have been previously allowed to escape by the charmers, who of course have extracted their fangs and trained them to know the sound of their pipe, as bears know the sound of the drum, or monkeys that of the organ. When the tune begins they come forth from their holes, stand erect upon their tails, and manifest not only a sense of sound but time. The juggler then seizes them, and places them amongst other snakes in a covered basket, professing to have caught and tamed them by the simple means apparent to the spectators. One gentleman, convinced of the truth of the snake-charmers' professions, relates the following anecdote in corroboration thereof; but it will be seen that every circumstance related might have occurred with a tame snake. The jugglers and native domestics of Europeans are generally on excellent terms, and many stories are told of collusion, for the purpose of startling the whites with some circumstance intended to shake their scepticism in supernatural doings, and which could not be accomplished without collusion. This gentleman was startled by a great noise as he sat at breakfast one morning, and, hastening to the door of his bungalow, he found that his palanquin-bearers had started a hooded snake (*cobra di capello*), which they were chasing with their canes. The reptile, which they never once struck, crawled rapidly up the face of a green height, whither the natives pursued him, but he took refuge in a hole, whence they could not dislodge him, and gazed out upon his tormentors in safety with his clear, twinkling eyes. This gentleman had often desired to test the truth of the report concerning the powers of the snake-charmers, and

he had often expressed this desire; he therefore enquired for a snake-catcher at this time. He was at first told that there was none who dwelt near to his bungalow; at last, however, he was informed that there was one dwelling in a village about three miles distant, and he accordingly sent a messenger for him, at the same time watching the cobra, which never once attempted to escape. In an hour the snake-magician was upon the ground, perfectly naked, save a little piece of cotton cloth round his loins. He carried two baskets, one empty, the other containing some tame snakes, and his music-pipe. The snake-catcher laid his two baskets upon the ground at the desire of the person who had employed him, and approached the hole with nothing save his pipe. He began to play a soft, plaintive air, when immediately the snake uncoiled itself, and came slowly from its retreat. When it had approached near enough, the snake-charmer seized it by the tail, and holding it at arm's length, thus preventing the enraged creature from biting him, although it darted from side to side, and attempted to turn in on him. Having exhausted itself in vain attempts to bite, the man then threw it into the empty basket, and, closing the lid, began to play. After a short time he raised the lid, when the serpent darted forth its head, upon which the man quickly closed it again, still playing. This was repeated several times, until at last the cobra raised himself upon his tail, opened his hood, and began to move his head to the music as timely as did the other snakes, and without making the least attempt to escape.

The Indian charmer, unlike the *slang-meester* of Cape Colony, does not profess to cure the bites of the venomous snakes; he only professes to catch and tame them; and, having caught, he is very careful to extract their fangs before he attempts any familiarity with them. Mr Johnson, already alluded to, mentions the following anecdote, corroborative of the fact that, even with this precaution, there is danger in snake-charming. A man was exhibiting one of these dancing cobras to an admiring crowd, when it suddenly sprang at and bit a lad who had been teasing it for the purpose of irritating it. In an hour after this accident the boy was dead. The father of the boy, who was the juggler, declared that the mortal wound could not have been the result of the cobra's bite, because he had removed its venomous teeth, and that both he and the boy had been bitten by it before without any bad effect. On examining the snake, however, it was found that new fangs had replaced the old ones, and that although the former were scarcely above the jaw, yet they were sufficient to wound the boy. This circumstance was declared by the old man to be the first of the kind of which he was cognizant. Another band of jugglers were performing their feats in the vicinity of an European military station, and astonishing everybody with the daring familiarity which they exhibited with the most poisonous snakes, which they had confined in several baskets, and which, when the lids were taken off, began to dance while the jugglers piped. One fellow who had gone among the sepoys, and had taken some liquor, approached these serpents with less than ordinary caution, stroking them and teasing them as if they had been pet dogs. While engaged in this pastime one of the cobras suddenly bit him. The poor fellow became sober in a moment—his dusky face assumed a livid hue with fear, and, declaring that this was a hooded snake lately caught, whose venom-teeth were not yet extracted, he sat down to meet his death, while his comrades and the spectators gathered round him. In about an hour he too was a corpse.

It is believed that snakes are really captured by the Indians through the influence of music, but of course that its influence is of transient duration, and that the charm of which the professed magicians talk so much is insufficient to defend them against any poisonous serpent whose teeth are not pulled. Lizards manifest a keen sense of music, and will exhibit all the appearances of delight when in its vicinity. Oysters are said to be caught by a chant, and why not snakes? The power of music to charm a snake is as much doubted, however, as is the power of a

snake to charm birds. In the one case it is declared to be all a trick of cunning mountebanks, in the other the maternal affection of the bird is said to induce it to lay down its life in defence of its young. The bushmen of Caffraria, however, who have no inducement to practise any trick, hunt, catch, and kill them, and are declared by the Dutch settlers to be capable of charming the fiercest serpents, and of readily curing their bites. They pretend to be invulnerable also, and that they can communicate their charm and mysterious power to others by putting them through a process of poison-eating. The bushmen catch these creatures as an article of food, and they preserve the thin volatile venom by mixing it with some vegetable or mineral extract of a black glutinous consistency, generally the juice of the root of a species of *amaryllis*, called by the boors *gift-bol*, or poison-bulb, and an unctuous substance found in certain rocks and caverns. With arms steeped in this deadly compound, the naked African opposes the encroachments of the civilised invader, whose lust of power and gain, however, are greater than his sense of justice, and who, like the deadly cobra, insidiously encroaches upon the bushman's hunting-grounds, slaying him if he dares to complain, refusing to pipe to him the music of love, and to charm him with a gospel of peace, but trampling him down and puncturing his nature with the poison of strong drink, and a sense of cruel injustice.

THE OLD NEWSPAPER.

BY RICHARD OLDMAKENNEW.

BURNS.

The last moments of this bard, it is said, have never been described. From the day of his return home, after some absence from it for health, till the hour of his death, Dumfries was like a besieged place. It was known he was dying; and the anxiety, not of the rich and learned only, but of the mechanics and peasants, exceeded all belief. Wherever two or three people stood together their talk was of Burns, and of him alone; they spoke of his history, of his person, of his works, of his family, of his fame, and of his untimely and approaching fate, with a warmth and enthusiasm which will ever endure Dumfries to my remembrance. All that he said or was saying, the opinions of the physicians, were eagerly caught up and reported from street to street, and from house to house. Burns's good humour was unruffled, and his wit never forsook him. He looked to one of his fellow-volunteers with a smile, as he stood by his bedside with his eyes wet, and said, 'John, don't let the awkward squad fire over me.' He was aware that death was dealing with him; he asked a lady who visited him, more in sincerity than mirth, what commands she had for the other world; he repressed with a smile the hopes of his friends, and told them he had lived long enough. As his life drew near a close, the eager yet decorous solicitude of his fellow-townsmen increased. He was an exciseman, it is true—a name odious, from many associations, to his countrymen; but he did his duty meekly and kindly, and repressed rather than encouraged the desire of some of his companions to push the law with severity; he was therefore much beloved: and the passion of the Scotch for poetry made them regard him as little lower than a spirit inspired. It is the practice of the young men of Dumfries to meet in the streets during the hours of remission from labour, and by these means I had an opportunity of witnessing the general solicitude of all ranks and of all ages. His differences with them in some important points of human speculation and religious hope were forgotten and forgiven; they thought only of his genius—of the delight his compositions had diffused; and they talked of him with the same awe as of some departing spirit whose voice was to gladden them no more. His last moments have never been described: He had laid his head quietly on the pillow, awaiting dissolution, when his attendant reminded him of his medicine, and held the cup to his lip. He started up suddenly, drained the cup at a gulp, threw his hands

before him like a man about to swim, and, springing from the head to the foot of the bed, fell with his face downward, and expired without a groan.

'Oh! had he stay'd by bonnie Doon,
And learn'd to curb his passions wild,
We had not mourn'd his early doom,
Nor pity wept o'er nature's child.'

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The figure of Oliver Cromwell was in no way prepossessing. He was of middle stature, strong, and coarsely made, with harsh and severe features, indicative, however, of much natural sagacity and depth of thought. His eyes were grey and piercing; his nose too large in proportion to his other features. His manner of speaking, when he had the purpose to make himself distinctly understood, was energetic and forcible, though neither graceful nor eloquent. No man could, on such an occasion, put his meaning into fewer words. But when, as it often happened, he had a mind to play the orator for the benefit of the people's ears, without enlightening their understandings, he was wont to invest his meaning, or that which seemed to be his meaning, with such a mist of words, surrounding it with so many exclusions and exceptions, and fortifying it with such a labyrinth of parenthesis, that, though one of the most shrewd men in England, he was, perhaps, the most unintelligible speaker that ever perplexed an audience. It has been said long since by a historian that a collection of the Protector's speeches would make, with a few exceptions, the most nonsensical book in the world; but he ought to have added that nothing could be more nervous, concise, and intelligible than what he really intended should be understood. Though born of a good family both by father and mother's side, and although he had the usual opportunities of education and breeding connected with such an advantage, the democratic ruler could never acquire, or else disdained to practise, the courtesies usually exercised among the higher classes in their intercourse with each other. His demeanour was so blunt as sometimes might be termed clownish, yet there was in his language and manner a force and energy corresponding to his character, which impressed awe, if it did not impose respect; and there were even times when that dark and subtle spirit expanded itself so as almost to conciliate affection. The turn for humour which displayed itself by fits was broad, and of a low and sometimes practical character. Something there was in his disposition congenial to that of his countrymen: a contempt of folly, a hatred of affectation, and a dislike of ceremony, which, joined to strong intrinsic qualities of sense and courage, made him in many respects not an unfit representative of the democracy of England.

NELSON.

Human nature is very frail. No man ever had a stronger sense of it under the influence of a sense of justice than Lord Nelson. He was loath to inflict punishment; and when he was obliged, as he called it, 'to endure the torture of seeing men flogged,' he came out of his cabin with a hurried step, ran into the gangway, made his bow to the general, and, reading the articles of war the culprit had infringed, said, 'Boatswain do your duty.' The lash was instantly applied, and consequently the sufferer exclaimed, 'Forgive me, admiral, forgive me!' On such an occasion, Lord Nelson would look round with wild anxiety, and, as all his officers kept silence, he would say, 'What! none of you speak for him, avast! cast him off;' and then add, to the suffering culprit, 'Jack! in the day of battle remember me!' and he became a good fellow in future. A poor man was about to be flogged—a *landsmans*—and few pitied him. His offence was drunkenness. As he was being tied up, a lovely girl, contrary to all rules, rushed through the officers, and falling on her knees, clasped Nelson's hand, in which were the articles of war, exclaiming, 'Pray, forgive him, your honour, and he shall never offend again.' 'Your face,' said the admiral, 'is a security for his good behaviour. Let him go; the fellow cannot be bad who has such a lovely creature

in his care.' This man rose to be a lieutenant; his name was William Pye.

LORD KAINES.

On one occasion, when his lordship went to Aberdeen, as a judge upon the circuit, he took up his quarters in a good tavern; and being fatigued and pensive after his dinner, enquired of the landlord if there was any learned man in the neighbourhood who could favour him with his company over a glass of wine. Landlord answered, that the professor of mathematics 'lived just by;' and the lord of session sent his compliments. The professor was not only eminent in his science, but of lively conversation, though he had the defect of La Fontaine and Thomson—both great poets—that of a stupid and dull appearance, before the countenance became enlivened by wine, or company. After a respectful bow, he took his seat, looking at the fire, still immersed in thought regarding some problem in the study of which he had been engaged, previously to his reception of the invitation to meet with his lordship. Two glasses of wine were filled and drank in complete silence; after which, Lord Kaines, to begin the conversation, said, 'I have just passed your new bridge, wholly constructed, I see, of white granite; it is truly a magnificent piece of architecture. What may have been its cost?' ('may have been'—bad grammar.) 'Can't say,' was the reply of the mathematician, while he still looked at the fire. His lordship being surprised and piqued, said, 'I saw a board put up of all the tolls to be paid by carriages and animals; will you be so good as to inform me what is the toll of an ass?' The professor, so doubt wondering how a board of all the tolls to be paid by carriages and animals could be put up, and as if awaking from a dream, quickly replied, 'I do not pretend to know; but, when your lordship re-passes, the toll-gatherer cannot fail to inform you.' Our learned judge started up, and taking him by the hand, exclaimed, 'You are my man!' and began a long and animated conversation.

BONAPARTE.

The whole tone of superiority, says an officer who went to the island of Elba with Bonaparte, abandoned him altogether on quitting Lyons; but, it was at La Caladre, a little inn of Provence, that he showed the greatest signs of weakness, and a kind of alienation of mind that could be found only in so inconsistent a being. The fears that agitated him were so violent, that the allied commissioners could scarcely find the means of making him tranquil. The most singular costume was hardly thought sufficient to disguise him. The commissioners found him in the inn, with his face leaning on his hands, bathed in tears. He told them with much agitation, and with tears in his eyes, that his life was absolutely sought after; that the hostess of the inn, who had not recognised him, had told him that the emperor was a villain, and that they sought to embark him only to drown him. He would neither eat nor drink, however much they pressed; and although the example of those about him might have set his mind at ease, he made his repast only of bread and water, taken from his chaise, which he devoured with avidity. His conversation showed the strongest marks of the disorder of his mind. He boasted of the good that he pretended he had done for France, expressed astonishment at the ingratitude of the nation; while at the same time he declared that he had a sovereign contempt for all mankind! He declared he had never done evil to any one. As for war, he admitted that he had carried it to excess; but pleaded, in excuse, the desire that France had for aggrandisement and military glory. Sometimes, alluding to his being accused of pusillanimity in not shooting himself, he fell into moral dissertations, such as, 'men kill themselves for love—folly! They kill themselves, because they have lost their fortunes—cowardice! They kill themselves that they may not live dishonoured—weakness! But to survive the loss of an Empire; and the outrages and treacheries of one's contemporaries; behold true courage!' His fears, however, were not always chimerical. The sabre was at one time raised

against one of his suite who was unwilling to cry 'Vive le Roi,' and pointed at himself.

On his part he did not neglect any precaution. One day, to the great astonishment of those who accompanied him, he and his people were found decorated with white cockades, which must have been provided before the commencement of the journey. At one time he was timid even to meanness; and, at another, when there was the least appearance of safety, he would assume an arrogant and cockcombical air. And sometimes, too, he tried perfidiously, endeavouring to inspire the Austrian commissioner with distrust of Russia and Prussia. When he saw the sea he could not suppress a kind of shivering. He had the appearance of believing that they were going to drown him. The greatest part of his conduct during the journey was that of a man deranged.

Captain Maitland gives some interesting details concerning this once great man. He says, that Napoleon, when he came on board the Bellerophon, on the 15th of July, 1815, wanted exactly one month of completing his forty-sixth year, being born on the 15th of August, 1769. He was then a remarkably strong, well-built man, about five feet seven inches high—his limbs particularly well-formed, with a fine ankle and very small foot, of which he seemed rather vain, as he always wore, while on board the ship, shoes and silk stockings. His hands were also very small, and had the plumpness of a woman's, rather than the robustness of a man's; his eyes light grey, teeth good; and when he smiled, the expression of his countenance rather pleasing; when under the influence of disappointment, however, it assumed a dark gloomy cast. His hair was of a very dark brown, nearly approaching to black, and, though a little thin on the top and front, had not a grey hair amongst it. His complexion was a very uncommon one, being of a light sallow colour, differing from almost any other I ever met with. From his having become corpulent, he had lost much of his personal activity; and, if we are to give credit to those who attended him, a very considerable portion of his mental energy was gone. It is certain his habits were very lethargic while he was on board the Bellerophon, for though he went to bed between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, and did not rise till about the same hour in the morning, he frequently fell asleep on the sofa in the cabin in the course of the day. His general appearance was that of a man rather older than he then was. His manners were exceedingly pleasing and affable; he joined in every conversation, related numerous anecdotes, and endeavoured in every way to promote good humour; he even admitted his attendants to great familiarity, and I saw one or two instances of their contradicting him in the most direct terms, though they generally treated him with much respect. He possessed to a wonderful degree a facility in making a favourable impression upon those with whom he entered into conversation; this appeared to me to be accomplished, by turning the subject to matters he supposed the person he was addressing was well acquainted with, and on which he could show himself to advantage. This had the effect of putting him in good humour with himself; after which, it was not a very difficult matter to transfer a part of that feeling to the person who had occasioned it. Lord Keith appears to have formed a very high opinion of the fascination of his conversation, and expressed it very emphatically to me, after he had seen him. Speaking of his wish for an interview with the Prince Regent, he said, 'If he had obtained an interview with his Royal Highness, in half an hour they would have been the best friends in England.' He appeared to have great command of temper; for, though no man had greater trials than fell to his lot, during the time he remained on board the Bellerophon, he never, in my presence, or, as far as I know, allowed a fretful or a captious expression to escape him. Even the day he received the notification from Sir Henry Bouverie, that it was determined to send him to St Helena, he chatted and conversed with the same cheerfulness as usual. It has been asserted, that he was acting a part all the time he was on board the ship; but still, even allow-

ing that to be the case, nothing but great command of temper could have enabled him to have sustained such a part for so many days in such a situation.

It is also reported of Bonaparte, that when he commanded in Egypt the following incident occurred. Kleber was envious and refractory, and disobeyed an order. Bonaparte sent for him. Kleber attended with a haughty bearing, which, joined with his stature, gave him an air of heroism. The staff—all present at this scene—silently contrasted the heroic height and proud deportment of the one, with the little person and pale countenance of the other. Bonaparte, at a glance, read their thoughts, and changed his aspect in an instant. His countenance became animated, his eyes flashed, and his voice broke out with extraordinary splendour. 'Which of us,' said he, addressing Kleber, 'which of us is above the other here? You are higher than I am only by a head; one act of disobedience more, and that difference will disappear.' Kleber obeyed.

Again, we find it said in an old newspaper, regarding this fighting man, that on the morning of Waterloo, when, with the dawn of morn, he saw the British Army at a distance (for he never went near the battle himself), on seeing their order of battle, rapturously exclaimed, with his usual presumption, 'Ah! I have got hold of these English at last!' thus expressing a fear that they might have escaped him in the night. Before the close of the day, however, he found himself unable to conceal his astonishment and chagrin at the rapidity and steadiness of the British; and was heard to mutter compliments to them repeatedly. Speaking to Soult, he said, 'These English fight admirably; but they must give way.' 'No,' was the reply, 'they prefer being cut to pieces.' The Scots Greys particularly struck him, and he frequently repeated, 'Ah! these fine Greys! what superb cavalry!'

This contest was the finishing point of his military glory. Through the medium of an old newspaper, look at him, now in St Helena. Here, though we see him a fallen foe, we still find him a wonderful man. 'One day before dinner he assembled us all (his attendants) around him in his chamber. A servant entered to announce that dinner was ready—he sent us away; but, as I was going out, says the writer of the paragraph, he called me back, and said, 'Stay here, we will dine together.' He then expressed a desire to dress, intending, as he said, to go to the drawing-room after dinner. While he was dressing, he put his hand on his left thigh, where there was a deep scar. He called my attention to it by laying his finger on it; and finding that I did not understand what it was, told me that it was the mark of a bayonet wound by which he had nearly lost his limb at the siege of Toulon. Marchand, who was dressing him, here took the liberty of remarking, that the circumstance was well known on board the Northumberland, and that one of the crew had told him, that it was an Englishman who first wounded our Emperor. The Emperor, for so he still was called, on this observed, that people had in general wondered and talked a great deal of the singular good fortune which had preserved him, as it were, invulnerable, in so many battles. 'They were mistaken,' added he, 'the only reason was, that I made a secret of all my dangers.' He then related, that he had three horses killed under him at the siege of Toulon; that he had several killed and wounded in his campaigns of Italy, and three or four at the siege of St Jean d'Acre. He added, that he had been wounded several times; that at the battle of Ratisbon, a ball had struck his heel, and at the battle of Essling or Wagram, I cannot say which, a ball had torn his boot and stocking, and grazed the skin of his left leg. In 1814, he lost his horse and his hat at Arcis-sur-Aube or its neighbourhood. After the battle of Brienne, as he was returning to head-quarters in the evening, in a melancholy and pensive mood, he was suddenly attacked by some Cossacks, who had passed over the rear of the army. He thrust one of them away, and was obliged to draw his sword in his own defence; several of the Cossacks were killed at his side. 'But what renders

this circumstance very extraordinary,' said he, 'is, that it took place near a tree under which, when I was but twelve years of age, I used to sit, during play hours, and read 'Jerusalem Delivered.'

But die he must, and die he did. Dr Arnot, one of the physicians who attended him in his last illness, and who assisted in dissecting his body after death, says—'It will no doubt appear singular, that a person of Napoleon Bonaparte's habits should have been affected with schirrus and cancer in the stomach; a man who was noted for temperance, and never in his life indulged in any excess which could tend to produce such an affection. Whether Napoleon had any hereditary disposition towards this disease, I will not venture an opinion; but it is somewhat remarkable, that he often said his father died of schirrus of the pylorus, that the body was examined after death, and the fact ascertained. It is more than probable that his mental sufferings in St Helena were very poignant, to a man of such unbounded ambition—by him who once aimed at universal dominion, captivity must have been bitterly felt. The history Napoleon himself gave me of his illness, together with the corresponding information I had from the persons composing his family, convinced me that he had been longer affected with the disease than was imagined. I was informed, that during the whole year of 1820, he had nausea and vomiting occasionally, and frequent accessions of fever. He lost altogether his natural appetite, and became remarkably pallid. Even so far back as the year 1817, he was affected with pains in the stomach, nausea and vomiting, especially after taking food. I am therefore inclined to think that the disease was then in its incipient stage, because from that time all the symptoms increased till he died.'

This writer, viz. Dr Arnot, among other things, pays a deservedly high compliment to those who waited upon this distinguished personage in his last illness. 'No language of mine,' he says, 'can sufficiently express the solicitude they evinced for his recovery, and how eagerly they vied with each other in administering those little attentions more easily conceived than described, but so essential and soothing on a sick-bed. The scene of sorrow Longwood-house presented on the evening that great and extraordinary man breathed his last, will never be erased from my memory.'

THE WOODCUTTER'S SON.

NEARLY two hundred years ago, there stood, in a glade of a huge forest in the heart of merry England, a lowly cottage. The bright green sward of that spot, cleared from the giants of the wood, the little stream that laughed and tinkled, as it glittered on the outskirts of the glade, and glanced tortuously away into the wood's darkness, and, more than all, the smiling aspect of the bright little cottage, to a wanderer in the dark forest, would be welcome as a well in the desert to the Arab camel-driver. A large oak had, once on a time, been scathed by lightning; and its blasted stump, standing on a slight eminence in the middle of the glade, supported the thatched roof of the cottage, and was plentifully clasped by the green tendrils of the ivy, which crept also along the cottage-roof.

The cottage was the habitation of a basket-maker and faggot-cutter, by name Peter Pinderell. It was on the evening of a bright sunny September day, about two hundred years ago; and the sun had nearly gone down, though the dense mass of trees everywhere around hid his disc, and the shades of approaching night were hovering over the little glade. To cheer the calm beautiful solitude, there were the note of the tinkling stream, the musical twittering of birds in the thick trees; and above there were the bright golden clouds in patches on the deep blue sky. Though the season was in decline, too, there were few symptoms of fading foliage upon the trees; and the air was impregnated with the sweetest woodland fragrance.

It was on the evening of a day in September, when an old man, even Peter Pinderell, was sitting upon a bench in front of his cottage plaiting a wicker basket. He was

a sturdy old man with a brisk air and movements hale and smooth in countenance; with a bright smiling eye, and long curling hair of the hue of silver. Contentment sat upon his features, and the happy smile hardly ever left his mouth. His were the health and strength, mental and bodily, which seldom attach to men's sons when old age comes withering on. Near him on the ground sat a fair young girl, with bright golden ringlets and soft hazel eyes; she was splicing the wicker twigs for the old man's use.

'It's a sad thing, Annie,' said Peter, plying his fingers, 'when God is giving us the beautiful weather and dressing up the bright earth so sweetly, that men should ~~sit and~~ strive in blood—evilly as they do this day.'

'You heard of neighbour Hubert's son, did you, Annie?' he asked, after a pause of a few minutes.

'He came home but yester e'en from bloody Worcester,' answered the girl, in gentle melodious tones, 'wounded and sore in body; and Dely, his own pet sister, told me when I went down the burn to milk Crumphy this morn'g, that it would behove him to flee immediately, for that the cruel Cromwell was making his soldiers scour the country, to murder and slay all who had stood bravely for their own born king.'

Peter Pinderell gave a heavy sigh in answer.

'And she told me, too,' continued Annie, 'that Hubert cared little for himself or his wounds, if he knew how it fared with the king. They say he fought bravely at Worcester, but no one has heard of him since the battle; and it is hard to say if he still be alive and out of the hands of his enemies. Hubert is a brave-hearted lad, and just such a one as bonny King Charles desires to fight for him.'

'Now that was prettily spoken, and quite indisputable,' said a voice from behind the cottage, with startling abruptness. Peter Pinderell started to his feet and turned him round, Annie the while clinging like a frightened fawn to the skirts of his hoddon coat. A young man, with rather high and marked features, which bore, notwithstanding, an expression of grace, cheerfulness, and nobility not unpleasant, sprang from behind the sheltering corner of the cottage, whither, unnoticed by Peter and Annie, he had evidently approached from the wood. He laughed until the wood and welkin rang. He was awkwardly attired in the coarse ragged garb of a peasant, and his air and appearance implied fatigue and travel.

'Happ'd on true liege folks at last, on our kingly word!' exclaimed the youth, slapping the thigh of his blue worsted breeches.

Peter Pinderell dropped mechanically on his knees, let fall the birchen twigs he held, and joining his hands together, began distractedly to speak he knew not what. Annie, pale and red by turns, and agitated like a leaf by the wind, fell likewise on her knees beside Peter, and gazed with wide-opened, fascinated eyes on the merry stranger.

Charles—for it was the fugitive monarch—characteristically enjoyed the scene before him for a minute, and heartily laughed again. Then stooping, and taking Peter familiarly by the arm, he said, 'Goodman, upraise thyself. We are much in want of shelter and hospitality at present, and would rather have these than thy useless homage. Get thee up man! We hear there be dangerous neighbours near—some of Oliver's iron-sided friends, no doubt.'

So saying, Charles passed Peter, and putting out his hand towards the maiden, was about to salute her, saying, 'Give us welcome, sweet maid;'—but words and actions were interrupted by Annie getting quickly to her feet and bounding into the cottage.

'Now, old friend, as I am a king and in evil circumstances,' said Charles, looking after Annie with some astonishment, 'that daughter of thine—'

'She is not a daughter of mine, please your honour—your majesty—my lord,' stammered Peter. 'Only a foster-child, and an orphan from her infancy.'

There passed through Charles's mind some such thought as that which struck Gray, and was embodied in the line of his Elegy—'full many a flower is born to blush unseen; but he simply repeated in a muttering tone—'An orphan from her infancy.' At this period of his life Charles pos-

seemed those chivalric sentiments which were the inborn characteristics of all the Stuarts, but which afterwards, in his breast, became sadly faded and defaced: and the appearance and history of Annie did not fail to excite an admiration and sympathy which became a king.

At that moment, and when Peter Pinderell had just had time to regain his feet, a young man, plain-looking, pale, serious, and moody, emerged from the edge of the wood, and coming forward towards the cottage, regarded the disguised monarch with a look of inquiry, but which could not exactly be called curiosity, so settled and overcast was his countenance.

'My son Hugo, may it please your majesty's lordship,' said Peter the basket-plaiter, introducing the young grave-looking man; 'a true subject of your grace's, sir, as ever walked on joints—and the betrothed spouse of my pretty foster-daughter, Annie.'

'Sayest thou so, man?' exclaimed Charles, hastily, as if strack with the violent contrast between the fair, ingenuous Annie and the gloomy reserved youth before him. He would have said more; but Hugo, who, on being aware of the august presence in which he stood, had bent a knee reverentially on the green sward, again on his feet answered quickly, and with a dusky flush on his countenance, to his father's last remark—'Annie will never be my wife, father—never! It's another she's thinking of.' The transient emotion passed, and then turning from the rather astonished Peter to the no less interested monarch, Hugo rapidly inquired, 'Is your majesty long here?'

'A few minutes, friend Hugo,' answered Charles. 'We have been twice on our way to the bleak hills of Wales, under the guidance of our loyal friend Colonel Careless—a careless man enough I faith; for, being stiff-necked and rash as a young unbroke colt, he went forward this morning in some direction towards this quarter, after all our efforts failed us on the Welsh side: and careless is that careless does—good Careless will have fallen carelessly into the hands of Oliver's hounds, who will be careless enough of his carcass, and more careless still of his head.'

'Then, your majesty, I am well-timed,' replied Hugo, dropping his heavy, serious eyes to the ground. 'A party of Cromwell's soldiers are in this forest and scouring it from end to end; and sometimes they may and will be here. Colonel Careless is safe, after a narrow escape, at neighbour Hubert Ellie's, whence I am but now returned. His son fought hard for your majesty at Worcester,' he added, raising his dark eyes, now full of deep, intense life, to Charles's face. 'It would be certain death to your majesty, however, he went on, dropping them again after an instant's pause, 'to attempt a meeting with the stout Colonel Careless at present.'

'Then what is to be done?' asked Charles, fixing his hands in his waistband, and not in the least alarmed, but on the contrary perfectly quiescent. He looked at Peter, who was scratching his ancient head in puzzled thought, and then at Hugo, who was looking seriously on the ground, and from under his eye-lids at the cottage-window, where the pretty wondering face of Annie now and then appeared, while she took a survey of the king.

'Your majesty is too well known by your face, and especially your long hair,' at length said Hugo, in a voice so measured that it seemed almost a drawl.

'We'll make the shears spoil the beauty of the latter,' said Charles readily; and he threw his bonnet away exclaiming, 'Give us the shears.' A pair was at hand on the stone bench; and beneath their blades the long glossy ringlets fell. As they rolled down in massy confusion, they were eagerly seized by old Peter, and as eagerly treasured in his breast. His hair cropped almost to the skin, and withal unskilfully cropped, Charles was certainly no very prepossessing personage; but resuming his bonnet he burst into a laugh, and cried—'Ready to stand the fire of the eyes of Cromwell himself.'

It was dusk, and the elements of obscurity were settling heavily down over the little glade, and it was just then that the loud roll of a military kettle-drum and the blast of a bugle echoed through the forest. The sounds were not

apparently far distant. Charles looked inquiringly at his humble friends; but old Peter unceremoniously seized him by the arm, and dragging him into the cottage, exclaimed—'In, in, now, or the iron-headed fellows are on us!' and he briskly entered with his majesty and shut the door. Hugo darted to the trunk of a huge beech which stood prominently forth on the edge of the wood, and grasping a hatchet which hung from a gnarled bough above, returned to the end of the cottage, and commenced industriously to chop a heap of faggots.

Several successive beats on the kettle-drum filled the air; and Hugo had not continued his occupation but a few minutes, when the stamping of feet was audible along a beaten path through the wood, though it was frequently drowned by the noise of the purling brook. By and by a band of some fifteen or twenty stout soldiers with iron morions and jackets, and bearing heavy halberds, the very *beau ideal* of Cromwell's 'children,' issued, with an officer at their head, from beneath the shadow of the giant trees. As far as the gloom allowed him to be seen, the commander of this party was two or three inches taller than any around him; when he had called a halt, he took off his casque to get a drink out of the rivulet, and a small bullet head with closely cropped hair was shown; his brow beetled considerably, his eyes were a good deal apart, and from the corners of his mouth, which was small and compressed, sloping wrinkles descended to the edges of his under jaw, giving him an air of mook solemnity. When he had quenched his thirst, he made one of his soldiers stroke his hair with a brush that he carried in his breast, and then resuming his cap he walked up to Hugo, and with a nonchalant air, remarked, 'Friend, we suspect thee of harbouring the young man Charles, who was defeated at Worcester;' and leaning on his battle-axe he looked Hugo in the face.

The latter laid down his hatchet, and thrusting his hand into his bosom surveyed the captain with a sort of dull earnestness, but without manifesting any consciousness that that gentleman waited for a reply to his accusation.

'Captain Silas Blake, young man,' then resumed the officer, with a slight bow, as if he was introducing himself to Hugo's notice, by announcing his name and title in full. The young man did not, however, appear to see anything very extraordinary in the announcement. After looking thoughtfully for a minute at Hugo, Captain Blake ventured to extend his ungloved hand, and with the tip of his forefinger to touch the brow of the latter.

'Well, friend,' then said he, 'this business of thine has not begun with the dawn of morning.' Nevertheless, Hugo did not confess that Captain Blake was one of the most acute of men. 'Now, be this thy habitation, friend?' and pointing his left hand with what appeared mock yet grave politeness toward the cottage, he moved away, as he spoke, from Hugo, but without averting his countenance from him. He paused a moment at the door, as if he would have liked Hugo to have become civilly communicative in time; but seeing no visible change on the young wood-cutter's countenance, he, with the cool decision which characterised all his proceedings, applied his foot vigorously to the door, and sent it rattling half off its hinges. Then turning round to his soldiers, who all this time had stood like so many iron statues, he waved his hand, and mechanically they advanced, closed round the cottage, and secured Hugo a prisoner.

Captain Blake entered the wood-cutter's cottage. The interior was quite dark, but suddenly the glare of a fire-torch dispelled the obscurity, and by its light, which was well elevated in a human hand, the wrathful visage and peering eyes of Peter Pinderell, in his night-clothes, were pushed into Captain Blake's face. The military gentleman was perfectly unmoved.

'Well!' was all Peter could utter, in the extremity of his rage and astonishment.

'Well!' repeated the other; and they looked *well* at each other. The captain then coolly took the torch from the old man's trembling grasp, and leaving him standing in amazement, with his right arm elevated as he had held the torch, he passed him, and advanced to a corner, where,

on a canvass cloth which covered sheaves of dried grass, lay the disguised monarch, apparently fast asleep.

'Friend!' said Blake, punching royalty in the ribs.

'Friend!' echoed Charles, seeming to awake from slumber, and gazing stupidly in the captain's face.

'Thou truly art not the man,' said the captain, after a moment's survey.

'Did you awaken me to tell me that piece of news?' asked the king, discontentedly; and, turning round on his side, he went again to sleep.

In modern times Captain Blake would have taken snuff; but looking simply round without betraying any feeling, he put the torch quietly into the still upstretched hand of Peter, and bending his glancing helmet, passed out of the cottage. The woodcutter approached the door, and, shading the light, was looking out on the marshalled soldiers, when the strong arm of Captain Blake pushed him gently back, and shut the door as best it would. Peter looked at what damage had been done, and then gave a loud 'hem!' of displeasure: but swallowing his spleen, and giving a look of intelligence towards his majesty, who, coiled on the dried grass, was earnestly watching the old man, he judged it best to extinguish the light.

On coming out into open air, Captain Blake first released Hugo, and allowed him to pass into the cottage. He then in a low voice, having gathered his soldiers about him, addressed them on several religious topics. His address was characterised chiefly by well-defined ideas, very shortly and sententiously expressed; and neither thought nor language partook of that oriental style of declamation by which the divines of the Cromwell school have been so generally burlesqued. The exhortation over, a prayer was given, and a hymn sung (from memory) in a low key; and then, in deep silence, the hardy soldiers lay down upon the green sward to rest.

Early next morning, when yet the sun had hardly glinted through the trees on the mailed forms of the recumbent warriors, the door of the cottage opened, and Peter Pinderell, with a sack over his shoulders, issued forth. He was followed by his son Hugo, bearing a hatchet and wood mallet; and lastly by the king, with a coil of birchen rope and a hatchet on his shoulders. To make sure of lulling suspicion, he had the charge of shutting and fastening the door. The statue of a man, in the capacity of a sentinel, stood on the skirt of the glade, but the woodcutters and the disguised monarch marched past him into the forest, without his manifesting any more life than a real statue would have done. They walked on in a line for some distance, probably about three quarters of a mile, until they arrived at the foot of a wide-spreading oak, where was a pile of uncut faggots. Here each threw down what article he carried. The old man was serious and sad; something was evidently troubling him. Hugo expressed additional gloom in his countenance—a gloom which even a sense of duty to his majesty could not mitigate. There was something evidently wrong; and Charles, who, on his first appearance from the cottage, had assumed great stolidity of aspect, now manifested anxiety to know what troubled his hosts.

'Your majesty, sir, will forgive us,' at last whispered Peter, looking cautiously round, 'but the girl Annie is amissing: she has not been in the cottage all night;' and his face became more troubled and wo-begone. Hugo bent silently down, and taking up a hatchet began his day's work. The clash of a kettle-drum at the instant startled the party, and the king, without having time to express the interest he felt in what Peter had communicated to him, took a hatchet and clumsily imitated Hugo in chopping pieces of wood. Peter cleared away and began to fill his sack. The roll of the drum came every minute nearer; and Charles, his hands getting sore at his unusual labour, his face flushing, and his strokes denoting gross unskillfulness in the woodcutter's art, began to be exceedingly apprehensive of his disguise being penetrated. As the military sounds approached, and the tread of the men was distinctly heard, the sense of its inefficiency became intolerable, and, exhausted and out of breath, he stopped, and looking behind him, said, 'My good friends, I must take

some other means of securing my safety. Assuredly, as they say in Scotland, that 'gled-eyed' captain will not fail to see through me. What am I to do, think ye?'

Peter looked up extraordinarily surprised by the emergency, which, in the absorbed state of his feelings about his adopted daughter, had not previously struck him; and Hugo, pausing in his work, also seemed aware, for the first time, of the critical nature of the moment. Old Peter staggered with alarm to his son, and grasping him by the arm, looked anxiously from him to the monarch, and in a trembling voice asked what was to be done?

Hugo reflected for a single instant, and then, as a near roll of the drum hastened his cogitations, he pointed to the thicket of leaves over their head. Charles understood him at a glance, and, seizing on the gnarled sides of the oak, he, with the young man's assistance, climbed upwards, and was speedily hid among the foliage. It was a perilous juncture, when even the very depths of the forest appeared almost to deny him shelter.

Peter and his son resumed their labours at the foot of the tree, but had been engaged hardly a minute, when the near tramp of the soldiers was audible, and they themselves were seen filing through the forest path, at the distance of hardly twenty yards. Captain Blake, whose gau form moved at their head, seemed intuitively aware of the exact locality of the woodcutters, though in reality he had discovered it by means of a scout. He called a halt, and then wheeling his soldiers round, marched up to the old man and his son, his mailed followers, in motionless attitudes, grouping themselves under the next tree.

'Friend woodcutter,' said the unruffled Captain, laying his hand on Hugo's shoulder, and planting the end of his axe on the ground, 'we must make thee prisoner once more.'

The *sang froid* expressed in Captain Blake's eye was equalled by the unmoved gravity of Hugo's deep black orb, as he raised them slowly to the captain's face. He answered not a word; and the captain turning round and giving a signal, a soldier approached, and stationing himself behind Hugo, raised his battle-axe above his head, and with it so uplifted stood fixed and unmoved.

Captain Blake turned to old Peter, and by a wave of his hand caused another soldier to plant himself in exactly the same posture as that of his comrade, behind the aged woodman. Then plucking a long wavy ringlet of glossy hair from his doublet pouch, the captain held it out and asked, 'To whom did this appertain?'

'To my foster-daughter,' answered Peter intrepidly; for he recognised a stray ringlet of Charles's hair, which must have been dropped in the operation of cutting.

'Nay, deceive not,' said Captain Blake, looking hard; 'I know thy daughter, having once bought from her a basket; and I know that her hair is fairer than this.' Then suddenly assuming a more rapid enunciation, he continued, 'It resembleth the close-cropped hair of the youth who was asleep with thee in the cottage last night, and hath this morning come hither with thee. Where is he? I see him not labouring as thou and thy son?'

Peter trembled and could not help slightly raising his eyes towards the branches above; but Hugo appeared perfectly unconcerned. 'Our labours,' he said, in a slow drawing voice, 'are not all in one spot. Might he not have occupation elsewhere?'

The captain put his brows together, and upturned the corners of his mouth, as if childishly mimicking some one, and then more firmly planting his battle-axe, he said, turning the while from father to son, 'Ye are wrong altogether to try to deceive me. The young man may have gone elsewhere, but it is to conceal himself; for there lieth his hatchet and the wood he hath newly chopped.' He looked to see the effect of his words.

'My hands are not so withered, captain, nor my ———,' began Peter, catching at another cue; but the captain interrupted him, by putting up his hand warningly.

'Sin thou not by lying, old man,' said he. 'Was not the youth thou speakest of Charles Stuart?' he asked with startling abruptness. A tremor passed over the old man's frame, and he almost sank to the ground beneath the

captain's glance. Suddenly, however, Hugo, manifesting unexpected life and motion, caught Captain Blake's hand and rapidly said, 'And if it be that the young man is Charles Stuart, what then?'

'Thy duty is to deliver him up,' answered the captain.

'What! For nothing?' asked Hugo, elevating his eyebrows.

'For a rich reward,' replied Captain Blake, rather contemptuously. 'If thou spillost his blood—his life blood—on the green sward, a rich harvest of gold will be thence raised up to thee.'

While Captain Blake thought the young woodcutter was but a mercenary patriot after all, old Peter, though at first astonished, more acute from the difference between his and the captain's knowledge of Hugo's character, perceived this to be a *ruse* to which his son had resorted. Hugo meditated for a while, with his eyes fixed on the ground, but suddenly, with a flush upon his countenance, and a bright sparkling in his dark eyes, he started back free from Captain Blake, and the soldier who stood behind him, and nervously grasping his hatchet, raised it with a flourish, exclaiming—'Your gold perish with you! It will never make me a traitor; no, though I had the opportunity in my power. Begone with your canting, snuffing soldiery, and leave honest men alone at their inoffensive work!' The suppressed emotions of his spirit seemed collected and expressed at length on a legitimate object.

Old Peter crowed with triumph over the bravery of his son; and Captain Blake, astonished, and taken unawares, gave back a pace before the impetuous young man. The soldier had his eye fixed on his captain, expecting the signal which was to bring down the fatal stroke of his battle-axe; and that signal was about to be given, when suddenly the report of a pistol rattled among the trees, a momentary flash was seen, and the soldier, formerly so immovable and statue-like, sprang high into the air, and groaning, fell with his face to the ground. Captain Blake sprang on Hugo, dashed aside his hatchet, and closed with him in a fierce struggle; the trooper guarding old Peter, imitating his captain, seized the old man rudely by the collar. Immediately a sudden shout issued from the forest all round, and bullets pattered thick and fast on the mailed jackets of the troopers, who gathered into a close body in order to afford mutual protection.

After one or two turns, Captain Blake threw Hugo to the ground, and rolled over above him. In the struggle he had been unscathed. Just then a gallant, handsome young man bounded from the shade of a tree hard by, and after two sharp strokes beat the soldier, who had seized old Peter, to the ground. At the same moment a young girl of beautiful form and feature, her fair brow flushed, and her blue eye flashing brilliantly, leaped into the open space from the other side, and with a stout hazel branch she bore, struck well and true on Captain Blake's uncovered head; the next moment the exhausted Hugo rose above his stunned and senseless antagonist.

There was a pistol aimed by a trooper at the maiden's bosom, but when just the finger was about to pull the trigger, a tall dark-visaged person of no common mien, struck up the weapon, and then struck the soldier down. It was now hand to hand. Peasants, one or two in the garb of royal soldiers, all with various arms, rushed into the small and now bloody arena, from the shade of every tree. The Cromwellians fought doggedly and stoutly, but were falling fast among the shouts and huzzas of their motley opponents; when the tall dark man who acted as leader of the assailants, and the gallant youth previously mentioned, both of whom had done a great deal more than match each his man since the beginning of the combat, simultaneously refrained and called a truce. At the same moment a nobleman (from his appearance), newly arrived and panting with haste, rushed on the scene, followed by one or two well-armed men; and his voice was heard seconding those of the two cavaliers. After considerable exertion, a pause in the fight ensued, and the tall dark man spoke:

'We are the king's liegemen,' he began—'*A merry voice in the crowd:* 'There's a *liegewoman* in the com-

pany!')—'and,' with a frown, 'it ill befits us further to be hewing and hacking these poor men, who cannot keep their own; thereby breaking his majesty's character, for mercy and a generous disposition. My Lord Wilmot,' he added, turning to the nobleman, 'it does, in my opinion, befit us better to be giving quarter than to be taking away life. We ought to show Roundheads, that with us men in the tents of wickedness there is such a thing as mercy towards a fallen enemy—a quality these same Puritan troopers have not been anxious to display since the battle of Worcester, for all their religious creed tells them on the subject. And who knows, my Lord of Wilmot, and you, good friends,' he continued, as if he had caught a bright idea, 'but mercy may conquer in the end, as, with all my roughness and love of broken heads, I think it generally does! These hardy rascals there now looking so grim, might be fairly overcome, not, as old Tutor Digby said, *vi et armis*, but by gentleness and good offices. My Lord of Wilmot, human nature is such—and I am sure if his gracious majesty were here, he would agree with me—that—'

'Dont speechify, like a good fellow, Careless!' exclaimed a voice, merry and laughing over head. His majesty's here, and he agrees with you in every thing.' And as the bewildered crowd, and Careless not the least bewildered, raised their eyes, the branches were parted asunder above them, and there stood Charles on a branch, and holding by another, gay and smiling, not like a king certainly, as to dress and appearance, but a king notwithstanding in eye, in mouth, and in reality. The universal shout was upraised, 'The king! the king!' and down upon the green sward each man knelt, Lord Wilmot and Careless fervently showing the example. There the loyal crowd knelt, some laughing, others praying, others weeping, others shouting, and most stretching out hard-clasped hands. And there above them, in his throne of green leaves, stood the fugitive monarch, enjoying homage, than which homage was never more spontaneously or sincerely given to sovereign. The grim troopers were seen infected by the spirit of the moment, and could not avoid taking off their casques. Captain Blake likewise, who, having partially recovered the effect of the blow he had received, was sitting with his back to the trunk of the tree, after putting the thumb and forefinger of his right hand dubitantly to the corners of his mouth, involuntarily bowed the head, when Charles, by a series of short springs, had lighted at his feet, and looked laughingly in his face, uttering the monosyllable, 'Friend!'

Charles embraced Lord Wilmot and Colonel Careless; both of whom, under the most serious apprehensions for his safety, urged him to fly instantly, now that an unobstructed passage was open.

'Colonel Lane is waiting at his residence to receive your majesty,' Lord Wilmot was urging.

'Then he must wait half an hour longer,' broke in Charles. 'Help me here, my Lord of Wilmot, and you friend Careless, or careless friend, shall it be?'

'I have not worn my name suitably for the last twenty-four hours at all events, your majesty,' replied the colonel.

'Thank you, Master Careful,' said Charles, with a kind smile. 'But to go on. How came you in this direction with these good friends of mine, and so well fitted on too?'

'I took refuge yesterday, your majesty, in the cottage of a man, who goes by the name of Hazel Hubert; a brave old man—'

'Where I got this morning, Careless,' said Lord Wilmot, 'just after you had left. I found you out by the firing.'

'Over night,' continued Careless, 'yon fair maid you see cowering timidly behind the aged peasant at the back of the holly, came in haste and informed us that your majesty was at her father's cottage, and surrounded by troopers. So I and Hazel Hubert's son (there he is, that fine young fellow, with his limbs but half healed since Worcester) got all the good peasants you see here together, after an infinite degree of trouble, and along we came under the guidance of the pretty maid I mentioned. We were marching silently on, when we happened so luckily on these iron fellows.'

'And that reminds me, Careless,' said Charles, stepping

forward with a dignified step. He motioned to old Peter Pinderell and Annie (who, we need hardly say, was the heroine of Careless's narrative), who, not daring to hesitate, though much inclining to do so, came forward with humble and trembling countenances and steps. The crowd of people instinctively gave way.

'My good maiden,' said Charles, with a noble smile, and laying his hand on the kneeling Annie's fair ringlets, 'you would like Hugo for a husband, would you not?' and engaged in signing to the gloomy woodcutter, who had been looking on moodily from a distance, Charles did not note that Annie's countenance had grown excessively pale. Hugo came forward, but when he heard the monarch's proposition, he drew up proudly and said, 'When the heart is not to give, I cannot take the hand.'

Charles was offended, and old Peter exclaimed in his throat in deep wonder, 'Hugo!' But Lord Wilmot solved the problem, by whispering in the king's ear, 'It's the youth with the fair hair and blue eyes, standing off there with the doubting look on his countenance.' Colonel Careless, despising all rules for guarding the feelings, said aloud, 'It's Hazel Hubert's son, your majesty, that's the lucky man! See how the maiden blushes at his name. Come hither Hubert!'

Hubert came, and his majesty, who liked romantic adventures, demanded how a clergyman could be procured. There was the fugitive episcopal priest of the district in the crowd, and though utterly informal, the ceremony of marriage between Annie and Hubert was instantly performed, Charles giving away the fluttered weeping bride. Careless looked at Wilmot and Wilmot looked at Careless, but no one thought of baulking the monarch in his fancy.

The ceremony over, Charles, after promising a mitre to the priest when the king should enjoy his own again, marched up with the step of majesty to Captain Blake, who was once more on his upright legs, and intimated to him that he and his men were at liberty to go where they pleased. The captain, putting himself at the head of his humbled detachment, with a low bow marched them away among the trees, Charles greeting them with a shout, which was repeated by those around him till all the echoes rang; and at length the crowd, for a minute or so, rather surprised and dubitating as to the proceedings of the last quarter of an hour, carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, raised Annie and her newly-made husband on a litter of branches, and, bearing them along, shouted and again shouted. Old Peter Pinderell was borne along by the current. Charles, and Lord Wilmot, and Colonel Careless, accompanied them on part of their way. With laughter, mirth, and song, 'no rest the echoes knew.'

The last sound had died away, the last figure had disappeared, and there stood Hugo, the woodcutter's son, at the foot of the huge oak. He was alone, desolate, and deserted; hope had departed for ever, and he was to look now on the black page of life. But, no; a soothing thought came over his gloomy spirit: he had nobly done his duty; the God of heaven, a hope that would never fail, was with him; and he would do his duty to the end. He drew his rough hand across his eye, for a tear dimmed his vision, and then, with his hatchet over his shoulder, he walked silently away in the direction of his father's cottage.

Old Peter Pinderell died, and left his son still a woodcutter in the forest. King Charles regained his throne at last; and, befriending Hazel Hubert's son, raised him to a considerable rank in his army, and largely dowered the pretty Annie, to whom Hubert had been formally united. But there, in the depth of the forest, lived the humble Hugo still; ever avoiding to see her to whom he had once been betrothed, he lived on humbly and unambitiously. The ungrateful Charles, when solicited to do him service, remarked (spurred on by a petty resentment of Hugo's boldness of demeanour towards himself) that Hugo deserved nought, because of the alarm he had caused his own lawful sovereign when he had so traitorously parleyed with the Puritan captain about the money offered for his sacred person, dead or alive, on the morning of his concealment in the tree; and, with a light laugh, the monarch

laughed the subject away. Assuredly, neither princes nor the sons of men are to be trusted. And thus Hugo, the woodcutter's son, continued a woodcutter till the day of his death.

THE BLOODHOUND.

In our recent chapters of adventure in the Savannahs of Cuba, the attention of the reader was directed to the use made of the bloodhound in hunting down the natives. In remarking on the similar purposes for which this animal has been employed during various periods, and in different countries, the 'Rural Cyclopædia' observes, that this variety of the dog was formerly much used and highly prized, on account of its exquisite scent and extraordinary perseverance, for tracking and seizing depredators and other obnoxious persons. A British bloodhound of pure blood is now comparatively rare, and, excepting in a few instances, for the seizing of sheep-stealers, is kept only as an object of ornament and curiosity. He is compact, muscular, and strong; his height is about twenty-eight inches; his prevailing colour is a reddish tan, gradually darkening from the sides to the back, and there becomes blackish; his forehead is broad; his face toward the muzzle is narrow; his nostrils are wide and fully developed; his ears are large and pendulous; his tail is long; his aspect is sagacious and calm; and his voice is deep, sonorous, and powerful. Previous to the union of the English and Scottish crowns, great numbers of bloodhounds were kept by the warrior population of the borders, and employed in feuds against moss-troopers, and even against princes; and, under the name of sleuth-hounds, they mingle in the romantic story of Bruce, of Wallace, and of many a border chieftain. The bloodhound of Cuba closely resembles the old British bloodhound in habits and instinct, but very considerably differs from him in shape. This animal is still employed by the Cubans to pursue felons and murderers, and possesses an appalling notoriety in history as a principal auxiliary of the Spaniards in their atrocious conquest of America, and of the West Indian colonists in their inhuman warfare with the revolted Maroons of Jamaica. Regarding the different species, we glean the following particulars from a writer in the 'Dublin Medical Journal': 'There are three dogs at present known under the name of bloodhound, which, though by some considered distinct from one another, I am disposed to regard as varieties of the same animal, the difference in their appearance being probably owing to climate, if not, indeed, to some intentional or accidental cross. These varieties are the African, the Cuban or Spanish, and the British. The first, viz., the African, I am inclined to regard as the original whence the others sprang. The Cuban seems to have a dash of the greyhound in him; and the British would appear to have been improved by the intermixture of the old English Talbot, which I take to be a far more genuine as well as more ancient animal. The African bloodhound is very seldom to be seen in this country. He sometimes resembles a very large and raw-boned Spanish pointer. His ears are pendulous and fine in texture, about the length of a foxhound's; coat very fine, and skin apparently thin; colour generally dark liver-colour clouded with black, yet sometimes tan; muzzle nearly always black, as also the tips of his ears; head pretty large, and shaped like a pointer's; eyes placed towards the front; tail fine, and carried rather horizontally than erect. The appearance and manners of this dog are ferocious in the extreme; he stands about twenty-six inches high at the shoulder, often less, but seldom more. I now come to one somewhat better known—one, at all events, concerning which information is more easily obtained—viz., the Cuban or Spanish. This animal does not differ so greatly in form from the former-described variety as at first sight might be supposed. It is in general much taller, is of a slighter make, bears its head higher, and is altogether a more imposing-looking dog than the preceding. It is said to be inferior in smell, which I conceive must be the case from the formation of the head and nose; but what it wants in scent

It makes up in speed, being in this respect little inferior to many greyhounds. This dog is to be found in greatest perfection at present in South America; many are brought from the West Indian Islands also, but are scarcer there than on the continent. This is a very tall dog, being frequently twenty-seven to twenty-eight inches high at the shoulder: in his general shape he resembles a smooth harrier, or a cross between a greyhound and a mastiff; his head is thick across the temples; muzzle long and rather fine, yet by no means so small as a greyhound's; ears something like a greyhound's, but larger and much more pendulous. This dog's neck is long, and as he carries his head well up, he has, when a good-sized specimen, a very noble appearance; his tail is moderately long, and tapers to the extremity; it is very slightly villous beneath; colour generally tan shaded with black above—sometimes liver-colour—and occasionally mouse-coloured or silver-grey; the muzzle and tips of his ears are generally darker than the rest of his body, often black. This dog, be it observed—and I state it on the authority of a native of South America—is never seen mottled or of two colours; that is to say, speckled or streaked, or black and white, &c. When such is the case, rest assured that the dog is not by any means well-bred, but has probably had for one of his parents a boar-hound or Danish dog. The eyes of this dog are placed very much towards the front of the head, and very close together, which I conceive must tend in some measure to confine his vision to objects more immediately in front. This is the well-known dog rendered so famous, or rather infamous, from his having been employed by the Spaniards in their cruel and exterminating conflicts with the Americans; the same, also, which has since been frequently used in the capture of runaway slaves in the West Indies. I have been informed that on such occasions a small dog of the spaniel breed should be used, called a finder, as the blood-hound is slow at hitting off the trail unless so aided, not possessing the same nicety of smell that is displayed by the two other varieties. He is a dog of extreme courage; is capable of much affection; seldom exhibits treachery unless to entrap a declared foe or a strange beggar-man, on which occasion he has been known to simulate sleep, and thus induce the unsuspecting man to pass within reach, on whom he would certainly spring were he so unwary. Their manner of seizing and biting closely resembles the practice of the bull-dog (*C. molossus*); they never let go their hold when they have once fastened, but increase their mouthful continually, making every effort to tear away the bit, which they not unfrequently do. Let them once fasten on the throat of their foe, and, whether uppermost or undermost, the battle is their own. One of these dogs killed a good-sized bull-dog in about ten minutes, never having changed the hold he got at first. I saw one of these dogs opposed to a bear, on which occasion he did very well, but Bruin having ripped the skin off his shoulder, he declined further combat, and resigned the field of battle in favour of a young boar-hound, son of his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch's dog 'Hector,' which, though barely eighteen months old, pinned the shaggy monster by the nose, hurled him to the ground, and punished the poor bear so severely, that in a few minutes the brute howled for quarter, and was glad to yield, 'rescue or no rescue.' I feel it my duty to remark, *en parenthèse*, before going any farther, that although I may thus mention *combats des animaux*, or even minutely describe them, yet I condemn them *in toto*—as cruel and degrading to human nature. I saw many such scenes when a much younger man than I am now. My blood was warmer then it is at present, and in the excitement of the scenes I witnessed, I forgot for a long while to reflect upon their barbarity.

THE NATIVES OF THE CANARY ISLANDS.

In glancing at the present population of the earth, divided as it is into races and nations more or less civilised, it is strange and sad to think how many of the families of

mankind which European discovery has found inhabiting countries we are accustomed to call new, have been exterminated by the cruelty of conquerors, or withered away by the introduction of new vices and maladies, with all their peculiar arts, traditions, and improvable capabilities, which, under better auspices, must have contributed to increase the yet small amount of human knowledge and progress. The natives of Van Diemen's Land, the Caribs of the West Indies, and several tribes of the American continent, might be cited as melancholy examples; but though not less unfortunate, and much more interesting, as possessed of a higher degree of civilisation, the aborigines of the Canary Isles are a people regarding whom less has been known or written. The fine group of isles which they inhabited are situated near the north-west coast of Africa, in the geographical limits of which they have always been included, and within a few days' sail of Portugal and Spain, to each of which they have been by turns subject for the last three centuries. They were celebrated in classic times as the Fortunate Isles, probably on account of their rich soil, common to all lands of volcanic origin, which the Canaries evidently are, and their genial climate, where the scorching heat of Africa is continually tempered by breezes from the Western Ocean. In modern geography, they are noted on account of the first meridian being fixed at Ferro, the most westerly of the group, and famous throughout Europe for the supply of three well-known articles, canary-birds, filtering stones, and Teneriffe wine, which latter is commemorated by our old poets and romance writers, particularly Shakespeare, under the name of 'sack.' It is believed that the Canaries were peopled from the adjacent coast of Africa; but neither history nor tradition can definitely inform us whether it was by the Berbers, a savage race, who in far remote times inhabited the north of the African continent, which derived from them its old appellation of Barbary—the Moors, who subsequently conquered the western part of it, hence called by the Romans Mauritania—or the Vandals, who, on the ruin of the Roman empire, took possession of the whole of Barbary, in the early part of the fifth century. Though close upon the seats of early civilisation, those isles seem to have always occupied an obscure position, and been comparatively little known even to neighbouring nations. Juba II., king of Mauritania, has left us a Latin description of them, written in the days of Julius Cæsar, and Pliny, the Roman naturalist, another, about a century later; but, though tolerably familiar to the Romans, they were entirely lost to the recollection of Europe for several ages after the Gothic invasion, till re-discovered by a Portuguese navigator some years before Columbus made his first voyage to America. Ever since, they have been, with the exception of some short intervals of Mahomedan rule, under the authority of Portugal and Spain, especially the latter kingdom, before whose colonies the aborigines have long ago disappeared. At whatever period, and from whatever race the isles received their first inhabitants, the Guanchios, as the Spaniards called them, probably in imitation of the native term, seem to have been a people whose singular customs and extraordinary arts were assimilated in some degree with those of the ancient Egyptians.

The most striking account of these peculiarities was given in an old philosophic work, published in 1702. The article is called 'A Relation of the Pico Teneriffe, received from some considerable merchants, and men worthy of credit, who went to the very top of it.' After a minute description of the peak, which is well known to be a great but extinguished volcano, rising nearly 13,000 feet above the level of the sea, comes the following account, given to the company by a British resident, whom they style a judicious and inquisitive man, living in Teneriffe, as physician and merchant, for more than twenty years:—"September the 3d, about twelve years since, he took his journey from Guimar, a town inhabited for the most part by such as derive themselves from the old Guanchios, in the company of some of them, to view their caves and the bodies buried in them. This was a favour they seldom or never permit to any, having in great veneration the

bodies of their ancestors, and likewise being most extremely against any molestation of the dead; but he had done several eleemosynary cures amongst them—for they are generally very poor, yet the poorest thinks himself too good to marry the best Spaniard—which endeared him to them exceedingly; otherwise, it is death for any stranger to visit these caves or bodies. These bodies are sewed up in goatskins with thongs of the same, with great curiosity, particularly in the incomparable exactness and evenness of the seams, and the skins are made very close and fit to the body. Most of the bodies are entire, the eyes closed, hair on the head; ears, nose, teeth, lips, beard, all perfect, only discoloured and a little shrivelled. He saw about three or four hundred in several caves; some of them are standing, others lie on beds of wood, so hardened by an art they had (which the Spaniards call *curar*—to cure a piece of wood), as no iron can pierce it or hurt it. He says, that one day, being hunting, a ferret (which is much in use there), having a bell about his neck, ran after a cony into a hole, where they lost the sound of the bell; the owner, being afraid he should lose his ferret, seeking about the rocks and shrubs, found the mouth of a cave, and, entering in, was so affrighted that he cried out. It was at the sight of one of these bodies, very tall and large, lying with his head on a great stone, his feet supported with a little wall of stone, the body resting on a bed of wood, as before mentioned. The fellow, being now a little out of his fright, entered it, and cut off a great piece of the skin that lay on the breast of this body, which, the doctor says, was more flexible and pliant than ever he felt any kid leather glove, and yet so far from being rotten that the man used it for his flail many a year after. These bodies are very light, as if made up of straw; and in some broken limbs he observed the nerves and tendons, and also some strings of the veins and arteries very distinctly. His great care was to inquire of these people what they had amongst them of tradition concerning the embalming and preservation of these bodies. From some of the eldest of them, above one hundred and ten years of age, he received this account, that they had of old one particular tribe of men that had this art amongst themselves only, and kept it as a thing sacred, and not to be communicated to the vulgar. These mixed not with the rest of the inhabitants nor married out of their own tribe, and were also their priests and ministers of religion. That upon the conquest of the Spaniards, they were most of them destroyed, and the art lost with them; only they held some traditions yet of the few ingredients that were made use of in this business. They took butter of goats' milk—some said hogs' grease was mingled with it, which they kept in the skins for this purpose;—in this they boiled certain herbs: first, a sort of lavender which grows there in great quantities on the rocks; secondly, an herb called *lara*, of a very gummy and glutinous consistence, which now grows there under the tops of the mountains only; thirdly, a kind of cyclamen; fourthly, wild sage, growing plentifully in this island. These, with others, bruised and boiled in the butter, rendered it a perfect balsam. This prepared, they first unbowed the corpse, and in the poorer sort, to save charges, they took out the brain behind, and these poor were also sewed up in skins with the hair on; whereas the richer sort were, as said before, put up in skins so finely dressed as they remain most rarely pliant and gentle to this day. After the body was thus ordered, they had in readiness a livixium, made of the bark of pine trees, with which they washed the bodies, drying it in the sun in summer, and in stoves in winter, this repeating very often. Afterward they began their unction with the balsam, both without and within, drying it again as before. This they continued till the balsam had penetrated into the whole habit, and the muscles in all parts appeared through the contracted skin, and the body became exceeding light; then they sewed them up in the goatskins, as was mentioned already. He was told by these ancient people, that they have above twenty caves of their kings and great persons, with their whole families, yet unknown to any but themselves, and which they will never discover.

Lastly, he says, that bodies are found in the caves of the Grand Canaria, in sacks, and quite consumed, not as these in Teneriffe. Thus far of the bodies and embalming.

Anciently, when they had no knowledge of iron, they made their lances of wood, hardened as before, some of which the doctor hath seen. He hath also seen earthen pots so hard that they cannot be broken; of these some are found in the caves and old bavanices, and used by the poorer people that find them to boil meat in. Likewise they did *curar* stone itself, that is to say, a kind of slate called now *tabona*, which they first formed to an edge or point, as they had occasion to use it, either as knives or lances to let blood withal. Their corn is barely roasted, and then ground with little mills, which they make of stone, and mix it with milk and honey; this they still feed on, and carry it on their backs in goatskins. To this day they drink no wine, nor care for flesh. They are generally very lean, tall, active, and full of courage. He himself hath seen them leap from rock to rock from a very prodigious height till they came to the bottom, sometimes making ten fathoms deep at one leap. The manner is thus: First, they tertitate their lance, which is about the highness of a half-pike, that is, they poise it in their hand, then they aim the point of it at any piece of a rock upon which they intend to light, sometimes not half a foot broad. At the going off, they clap their feet close to the lance, and so carry their bodies in the air. The point of the lance first comes to the place, which breaks the force of their fall; then they slide gently down by the staff, and pitch with their feet upon the very place they first designed, and from rock to rock, till they come to the bottom. Their novices sometimes break their necks in learning. He added several stories to this effect, of their activity in leaping down the rocks and cliffs, and how twenty-eight of them made an escape from the battlements of an extraordinary high castle in the island, when the governor thought he had made sure of them. He told also, and the same was seriously confirmed by a Spaniard, and another Canary merchant then in the company, that they whistle so loud as to be heard five miles off; and that to be in the same room with them when they whistle were enough to endanger the breaking the tympanum of the ear, and added, that he, being in company of one that whistled his loudest, could not hear perfectly for fifteen days after, the noise was so great. He affirms also, that they throw stones with a force almost as great as that of a bullet, and now use stones in all their fights, as they did anciently.

Such are the uncertain and scanty notices remaining of us of this remarkable people, who, even at the period of the good doctor's account, appear to have been the remnant of a once populous but almost perished race. Some points of his detail, indeed, bear evident marks of exaggeration, especially that relating to their whistling exploits; but the greater part of the physician's statements are tolerably well authenticated by the testimony of contemporary travellers.

The most striking part of the relation regards the Guanchios' disposal of their dead, and seems to have been a fact well known to all acquainted with the isles. Matters of this description must ever be interesting to the inquiring mind, as they serve to illustrate in some respects the ideas of nations concerning the mystery that enwraps our common nature, and are proved by universal custom to be peculiar to mankind. That a people so deficient in art as to be unacquainted with the use of iron, should have understood and practised the difficult process of embalming bodies, would appear scarcely credible, if evidence of the existence of similar knowledge among the equally rude ancestors of European nations had not been discovered in the ancient sepulchres of Italy, France, and even England. Mummies are not entirely confined to Egypt; but it is curious that a comparatively savage race, at the opposite extremity of Africa, and at the distance of some two thousand years, should have so closely resembled the builders of the pyramids in the most special of their institutions. The similarity of the embalming process as

practised by the Guanchios to the custom of the Egyptians, described by ancient authors, must occur to every intelligent reader. In both cases, the most important particulars were unknown except to a priestly and privileged order, to whose hands the dead were invariably committed, and who kept the secret of preservation as one of the supporting pillars of their office. Could this resemblance have been the indication of a common origin? There is no voice to answer the inquiry; for the natives of the Fortunate Isles, as well as the ancient Egyptians, have long ceased to be reckoned among the tribes of the earth, and the most striking memorials of their material and mental existence are the mummy pits beside the Nile, and the sepulchres excavated in the lava rocks of the great western Pico.

TWO SATURDAYS.

I HAVE often thought that two Saturdays in my life, in which I was connected with the same individuals, were so remarkably different from each other that they might be worth describing.

One morning heard a knock at the door of my chamber, some hours earlier than my usual time for rising, and on demanding who was there, a female voice replied in a low tone—

'It's only Mrs Hadley. You will have the goodness not to forget that this is Saturday. You know what is to take place to-day.'

'Certainly, madam,' said I; 'you will see me down stairs directly.'

And I meant what I said, for the business of the day was really of some interest. Mrs Hadley, who had disturbed my repose, had done so that I might not rise too late to give away her daughter, in the character of father, to my friend Rollins, who had long been her admirer.

It was the whim of the parties, though all the world approved of the match, to have the affair managed as slyly as if there had been the regular dramatic array of avaricious fathers, snarling uncles, and angry guardians opposed to it. Such being the case, we slipped out without any extraordinary preparation, made a pedestrian advance to the nearest coach-stand, whence we were presently transported to a church in the suburbs, where the young lady, as I took upon myself facetiously to remark, soon lost her good name. I afterwards added, in the course of the same day, with equal felicity, that Miss Hadley was no more.

I remember being much amused by the dignified satisfaction of the clergyman, the smirking glee of the clerk, and, still descending, the significant merriment of the sexton and the pew-opener (all of whom graced the ceremony in their presence), at the liberal donations which were generally appropriated to their use and benefit by the joint bridegroom; and I also recall the laugh which burst forth in honour of the great presence of mind which I displayed, when, having trespassed on the train of the young lady, I, in begging her pardon, accosted her as 'Mrs Rollins' for the first time.

Our retreat from the church was effected as quietly as our advance to it had been. We met at the dinner-table other members of the family who were not in the secret. The mother, the daughter, and the husband were highly amused by some witticisms, alluding to the business of the morning, which I ventured to throw out, and which must have been exceedingly clever, as they did not even produce a smile from the rest of the company, so nicely did I manage to keep the jest in them from being too obvious.

We got through the day without exciting any suspicion. On the next the marriage appeared in the papers, and the bride, her cake, and husband, were honoured in the usual way.

'Time, whose haste no mortal spares,' rolled on, and the population of the country had been increased by some eight or nine individuals in consequence of the union described, when, early in January last, I received a note from Rollins, announcing the death of his lady, and inviting me to her funeral on the ensuing Saturday, whom, seventeen years be-

fore, he had received from me at the altar. I was shocked at the intelligence, but, having a little recovered myself, I returned the usual polite answer, that 'I was sorry for his loss, but should have great pleasure in following his wife to the grave.'

I accordingly attended. The scene to me was highly interesting. Under the same roof where, on the former Saturday, suppressed mirth sat on every countenance of the four who were in the secret, occasionally breaking loose in a laugh at the comedy we were acting, now two only met—one mourning for his wife and the mother of his children, the other for a much respected friend. My grief was augmented by the group of youthful mourners who attended, none of whom were present on the former Saturday. 'Could we have foreseen on that day,' thought I, 'that such a train of sorrowing orphans would have been produced by it, how greatly would our satisfaction have been abated by such afflicting prescience.' Other individuals met my eye, old friends of the family, whom I had been in the habit of meeting at the period of the marriage. Two of these who were then mere lads, now came before me as set men of thirty. At the former period, they were romping, careless boys. One, now a barrister, exhibited all that solemnity of deportment which the people at the bar call dignity, the other all the stern examining air properly belonging to a commissioner of the excise. I also recognised a gentleman, who, at the time to which I referred, was a medical pupil, who had now become a physician of eminence, and another, then a young married stripling clerk, had grown into a well-disciplined attorney.

We had to wait a considerable time for some of the parties. The conversation was at first general. A sort of pool was made up for a round game at conversation, to which each gave his fish or fishes in the shape of a solemn or sentimental sentence. 'Melancholy event'—'Life is uncertain'—'More affecting where there is so large a family'—'Motherless children'—'Second wife never like a first'—were some of the contributions. But after a time we rather descended from the lofty sentimental, and the attorney and the physician, making a little table for themselves, philosophically talked of the comparative merits of their professions. They certainly proved that there was a great deal to be said on both sides. Such a conversation I thought hardly suitable to the occasion. To correct their error I inquired of the physician how Mrs Jones was, whom we had both formerly known.

'Really I cannot answer that question,' said he; 'she has given me up.'

'And she, I suppose, is alive.'

The attorney thought this was a satirical hit at the physician, who had attended our deceased friend through her last illness, and he remarked that, 'whatever the cause of our meeting, I would have my joke.'

I felt rather nettled, though I said nothing. It might have been quite natural for the doctor to make such a remark, but I felt that it was very unhandsome coming from the attorney.

Our batbands, cloaks, and gloves were now supplied. I could not help noticing the agility with which the physician put on his cloak, and the superior dignity and grace with which he wore it. To me it was quite clear that he had had great practice. We got into our coaches. I looked out of the window, and I saw the train which followed—the nodding plumes on the horses' heads, and the attendants on either side. I reflected, we had none of this display on the former Saturday, and felt all the difference between unostentatious mirth and stately sorrow. Mrs Hadley, too, was not with us on this occasion. She waited for us at the church, and her daughter was now to rejoin her, in the grave. The bearer of a street organ played 'Home, sweet home,' as we advanced; I do not know that it was other than accidental; I saw two of the undertaker's men laughing, but this I believe was at something professionally brilliant—some piece of churchyard wit.

In due time we reached the place of interment. We entered the church, and the clergyman commenced his part. His reading was so affectingly fine that it seemed

quite ridiculous, and the more so from the contrast supplied by the rough bull-dog-like style in which the clerk barked out the responses. The door was frequently opened while this was going on, and, the pulley being deranged, made a noise which caused me at first to think what I heard was the cackling of a gander. I fancy the reverend gentleman had the same idea, for he looked angrily towards the door, as if resolved to 'bear, like the Turk, no *brother* near the throne.' When we approached the grave, and the coffin had been lowered, my attention was attracted by the technical attention of the grave-digger, who, scrambling up a handful of earth, inquired of the undertaker 'if it were a sister?' A moment after the clerk called to him 'Brother or sister?' and then the ceremony was completed.

I shall not proceed farther with the history of the second Saturday than to state that we all attacked poor Rollins with such a series of comforting speeches, that I think his fortitude must have been severely tried. Of that excellent quality he, however, possesses naturally a very good share, and it enabled him on this occasion to submit with pious resignation to the will of Heaven. Perhaps I may be allowed to add that, unlike many men who lose their wives, my friend was in no haste to marry again. I saw him on the last day of March, and he then remained a widower. I shall not mention a report which reached me early in the following month.—*Many-Coloured Life.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ADDRESS TO AN OLD SOLITARY THORN,

IN THE GLEN OF TUSHILAW BURN, BETWEEN ETTICK AND YARROW.*

Oh! ancient thorn of Tusha's glen,
Thou standest very lonely,
As if for native burn and hills
Thou hadst thy blossoms only—
As if no other breeze but that
Which sweeps thy hills' recesses
Should bear thy perfume on its wings,
Or kiss thy milk-white tresses!
But I have found thee; and when I
Forgot thy lonely beauty,
All stilled must be my heart to throb
As thought of love or duty.
'Twas on a still and sunny morn
I saw thy top so hoary—
A white cloud on the green hillside
In the summer of its glory.
Thy kindred of the lowly vales
Had waned all past their blooming,
Their May-held jubilee was o'er,
Whilst thou wert thine assuming,
Like some lone soul retired afar
From the world's hackney'd feelings,
And marking for himself a rule
In his own heart's revealings.
How many may have gazed on thee,
Unknowing whence th' emotion,
As in their breasts they felt a thrill
Of nature's prompt devotion!
Some simple, barefoot, peasant lass
Has pass'd thee times unnumber'd,
And loved thee with the poetry
Which in her young heart slumber'd.
How would she picture as a truth
The fairies' midnight greetings,
As round thee, in the moonlit glen,
They held their joyous meetings,
And quaffed, from thy flower-chalice,
The sweet dew, heaven-descended,
Whilst elfin sounds of song and glee
With the burn's night-murmurs blended!

* The castle of Tushilaw is noted in Border annals, from having been the residence of the celebrated marauding chief, Adam Scott, familiarly called King of the Border, which the courtiers of the day transformed into King of the Thieves. His predatory career was stopped by James V. hanging him on a tree at the gate of Tushilaw Castle. His head was carried in triumph to Edinburgh, and there placed on the top of a pole, over one of the ports.

The angry knight of Tushilaw
Would pass thee on that morrow
When hasting on to slay his foe
In 'the dowie dens o' Yarrow';
He pass'd thee in his vengeful mood,
He pass'd thee in returning,
And when the deed of blood was done
Which caused such doleful mourning.
He may have seen thee many a time
Inwreath'd in summer blossom,
When thou wouldst wake the gentiest thoughts
To work within his bosom;
But, ah! thy sight, when he return'd
From that dark deed of sorrow,
Might call up harrowing remors,
And 'ten slain men in Yarrow!'
Strange alchemy of human thought!
That tints with its own feeling
The whole wide world—each earthly thing
A kindred hue revealing!
Unto the glad and light of heart,
All things are full of gladness;
Whilst, oft, to him oppress'd with care,
The fairest cause most sadness.
Around thee is no forest now
The deer and roe secreted,
But fair, green hills—oh, very fair!
And glens far, far retreating,
With each its burn, a streamlet pure,
From mountain-springs descending,
And leaping on, like joyous youth,
Till with the world-tide blending.

Oh! spirit of the beautiful,
Suffusing all creation,
And shedding o'er the heart of man
Thy chastening inspiration!
Still let me feel thy holy power,
And recognise thy glory,
In mountain, ocean, starry sky,
Or this thorn old and hoary!

THE MISSIONARY SHIP.

She has gone to the land where the heathen dwells
And his wild warwhoop on the night wind swells;
She has gone o'er the deep like a vision of light,
To the shores that are sleeping in error's night;
And the grateful breeze of the Christian north
Is swelling her sails, and sending her forth
To the lands where the human sacrifice
Suffers, and bleeds, and burns, and dies—
To the lands where the perfume-laden breeze
Sighs o'er the isles of the Indian seas.
Go, go, proud bark, with thy gospel of love,
To the parish's home in the myrtle-grove;
Speed on to the lands where Satan reigns
And wrench from their hands his galling chains;
Oh! go where the ocean those sweet isles lave,
Where the coral wreath which gleams beneath
Throws a crimson blush o'er the passing wave!

We have watch'd thee go from our sea-girt home
To the distant shores where the Indians roam;
And we watch'd as you waved your magic wand
O'er the length and breadth of their darken'd land;
And we hearken'd to bigotry's dying yell,
As down from her sand-built throne she fell;
And the hunter came from the greenwood path,
And the warrior dropp'd his brand of wrath,
And the cottage stood where, in days gone by,
The scream of the widow rose on high!
No death-wails now defile the air,
And nought is heard but the voice of prayer!
Then, blessings on thee, thou bark so bright,
Go, tell those lands of that glorious light
Which soon shall shine o'er this darken'd world,
And her anthem shall rise to the echoing skies,
And the banner of Christ be fully unfurl'd!

SIXES AND SEVENS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF ALADDIN.

There is often great force and vivacity in common phrases and expressions. Cold conventionalisms are the very disguises of the soul, and words are too often intended to conceal, rather than to reveal, a man's meaning. While we are stopping to pick our words, our thoughts frequently take to themselves wings and fly away; and were it not for the honesty of human emotion, which occasionally breaks in upon the conventionalism of the world, and reshapes the surface of the sluggish, half-stagnating stream of etiquette and formality, what a set of eating, drinking, jowling, cringing, smiling, smirking automata, should we not become! Language, we repeat, is peculiarly open to the freezing influence of custom. Founded upon convention, based on the common consent of mankind, no marvel that it sometimes consists not so much of the signs of ideas, as of their tombstones. The induration of habit has a powerful effect in lessening the force of words. How many hundreds—thousands, alas!—sit under the Sabbath-sound of words of such astounding import, that, even should our contracted capacities enter into their meaning with the full earnestness to which those capacities are competent, they would thrill our hearts with unutterable horror, or fill our breasts with ineffable gladness. We are sometimes aroused to their tremendous import, but habit, with its lethargic influence, settles down again upon our soul, like the blue film upon the torpid lake which the truant pebble has for an instant disturbed. Enough upon a theme so solemn. Our object is to animadvert for a moment upon the vigour and freshness which common phraseology imparts to the smooth diction of civility and etiquette.

There must be something poetical in the nature of man; not that he naturally measures iambics or hammers out hexameters, but he is by nature a highly figurative speaker—a maker of metaphors, and, as aforesaid, common phraseology often hits upon expressions for which the author labours in vain. The poets have worked hard to place before us striking images of confusion. Milton, especially, has thrown together some of the most extraordinary expressions to illustrate the idea of disorder; but what is all the poetry in the world to the phrase—sixes and sevens. Take it home—bring it steadily before your mind—think of your own affairs, or those of your friend, at 'sixes and sevens.' Only fancy what trouble it might have saved Milton, in the description of the angels lying thick as the leaves in Vallambrosa, had he told us, in their confusion, they were lying at 'sixes and sevens!' Why, the very acme of disorder is involved in the expression—it implies 'confusion worse confounded.' Six is an even, steady, reputable number. Compared with seven, it puts in a mind of a sober citizen, who shuts up his shop, puts on his greatcoat, and goes home to bed; while seven is haunting about the streets, serpentineing his way, and perhaps needing the assistance of some other number (52, B, we'll say) to see him safe home. If they both use tobacco, ten to one six is sitting by his fireside, knocking the ash out of his steady clay pipe on the hob—seven is strolling about the town, with a rakish cheroot in his mouth, puffing the smoke into peoples' faces. But looking at them as abstract numbers, and without this elegant personification, they are an incongruous couple. We have nothing to say against seven in the abstract, as a number; and it is only when compared with six that ideas of irregularity, disorder, dissipation, are attached to it. We know that much has been written on the use of the number seven, and associations come across us which would be out of place here—the incongruity of the thing consists in coupling them together. They will not fit—they will not do. They are like a man with two left legs or a squint, or a long man on a little horse, or a fork with unequal prongs, or a pair of tongs of different length in the legs, or two knives to cut your meat with, or two right gloves, or a boot and a shoe. There is no such thing in nature as 'sixes and sevens.' Accidental grouping, indeed, is more frequent in nature than in art. Wild masses of rock, and straggling trees, and an

endless variety of fantastic forms, are thrown together in stupendous confusion; but then, what a whole they form! Disorder there is the very element of beauty. Sixes and sevens in nature! Majestic shade of Scott!—if it is permitted the dead to visit the scene of their earthly wanderings—wouldst thou not frown in a thunder cloud upon the sacrilegious tourist who should say, the Trossachs are all at 'sixes and sevens!' In nature we look for a degree of irregularity in the detail, which is the result of magnificent order in the general; but in art, irregularity is execrable.

Order, then—order in its highest manifestation—what an exquisite object of contemplation! Think of this great globe that we inherit, with the myriads of human mites that just scratch its surface—a globe so vast that its mighty Alps, its majestic Andes, are but as the roughness of its rind; this ponderous globe, for ever spinning round the sun, so fast as to *sleep* upon its axis—so exquisitely poised between the laws of matter and of motion as to perform its revolutions to a hair-breadth—regular in its irregularities, the obliquity of its ecliptic path bringing about that charming alternation of the seasons, by which the dreariness of winter blooms into spring, blushes into summer, and glows and deepens into autumn—regular in its irregularities, the trembling nicety of the compass speaking of gradual, progressive, but precise variation. But turning the eye of the imagination upward, from earth to heaven, how is the intellect overpowered with its infinitely inadequate conceptions of the vast amount of order that prevails—order in disguise, too, for those same diamond-points that stud the mighty arch seem sprinkled about at random, until science comes in with her suns and systems, her inconceivable distances, her precise planets, her eccentric comets! Ah, could we enter into the mysteries of the moral world—could we penetrate into the sublime arcana of the eternal government, how would the sublimities of physical and material order fade into insignificance!

But, to come down from this lofty height, let us look for a moment at the apparent irregularity but intrinsic order of nature in her instinctive promptings. Did you ever observe a hive of bees? Of course you have—what an absurd inquiry! But did it never strike you, in that observation, that, with all their incessant activity, there was an apparent infirmity of purpose about those little labourers—*apparent* only, of course; but still they do seem to act by sudden impulses, rather than by any well-devised plan. Some will come bouncing home, alighting on the little tongue of wood before their door, as if they had fallen from the clouds, instead of arriving thereat by a definite and well-concerted plan; others will come out of the hive in a hurry, blundering over the new-comers, and, after looking very undecided for a few seconds, fly off, as it would seem, at random. We have even seen some make their exit upside down! walking, forsooth, on the straw lintel of their doorway—clinging to the upper part of their gateway, instead of the ground. In this case, however, the *mead* or *metheglin*, or whatever drink they debauch upon, must have got into their heads; for we are convinced that it is a thing that no well-conducted bee would submit to—a thing that no human labourer (Irish or otherwise) was ever known to do. But this is nothing to the apparent confusion of the scene of their labours. If you have ever examined a glass hive—though, by the way, it is not easy to examine a glass hive, for the little fellows seem extremely jealous of inspection, as jealous as the craftsmen of yore, and appear to dread your taking up the art and mystery of cell-building and honey-making over their heads; but if you have ever successfully inspected a glass hive, you must admit that it does appear a scene of extraordinary confusion. Of the bees, it may truly be said that they seem all at sixes and sevens. But in what does it all result?—a structure formed with such exquisite skill, based upon a mathematical problem so profound as to excite the admiration of the wisest, and afford instruction to the most skilful of human artificers. The *mind*, indeed, displayed in the construction of their fragile fabric is evidently *not their own*. They are placed in a position lower than that of the meanest labourer who works upon the detail of a marble palace, to

the architectural conception of which he is unspeakably incompetent.

Since, then, we can find no real, though there may be some apparent, instances of 'sixes and sevens' in nature, let us look at them in human affairs. Order, in the matters of common life, if not an element of happiness, is certainly a most essential ingredient in comfort. I suppose no time is more thoroughly wasted, more completely thrown away, than that which is spent in looking for lost articles—time wasted, too, in a manner as unpleasant as unprofitable; for there are some employments which, if they afford little advantage, supply not a little gratification. Time, to be sure, is not made the most of, but some amount of personal enjoyment is secured; but—looking for lost articles! one had better be toasting one's toes on the fender, and making out men's faces in the fire. How a man turns over the same things again and again, pauses to recollect, bites his lip, and purses his brow, and looks into a dozen impossible places, and repeats the same round of vexatious experiments, until he is tired, in the desperate hope of having overlooked the lost article. Now, all this is the result of leaving things at 'sixes and sevens.' For the want of a little order, a man first loses his property, then loses his time, and then perhaps loses his temper, which is the worst loss of all. Order, in regard to time, is as important as that pertaining to *place*; and happy is the man who, like Alfred, can lay out his hours to the best advantage. We can economise our time, and we ought to do so. Not, however, adhering to rules irrespective of circumstances. Summer or winter, heat or cold, long days or short ones, the window seat or the fireside, ought all to be allowed their influence, and to make their modifications. In summer, for instance, a man should make the most of his mornings—in winter, of his nights. He should not be slavishly led by the sun. The sun is by no means an unexceptionable guide, for though he is an early riser in the summer months, he sets us a very bad example in winter weather. But one great reason for our making the most of time is, that time, profitably employed, makes the most of us. Our health, our wealth, our happiness, are all promoted by an economy of time. It is hardly possible, indeed, except in special cases, for an active intelligent man to have a superfluity of time; but when a man does not know what to do with his time, it is a sore evil under the sun. It is said, indeed, that time is money, and to the majority of men this may be the case; but there is one grand distinction between time and money—it may be hard to get rid of your time when it hangs heavily on your hands, but it is specially easy to get rid of your money when it burns holes in your pockets. Sometimes, indeed, disorder, whether of time or place, is not your own fault. A fellow will come in, entertain you with the most trifling platitudes, overlook all your hints, and put out all your plans; and in regard to *place*, however well disposed to order, some odd-shaped articles may violate all your notions of 'physical' fitness. What an act of anti-social atrocity it is in a publisher to put forth a queer-sized book! Did you never feel the nuisance of an odd-shaped volume in your library—a fellow that will not range with the rest—one, indeed, that hath no fellow—a stumpy Virgil, a square-shaped Homer, a very narrow, tall book, like an attenuated ledger, or a very short square one? This latter class is the worse. It is not so much thickness or height in a volume that plagues you, but *breadth*—one that will stick his back an inch or two out of the row, and seems as uncomplying as a surly, fat man in a second class carriage, or some of those old-fashioned houses in ancient English towns, that protrude all sorts of queer angles and odd gables to the thoroughfare, as if they wished to elbow their neighbours out of the street, just as a queer-tempered, cross-grained man pokes out his sharp angles and salient points into society. Look at the old edition of 'Entick's Latin Dictionary.' What a queer-shaped curmudgeon that is! a thing that may suit a young tyro, but will put an old philo into a passion. The most abominable book of this kind with which we are acquainted is an old red and black-titled edition of 'Bacon's Essays.' In packing up our books for a removal, or ranging

them in goodly rows upon the shelves, how we have paused and pondered over that fellowless fellow! How we have tried to coax it into a corner, or to wheedle it into a pile! Not even its respectable red edges nor its worm-eaten binding can excite our veneration, or make us treat it with that respect to which its hoary age entitles it.

But, generally speaking, order is in our own hands; disorder is our own fault, and it is a fault that secures its own punishment. We offer invaluable advice, then, when we persuade a man to be orderly in his affairs; but since the advice is old, and a systematic essay on 'order' would attract little attention, we have preferred throwing together a few hints at 'sixes and sevens.'

LOTA.

SOME OBJECTIONS URGED AGAINST THE SCIENCE OF GEOLOGY, CONSIDERED.

WITHIN a few years geology has assumed an importance in the public mind which it did not previously possess. It is almost a thing of yesterday; it is in great measure a new science; but it is already of giant proportions; and, by its rapid development, has startled many into a position of antagonism. Were the history of the science traced, however, it would be found that, for many centuries, men have been peeping into the recesses of this earth, and making rude attempts to decipher her mysterious hieroglyphics; but not till the beginning of this century were those who had given themselves to the researches of geology so far advanced in wisdom as to enable them to agree among themselves, and devote all their energies to the careful investigation of *facts*, on which future theories might be intelligently and securely based. During this period, therefore, the voice of strife has rarely been heard—the only noise has been that of the chisel and hammer of the investigator; and under this reign of peace the work has prospered well. But if harmony has prevailed within in an uncommon degree, discordant sounds have been heard without. The ignorant, the bigoted, the timid, have been roused into active opposition; each, of course, influenced by the motives suggested by his mental state, and each more anxious than the other to check the progress of the impious and godless science. In this paper we shall state and consider several objections frequently advanced against geology, without enquiring into their paternity. It matters little to us in this investigation and defence, whether they be the offspring of ignorance, bigotry, or fear.

FIRST OBJECTION.—*It is impious to enquire into the origin of the earth.* The most superficial observer must be persuaded that there are numerous objects in nature pregnant with interest. Who can look upon the heavens without being powerfully impressed with this conviction? But it is not the heavens alone that are furnished with material for thought, and sources of delight to the human mind. The earth is not less suggestive, and not less full of objects, in proportion to its dimensions, of intense interest to man. The mind itself, too, is so constituted that we are capable of searching out the mysteries of nature, reading the language of her many-paged volume, and appreciating, in some degree, the beauties she unfolds. The vegetable kingdom, with all its variety and beauty; the animal kingdom, with its multitudinous tribes of curiously formed creatures; the globe itself, with its gorgeous landscapes, its fertile vales, and sublime mountain scenery, arrest the attention, and invite the intelligent contemplation of man. And from this exercise, how rich, and pure, and elevating, is the pleasure one derives! It lifts the soul above the grosser objects by which it is surrounded in this sinful state; it assimilates the soul somewhat to nature and brings one in contact with nature's God. Can it be *impious* to investigate any department of nature when she so obviously invites to the exercise? Shall we say that it is *impious* to employ the mind upon a subject to investigate which we have the ability, and in the investigation of which we experience intense pleasure—pleasure that it be observed, not of an enervating, but elevating nature? Assuredly not. What stronger and more satis-

evidence could we desire to convince us that this beautiful adaptation is of Divine appointment, and therefore intended to press upon us with the authority of a command? Besides, does not the Holy Scriptures assure us, that the works of nature are sought out of all them that have pleasure in them. Adopt the principle involved in the objection, and all physical research and philosophical investigation will have come to an end. Philosophy will sit mourning in silence, and science reveal to us no more of her wonders; the human mind will settle down in indolent repose, and the work of progress stand still. All things shall be stereotyped! But would this be serving the end for which man was made—would this result in the glory of his Creator? It may be replied, that the objection does not interfere with the investigation of nature as she presents herself; but only enters its protest against the scientific enquiry into the mysteries of her origin. If this be truly what the objectors mean, then, there is no difference between the intelligent geologist and them. Not that we admit that such investigation, properly directed, is impious, but geology has no concern with the origin of the earth; its province is to investigate the numerous changes the globe has undergone, and the causes of these changes. We hold, then, that man, possessed of the ability, and having the opportunity to investigate the system of nature, is under the most powerful and positive obligations to do so; and the geologist, who understands the ground his science occupies, does nothing more.

SECOND OBJECTION—*It is impossible to arrive at a satisfactory knowledge of the strata of which the crust of the earth is composed.* It is not at all matter of surprise, that individuals who hear for the first time of the facts and deductions of geology, should experience some difficulty in acquiescing in the data of this new and bold science. But what right have such parties to dogmatise in a matter of which they must, in the nature of the case, be profoundly ignorant? The proper course to follow is to wait further information, to embrace every opportunity of acquainting one's self with facts; and if this advice cannot be adopted, common sense demands that the opinions of men thoroughly conversant with the science should be received. They are perfectly assured that a knowledge of the strata, to the depth of several miles, is attainable—has, in fact, been attained. And against the geologist's conclusion, founded on the most satisfactory data, how much will an objection like this weigh? The nature of the objection, and its reasonableness, may be illustrated by the case of the child who should, upon first looking on the alphabet, pronounce it impossible to evolve out of such elements plays like those of the immortal Shakspeare, or a work like Milton's 'Paradise Lost.' Slight acquaintance with the science, especially as it is to be studied in nature, suffices to dissipate this objection. Indeed, none but those who were ignorant of the most elementary principles of geology could have brought it forward. The crust of the earth is composed of numerous beds of rock, sustaining more or less different characteristics. They are not all found in any given spot. Suppose you were to bore the strata for ten miles, you would not find all the formations in your progress downwards. But those you did find would be in a certain order, which would never be found to deviate in any other part that might be examined. Formations lie in extensive beds, not in concentric layers. It is obvious, therefore, that whilst the newer formations may constitute the surface in certain parts of the globe, the older ones may appear in others. Thus we have, in travelling over the surface of a country, not unfrequently brought to view; consecutively, the primary formations, the new red, the carboniferous series, the old red, and in mountainous districts the silurian, or the still older schists. In truth, were the reader to start from the Sussex coast in England, and prosecute his journey to the central range of the Grampians in Scotland, he would pass over in his progress all these formations. Beginning with the new formations in the south, he would pass over many lower in the geological scale, and plant his feet, at the end of

his journey, on the older granite. Besides, the convulsions in nature have been so numerous and so powerful, that the various formations, whose surfaces were originally exposed, have been bent, and twisted, and broken, and upheaved, sometimes into a highly inclined, and sometimes into a vertical position, so that the very heart of the rocks is laid open to the investigations of the geologist. The river-beds, the precipitous cliffs, the hill-sides, the mountain-gorges, the sublime heights, are the openings by which geologists enter into the very core of the earth's strata; and when their investigations are conducted with intelligence, and their facts gathered with discrimination, and their conclusions drawn with caution and judgment, which is pre-eminently the case with our most distinguished investigators, can we do otherwise than receive their deductions with deference, if not with faith?

THIRD OBJECTION—*Admitting that the strata can be examined, it is, however, urged that the science is yet in its infancy, and therefore no conclusion can be deduced from it.* This objection is very common, and may frequently be heard from the lips of intelligence; but there is less weight to be attached to it than at first sight appears. It is no doubt quite true that the science is comparatively modern; but it is also equally true that much investigation had been made, and many facts had been collected, though these were not properly classified and turned to account previous to the opening of the present century. Grant that geology had only been brought into shape and consistency within the last half century, might we not expect that it should have laid aside, ere this, its swaddling-bands and tokens of infantile imbecility? Fifty years' research and reasoning, added to what was previously known, may be allowed to have helped forward and consolidated the science to some considerable extent. The field is not so limitless as the domain of her royal sister, astronomy; and the investigators have been equally numerous (if not more so), and intelligent, and persevering in her service, as in that of the other. They have not been like men beating the air; they have done work, and done it to purpose. We are very far, indeed, from hinting that the science is complete, that it hath achieved all its triumphs, that it hath already given us a thorough insight into all nature's mysteries, and rehearsed the unbroken story of her sublime epochs; but this we do say, that the individual who is but tolerably acquainted with the literature of the science, though he knows nothing of the practical department, will acknowledge that he has to grapple, not with the weakness of infancy, but the buoyancy and power of youthful manhood. It is altogether a deception to suppose that geology is in its infancy, and may be safely left to the care of the nurse for another half century. Should the reader have unfortunately imbibed this notion, we would counsel him to read the works of such men as Lyell, Murchison, Buckland, Mantell, Ansted, Miller, and the quarterly collection of facts, from all parts of the world, presented in the journal of the London Geological Society. This will banish it forever from his mind, more effectually than anything that could be advanced in this popular paper. Great progress has been made in all departments of the science, and order prevails in all. To Germany we owe the great advances the mineralogical department has made; to England, our present surprisingly accurate knowledge of stratification; and to France, the extensive knowledge of the fossils that crowd the sedimentary strata. On the broad bases of facts, gathered with the nicest discrimination, and submitted to the closest scrutiny, certain general conclusions are founded; and no lapse of time, nor further revelations, even of the science itself, shall weaken their foundation, or endanger their stability. 1. The history of our globe stretches vastly farther back than six thousand years. Let not the Christian reader be startled by this statement; nor let him whose opinion of the Bible narrative may be already too low, rejoice as if this conclusion encouraged him in his unbelief. In another article we shall consider the relation between geology and Scripture, and endeavour

to place it in its proper light; meanwhile we affirm with the utmost confidence, that the above conclusion is not contradictory to the narrative in Genesis, properly understood. 2. Creatures and plants lived upon this globe long ages prior to the creation of Adam, and the creatures and vegetables that beautified his paradise. 3. Animal life had a beginning; but from the moment of its creation (for geology, intelligently and consistently interrogated, yields no facts favourable to the popular idea of development) till the present time the types have been perpetually changing. Away, then, with this objection; he who urges it betrays his own ignorance, or incapacity to grapple with the science he fears, or would depreciate.

FOURTH OBJECTION—*It is denied that the strata furnish proof of their gradual and successive formation.* There is, perhaps, no geological truth more firmly established in the judgment of one who has studied geology in nature, than that which this objection is intended to oppose and crush. There are three arguments drawn from the rocks themselves, which settle the question, and which lose nothing of their force and cogency by the dogmatic denial contained in this objection. First, the mineralogical character of the strata proves it. Were the reader to visit a district of country, hammer in hand, and to examine two beds of rock, the one overlying the other, but whose edges by fracture or upheaval were exposed, he would be able to decide on the internal character of both. Suppose he were to discover in the upper bed certain masses or nodules different in colour and in character from the containing medium, he would be strongly inclined to conclude, that when the rock was forming these foreign masses were introduced. This conviction would be strengthened were the masses rough and shapeless, like a newly broken fragment. And would not the conviction be complete, the moment it was ascertained that the masses in question were truly fragments of the underlying bed? That they were so, would be demonstrated by their mineralogical character. A conclusion would necessarily flow from this discovery. In its simplest form it would stand thus before the mind: The lower bed is older than the upper; for, if fragments of the former be contained in the latter (and this is the fact ascertained), the one must have been deposited, consolidated, nay, even partially broken up, before the matter of the other began to accumulate. It is impossible, if we are to be guided by reason, to escape this conclusion. But this relationship between strata, this intermingling of fragments of lower rocks with the material of those above them, is a phenomenon observed at numerous points in the geological scale. Secondly, if the supposed investigator were to stumble on the junction of two sedimentary formations, the one lying vertically and the other horizontally above it, to what conclusion would he naturally come? The lower mass possessed all the characteristics of an aqueous formation—it was composed of fine quartz sand, contained water-worn pebbles, and presented numerous regular and beautiful laminae, like the leaves of a huge volume, resting on its edge. It had been placed in this unnatural position by the internal disturbing forces. The upper mass was also indubitably aqueous. Can the conclusion be resisted, that the latter was deposited, not only after the former, but after it had been shattered by that mighty agency, and raised to its vertical position? Thirdly, the fossil contents of the strata establish the same truth; but as the subject of organic remains shall again come before us in connexion with another point, and as this article is growing, we shall not illustrate this department of our argument. It is important to remark, that we are able to bring in the argument from analogy on the point under discussion. In the margins of lakes, the estuaries of rivers, and the bottoms of still and shallow seas, we find vast beds of matter accumulating. When these deposits are examined, the same phenomena are discovered as are known to lurk in many of the rocky masses: all the difference is that the one is soft, and the other is hard. In the deposit of the estuary, there is the successive layers of sand and mud, varying in colour and fineness of ma-

terial. Here lies imbedded the trunk of a tree, and there the skeleton of a land animal; here is a bed of shells, and there a shoal of fishes. And this is precisely the scene which many of the rocks present. The layers of which they are composed, are easily and distinctly traced; the trunks of trees are found enclosed in the mass; and bones, and shells, and parts of fishes are scattered in all directions, thick as autumn leaves. Who can resist the conclusion? As the estuary deposit is known to accumulate slowly, so may we reasonably conclude did the rocky formation. The strata, then, contain within themselves sufficient proof of their gradual and successive deposition; and the arguments they furnish are strengthened by the analogy of lakes and estuaries.

FIFTH OBJECTION—*The demand that the geologist make upon time is derogatory to the power of God.* Every geologist of note feels that the facts of his science demand a stretch of time, to which six thousand years are like so many grains of sand, to the accumulated mass that bounds the roll of the ocean-wave. But how this opinion can in any way detract from the glory of the Creator of all things, it baffles us to conceive. Nay, in our own judgment, it is, beyond all controversy, calculated to enhance His glory a hundredfold. The notion that God brought this globe into existence, just as it is internally and externally, six thousand years ago, does certainly give to the mind the idea of vast power. But this is a gratuitous dictum; and, moreover, it is false in two senses. First, granting that the earth was truly created at the above date, it has undergone certain important physical changes since then; but the admission of these changes does not derogate from God's power. If we can prove that changes were effected on the mass of our globe previous to that date, on what principle shall we admit the assumption contained in the objection? Secondly, the internal and external evidences which the various formations supply, in favour of the antiquity of the earth, is, to the mind acquainted with it, irresistible. This opinion, which we hold to be the true one, and the principle of which has been established in the previous paragraph, is not only not derogatory to God's power, but is in fact calculated greatly to enhance it. Let the reader remark, geology frankly admits that 'in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.' On the simple point of creation, therefore, the geologist is equal with the objector. Both see in it the evidence of vast power; but the objector may reply, True, but the geologist denies the creation of things as they are. Granted, but can the objector show, that when God created the earth in the beginning, the combinations it then manifested, and the condition it was then in, less clearly demonstrated the presence of divine power? Impossible. Where then lies the force of his objection? It is time now to act on the aggressive. The objector believes that six thousand years ago God created all the plants and creatures that found a place upon the earth, or in the sea; and in this act he perceives indubitable marks of power, as well as of wisdom and goodness. On this point there is no dispute, so far as the idea of power is concerned. But the geologist is taught by his science to believe in numerous creations of a similar nature, at successive points in the flow of time, all of which as distinctly evince the presence and power of God, as the one whose record is given in the opening book of the Bible. By how many times God is proved to have put forth his hand to create, in the past history of our globe, geology establishes and extols His power; but in no instance does it do this at the expense of His wisdom.

THE STRAWBERRY WOMAN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

'STRAWB'rees! Strawb'rees!' cried a poorly clad, tired-looking woman, about eleven o'clock one sultry June morning. She was passing a handsome house in Walnut Street, into the windows of which she looked earnestly, in the hope of seeing the face of a customer. She did not look in vain, for the shrill sound of her voice brought for-

ward a lady, dressed in a silk morning-wrapper, who beckoned her to stop. The woman lifted the heavy tray from her head, and placing it upon the door-step, sat wearily down.

'What's the price of your strawberries?' asked the lady, as she came to the door.

'Ten cents a box, madam. They are right fresh.'

'Ten cents! I can't give ten cents for strawberries. It's too much.'

'You can't get such strawberries as these for less, madam,' said the woman. 'I got a levy a box for them yesterday.'

'Then you got too much, that's all I have to say. I never pay such prices. I bought strawberries in market yesterday, just as good as yours, for eight cents a box.'

'I don't know how they do to sell them at that price,' returned the woman. 'Mine cost nearly eight cents, and ought to bring me at least twelve. But I am willing to take ten, so that I can sell out quickly. It's a very hot day.' And the woman wiped the perspiration from her glowing face.

'No, I won't pay ten cents,' said the lady coldly. 'I'll give you forty cents for five quarts, and nothing more.'

'But, madam, they cost me within a trifle of eight cents a quart.'

'I can't help that. You paid too much for them, and this must be your loss, not mine, if I buy your strawberries. I never pay for other people's mistakes. I understand the use of money much better than that.'

The poor woman did not feel very well. The day was unusually hot and sultry, and her tray felt heavier, and tired her more than usual. Five boxes would lighten it, and if she sold her berries at eight cents, she would clear two cents and a half, and that brought her something.

'I'll tell you what I will do,' she said, after thinking a few moments; 'I don't feel as well as usual to-day, and my tray is heavy. Five boxes sold will be something. You shall have them at nine cents. They cost me seven and a half, and I am sure it's worth a cent and a half a box to cry them about the streets such hot weather as this.'

'I have told you, my good woman, exactly what I will do,' said the customer, with dignity. 'If you are willing to take what I offer you, say so; if not, we needn't stand here any longer.'

'Well, I suppose you will have to take them,' replied the strawberry woman, seeing that there was no hope of doing better; 'but it's too little.'

'It's enough,' said the lady, as she turned to call a servant.

Five boxes of fine large strawberries were received, and forty cents paid for them. The lady re-entered the parlour, pleased at her good bargain, while the poor woman turned from the door sad and disheartened. She walked nearly the distance of a square before she could trust her voice to utter her monotonous cry of 'Straw'rees! Straw'berries!'

An hour afterward, a friend called upon Mrs Mier, the lady who had bought the strawberries. After talking about various matters interesting to lady housekeepers, Mrs Mier said—'How much did you pay for strawberries this morning?'

'Ten cents.'

'You paid too much. I bought them for eight.'

'For eight! Were they good ones?'

'Step into the dining room and I will show them to you.' The ladies did so, when Mrs Mier displayed her large, red berries, which were really much finer than she had at first supposed them to be.

'You didn't get them for eight cents,' remarked the visitor incredulously.

'Yes, I did. I paid forty cents for five quarts.'

'While I paid fifty for some not so good.'

'I suppose you paid just what you were asked?'

'Yes, I always do that. I buy from one woman during the season, who agrees to furnish me at the regular market price.'

'Which you will always find to be two or three cents above what you can get them for in the market.'

'You always buy in market.'

'I bought these from a woman at the door.'

'Did she only ask eight cents for them?'

'Oh no! she asked ten cents, and pretended that she got twelve and a half for the same quality of berries yesterday. But I never give these people what they ask.'

'Well, I never can find it in my heart to ask a poor, tired-looking woman at my door, to take a cent less for her fruit than she asks me. A cent or two, while it is of little account to me, must be of great importance to her.'

'You are a very poor economist, I see,' said Mrs Mier. 'If that is the way you deal with every one, your husband no doubt finds his expense account a very serious item.'

'I don't know about that. He never complains. He allows me a certain sum every week to keep the house, and find my own and the children's clothes; and so far from ever calling on him for more, I always have fifty or a hundred dollars lying by me.'

'You must have a precious large allowance then, considering your want of economy in paying everybody just what they ask for their things.'

'Oh, no! I don't do that exactly, Mrs Mier. If I consider the price of a thing too high, I don't buy it.'

'You paid too high for your strawberries to-day.'

'Perhaps I did; although I am by no means certain.'

'You can judge for yourself. Mine cost but eight cents, and you own that they are superior to yours at ten cents.'

'Still, yours may have been too cheap, instead of mine too dear.'

'Too cheap! That is funny! I never saw anything too cheap in my life. The great trouble is that everything is too dear. What do you mean by too cheap?'

'The person who sold them to you may not have made profit enough upon them to pay for her time and labour. If this were the case, she sold them to you too cheap.'

'Suppose she paid too high for them? Is the purchaser to pay for her error.'

'Whether she did so it would be hard to tell; and even if she had made such a mistake, I think it would be more just and humane to pay her a price that would give her a fair profit, instead of taking from her the means of buying bread for her children. At least this is my way of reasoning.'

'And a precious lot of money it must take to support such a system of reasoning. But how much, pray, do you have a week to keep the family? I am curious to know.'

'Thirty-five dollars.'

'Thirty-five dollars! You are jesting.'

'Oh, no! that is exactly what I receive, and, as I have said, I find the sum ample.'

'Well, I receive fifty dollars a week,' said Mrs Mier, 'and am forever calling on my husband to settle some bill or other for me. And yet I never pay the exorbitant prices asked by everybody for every thing. I am strictly economical in my family. While other people pay their domestics a dollar and a half and two dollars a week, I give but a dollar and a quarter each to my cook and chambermaid, and require the chambermaid to help the washerwoman on Mondays. Nothing is wasted in my kitchen, for I take care, in marketing, not to allow room for waste. I don't know how it is that you save money on thirty-five dollars with your system, while I find fifty dollars inadequate with my system.'

The exact difference in the two systems will be clearly understood by the reader, when he is informed that although Mrs Mier never paid any body as much as was at first asked for an article, and was always talking about economy, and trying to practise it, by withholding from others what was justly their due, as in the case of the strawberry-woman, yet she was a very extravagant person, and spared no money in gratifying her own pride. Mrs Gilman, her visitor, was, on the contrary, really economical, because she was moderate in all her desires, and was usually as well satisfied with an article of dress or furniture that cost ten or twenty dollars, as Mrs Mier was with one that cost forty or fifty dollars. In little things, the former was not so particular as to infringe the rights of others, while in

larger matters she was careful not to run into extravagance in order to gratify her own or children's pride and vanity, while the other pursued a course directly opposite.

Mrs Gilman was not so much dissatisfied, on reflection, about the price she had paid for her strawberries, as she had felt at first. 'I would rather pay these poor creatures two cents a quart too much than too little,' she said to herself; 'dear knows, they earn their money hard enough, and get but a scanty portion after all.'

Although the tray of the poor strawberry-woman, when she passed from the presence of Mrs Mier, was lighter by five boxes, her heart was heavier, and that made her steps more weary than before. The next place at which she stopped, she found the same disposition to beat her down in her price.

'I'll give you nine cents, and take four boxes,' said the lady.

'Indeed, madam, that is too little,' replied the woman; 'ten cents is the lowest at which I can sell them and make even a reasonable profit.'

'Well, say thirty-seven and a-half for four boxes, and I will take them. It is only two cents and a-half less than you ask for them.'

'Give me a tip, ma!—there comes the candy-man!' exclaimed a little fellow, pressing up to the side of the lady. 'Quick, ma!—Here, candy-man!' calling after an old man with a tin cylinder under his arm, that looked something like an ice-cream freezer. The lady drew out her purse, and searched among its contents for the small coin her child wanted.

'I haven't any thing less than a levy,' she at length said. 'Oh, well, he can change it. Candy-man, you can change a levy.'

By this time the 'candy-man' stood smiling beside the strawberry-woman. As he was counting out the tip's worth of candy, the child spoke up in an earnest voice, and said—'Get a levy's worth, mother, do, wont you? Cousin Lu's coming to see us to-morrow.'

'Let him have a levy's worth, candy-man. He's such a rogue I can't resist him,' responded the mother. The candy was counted out, and the levy paid, when the man retired in his usual good humour.

'Shall I take these strawberries for thirty-seven and a-half cents?' said the lady, the smile fading from her face. 'It is all I am willing to give.'

'If you wont pay any more, I mustn't stand for two cents and a-half,' replied the woman; 'although they would nearly buy a loaf of bread for the children,' she mentally added.

The four boxes were sold for the sum offered, and the woman lifted the tray upon her head, and moved on again. The sun shone out still hotter and hotter as the day advanced. Large beads of perspiration rolled from the throbbing temples of the strawberry-woman, as she passed wearily up one street and down another, crying her fruit at the top of her voice. At length all were sold but five boxes, and now it was past one o'clock. Long before this she ought to have been at home. Faint from over-exertion, she lifted her tray from her head, and placing it upon a door-step, sat down to rest. As she sat thus a lady came up, and paused at the door of the house as if about to enter.

'You look tired, my good woman,' she said kindly. 'This is a very hot day for such hard work as yours. How do you sell your strawberries?'

'I ought to have ten cents for them, but nobody seems willing to give ten cents to-day, although they are very fine, and cost me as much as some I have got twelve and a-half for.'

'How many boxes have you?'

'Five, ma'am.'

'They are very fine, sure enough,' said the lady, stooping down and examining them; 'and well worth ten cents. —I'll take them.'

'Thanky, ma'am. I was afraid I should have to take them home,' said the woman, her heart bounding up lightly.

The lady rung the bell, for it was at her door that the tired strawberry-woman had stopped to rest herself. While

she was waiting for the door to be opened, the lady took from her purse the money for the strawberries, and handing it to the woman, said, 'Here is your money. Shall I tell the servant to bring you out a glass of cool water; you are hot and tired.'

'If you please, ma'am,' said the woman, with a grateful look.

The water was sent out by the servant who was to receive the strawberries, and the tired woman drank it eagerly. Its refreshing coolness flowed through every vein, and when she took up her tray to return home, both heart and step were lighter.

The lady, whose benevolent feelings had prompted her to the performance of this little act of kindness, could not help remembering the woman's grateful look. She had not done much—not more than it was every one's duty to do; but the recollection of even that was pleasant, far more pleasant than could possibly have been Mrs Mier's self-gratulations at having saved ten cents on her purchase of five boxes of strawberries, notwithstanding the assurance of the poor woman who vended them, that, at the reduced rate, her profit on the whole would only be two cents and a-half.

After dinner Mrs Mier went out and spent thirty dollars in purchasing jewellery for her eldest daughter, a young lady not yet eighteen years of age. That evening, at the tea-table, the strawberries were highly commended as being the largest and most delicious in flavour of any they had yet had; in reply to which, Mrs Mier stated, with an air of peculiar satisfaction, that she had got them for eight cents a box, when they were worth at least ten cents. 'The woman asked me ten cents,' she said, 'but I offered her eight, and she took it.'

While the family of Mrs Mier were enjoying their pleasant repast, the strawberry-woman sat at a small table, around which were gathered three young children, the oldest but six years of age. She had started out in the morning with thirty boxes of strawberries, for which she was to pay seven and a-half cents a box. If all had brought the ten cents a box, she would have made seventy-five cents; but such was not the case. Rich ladies had beaten her down in her price—had chaffered with her for the few pennies of profits to which her hard labour entitled her—and actually robbed her of the meagre pittance she strove to earn for her children. Instead of realizing the small sum of seventy-five cents, she had cleared only forty-five cents. With this she bought a little Indian meal and molasses for her own and her children's supper and breakfast.

As she sat with her children, eating the only food she was able to provide for them, and thought of what had occurred during the day, a feeling of bitterness toward her kind came over her; but the remembrance of the kind words, and the glass of cool water, so timely and thoughtfully tendered to her, was like leaven in the waters of Marah. Her heart softened, and with the tears stealing to her eyes, she glanced upward, and asked a blessing on her who had remembered that, though poor, she was still human.

Economy is a good thing, and should be practised by all, but it should show itself in denying ourselves, not in oppressing others. We see persons spending dollar after dollar foolishly one hour, and in the next trying to save a fivepenny piece off a wood-sawyer, coal-heaver, or market-woman. Such things are disgraceful, if not dishonest.

THE ARABIC NUMERALS.

THE origin and introduction into different countries of the Arabic numerals, i. e., the system of arithmetical notation by nine digits and zero, has been a subject of much curious inquiry and research, and has formed a *questio vacata* of no mean importance. As to their origin, nothing positive can be ascertained; but, according to the best authenticated information, they appear to have been known to the Hindoos long before the Arabs or Persians, and to have been derived by the latter from the Hindoos. In determining such an origin, learned men, however, have by no means

agreed; for on few points has there arisen such diversity of opinion, and regarding which so many and so extravagant theories have been propounded. So lost is their origin in remote antiquity, that the most ancient Hindoo authors, while referring to this method of computation, invariably attribute it as a revelation from the Deity—a testimony in which the Arabic authors concur. The system became common among Arabic authors somewhere about the middle of the tenth century, and was communicated to all places with which they had intercourse. The Moors in Africa, and their countrymen who had established themselves in the southern part of Spain, in the eleventh century, eagerly cultivated the science, and through them it was disseminated among Europeans. According to a generally received opinion, the system was imparted first to the Spaniards and then to the Italians, chiefly through the medium of mathematical and astronomical works. In Spain it was principally confined to the Moors, and its propagation checked by reason of the numerous broils in which they were involved; but in Italy it speedily came into far more general use, for in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries it was employed in their commercial transactions. They appear to have arrived at great proficiency in the science of book-keeping. To the Tuscans and Florentines of that period we owe the invention of the Italian method of book-keeping, our present processes for the multiplication and division of whole numbers, and the formal introduction into books of arithmetic of questions on the principal rules. While it is undeniable that the Italians possessed the knowledge of this system of the Arabic numerals, and carried the science of arithmetic to such maturity at the above period, another and numerous party have entertained the idea that the system was introduced into Europe at a much earlier date.

Towards the close of the tenth century, Gerbert, a monk of Aurillac, in Auvergne, who latterly became Pope Sylvester II., had in his youth travelled amongst the Moors in Spain, and made himself thoroughly acquainted with all the acquirements of the age. He wrote much on arithmetic and geometry, and has been deemed by Wallis, Leibnitz, and a number of later writers, to be the first who obtained a knowledge of these numerals from the Saracens. This opinion has been grounded on a passage contained in the chronicle of William of Malmesbury, and also from Gerbert's works and letters, supposed to prove his acquaintance with the system. Some of these passages are very obscure, which has led many altogether to deny to Gerbert the merit of having introduced this method of notation into Europe; and this being the case, the precise period when they were first used in Britain has long been matter of contention. Inscriptions have at various periods been discovered, none of which have hitherto been the means of settling the conflicting opinions entertained on this interesting subject. Great learning and patient research have been expended in the investigation, and many curious documents, bearing on the topic, have been brought to light. Those who espouse the claims of Gerbert, assign the eleventh century, and those of an opposite view the fourteenth, as the period of their introduction. Whether the following communication from our correspondent may be the means of casting further light on the question at issue, can only be determined by further investigation. Meantime, we pause till some of our more erudite antiquarian friends favour us with their opinion.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY INSTRUCTOR.

SIR,—Having read in the INSTRUCTOR two papers portraying the features of a seemingly excellent work at present publishing, entitled 'The Baronial and Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Scotland,' it occurred to me that, in my own humble way, I might draw the attention of its editors to an interesting memorial of antiquity, which, so far as I am aware, has never before been described. I thought it a pity that anything in the antique way, especially when contributing toward the past importance of our 'fatherland,' should not be conspicuously described in a national work; and that simply for want of somebody who

may be aware of it, giving themselves the necessary trouble. I was thus about concluding to give the publishers the hint, when, upon more mature reflection, I considered I would be giving away in *write* that which my vanity would never be flattered by seeing in print. 'No one likes his all neglected,' as Johnson says, 'however little that all be.' And as an illustrated and consequently, expensive work very seldom finds a home within the 'poor man's busy sphere,' or enters our reading circle, hence I would not have known if notice had been taken of it or not. Accordingly, I determined to send my archæological intelligence to you, that through the medium of your excellent journal it may reach the general public.

Some time ago, I—or, as long as we are at the commencement, it will be as well to drop that egotistical, uneditorial, tall, and soldier-like important monosyllable I, and adorn my singular self with the plural modesty—some time ago we were in the Kirkyard of Longforgan, which is situated about six miles from Dundee, in the Perth direction, and being somewhat allied to the curiosity-loving species, we began, strong in our antique feelings, to scan the dilapidated memorials of the dead; but as we thought it would become a wearisome occupation to apply our microscope to every time-eaten fissure, so, to bring about at once a consummation, we desired the sexton to show us his oldest stone. He directed our attention to one which he told us he had shortly since cleared. The earth being still over a part of it, with the necessary implement we soon exposed its apparently blank face clear to the face of heaven. After our combined minute scrutiny of the surface, we were satisfied all that it contained was the following, and of its accuracy we had no doubts: The Roman initials PB·ID, together with the Arabic numerals 1040, surrounded by a square, all rather rudely carved, and of one breadth, i. e. not having one part broader or deeper cut than another. It may be represented thus:

PB·ID
1040

and an accurate idea of it is had. The stone is a large pavement slab, about the size of, and apparently similar to those generally supported upon pilasters, but of the kind known by the name of *lying stones*. It would take one of more antiquarian learning and research than the writer, either to attempt deciphering the initials, or to suggest a feasible opinion regarding that remote date, it being ten years before the time supposed that these figures came to Britain, and fourteen years before any other discovered date which we are aware of. Hence, for very good reasons, it may be surmised that the figuring is not correct, that we have not given a correct copy of it. We bid the doubter, however, go trace the letters with his fingers; the stone lies where we left it, open like a book; it will attest the truth.

Had we been writing an account of this unassuming relic of the truly olden time to the editors of the aforesaid work, or to an antiquary, we would have paused here and not dared to hazard further comment; but since such is not the case, we may here set down, for the reader's information, a few brief facts in relation to the Arabic numerals; and we are the more warranted in giving such a description, seeing that the INSTRUCTOR is dedicated to the highest of all humanising schemes—instruction.

The Arabic numerals were first introduced into Europe by the Saracen emigrants, commonly called Moors, who settled in Spain about the year 713. Though these men were continually surrounded by wars, and often placed in midst of them; though their homes, adorned in eastern splendour, were armed tower and turret, and their life in a great measure a warfare, yet they managed to have along with them their places of instruction, ultimately as famous as at first they had been obscure and their teachers contemptible. The learning of these schools attracted the attention of several celebrated persons in different parts of Europe, who repaired thither as scholars, and, being struck with the completeness of their arithmetic, or symbols of notation, thus carried it to their respective countries and diffused it in them. It may not be out of place to mention, that one of the most celebrated personages was

Gerbert, a Frenchman, who spread all the information he had collected relative to these numerals among his countrymen, about the year 970; and a little afterwards, when he ascended the papal throne under the title of Pope Sylvester II., spread it over the greater portion of Europe among the priesthood, who, it is well known, were the only men acquainted with learning in those 'cloudily illiterate days of old.'

By these means the new system must have made great progress. In France, no doubt, there were more lovers of learning than one, and the combined appropriateness and novelty of the theory would contribute greatly towards its own propagation. Granting that it came first to France, we cannot allow that the boundaries of France could long circumscribe it. From thence it would rapidly spread into other kingdoms. France, geographically, lies no nearer Britain than it did then, though the communication might have occupied a month. About that period our intercourse with France was not altogether trifling; hence it might have come among our *known ones*, and been used by them soon after its first intimation there; and again, it might have reached Britain by another channel nigh as early. The transition of the then holy fathers from one country to another was a common occurrence of the day. He of the Vatican said 'Go,' and these men, willing to replace and displace, scattered themselves throughout his European kingdom. Likewise the clergy had repeatedly to gather from all the countries to Rome on ecclesiastical affairs, so when there they could scarcely remain ignorant of what their superior patronised and taught. Thus they might have carried the new system to their respective abodes, and practised it themselves, though it had not come into general use for many centuries afterwards.

Among our earlier historical antiquarians, it was supposed that the Arabic figures were not introduced into Britain before the fourteenth century. That idea, favouring the snail-like dissemination of novelty, was entertained until about the commencement of this century, when several dates long prior to that period were brought to light. For information we will condense an account of them, from an old volume of the 'Edinburgh Magazine.' In the town of Colchester, upon a stone which had been part of a Roman wall, was discovered the date 1090.* An old oak tree which had grown in the neighbourhood of Mansfield, on being cut up, part of it separated where an old bark had been, and disclosed the legible letters, 1054. This was supposed by the intelligent person who had it, to have been inscribed on the tree, playfully perhaps, by some hunter while in that part of Sherwood Forest. These two instances are all which we are aware of that have been found south of the Tweed; and the following, with the exception of the one we now add, are the total of those as yet discovered in this ancient kingdom of Scotland. About thirty-six years ago, on the taking down of the old church of Falkirk, an inscription, together with the Arabic date, 1054, were traced upon a stone of grey granite. We read that Falkirk at that time was under the Archbishopric of St Andrews. After these were made known, the conclusion was arrived at, that these numerals were brought to Britain about the year 1050, but not earlier.

After giving these facts for the reader's information, we crave his further indulgence while we step back to give a few cursory thoughts in reference to the stone we have introduced and its date. We mean not to speak of the initials—they are hieroglyphics which cannot and need not be read; but the figuring stands in another light. The first relates to something which is dead, and consequently useless; the other belongs to history, and to us defines an epoch, shows the early development of learning, and the rapidity of ancient social communication. Hence, were it not that we occupied too much space, we would be justified in not neglecting trifles, which would slightly contribute towards its better elucidation. As it is, however, let us glance at the first objection which this date might

naturally suggest—that it is not correct. Let us ask, what could be the reason why one would put down a date two or three centuries prior to that in which he lived? What the design—the aim? It would have been rather a piece of expensive and ridiculous folly then, as it would be roguish folly now, for any person, however whimsical, to have done so, when he could have had no notions of ultimate advantage, or conception of enhancing its worth or value by its age—antiquities in these ages, and long after, were not held in so high estimation—were not begun to be idolised—were not even thought of at all; nor three or four centuries back, could they have anticipated that their 'far afore bairns' bairns would relish so highly things dilapidated, worm-eaten, and old. Again, the person or persons who could get such a stone, say in the thirteenth or fourteenth century (for the stone evidently bears marks of age), must either have belonged to an ancient family, or been an ecclesiastic; and as sculpture was then common, together with a good orthography, the living could have possessed the means of recording at full length the name or names of the illustrious dead, if worth of recording at all, in a better way than by pitching it back to a period about which they knew little or nothing. We are aware that ignorance prevailed deeply, but it surely were ridiculous to suppose, dark though it was, that men were ignorant of the century, or even year, in which they lived. But about the period at which the date of that stone points, sculpture was rude, and no doubt, in this far-out-of-the-way part of Britain, a matter of difficulty; hence, if bare initials could be laboured out, we may suppose that both carver and employer would assume looks of no mean consequence.

Proofs, we believe, might be deduced from history as to the antiquity of the village of Longforgan—proofs gleaned from the moss-grown stones around might indicate that memorials are common, executed in no mean style, pointing intelligibly to the fourteenth century. Proofs, likewise, from local tradition, are not wanting. We intended to have added several; but, in the meantime, we will not enlarge. Indeed, reasoning or any passive proofs in regard to the initials and date are not at all requisite. What we saw was legible, at least so legible that a comparatively careless glance might at once tell what it was. Hence a train of at least hypothetical reasoning may raise doubts instead of allay them; and proofs, which naturally bear no strict relation to it, though they may be made to do so, would only confuse and expose what the reader at once takes to be the writer's want of faith in what he delineates. 'For believe,' says a learned author, 'that which needs many words, and an oath, to be untrue.' We will leave it, therefore, abruptly, and let our archaeological friends settle the question and its bearings as best they may. Hoping, in conclusion, that some reader may have learned something new, we stop contentedly, in the belief that this stigmatised 'poor and petty' kingdom was as far, if not farther, advanced in learning in those distantly bygone days as were our southern neighbours. G. L.

BABOUK, OR THE HAPPY MAN.

AN EASTERN TALK.

KARA KALPAT fell ill, and everybody, from the beautiful city of Teheran, which stands upon the plain to the south of the Demawend hills, eastward to the famous and renowned city of Balkh, which is about a day's journey from the stream of Shibbergan, was astonished. Least our readers should be led by the grandeur of the oriental style and their own intensive genius to mistake the above sentence, we beg leave to qualify it. Everybody who heard that Kara Kalpat had fallen ill was astonished; and, of course, those who did not hear of it said nothing at all on the subject, but went about their business as usual as if nothing had happened.

'And Kara Kalpat has fallen ill! Bless us,' cried Machmet Serai, that devout Mussulman and ardent lover of his chabouk, 'anybody may fall ill now.'

'Yes; anybody may fall ill now,' said the women who

* Since alleged to be 1490.—Ed.

had come to buy dates and other fruits from Machmet, who was always so civil, and kept such fresh goods on his stall at the south-eastern gate of Teheran which leads to Klablak; 'ah, yes!' they all said, 'anybody may fall ill now!'

Anybody who did not know that Kara Kalpat was nothing but a king, would have supposed from these ejaculations that he was an angel. Kara Kalpat was only a man, nothing mere; and Nooshky Booloo, the dervish, who had studied the revolutions of the stars and the operations of the invisible mind, and who now sat opposite Machmet Serai, the fruit-vender, and studied his eyes, together with those of the fairer portion of the Tehranese, knew that right well.

Kara Kalpat was a king, and the son of a king. He was very great, as his father had been before him; and he expected to be greater than his father. Such was his faith in the law of progression, and such was his great ambition. Kara Kalpat was handsome—handsomer, it was whispered, than even the choicest sacrifice that ever the Ghebers had offered upon their fire altars to the glorious sun. He was as finely proportioned as an olive-tree, and as light in his motions as the gazelle; his eyes were as bright and clear as the diamonds of Oural that sparkle in the waters of Liatsinski, like the eyes of a Persian maid in tears; his cheeks were as fair and beautiful as the roses of Gul; his lips were like the cherries of Isphahan; and his smile was as sweet in maidens' eyes as the fragrance of balm-gilead to a desert-weary traveller: and then Kara Kalpat was young, vigorous, beautiful, and wise. If Kara was a fit subject for even the muse of Ferdusi, and if maidens delighted to sing about him, so were his gardens and palace fit for the admiration of even Haroun Al Raschid, and meet to be the home of a hundred Nourjahads. The most cunning men in the east had lent their wisdom for ages to the construction of that beautiful palace. It seemed as if beauty had demanded homage, and worship, and embodiment, from the Persian mind and hand, and that the highest genius, art, and wealth of Persia had, in answer to the demand, built this palace. The walls were of marble—blue, yellow, white, red, and grained; and so finely blended with a mosaic exactitude, that suns, stars, birds, and beasts were wrought in the polished walls, which flashed back the sun's rays as if they had been made of mirror-glass. Through the thin silken blinds of the windows the softened beams of day came softly stealing, and they lay, like children asleep, upon the carpets and ottomans, which were as soft as the Sybarite's couch of rose-leaves, and as sweetly scented as the groves of the Spice-Islands. The inner walls glittered with a thousand reflected lights, diverse in colour as the fruits of the garden of Aladdin, and sparkling as the gems which shone upon the slippers of Morgiana. The scent of a hundred sweet perfumes floated through the lovely tapestried chambers of this palace of Teheran, and, when the large doors, which were embossed with ivory, and ebony, and jewels, swung upon their golden hinges, the mingled breath of a hundred flowers came sighing from the gardens without into the beautiful and magnificent salons within. There were hangings on the walls that had employed the nicest fingers and finest looms of Calicut. The loveliest shawls of Cashmere lay on the floors; the stars of the firmament, in all their beauty and grandeur, shone on the roofs and walls. This was Kara Kalpat's home; and Sinbad, in all his travels, never saw a more splendid one;—this was Kara Kalpat's home; and even Mahomet had never dreamed of a more enchanting one. And the garden—it was a garden which was surrounded by tall linden-trees, which overtopped the spreading acacia, and the date, tamarind, and wild grape, which, blending their leaves with the lower limbs of the boughs that overhung them, made a wall of plants for the palace-garden. And what a garden! there did the waters, glittering with gold and silver fish, reflect the hues of peacock-tails, and the bright plumage of parrots and birds of paradise; flowers, lovely as infantile Peris, bathed their fair, rich, fresh blossoms in the beautiful ponds and streams; the rockeries of alabaster

and pure white quartz, sprinkled with rich loam from the margin of Lake Lurrah, were blushing with calis and melon blossoms! Young men, almost as beautiful as Kara Kalpat, and dressed in robes richer than anybody but their master, moved about the palace and garden to preserve them in the most beautiful order. These were the palace and garden of Kara Kalpat,—and yet he fell ill.

Ay, that was it. Machmet Serai had seen these things, and he had told them to the women, and they again had told them to their children and maids, and the latter had rehearsed them to the children again with copious additions, until everybody almost believed Kara Kalpat to be possessed of special exemptions from mere human sensations, associations, and frailties, being so rich and beautiful and happy—and that was the reason why they wondered at Kara Kalpat falling ill.

Kara Kalpat lay upon a couch in the pink chamber. His fine face was pale, his lovely eyes dim, and his long eyelashes hung over them as if he did not care whether the latter rose or the former opened any more. The rich silken coverlet, sparkling with golden tissue and gems, lay over the fine form of the prince, revealing his proportions as distinctly as if he had been clad in a robe of rose-leaves. The pink curtains that hung around his bed just seemed like floating gossamer, waving gently backward and forward as the beautiful slaves moved their censors to and fro. On a stand beside his bed stood medicaments in bottles, which were covered with gold fretted work and set with onyx and topaz stones. And there lay his turban, glittering like a galaxy, as the beautiful creatures that watched his bed fanned him with their fans of ivory and peacock-feathers, and perfumed his apartment with myrrh and frankincense, flitted round about him like angels in a vision. Kara Kalpat, in the midst of all this magnificence, and wealth, and power, and glory, and beauty, and homage, and servility, lay stretched upon his bed, however. He had pains in his limbs and shoulders, and in his brow; and he groaned and moaned like any mere mendicant; for, be it recorded in all the mosques of the east and remembered by everybody that can remember, that Kara Kalpat was after all only a man.

To the physicians of Teheran the illness of Kara Kalpat was inexplicable; no two of the faculty could agree upon the precise name and nature of the disease, although each of them had taken perhaps twenty diagnoses. They had not of course gone to Kara for an explanation of his trouble, for he had still the terror of kinghood floating round his chamber-door; but they had bribed his nurses and attendants, and scrupulously written down the symptoms which these particular observers had noted, and, when they met in consultation, Kara Kalpat was declared to have all the troubles, as, a week previous, he was declared to have all the beauties and virtues, vouchsafed to mortality. They could not agree upon his disease; and perhaps they did not want to do so. Three members of the profession had made up their minds regarding Kalpat Mushed, the father of their present prince, and, because he died according to their prognostication, they had been beheaded for being too wise. If Kara dies while we are in consultation, thought the physicians, nobody can be blamed; if he recovers in the meantime, Allah be praised. Physicians consulted, and bribed, and diagnosed, but still Kara did not recover, and at last word went forth that Kara was about to die.

Just when this rumour was circulating through the streets and lanes of Teheran, an aged, venerable man, with long white hair and sage aspect, stood before the gate of Kara's palace. It was Nooshky Booloo, the dervish. Nooshky had travelled much, seen much, and suffered much, and he had thought much too; so that he was much superior in wisdom to those pedestrian beggars who assume the dervish habit and ask alms under a false pretence. Nooshky was wise, and modest, and old, so that when he knocked at the portal of the palace the porter salaamed and told him to pass on. The old man walked amongst the flowers of Kara's garden, and past the little ponds where the gold fish sported, and where the water

lilies bathed, but he did not seem to see them, for he kept his eyes fixed on the ground, like the majority of sage people, and walked with his gown of dark cloth, his black turban, his yellow shawl tied round his waist, and his shoeless feet, into the palace of Kara, and straightway to his chamber.

'You think that you are ill, mighty prince,' said Nooshky, after looking at the young man for some time in silence.

'Everybody knows that I am ill,' said Kara, in a feeble voice.

Nooshky did not reply; but he did what is very unusual even for a sage in a king's palace, he laughed.

'Do you not think that I am ill?' asked Kara, rising from his prostrate posture to his elbow, and looking fixedly at Nooshky.

'Oh! I know that you are ill,' replied the dervish, gravely; 'very ill,'—he continued, 'because you think you are.'

'Sun, moon, and stars, listen to him!' cried Kara in amazement; 'he believes that my disease is only supposititious!'

'You are right to invoke the great sun—that source of light and heat—that minister to the visibly beautiful—that giver of the invisible warmth,' replied the dervish, gravely; 'you are right to invoke the pale, cold moon, and the winking, blinking stars, for I have lately held converse with them, and they have told me the only way in which Kara can be cured.'

'Oh! name it, then, venerable and well-beloved father of wisdom and son of years,' said the prince, eagerly; 'tell it me, and I will share half my kingdom with you!'

'Pooh, pooh!' said Nooshky, with a smile; 'when will men learn wisdom? Kara, thou knowest that this kingdom has not brought thee happiness, and yet the vain imagination fills thee that it could compensate an old man for knowledge which kingdoms cannot give. No, no; I have watched the stars in their mysterious courses, wheeling their devious flights through the paths of space, and ruling the destinies of men, while, at the same time, they sing to the wise man's ears the song that they caught up at the creation. I heard them whispering as they looked down from the blue concave upon thy bed of pink and brow of suffering, and they said that Kara would only be happy when he had worn, warm from the wearer's body, the shirt of a perfectly happy man.'

Kara sprang from his bed in a moment, and, before Nooshky could have calculated the revolutions of a binary system, he had ordered a cavalcade to accompany him, and was away on his search for a happy man, with all the speed that horse and man were capable of.

Kara Kalpat and his gallant band left Teheran by the south-east gate amidst the wonder of three dervishes, five date-venders and their asses, two chabouk merchants, and a water-carrier. 'Where can they be going?' inquired the merchants, in great apparent surprise. 'To Mecca,' answered the dervishes; and this answer apparently satisfying the gazers, they turned into the city to tell their friends and customers that Kara had recovered from his illness, and was away to visit the tomb of the Prophet.

'Where shall I find a happy man?' exclaimed Kara, as he rode along the road to Kanabad, and his attendants came scouring after him on their fleet steeds; 'Where shall I find a happy man?'

'In the house of Abdin Hadda, which stands by the brook Ava, amongst the acacia-trees that are ever green, and the yellow flowering olives,' answered a camel-driver, who was resting on a green bank at the roadside, while his beast cropped some herbage; 'that's where you'll find a happy man.'

'And where is the home of Abdin Hadda and the brook Ava?' asked Kara, eagerly.

'Just a league on this side of Kanabad,' replied the camel-driver, as the prince bounded away.

Abdin Hadda was neither old, nor young, nor very rich, nor was he poor. He was healthy, wise, and contented with his fortune. He had three sons, and five

youths they were; and a daughter and a wife beautiful as Peris. He was sitting at his cottage-door when Kara rode up to it; and as the smoke from his amber chabouk passed coolly into his mouth, then issued in aromatic clouds from it and mingled with the breath of flowers, a smile played upon his face, which was lighted up by a sunbeam, as if he were happy, happy indeed. Kara felt a strong inclination to rush at once upon him and divest him of his garment. He checked himself, however, and approaching Abdin, gave him a respectful salaam.

'How beautiful is this cottage! how fair and sweet the trees, and streams, and flowers!' said the prince; 'and, oh! how happy is Abdin!'

'Happy as the blue butterfly that dusts its wings with the pollen of peach blossoms,' said Abdin, with a smile; 'happy as the sunbeams that tremblingly kiss the amber waters of Ava; but——' and Abdin paused.

'But what?' said Kara, in an anxious tone; 'why this reservation?'

'Oh, I have only ninety-nine coffee-trees in my grove,' said Abdin, with a sigh; 'my joy would be complete if I had the hundredth.'

Kara crossed his hands upon his breast, and bent his head in unfeigned humility and sorrow, then, raising his eyes, he said, 'Canst thou tell me of a happy man?'

'Yes,' replied Abdin; 'Sirra Killa, who lives on the plain of Mahran and keeps the gardens of the Mosque of Omar, is assuredly happy. He dwells amongst flowers, and spices, beautiful birds, and clear waters; and he hears the imaums and mollahs chanting their prayers and reciting the law. He is young, and beautiful, and good; his children are as fair as angels; his wife bright and warm as a sunbeam; and he has one hundred coffee-trees. Oh, yes!' cried Abdin, 'Sirra Killa is happy!'

Kara mounted his horse eagerly, and, waving his hand to his followers, bounded away towards Mahran.

The mosque of Omar at Mahran was called the Beautiful, and it deserved to be so denominated. It was an octagon whose walls were built of white marble; its cornice was of red and blue. The pavement and steps of the piazza were black as ebony; the pillars were yellow, grained with black and red; and the lofty dome was green. Around the mosque were all the floral attributes of beauty—trees and flowers that twined in loving fondness together and bloomed in fragrant luxuriance. Kara did not take time to visit the mollahs of the mosque; he sent the captain of his guard, Dera Killer, to pay his respects to them, but, opening a little side wicket, he bounded along the walks until his steps were arrested by the voice of a man who was reciting some lines from the poetry of the immortal Ferdusi, in the seclusion of a lovely arbour. The vines hung pendant from the branches of palm-trees, and the large flowers of the camilla and aloe laid their soft calyxes together as if they had been lovers who kissed each other and pledged never to part. Around, on terraces, grew geraniums of every flower and nature, and exotic treasures of every colour. Seated in this bower was Sirra Killa, and his face shone like a mirror of peace.

'I have him now,' thought Kara; and he would have sprung upon the gardener in a moment, had not a sudden expression of care, like a shade over a mountain's brow, passed across that of the horticulturist.

'Ah!' sighed Sirra Killa, 'this is a world of cares after all, to the great majority. I sometimes wish that I were the philosopher Rababa who lives on Mount Elwund. He has no thought, no care, no toil, no anxiety; he looks at the stars, and he sees beauty and happiness; and at the earth, and he sees the same. He looks around on the hills and plains, and still he sees joy and peace. Heigho!' sighed Sirra, 'he has no grief like mine, who have not a son to cheer my hope. Daughters I have who are fair as the roses of Gul, and whose voices are as soft as the bulbul, but son have I none. Heigho!'

Kara bent his head to the ground, then, wheeling on his heel, he silently retreated from the garden without speaking to Sirra, and, mounting his steed once more,

dashed onward for the Mount of Elwund, in order that he might possess himself of the magic garment of Rababa.

The Mount of Elwund is rather a lonely hill, which stands near to the town of Hamadan, overlooking the valley of that name and the stream Bistum. In a little, lonely pagoda on Mount Elwund, Rababa dwelt alone. He came forth in the morning to be greeted by the first sunbeams and the songs of the birds, and to bathe his face in the fresh waters of his own mountain stream. He looked into himself and outward to nature alternately, and, being reflective and full of health, his face for ever wore a benign expression. When men saw Rababa looking at the blue heavens and smiling in their face, they shook their heads and wished that they were he. When they peeped into his little home at night, and saw him gazing up at the stars, they would smile, and wish that they only knew as much as he did.

'The way of knowledge is beautiful, father,' said Kara, as he eyed Rababa keenly, like a tiger that meditates to spring upon its prey, 'and communion with nature is sweet—the spirit grows on the first, it lives in the love of the second. Thou art happy, Rababa.'

'My son, deceive not thyself,' said the sage, calmly—'deceive not thyself with vain imaginings. Recollect that our own desires may become sophisters, and lime the wings of our thoughts much more potently than the thoughts and words of men may. You desire to be happy, and you desire to believe that I am happy, in order that I may impart my wisdom and experience to thee; but there is no such thing as happiness on earth that I know of. None! I have been eleven years calculating the precise perihelion of yon fixed star, but, as I have not yet been able to fix its parallax, I am unsuccessful and unhappy.'

Kara turned away in despair, and rode sadly along among his men for days, until at last he found himself at the good city of Bagdad. Beautiful Bagdad! he had crossed the hill of Rudbar to look upon it often before, but he was very sad now, and he did not care for its bazaars and coffee-houses. He bent his head to the ground, and thought of even passing on to Mecca, when, all of a sudden, the sound of a tabor fell upon his ear, and a light cheery song mingled with it. There was so much clear good-humour, such a thorough abandonment of joyous glee, in the voice of the musician, that Kara started from his reverie and listened:—

'Let the wind blow, let the tide flow,
Still there is rest for Babouk;
Let the flower blow, and the fruit grow—
The flower and the fruit are for Babouk.

I am poor, I am mean, and scouted I've been
By the lord of the plain and the paddock;
But while I have eyes, and can look on the skies,
The sun shines in glory for Babouk.

This world is my own; though I'm deem'd poor and lone,
I am king of all Bagdad and Badouk;
While I lit and I sing, a poor penny to bring,
Ha! ha! where's the king that's like Babouk?

The morrow may come with a palace for home,
Or my bed may be still by the low brook;
But, however the wind blows—however the world goes,
There's peace and contentment for Babouk!

I look to the sky with a satisfied eye—
To the earth I can turn with a fond look;
I am envied by none, and I envy no man—
Oh I am not happy king Babouk?

'Seize him! seize him!' cried Kara, springing upon the poor musician, while his guards eagerly assisted. They caught the astonished songster—gently, it is true—and began most unceremoniously to disrobe him, while Kara threw his splendid vestments at his feet. They tore the ragged tunic from the poor man's back, and they grasped for his shirt; but, alas! the happiest man in the world had not a shirt wherewithal to clothe himself.

Happiness does not depend upon wealth, grandeur, beauty, art, science, flowers, streams, or all the treasures in the deep arcana of nature. It is a principle given to man by Allah, as the noblest of his gifts, the most transcendent of his jewels. Happiness depends upon the peace that

results from religion—which is the love of God, and of all his attributes and manifestations of love. It is the offspring of our sympathies—our spiritual heritage. Babouk had neither palace, nor slave, nor gold, nor silver; but he had peace within, and a sympathetic soul, and so he was happy while the luxurious prince pined and was sad.

Kara returned to his palace ashamed and thoughtful. He turned his eyes more inward than heretofore, and more upward, too; and he soon felt that happiness is not an attribute of kings, but of *virtuous, good men*.

ROBESPIERRE.

THERE are abysses that we dare not sound, and characters we desire not to fathom, for fear of finding in them too great darkness, too much horror; but history, which has the unflinching eye of time, must not be chilled by these terrors—she must understand while she undertakes to recount. Maximilien Robespierre was born at Arras, of a poor family, honest and respectable; his father, who died in Germany, was of English origin. This may explain the shade of Puritanism in his character. The Bishop of Arras had defrayed the cost of his education. Young Maximilien had distinguished himself, on leaving college, by a studious life and austere manners. Literature and the bar shared his time. The philosophy of Jean Jacques Rousseau had made a profound impression on his understanding: the philosophy, falling upon an active imagination, had not remained a dead letter; it had become in him a leading principle, a faith, a fanaticism. In the strong mind of a sectarian, all conviction becomes a thing apart. Robespierre was the Luther of politics; and in obscurity he brooded over the confused thoughts of the renovation of the social world and the religious world, as a dream which unavailingly beset his youth, when the Revolution came to offer him what destiny always offers to those who watch her progress, opportunity. He seized on it. He was named deputy of the third estate in the States-General. Alone, perhaps, among all these men who opened at Versailles the first scene of this vast drama, he foresaw the termination; like the soul, whose seat in the human frame philosophers have not discovered, the thought of an entire people sometimes concentrates itself in the individual the least known in the great mass. We should not despise any, for the finger of destiny marks in the soul and not upon the brow. Robespierre had nothing: neither birth, nor genius, nor exterior, which should point him out to men's notice. There was nothing conspicuous about him; his limited talent had only shone at the bar or in provincial academies; a few verbal harangues, filled with a tame and almost rustic philosophy, some bits of cold and affected poetry, had vainly displayed his name in the insignificance of the literary productions of the day: he was more than unknown, he was mediocre and contemned. His features presented nothing which could attract attention when gazing round in a large assembly; there was no sign in visible characters of this power which was all within; he was the last word of the Revolution, but no one could read him.

Robespierre's figure was small, his limbs feeble and angular, his step irresolute, his attitudes affected, his gestures destitute of harmony or grace; his voice rather shrill, aimed at oratorical inflexions, but only produced fatigue and monotony; his forehead was good, but small, and extremely projecting above the temples, as if the mass and embarrassed movement of his thoughts had enlarged by their efforts; his eyes, much covered by their lids and very sharp at the extremities, were deeply buried in the cavities of their orbits; they gave out a soft blue hue, but it was vague and unfixed, like a steel reflector on which a light glances; his nose, straight and small, was very wide at the nostrils, which were high and too expanded; his mouth was large, his lips thin and disagreeably contracted at each corner; his chin small and pointed, his complexion yellow and livid, like that of an invalid or a man worn out by vigils and meditations. The habitual expression of this visage was that of superficial serenity on a serious

mind, and a smile wavering betwixt sarcasm and condescension. There was softness, but of a sinister character. The prevailing characteristic of this countenance was the prodigious and continual tension of brow, eyes, mouth, and all the facial muscles. In regarding him it was perceptible that the whole of his features, like the labour of his mind, converged incessantly on a single point with such power that there was no waste of will in his temperament, and he appeared to foresee all he desired to accomplish, as though he had already the reality before his eyes. Such, then, was the man destined to absorb in himself all those men, and make them his victims after he had used them as his instruments. He was of no party, but of all parties which, in their turn, served his ideal of the Revolution. In this his power consisted; for parties paused, but he never did.—*Lamartine.*

PAGE BY PÆDEUTES.

SHERIFF, OR SHRIEVE.

SHERIFF, pronounced *sher'if*, and contracted by the figure, which grammarians style syncope, into *shrieve*, is that public functionary, or officer, to whom is intrusted in every county or *shire* the execution of the laws. *Sheriff* is itself a contracted form of *Shire-grieve*, i. e., the *governor* or steward of the *shire*, from Saxon *scýran*, to divide or *share*, and *grefa* a governor. Of these *shares*, or *shires*, or divisions, England has forty, Wales twelve, and Scotland twenty-four. England owes this division of her territory to her famous king Arthur, upon which, as a basis and precedent, William the Conqueror modelled his general survey, called Domesday-book, still preserved in the Exchequer, in two large volumes, and which remains the standard of the *shires*, as then digested, to this very day. The queen has the appointment of *sheriff* to every shire or county in the kingdom, with the exception of Middlesex and Durham. The former county has two sheriffs, and their election and appointment are vested in the citizens of London. In Durham, the bishop, who is also *ex-officio* lord-lieutenant of the county, enjoys, by virtue of his ecclesiastical rank, the right of appointing the high-sheriff of the county. Indeed, on account of the exorbitant powers formerly possessed by the *bishop* of this diocese, Durham has been usually termed the *bishoprick*, i. e., the *bishop's kingdom*, the bishop being said to have all the authority in Durham, which the king exercised elsewhere. These privileges are now much abridged, but a third part of the county is still of ecclesiastical tenure, so richly benefited are the clergy of the see. The jurisdiction of the sheriffs of London extends from Staines, in Middlesex, to *Gravesend*, the famed port in Kent, where outward-bound vessels take in their passengers, and those of large draught and burden take in the last of their cargoes, and get their discharge from the customhouse-officers; where, also, homeward-bound ships disembark their passengers, and take in pilots to steer them through the nice and intricate navigation of the 'reaches' of the Thames. We have penned the foregoing sentence, not merely because it flows naturally from our text, nor yet because it contains matter useful and instructive; but mainly because from it there can be adduced a striking and standing example, how efficiently the science of etymology, when thoroughly and profoundly studied, and soberly and judiciously applied, may conduce to elucidate the history of the arts and literature; the manners, habits, customs, and *costumes*, and even, as in the instance to be immediately adhibited, of the civil polity and economy of bygone periods, and thus profitably connect, in the relation of cause and effect, the past with the present and future. But to our illustration.

Why is this famed port called *Gravesend*? To interpret the word just as it addresses the ear and the eye, by its sound and by its orthography, it should signify the *end* of the *grave*, or monument. But there is no sepulchre of note here to give countenance to such interpretation; neither does history or tradition record any such. The sound here is not, then, exactly an echo to the sense,

though, upon a somewhat more close inspection of the term, it will be found not very far from being so. The fact is, *Gravesend* is *Gravesend*, or *Shrievesend*, or *Sheriff's-end*, and indicates, that in this direction the jurisdiction of the *sheriff* of London terminates here. It is to be kept in mind, that *Reeve* and *Grave* are the old Saxon forms of the word. The *Reeve* is a noted character in Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales,' and in Scotland, at this day, the overseer of a farm, or what is called in England a bailiff, is popularly named the *Grieve*, by way of eminence; and a very important personage he is, corresponding exactly to the *villicus* in the prædial economy of the Romans, from which term, by the way, our English *bailiff* is derived.

The village of *Teddington*, in Middlesex, situate also on the 'silver Thames,' but above the city, may likewise be quoted as a name full of meaning, and proving that of old our ancestors were not such superficial observers of the laws and operations of nature, as we, their overweening progeny, are at times rather prone to imagine. It is well known that Middlesex is the first county in England for the production of grass, and the making of it into hay. There, on the banks of the Lea, and the Brent, and the Thames, are continuous meadows, which art, aided by the manure from the metropolis, clothes with perennial verdure; and thither, therefore, whoever wishes to see 'the tanned haycock in the mead,' in prime perfection, must repair. Now, the operation of turning and spreading the new-mown grass abroad to the sun is technically termed *tedding*; and, looking at the orthography and pronunciation of the word, we might naturally enough infer, at first sight, that hence *Teddington* has its name; but, in doing so, we should fall into an error; for the old way of spelling the name of this town was *Tyden-ton*, meaning the *town* where the *tides end*; and it is a well-ascertained fact, that ordinary *tides* in the Thames do not flow above this village. It is to be kept in mind, that anciently, in England, as still in many parts of Scotland, the word *town*, *town*, or *ton*, was applied to denote a farmhouse and offices, or an assemblage of hovels huddled together, on which modern notions would scarce bestow the name of hamlet.

'Oh, lang will his lady
Look ovr the castle downe,
Ere she see the Earl of Murray
Come sounding through the town.'—*Old Ballad.*

From the above examples, it may in some measure be seen how a cautious and enlightened etymology may be employed to give interest, and intelligibility, and animation to geography, both as a science and as a branch of popular tuition. We make this remark, because it is our intention to dedicate a *page* or two in illustration and proof of the doctrine we have here rather casually advanced, but whose importance, especially as regards juvenile instruction, merits a more full and special consideration.

Grieve, or *grave*, is associated by composition with terms or offices, which on the continent imply more dignity of dominion and elevation of rank, than either itself, in any of its forms, or in a composite state, seem in this country to have ever attained. Thus *Landgrave* is a German title of dominion, and is equivalent to the earl or count of a province, which latter is in consequence styled his *land-graviate*. But it may be said that our *sheriff* is also a *grave* of a province or *shire*; and so he is, but it is in a sense very different from that in which the foreign *land-grave* is *grieve* of the district under his regime. He is the *bona fide* proprietor of his *land*; * for we find *land-grave* thus defined—'Comes terræ vel regionis ab Impe-

* This distinction—not without a difference—recalls to mind a facetious anecdote, recorded by Menage in his 'Ana,' and which he aptly styles, 'The Retort Courteous':—'M. le Comte — was, like many others who take the name of count, without the property. In a company, where I was present, he once endeavoured to turn into ridicule an *abbé*, who, according to custom, had assumed the name without possessing a *benefice*. 'It is strange,' said he, 'that we should have known each other so long, and yet that I don't know whereabouts your *abbey* lies.' 'What!' said the *abbé*, 'don't you know? It is within your *county*.'

rature dono datæ.' There is also, or was, an officer called *palgrave*, i. e. the *griev* of the *palace*; but what is or was his comparative rank in the royal household, we have not been able to ascertain.

THE SNOW-DROP.

Welcome, kindly gentle stranger,
Peeping from thy bed of snow,
Rough 's thy cradle rock'd in danger,
Rude the winds around thee blow!

Summer suns ne'er shone to warm thee,
Decking thee in colours gay,
Yet thy stainless petals charm me
More than gaudy spring's array.

Cold 's the snow around thee lying,
Still thou rear'st thy pensile head,
Boldly snow and storm defying,
From a deeper fountain fed.

Such is *worth*, the latter purer
By the perils it hath pass'd;
Such is *hope*, a bright assurer
Winter will not always last;

Such *religion* nursed in sorrow,
Clad in robes of spotless white,
Pointing to a glorious morrow
In the realms of endless light!

REV. J. INGLIS.

BRIGHT THOUGHTS FOR DARK HOURS.

I would I were a fairy, as light as falling snows,
To do what'er my fancy bade—to wander where I chose;
I'd visit many a pleasant spot—a merry life I'd lead,
With all of bright and beautiful to serve me at my need.

I'd never give a single thought to misery or care—
My heart should have the gladness of a wild bird in the air;
And if perchance a tempest should gather in the sky,
I'd crouch beneath a lily-bell until the cloud pass'd by.

The violet—the cowslip—the little warbling bee,
That cannot for his life withhold the music of his glee—
The butterfly, that silent thing of many gorgeous dyes,
The denizen of garden realms, a pilgrim of the skies—

The starry-twinkling glow-worm, that, like a drop of dew,
Sheds faintly on the trembling grass a line of emerald hue—
The daisy and the daffodil—the small gem on the lea—
Of these I'd make my playmates, and these my friends should be.

I'd hie me to the greenwood; I'd sit me down and sing
Beneath the quiet curtain of the nightingale's soft wing;
My pillow should be rose-leaves without a single thorn,
And there I'd chant my roundelay until the blush of morn.

The world is full of sorrows. On every side I see
Shadow instead of sunlight, and grief instead of glee;
Or if I hear the trumpet-voice of pleasure cleave the sky,
The mournful echo, sadness, is certain to reply.

Oh! I would I were a fairy, as light as falling snows,
To do what'er my fancy bade—to wander where I chose!
I'd visit many a sunny spot, and far away I'd flee,
Where crime and folly seldom come—beneath the forest tree.

PLAINS AND DESERTS.

THE SAHARA.

THE earth is composed of two grand elements, land and water. Independent of the particular divisions which have been assigned to either of these, by political arrangement or geographical science, they possess natural and distinct aspects, which are very remarkable and interesting. The largest division of water is the vast and mighty ocean, which extends from pole to pole, and laves the rugged and indented borders of great continents; then there are the seas, which, like the ocean's children, assume the same relation to countries which the former do

to continents; then there are bays and gulfs, which branch from the seas in towards the land, washing the bases of promontories and the shoulders of capes; lakes are formed inland, and are environed by mountains, flats, and forests, as islands are formed in the sea, round which sweep foaming mountain-waves and dark masses of ocean weed; currents, and whirlpools, and rivers, and under-currents, are portions of the wonders of the deep, while mountains, and hills, and plains, and valleys, form part of the economy of the land. The two great divisions of the earth's surface bear a remarkable analogy to each other when viewed in a comparative light. The water, though one in its constitution, presents many appearances; the land, also, is full of diverse beautiful phenomena. The dry land is composed of mountains and plains, the term mountains comprehending all the elevated portions of the earth's surface, and plains all the level or flat land. The elevated portion comprehends great ranges of mountains, together with lesser and lower chains, mounts, hills, and high table-lands. The plains are those great, level, unbroken portions of the globe which are not much elevated above the level of the sea, and which chiefly comprehend the valley of the Mississippi and the prairies of North America, the Selva or plain of the Amazon, and the pampas of the South; the great African deserts, the plains of the Indus, and eastern Asia, together with those more minute divisions which are scattered over the earth's surface, and make up the whole of the level lands on the globe.

If mountains possess all the scenic attributes of attraction, plains furnish the chief supply of food to the human family. If, as has been said, mountainous countries are better adapted for the development of those faculties of man which conduce to personal freedom and independence of thought, plains are assuredly the abodes of the most civilised and industrious communities. It cannot be denied that mountains have nursed hardy, free, and indomitable races of men, but at the same time it must also be borne in mind that those mountaineers have ever been intolerable robbers and idlers, until smoothed and refined by attrition with the lowlander. Freedom has been nursed in the mountains, but it has never been so fully developed in these rocky fastnesses as on the plains. It has been asserted that the climate and character of mountains conduce to develop a nobler and freer race than the plains, but this seems to us to be neither a tenable nor impartial idea; it is one founded upon particular notions of nobility and freedom, and is consequently admixive of very grave questioning. The character of a mountainous country is decidedly more varied and beautiful than a flat one. There are alternations of hill and valley, rock and glen, torrent and waterfall, lake, river, and green strath, with corries, and woods, and all the fantastic forms of rock and hill. There is something to excite the faculties of wonder, and admiration, and love, wheresoever you turn; and there is no doubt but the more lofty and sublime aspects of nature will call up corresponding thoughts. The devotional will doubtless predominate in mountain lands, but on the plains, we must remember, there is no lack of the religious sentiment. The warlike feeling is the chief characteristic of the mountaineer; the industrial that of the lowlander. The highlanders, in times past, esteeming themselves nobler than the churls who were mean enough to work and produce their food, stole whatsoever they could conveniently detach from the plains, or levied contributions in the form of blackmail. The Swiss came down, like the Alpine torrents, upon the plains of Lombardy, but with a different tendency; for they returned laden with the spoils which they had reft from the ruined swains, while the grateful rivers fertilised their lands. The Scottish highlander considered that he had a right to despoil the Lennox of both grain and cattle, and the mountaineers of India lived by the same disreputable means, the Abors of the Himalayas preying upon Assam on the north, and the Singfos on the same peaceable nation on the south. Amongst highlanders there is a great identity of customs and disposition, no matter how

distant they may be from each other in geographical position. The inhabitants of the Andes, the Alps, and the Himalayas, of an equal elevation, present the same blunt, free, warlike dispositions, while on the plains there is as much diversity of habits as of language. Perhaps the barren, sterile nature of the hills superinduced the predatory character of those who inhabited them. The rocks and corries gave men shelter in their breasts, but it was to the plains that they looked for sustenance, and this they won by the strong hand. It cannot be said that the mountain valleys were incapable of cultivation; the fault lay in the mean, warlike nature of the people. The Swiss are as industrious and honest now as their ancestors were chivalrous and thievish, and the Alpine valleys supply the wants of a population more dense and infinitely superior in every respect to the old feudal fraternities that subsisted on plunder. On the plains, industry was indispensable to life, and this industry, which was really as noble as it was esteemed to be mean by those heroes who would have starved but for its operation, gradually led to the advancement of art. It has been said that highlanders love their native land far more strongly than the natives of plains do theirs; but even this is purely assumptive. The love of home is an universal feeling, not dependent upon geographical features, but upon human nature; and he who was born upon the wild seashore, or on the green sunny mead, has manifested as strong a love of his place of birth as ever highlander did. The melody of the *chanson de vache* creates a desire to revisit country people and rural habits, as much as rural scenes; and, although we do not deny the ardour of his feelings, we are mistaken if a Dutchman's heart will not as fondly thrill as that of the Swiss when, on a foreign shore, he hears the song of 'Vaderland.' We have been taught from infancy to esteem the men of the mountains as more noble than those of the lowlands, but we believe that such is quite the opposite of the fact. All the industry, ingenuity, and energy of labour are of the plains; agriculture, manufactures, and the fine arts have flourished most abundantly 'the quiet waters by;' while the sword that flashed brightest upon the mountains has either fallen from the now palsied hands of a dronish race, or has been replaced by the shepherd's primitive crook. We shall leave speculation, however, and betake ourselves to a recapitulation of facts relative to the plains and those who dwell on them, beginning with the great African desert of Sahara, or Zaara.

The great desert of Sahara is called by some of those who inhabit the habitable portions of it Sahara-bela-ma, the 'Desert without water,' or Bahar-bela-ma, the 'Ocean without water.' It occupies almost all the central part of Northern African, being bordered on the north by the Barbary states, and on the east by Egypt, Nubia, and Abyssinia, while it extends to the Atlantic Ocean on the west, and stretches from 15 to 30 deg. of north latitude. Its length, from east to west, is about 2650 miles, while its width varies considerably, being broadest between the longitude of Greenwich and 10 degrees east, where it occupies about 18 degrees of latitude, or 1200 miles, but it narrows, as you proceed eastward, to about 700 miles. Its superficial extent is computed at 2,500,000 square miles, or more than two-thirds of the area of Europe. This extensive region is chiefly, though not totally, a barren wilderness, affording little encouragement to vegetation, and consequently furnishing few of the essentials for supporting animal life. Near 15 degrees of east longitude, the desert is crossed by a tract which presents a more favourable aspect than general. Groves of date trees are seen to diversify the barren monotony of the country, and crops of millet reward the industry of the people of Fezzan. There are several ridges of rock between Fezzan and Lake Tchad, which break up the dull uniformity of the plain, and at the foot of which wells of crystal water are formed, while pasture for cattle extends considerably around them. Between these favoured spots, however, are tracts of loose sand, into which the camels sink knee deep, and where one pile of the simplest vegetation cannot be seen. In the vicinity of Lake Tchad

clumps of grass present themselves, together with stunted bushes, which, as the town of Lari is approached, give place to a superior vegetation.

The great desert of Zaara is divided into two portions by this tract, or natural boundary; both of these parts are sterile and gloomy, but still they differ in degree. The eastern division, or Lybian desert, is smaller than the Sahee, or larger, and it is superior in both climate and soil. It is not covered with sand in the same proportion as is the western desert, and offers more variety of observation. Its surface is in many places covered with hard horizontal strata of sandstone, which are as smooth as street pavement, and present neither depressions nor sand accumulations for hundreds of miles. The traveller plods along this hard, burning pavement, day after day, with nothing for his eye to rest upon but the far expanse of sky and the equally far expanse of plain. Before him is a dazzling ocean of flat sandstone, above him a cloudless ocean of blue sky, and the convergence of these, at the horizon, is his only point of vision. The sandstone flat is succeeded by gravel, sometimes interspersed with rounded pebbles; and as gravel and pebbles are only formed in currents of water, by the process of abrasion, and deposited in the beds of streams or rivers, the mighty deep must at one time have been sweeping over this inland territory. The surface of the desert is sometimes furrowed by depressions at the situation of the gravel formation, little glens and ravines sink below the surface, and in these bushes and herbs are to be met with, around whose roots are finer accumulations of sand called sand-hills, collected by the sweeping of the east wind. Sometimes salt incrustations are seen, and ridges of limestone will protrude above the surface, but still the general character of the desert is that of barren sterility. There are several large depressions, however, that, sinking considerably below the surface-level of the plain, become the reservoirs of the water that may fall; and this water, issuing in springs, is used for irrigating the adjacent lands. The land is chiefly sandy, but still there are some of the more vegetative particles of soil mixed with it, and light crops of millet, and trees, such as the date, doum, acacia, and palm, together with the yew, grow well. The date and doum produce each an edible fruit, which is very carefully gathered and preserved by the inhabitants of the oasis, who have also flocks of sheep, goats, and fowls. The largest oasis in the Lybian desert is that of Wadi-el-Karjeh, which is three days' journey distant from the banks of the Nile. This green spot of beauty in the barren desert is one hundred miles in length from north to south, and varies in breadth from one to fifteen miles. There are several other oases to the west, although they are not so frequent in the northern as in the southern part of the Lybian desert. That part of it extending west of the valley of the Nile, shares in the showers of Nubia and Upper Egypt, and the southern portion participates in the slight offsets of the heavy tropical rains which irrigate the countries south of 15 degrees of north latitude. The rains never fall on the northern portion of the desert, however, in consequence of the table-land of Burca intercepting those produced from the exhalations of the Mediterranean from penetrating so far inland. The oases which lie contiguous to Egypt are inhabited by Arabs, who are identical with those of the valley of the Nile, devoting themselves to the care of plantations and other agricultural pursuits. The southern part of the desert is inhabited by a people called the Tibboos, who also are scattered along the road which leads from Fezzan to Lake Tchad. The Tibboos are native Africans, resembling the negroes in some of their features, but at the same time presenting various shades of colour—some being jet black, with flat noses, others being of a copper colour, and having aquiline noses. They have large mouths, with fine teeth and expressive eyes. They have sometimes lips of the European form, and their black hair is not woolly, although it is always curled. The females are very handsome, light in make, and airy, if not elegant in their motions; their feet and ankles are small and delicate, and

are generally covered with red slippers and anklets of polished copper or silver, and not loaded with cumbrous iron or brass appendages, as are those of the females in other parts of northern Africa. That part of the Libyan desert inhabited by the Tibboos is by far the most fertile, for, in addition to the numerous oases which are scattered over it, like islands in the ocean, there are large tracts of land in the Tibboo country, which grow bushes, and, during the rainy season, grass, which conduces to the feeding of camels and herds of cattle.

The Tibboos, although thus inhabiting a sterile country, and unblest with the facilities of progress possessed by other nations, have yet attained to a very high state of civilisation. They are industrious, careful, frugal, and temperate, and they are contented and happy. Everything that the land can produce, good for either the food of animal or man, is carefully applied to the best advantage. No labour is spared upon the soil, in order to make it bring forth the only grain which the Tibboos can grow, that is *gussub*, a light species of millet. Irrigation, where practicable, and the most careful attention to the modes of agriculture, are adopted, to produce abundant crops, no matter at what expense of labour. Their pasture lands, that produce but a very inferior quality of grass, are always covered, however, by animals that obtain a constant subsistence from them; and where nothing but bushes and thorny plants appear, there the camel—that useful and docile beast of burden—finds a supply of food. The shrubby grounds, where the thorny plants prevail, are far more extensive than those producing grain and grass, so that camels constitute the chief wealth of the Tibboos, some tribes having no less than five or six thousand. The milk of these creatures supplies their chief food during five or six months in the year, and their gussub bread, with gazelle flesh, supplies the remainder. For clothing, these people have contrived to grow a small quantity of cotton, which is inadequate to constitute the whole of their wear, and this deficit they have to supply in the regular way of trade. They exchange the fruits of the chase, that is ostrich feathers, together with the skins, and horns, and dry meat of the gazelle, with the cafilas, or caravans, which pass through their territories, for cloths, and they give horses and maherhies, or swift-footed camels, for the same commodity. The Tibboos not only exert themselves to supply all their essential physical wants, but the produce of the chase, and the exchange of beasts, is their means adopted to furnish themselves with clothing—what in less civilised communities would be esteemed a luxury, where the climate is so extremely hot. There is a moral sense manifested in the wearing of apparel which does not belong to many of the African tribes. The naked savages are as destitute of refined sentiment as they are of habiliments, but in the dress of the Tibboo, which is picturesque, and sometimes even elegant, there is the illustration of ideas of a superior nature. Cleanliness, decency, and modesty, are sentiments with these people which have a highly humanising influence upon their habits. They construct little wigwags of mats, which admit the light and cool evening air, but at the same time protect their inhabitants from the ardent rays of the sun. The interior of these dwellings, which are admirably adapted to the necessities of the climate, are kept singularly neat and clean. On the walls are wooden bowls, in which are kept milk, and over these bowls are wicker coverings, in order to keep out the insects. The Tibboos, it will be seen, though not enjoying what may be termed the products of an abundant soil, are nevertheless content with their honourably-earned fare and pastoral simplicity of life; but they are not allowed to remain at peace by their marauding neighbours, the Arabs and Tuaricks, who come upon them, robbing them not only of the fruits of their industry, but of their young men and women, in order to sell them as slaves. The Tibboos are not inferior in physical activity and daring to the Arabs and Tuaricks, but the use of fire-arms they do not understand and are much afraid of, and are consequently preyed upon by those unscrupulous and predatory tribes who have them. The Tibboos are ex-

tremely dexterous in the use of spears and daggers; but, being fonder of noble industry than robbery and war, they are not reckoned so hardy as the roving hordes, who come down upon them with vulpine fury and bloodthirstiness, and who, during the whole course of their nomadic life, school themselves to deeds of rapine and pillage.

That part of the great desert lying west of the road leading from Fezzan to Lari is called Sahel. It contains only narrow districts at all adapted to a rude cultivation, and these lie along its northern border, which skirts the base of Mount Atlas, and along the southern boundary, near to the hilly regions included in Soodan or Nigritia, that is, the country of the blacks. In these spots there are alternations of sand and soil; and in the vicinity of Mount Atlas there are also some oases, where date-trees and millet are produced; but these tracts of country are, strictly speaking, not portions of the desert of Sahara, but appendages to countries lying upon its borders. The very best portions of the soil of the Sahel are of but a very indifferent quality, but still there are some parts sufficient to produce millet and other light grains, if rain or dew could only find its way to the parched ground. A few showers may fall between the months of August and October, which is the rainy season in Soodan, but the scanty moisture is insufficient to support vegetation; and so the Sahel is totally a barren desert, save where little gravelly spots retain a constant moisture, and small tribes procure a scanty subsistence with their few cattle. It is only in the rainy season mentioned that these tribes dare attempt migrations across the barren tracts; the wells are then full of water, and both man and beast can be supplied with this essential preservative of life. These wells are few in number, and they are sometimes ten or twelve days' journey distant from each other. So important are they to travellers that they are called 'diamonds in the desert,' and wo to the caravan which comes upon one to find it dried up. At these wells the camels drink a plentiful supply. Animals' skins are filled, and flasks and other utensils replenished, and, thus fortified for another journey, the caravan passes on. If the rains have been scanty, or the weather extremely sultry, the wells dry up, and then a fearful death of thirst and exhaustion overtakes the travellers on the sandy waste. A few months after the fall of the rains the hot winds regularly dry up all the wells, and this the travellers know; but the accidental choking of the wells with sand, or the evaporation of the water by extraordinary heat, produces the fearful catastrophes to which we have alluded. The desert wind always follows the diurnal course of the sun, blowing sometimes very strongly, and always producing a kind of coolness, even during the heat of the noonday sun. A calm takes place, however, after sunset, and between this period and sunrise the heat is more insupportable than during the day. This wind sometimes increases to great violence, and, raising the loose sand, sends over the bosom of the plain those whirling pillars known as the simoom. When these approach a caravan, the terrified camels throw themselves on their knees and bury their heads in the sand, and men fling themselves prostrate on their faces also, until the agitated sand sweeps over them. If it blows in a direct current, the simoom is just a stratum of mixed air and sand between the solid earth and the pure atmosphere; if whirlwinds prevail, it rises into pillars, which sometimes fall upon cafilas or caravans, and overwhelm them, or, dashing upon them unexpectedly, throw both men and animals about in dire confusion, and destroy the stoutest tents with the utmost ease and rapidity. While these fearful storms last, the travellers lie choking of thirst, and almost stifled with sand and heat. The sun's rays cannot penetrate the dark dense atmosphere that rolls over them, but its red disc is seen through the sandy shroud, divested of its beams, like a lurid night-lamp in a fog.

In those desert tracts, where bushes prevail, the lion and panther make their lairs, and prey upon the gazelle and antelope. These the natives also hunt, together with the ostriches, which are very numerous, and esteemed for their feathers. The habitable portions of the Sahel are pos-

essed by two distinct nations—the Moors and Tuaricks. The former of these are a remnant of that invasion of Arabs, who swept from the land of the Prophet, west and northward, until the crescent shone even on the plains of Spain. These Moors of the desert differ from those who inhabit the towns of Morocco; their language is Arabic, and they retain the traditions, together with the customs, and several of the arts of their forefathers; they are a bold, hardy, wandering race of men, whose complexions darken to within a shade of that of the negro, but whose features are the same in form, however they differ in hue, in all the tract which they inhabit, from the countries on the Mediterranean to Soodan. They are generally tall and robust, with straight black hair and bushy whiskers; black, sunken eyes, arched noses, and beautiful teeth. Occupying a territory even less fertile than that of the Tibboos, they, like true sons of Ishmael, wander to and fro with their flocks and herds; and, in order to supply the wants which they do not strive to minister to by honest toil, they steal whatever and whoever they can lay their hands upon, and sell them into slavery. The various tribes of Moors do not live in strict amity with each other, and where there is a life and death scramble for a subsistence, perhaps this could not be expected of fierce warlike men. They seldom resort to bloodshed, however, in their disputes, as such is in direct contravention to the commands of the Prophet. Moslem may not lift up his hand against Moslem, nor reduce him to slavery, and so, in their hatred, they manage to maintain a sort of peace. To those whom they are allowed by the Mahomedan law to capture and slay, they are savagely cruel, but to their friends they are said to be most hospitable and kind. They wear the Arabic costume, which is very handsome, save that, in order to allow of the expert use of their weapons, their arms are bare. They really, however, are inferior to the peaceable and industrious Tibboos, whom they capture and rob.

The Tuaricks are a nation of African origin, being descended from the northern tribe called Berbers. Their habits are almost the same as those of the Moors, they being bold and predatory men, nursed in feud, and educated in warlike customs. They are tall, robust, and finely formed, with complexions almost as fair as those of any European's. Their features are of a high caste, being almost purely Caucasian, the lofty brow, aquiline nose, and beautifully-formed mouth predominating. Only a very small portion of their territory is arable, the other parts of it being only available for pasture. Their possessions, being almost totally cattle, oblige them to move about from place to place; and this frequency of migration, together with their constant and active enmity towards the inhabitants of Soodan, render them prompt, unscrupulous, and hardily warlike. Their incursions upon their enemies are conducted with remarkable rapidity and temerity. They ride the maherhies, or swift-footed camels, which can run at the rate of from eight to nine miles an hour, and keep up this great exertion for twenty hours at a time. With these the Tuaricks attack the kraals of their foes, and carry these foes off to slavery, and so dreaded are they, even by the Moors, that they can pass, in small bands, quite unmolested through the midst of powerful tribes.

It is wonderful to contemplate the energy and fearlessness manifested by cafilas, or caravans, which proceed from Soodan north through the desert to Morocco, and then return south again. The love of gain, one of the most powerful incentives to action, is certainly the main motive of all the toil, danger, and privation which these desert merchants endure and brave; and when one reflects upon the chances of death from the drying up of the wells, and the violence of the simoom, and the manifold chances of murder and robbery from the semi-warlike character of the travellers themselves, and the predatory dispositions of the tribes through which they pass, to which they thus voluntarily expose themselves, we are constrained to wonder at the hardihood of their natures, as well as the strength of their motives. The first regular mercantile

migrations took place after the discovery of the salt beds of the Sahara. The natives of the desert do not use salt much in their domestic economy, but the countries in the south have none, and eagerly seek for it, purchasing it at a high price. This induced men to penetrate into the desert in order to obtain it. These frequent journeys, extending their knowledge and desire to travel, impelled the merchants to move northward, till they reached the cultivated territory skirting the southern base of Mount Atlas. By this means a regular commerce was established between the north and south, Fez being the starting-point from the former and Timbuctoo that from the latter. From Soodan, these adventurous merchants, to the number of from two to five hundred, will proceed to Morocco, with perhaps three times the same number of camels, through the most desert portion of the whole wilderness, bearing gold, ivory, and slaves, together with ostrich-feathers and animals' skins, picked up by casual traffic with tribes in the desert, bearing back, in return, European manufactures, tobacco, dates, and other articles. The merchants prefer to travel this barren tract, on which a plant is scarcely to be seen, rather than to brave the danger of tempting the Moors and Tuaricks, who would either enrich themselves by plundering the cafilas, as they are called in Africa, or subject them to the payment of a heavy tribute, in order to secure a safe passage through their country. On a barren plain, like that of Sahara, it is evident that men can never attain to the highest state of civilisation. Neither minerals, nor vegetables, nor materials and facilities for traffic offer themselves to the inhabitants of the desert, in order to conduce to their advancement; yet, with the means which Providence has placed at their disposal, the Tibboos have attained to a pitch of civilisation which honourably contrasts with the condition of both the Moorish Arabs and Tuaricks.

A SUNDAY MORNING.

[By T. CHARLTON, author of the 'Rationale of Revealed Religion,' &c.]

It was a glorious Sunday morning—the word glorious being here used not to Sunday morning in the abstract, but to *that* Sunday morning in particular; and this particularisation is desirable, because Sunday morning, to all thinking and feeling people, is a glorious morning. As a matter of feeling, and apart from all higher considerations, it is, to an amiable heart, a glad and glorious morning. Is it nothing to reflect upon the thousand thousands of one's fellow-creatures released from the mill-wheel of continued drudgery? Is it nothing to think of hundreds of children, free from the factory, listening perhaps to the hum of the bee or the chirp of the grasshopper, on their way to the house of God, instead of the ceaseless drone of the wheel, and buzz of the spindle—or raising their voices in a psalm of praise, blessed by that thrice-blessed scheme, the Sabbath school, instead of screaming to be heard amidst the clash of levers, and the mighty throbs of the steam-engine? Yes, if this were all—for the miner to straighten his back, and the mechanic to stretch his sinews—for the artisan to loosen his cramped hand from the grasp of the heavy hammer—and, last not least, for the scanty-salaried clerk to throw down the pen from his weary fingers, and shut his thoughts upon the vast sums that are passing through his hands, but upon one penny of which he must not close his clasp, though his little ones are half-starved at home. If this were all, Sunday were a glorious day. But it is not all. The tender mercies of the Creator are over all his works; and while the command, 'Thou shalt do no labour,' transcends unspeakably the selfishness of human enactment, how wonderful the addition, 'nor thy cattle!' Man had never attained such a height of dignity to stoop to this. This is the fiat of the Father of all, who gives his creatures thus a chartered rest. But, above all, it is a day to pause, and think, and pray—to wash away from the heart the marks of selfishness and sordid feeling that the cares and business of a week have engendered.



Portrait Gallery of Hoggs Weekly Instructor.

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

LAMARTINE.

THE assumptions of individuals and the requirements of humanity have been at war with each other since the dawn of history; for history, in truth, is little more than a recapitulation of successive struggles between privileged individuals and peoples. The student of history begins with the Sidos of the Phenicians, and he journeys westward in knowledge, through nations, national conditions, and systems and states of politics, until he finds himself in the New York of the United States, and the same political features, with scarcely any modification, present themselves to him in all ages and in all nations, no matter under what name those features may be veiled. There is the birth of a nation, the congregation and settlement of its elements, the universal industry of its members, its growth in wealth and power, and then in pride and privilege; the elaboration of political systems in conformity with this exclusive pride, internal divisions and struggles amongst classes, wars, declension and fall; and these may be said to constitute the historical elements of all nations, embracing all forms of government, despotic, oligarchical, and democratic, with their modifications. We do not give a political opinion, we merely propound a political fact, when we state that nations are first based upon the human idea, and that they become weak and fall as they depart from it. The *latrones*, who founded Rome, had no artificial bond of union while they lived by robbery and dwelt in their rush-roofed huts; they were originally associated merely through a sentiment. Romulus, who first reigned over the embryo mistress of the world, was king of men, not of things. He was king by toleration, by election; he was king by opinion, the opinion of all his companions, who constituted his kingdom, his throne, and his people. The mythological idea of his birth was the only one upon which his pantheistic successors could found the *jus divinum* of kings, and it is the only characteristic of his being which nobody believes. The patrician idea was one of things, not of men; states, not humanity, was the basis of the aristocratic system; a monopoly of privileges and of property was the palladium upon which it built itself, and around which it dug the trenches which divide man into castes. Opposed to this system, again, was that of democracy, recognising the human as the superior; and these three may be said to constitute the political cycle. Each of these forms of government has been adopted, modified, superseded, and changed, and still society has not solved its problem. Each of them has looked beautiful as a theory, has been adopted as a theory, and has failed to preserve nationalities. Age has borrowed from age its forms, its written constitutions, and its ideas; and they have successively illustrated the same phenomena, the same practical falsehood, the same actual denial of their ostensible beliefs, the same revolutions. Political revolutions have ever been the victories of ideas. They have ever been the climacterics of a course of moral collision. They are the points where two opposites in thought meet, and where one becomes hidden in or crushed by the other. They occur only at distant periods, like the advents of comets, and great destinies and deeds are indicated by their mysterious lights; but the mass of men, dazzled and bewildered by their blaze, stand still to gaze or rush blindly against each other, while, as has ever been with physical struggles, their light passes away, leaving a deeper night for humanity, and a miry way of blood and tears through which to wade until the hour assigned by Providence shall come again.

Revolutions may be termed evanescent glimpses of the real aspects of society during their brief but terrible existence; every grade of humanity is denuded of the artificial, and men are forced to appear themselves; extrinsic qualities are rudely torn from those who owned them, and the sterling alone can live and supervene in the commotive state of revolutionary transition. The kingly state and dignity could not, in this hour of truth, hide the inherent

thoughts of individuals, too, crushed by the sceptre of power, and intermitted by the fiat of legitimacy, spontaneously develop themselves in that brief span of freedom; every man is himself while the fire is flashing from his murderous weapon, or while he is yelling with lusty throat the unconventional things that are speaking in him; and then, even while he roars, men rise above him to combine the broken elements of the old into a new—to re-construct upon the basis of new theories the disrupted elements of political economy.

A sudden and terrible irruption of thought and disruption of old institutions has just taken place in Europe. From the shores of the Atlantic to the banks of the Volga almost every political state has been shaken, and the vibration of that universal shock, which has rocked thrones to and fro like cradles, and struck fierce electric thoughts from the souls of hitherto slave-subjects, is not yet stilled. It is in vain to speculate upon the events of this transition hour. We can only look with amazement upon the spectacle which it presents—share the perils and hopes of all good men, who behold the mighty motion of its undeveloped thoughts—and trust in Providence. The Revolution cannot at present be spoken of; sneers, fears, speculations, and dreams are almost all that yet can be attached to the movement: the prime actors in the movement, however, present more tangible and distinct attributes of criticism.

The most illustrious and prominent actor in these great events is at this moment Alphonse Marie Louis de Lamartine (otherwise given as de la Martine and Delamartine), the dreamer, the idealist votary of love, the sentimentalist, whose soul was said to have expended itself upon the adoration of the beautiful in nature; the romancist, whose pursuits and employments were deemed to have incapacitated him for the practical, now stands at the helm of affairs in France, calm, collected, and fearless, while the angry surges of a fickle, turgid ocean of agitated men chafe, and roll, and roar around him. The most inveterate enemy of Lamartine's theories, and the most stern apologist of dynastic inviolability, cannot deny to that grand master of the new trial the qualities of earnestness, faith, and courage. He stands before the world in the van of republican France an honest man; he is true to the mission to which he believes God has called him; and the aspect which he presents in that perilous position is such as excites the admiration of every lover of the true in man, be he king or communist.

Lamartine was born of aristocratic parents, at Macon, on the 21st of October, 1791. His father, whose name was De Prat, was major of a regiment of cavalry in the service of Louis XVI., and his mother was companion to the sister of Louis Philippe, her mother being Madame des Rois, under-governess to the family of the Prince of Orleans. The Revolution which first swept away the crown and sceptre of France reduced the family of De Prat from rank and opulence to grief and poverty, and consigned the father of Lamartine to a prison. The first recollections of the poet are reflected in tears. When his father, whose name he has exchanged for that of his maternal uncle, was incarcerated in prison by the Directory, and when even to know a prisoner was a dangerous circumstance, the mother of the poet, who was a woman of lofty courage and devotion, procured a lodging opposite to the jail where her husband lay, and she would hold up, at stated periods, their child, in order that the father might be solaced, in his sad and gloomy cell, by beholding him through the gratings of his window.

The darkest hour of the Revolution was followed by the dawn of light. Robespierre fell, and mercy, with a sad smile, came timidly back to the assemblies of the blood-weary nation of France. The prison-doors were thrown open, and the poor remnants of a horrid conscription were free. Lamartine retired with his parents to a lonely tower in an obscure estate at Milly, and it was here that his adoration of the beautiful began. The mother of Lamartine was endowed with high intellectual attainments, and with sweet side. With her children she lived, spoke, and

laboured. The events which had destroyed the external employment of the French lady, of the woman of fashion, which had broken down the doors of the aristocratic salons, and rendered them no longer the world of certain circles, had given to Madame Lamartine the nobler employment of educating her children—of being truly a mother—of knowing and appreciating the full sense of the loving word, home. She had known J. J. Rousseau, and had listened to his prelections when it was fashionable to do so; at home, at Milly, she remembered some of his ideas upon physical education—his other speculations her heart, as well as her principles, had taught her to reject.

The education of Lamartine may almost be termed a complete education in relation to the human capacities. His moral, mental, and religious faculties were all instructed, and by the best of teachers, nature and his mother. In the introduction to his '*Voyage en Orient*,' he most beautifully describes the process of his early intellectual and religious education:—'My mother had received from her mother on her deathbed a fine Bible of Royaumont, in which she taught me to read when I was a little child. This Bible had engravings of sacred subjects in all the pages. There was Sarah, there was Tobit and his angel, there was Joseph or Samuel; above all there were those fine patriarchal scenes where the solemn and primitive nature of the east was mingled with every act of that simple and marvellous life which was led by the early men. When I had correctly recited my lesson, and read nearly without a fault a half page of sacred history, my mother uncovered the engraving, and, holding the book open upon her knees, made me contemplate it while giving me its explanation as my reward. She was endowed by nature with a soul equally pious and affectionate, and with an imagination of the most sensitive and graphic order; all her thoughts were sentiments; all her sentiments were images; her fine, noble, sweet countenance reflected in her beaming physiognomy all that was glowing in her heart, all that was painted in her conceptions; and the silvery tone of her voice, so affectionate, solemn, and impassioned, imparted to her every word an emphasis of such force, and interest, and love, as still at this moment vibrates in my ear. The view of these engravings, the explanations, and poetical commentaries of my mother, inspired me from my tenderest infancy with scriptural tastes and inclinations, and from the love of these representations to the desire of seeing the places where the events had taken place there was but one step.'

In this manner did his mother connect, in the mind of her son, the beautiful and the religious, the poetical and the pious. She encouraged him to roam amongst the woods and romantic scenes of Milly, loving nature in all her moods of sunshine and storm; the moaning of the winds among the trees, the songs of birds upon their boughs, the opening bud, and the falling leaf, had each and all a sympathy in the spirit of the young poet. Like Byron, too, he roamed freely amongst these scenes of his expanding love and memory, unencumbered with the garbs of artificial life. With his wild locks waving over his shoulders, and his loose frock covering his fine form, he climbed the heights and wandered by the meandering streams of Milly, imbibing those images and awakening those feelings which are the impulses of poetic revelation. It is to this system of early training that Lamartine's extraordinary physical symmetry and freedom of carriage is attributed; and it is impossible to doubt that the mental and moral attributes of the mother were reflected upon and instilled into the son during these early years passed at his secluded paternal home.

At ten years of age the boy was sent to prosecute his intellectual education in the College of the Fathers of the Faith, at Belley; and here, too, those religious feelings which his mother had implanted in his mind were deepened and tinged with a sombre shade in the seclusion and austere atmosphere of the cloister.

Lamartine left college with no particular aim in life as a man; aristocratic by birth, recollections, and associations, his prepossessions were in favour of legitimacy. He travelled a little, in conformity with the formula of the old

regimé, and then he entered the world through the doors of the fabourg St Germain. The sun of the empire was waning when Lamartine made his debut in Paris; this empire he had been taught to hate as an usurpation and lie, and he accordingly entered that kingdom, which already existed by anticipation, in the exclusive circles of the fabourg already named. Here Lamartine met those who scorn the true in nature because of its form, who laugh at the man in his aspect of the rustic. The fashionable, the apparent, was there the gospel of legitimacy; the moral and religious were traditions, which only lived in the homes of semi-barbarous rustics, or in the cloisters. The young poet, so fresh and sympathetic, with a heart predisposed to love everything, even the inert and inane if garmented in the ostensibly beautiful, was smitten with the moral laxity which then filled France, and entered too freely into the vortex of folly and crime, which soft-slipped fashion calls pleasure. What time he devoted to the purpose of his youth was employed in dramatic composition, perhaps the least poetical exercise of the poet. There is too much of art in dramatic composition; there is a subserviency to stage arrangements and passionnal effect, which detracts from the spontaneous effusion, and reduces poetry to the qualified condition of *dramatic* poetry. The dramatic poet does not reveal himself, but what he supposes some one of a genius to be. We see and hear the tyrant and slave in the drama; and if we have read history and studied events, we suppose a standard by which to judge of the correctness of the pictures—we feel those touches which are human—which are common to all men—and so our union with the dramatic poet ends. We view him as the skillful *collaborator* or artist, but not as the poet, the prophet. Lamartine was dreaming of dramatic fame while he wasted his time in the coterie, and frittered away life's precious opportunities and moral impressions, when he luckily revisited Italy to restore, in solitude, reflection, and self-communion with God in nature, the severe and ineradicable impressions of his early years, which he had allowed to decay under the influence of a corrupt companionship. He studied while in Italy, he loved, and he wrote poetry; and when he returned to France, the restoration of the Bourbons called him into a sphere of martial activity. He offered his services to the restored Louis, and was admitted into a regiment of cavalry, and permitted to wear regimentals.

'The three words which I would have engraven on my monument, if ever I should deserve a monument,' said Lamartine, in 1832, 'would be "God—Love—Poetry."' God had destined him for a nobler employment than that of wearing a sword and spurs. Love inspired him with impulses which raised him above systems; and poetry became to him the revelation of an independent inward world. The hundred days completed the period of Lamartine's military services to the Bourbons; his life and thoughts were after those days in part restored to himself, and he has since devoted, as he believes, his talents and soul to God, to poetry, and humanity.

Lamartine loved; the object of his affection died, and he, singing to relieve his full heart, immortalised the maiden and himself at the same time. He had read several of his productions, before this period, to professed critics, and having obtained the unqualified commendations of the censors, he felt encouraged to offer his '*Poetic Meditations*' to the booksellers. In 1820, just recovered from a severe illness, pale and feeble from suffering, and trembling with a consciousness of his necessities, Lamartine walked from bookseller to bookseller, hawking the manuscript of his poems. Poetry was a drug, however; people were tired of it; the mythologic and descriptive school of Voltaire was dying out; and, indeed, people were not paying much attention to the circumstance. It had, like the fashions of the *ancien regimé*, become effete, and it must be pushed out of the way by something natural; yet the booksellers were not buying poetry; they were sorry, but nobody indeed was buying it; they lamented the degeneracy of the public taste; complimented the muses; politely bowed to the poet, and then set to their business again. At last, however—ay, always at last—a kind, good-natured publisher

—there is always such an one, too—when Lamartine, weary and desponding, was just about to return to his lodgings, and perhaps to burn his manuscript—M. Nioille accepted the MS. The book was published without name, title, preface, or dedication, more than ‘Poetic Meditations,’ and in four years 45,000 volumes were issued in successive editions. His poetical success drew upon him the eyes of the diplomatists, and he was forthwith attached to the embassy at Florence, where, amongst scenes redolent with natural and classic beauty, he gathered fresh inspirations, and acquired new incentives to song. While residing in Tuscany he met and married Miss Birch, a beautiful and rich young Englishwoman, whom the muse had already made the poet’s in heart previous to their personal meeting. Lamartine resided for some time at Naples as secretary of embassy; and afterwards at London in the same capacity; and again in Tuscany as charge d’affaires; thus rising in wealth and political importance with remarkable rapidity, yet loving more and more his poetical reveries. In five years he had attained to a fame almost equal to that of Goethe or Byron, and he had risen from obscurity and comparative indigence to wealth. His wife’s large fortune had been increased considerably by that of the maternal uncle whose name he assumed, and his talents as a diplomatist had rendered him useful to the monarch. The Academy of Sciences received him, the fabourg St Germain received him, the court received him. He stood high in rank as a poet, a nobleman, and a diplomatist; still he was not satisfied. In 1829 Lamartine departed for Greece, as plenipotentiary; and in 1830 his commission and his king were both stripped of their authority by a revolution. The new government offered to continue him in his situation, but he refused to accept of it from them until he saw the issue of the Revolution. Destiny declared against the elder branch of the Bourbons, and Lamartine shook hands with them; he saw they were not for France—he was. He bade a kind farewell to legitimacy, and boldly shared the perils and trials of the Orleans experiment.

‘The past is but a dream,’ he said; ‘we must regret it; but we ought not to lose the day in weeping to no purpose. It is always lawful, always honourable for a man to share the unhappiness of others, though he ought not gratuitously to take part in a fault which he has not committed. He ought to return to the ranks of his fellow-citizens, to think, to speak, to act, to fight with his country—the family of families.’ This declaration was his voluntary act of proscription from the legitimist ranks. ‘Fellow-citizens!’ Strange term in the ears of men who wrote themselves fellow-subjects! ‘Country!’ ‘Family of families!’ His friends did not thank him for these words; and so they began to look suspiciously upon a man who could dare to be so independent. In 1830, then, M. Lamartine ceased to be shackled by either political traditions, prepossessions, or gratitude, and he began to follow his own track. After the elevation of Louis Philippe to the French throne, Lamartine offered himself as a candidate for the representation of Toulon and Dunkirk, but he was refused the suffrages of the electors, and was thus left to speculate, to examine, and to develop his views, without having the power of proposing them.

In 1832, M. Lamartine, with his wife and only remaining child, left Marseilles for the east; and after travelling for six months to that land of high heroic memories, of races, political systems, of poetry, and of religion, he returned to France, and presented his reflections and observations to the world in the form of a journal, entitled ‘Voyage en Orient.’ This book deserved a better reception than it obtained; it was condemned by the critics; but as professional criticism is almost nothing better than a formula, this work should be read to be judged. It is rich in style, full of transparent reflections, sparkling with poetry and beautiful descriptions of classical scenery. Lamartine is the historian and philosopher among the ruins of cities and nations, the poet, the worshipper in the valleys and on the mountains of the east. The undertaking was completely that of a poet and devotee. It was a romance of love mingled with love’s reality. ‘Oh I will build a

bonnie ship, and sail her on the sea,’ seems to be a universal poetical inspiration. Lamartine made it a reality. He hired a ship, a captain, and crew, to whom he could entrust the lives of his wife and child; he furnished a select library, and obtained the company of two friends—one his brother in soul, he who was always at his side when he felt his heaviest misfortunes, who watched by his pillow, who shared the griefs of his heart, who was to him the spirit of love incarnate—the other was a physician, who was not solicited to be his companion upon account of his professional talents, although these were great, but because of his capacities for companionship: he was loving, gentle, intelligent, and amiable, and therefore Lamartine rejoiced in having him as a friend and companion. The poet proceeded on his pilgrimage full of lofty anticipations, and these anticipations were realised. It had been a wish from childhood—from the time when he used to read that beautifully illustrated Bible on his mother’s knee—to visit the land of miracles and prophecy. A wish to roam by the quiet waters of Jordan; to pray, perhaps to weep, in Gethsemane; to pillow his bed upon his cloak beneath the palm that had curtained the head of Jacob; to read the law where it had been given in thunder; to reflect upon the Christian dogma where it had been purely taught and faithfully followed—this desire had grown with him, and now it was to be gratified. Arrived in Syria, Lamartine left his wife and child at Beyrout, and, dressed in eastern guise, accompanied by his friends, and escorted by a band of armed orientals, he set out upon his travels. The passport of Ibrahim Pacha procured him the friendship of the sheiks whom he visited, who, answering for his safety with their heads, led him through the pachalic from one scene of old renown to another. He stood upon the ashes of Sidon, whose sun had set even before that of antiquity had arisen; and he sat upon the Mount of Olives, which had looked upon revolutions of nations, races, and religions. Perhaps the most interesting and remarkable incident of his travels was his meeting with Lady Hester Stanhope. This eccentric woman lived at Djouni, in an old and isolated convent upon a hill, which she had repaired and transformed into a residence. The empire of the Queen of Palmyra was in its decadence when Lamartine was in the east; she was now poor, and her Arab subjects, true Beni Ismael, had ceased to visit her or to succumb to her, when they no longer felt the influence of her golden chains. She was now almost alone, positively rejecting the presence of her own relatives, reluctantly admitting the visits of Englishmen, and but seldom according the privilege of seeing her, with a good grace, to any European. Lamartine wrote to her in the very style likely to open her door. He was blunt, frank, and earnest, and he succeeded in obtaining a meeting. This half-mystic, half-philosophic being received him at once as a friend. She knew by secret sympathies, she said, that he and she were very near to each other in spiritual unity. She prophesied vast changes, and hinted at the progress of mighty destinies, which were revealed to her through an occult and almost lost science. ‘You should be a poet,’ said she to Lamartine, ‘and an aristocrat.’ ‘I am neither aristocrat nor democrat,’ replied her guest, ‘I am a man.’ ‘You were born under lucky stars,’ said the sybil; ‘your destiny is a lofty one. You shall play a noble part in the history of France and of mankind.’

Lamartine returned to Beyrout to find himself childless, and, at the same time, invested with a legislative commission by the electors of Dunkirk. His beautiful child—his last, his all, was gone. He wept over her untimely bier as a poet father only can weep; and with a heavy heart he returned to his native land.

In 1834 Lamartine made his debut as a parliamentary orator upon the discussion of the address; expectation was at its height; party looked curiously upon him; and everybody wondered to what section of politicians he would attach himself. He attached himself to none. He spoke for himself, and he was declared to be a mystic, an impracticable; he attempted the daring innovation of inoculating the icy, philosophic heart of practical legislation with

the warmth and fervour of poetry and Christian benevolence. Men who knew better what was what shrugged their shoulders, and grinned at him for his pains. Lamartine evolved a system of politics, or rather of moral regeneration for humanity, which is a poem—a system beautiful and consistent as a mathematical proposition, if it had only feet. It has wings tipped with the golden lustre of sunbeams, and dyed in the hues of heaven, but the crowd will toil and struggle through a hundred ages ere they reach its height. 'You say that all is dead,' says Lamartine to the German despondents, 'that there no longer exists either faith or belief. There does exist a faith, which is the general reason; the Word is its organ; the press is its apostle; it wishes to make in its image religions, civilisations, societies, and laws. It desires in religion God, one and perfect as the dogma; eternal morality as the symbol; adoration and charity as the worship; in politics, man above nationalities; in legislation, man equal to man—man as the brother of man—Christianity made law.' In short, the dream of Lamartine is that of the prophets of old, and the prophet-poets of all time. Although the ideas of Lamartine were far too enlarged for the narrow limits of a conventional speaking-chamber, he manfully did his part in the practical business of that assembly. In the ephemeral questions that were discussed session after session the poet could not appear great, because in these discussions there was not a great idea involved. Whenever it was requisite, however, to vindicate truth, morality, justice, and humanity, the heart, the intellect, and eloquence of Lamartine were enlisted in their cause. He stood alone in the Chamber of Deputies, yet, by his eloquence, his earnestness and his independence, he had invested himself with a dignity which was not eclipsed by the most brilliant reputation in France. Year after year he warned his country to combine all its elements in order to oppose the rapid tide of degradation and slavery. He established his 'Journal of Public Weal,' in order that one voice more might warn the nation; and he wrote his 'History of the Girondists,' in order to restore to the eyes of France what was beneficial in the Revolution of '89, and which had been extinguished and almost forgotten amidst the memories of its brutality, its frenzy, and its murders.

The Revolution of 1848 found Lamartine ready to enter its stream. His faith and courage have been tested as those of few men have been, and he has been found true to his profession, ready for and equal to every emergency, superior to every accident. Who can read without a thrill of horror, and then a glow of admiration, his position with the maniac Lagrange? This terrible man, whose reason had been unthroned by the events of the three days in February 1848, demanded of his colleagues a proscription. 'You shall not have it,' said Lamartine, calmly. 'Proscription and the guillotine!' cried the passionate and trembling Lagrange. All those who stood around him shrunk back; Lamartine alone confronted him. 'You are not a republican,' cried the madman, furiously; 'liberty demands the sacrifice of her enemies; and if you refuse to concede a proscription I will kill you.' 'I will not concede a proscription, and you dare not kill me,' was the calm reply. The friends of Lamartine trembled for his safety, yet they feared to move lest they should hasten the dreaded catastrophe. Lagrange looked the minister in the face, and their eyes met; the calm, steady, blue orbs of Lamartine quailed not, but those of Lagrange fell. 'You are not a republican, but I believe that you are an honest man,' said the maniac, as he retired, sat down at a table, and, laying his pistols before him, bent his head on his bosom. His weapons were immediately removed by a friend; and it was well that they were so; for immediately the disease which had succumbed before the restraining eye of Lamartine burst out with frenzied fury, and, howling like a wild beast, Lagrange tore the garments from his body, and the flesh from his bones. Lamartine is safe, and the man who threatened his life is the unfortunate inmate of a madhouse.

If Lamartine should die to-morrow, he has already lived to undying fame; he has made humanity his debtor; he has renovated the garments of liberty; he has expunged the

blood-stains of '89; and robed freedom anew in the raiment of fraternity and mercy. He has been derided in some quarters, and his proclamations have been subjected to a finical, verbal criticism. But let it be remembered that sneers can provoke a revolution, but cannot rule and combine its wild and centrifugal elements; and that if revolutions take place in fact, old standards of criticism can hardly be the correct measure of their symbols. If oratory, according to the definition of Pagnierre, is the art of moving and convincing, then Lamartine is not and yet is a great orator. In order to move and convince it is necessary that there be sympathy, and as in the chamber Lamartine could not find this attribute, he did not rank high as a parliamentary orator. He was said to have nothing impassioned, nothing of inspiration in his countenance, gestures, or voice when he spoke. He was cold, cautious, sententious, and impassable. He neither blazed nor burned. Yet there were periods when his soul would stir within him, and then from his trembling lips would issue words destined to animate the heart and live in it. With the people, however, Lamartine is an inspiration, and his recent election in Paris by nearly 300,000 voters, as well as by about twelve provincial departments, proves the estimation in which he is held by his countrymen.

Lamartine and France are now solving a problem, and interested humanity looks anxiously for that solution. If he fail in his purpose, it will not be for want of faith and courage. If he should do no more, he has already the glory of having rescued from the indignant vengeance of a triumphant people those men whom Louis Philippe had made the instruments of his policy.

In person, Lamartine is tall, straight, and superlatively handsome; and in countenance he is said to somewhat resemble Byron. There is the same symmetry of feature and beauty of expression, the same habits of elegance and dress. His massive neck is encircled by a loose black kerchief, and his collar is negligently laid over. His eyes are blue, intensely bright, and full of love, intellect, and courage. His hair curls round his high, open brow, and his style of wearing it is decidedly English. Indeed, in appearance he might easily pass for an Englishman. The part which Lamartine has taken in the Revolution has been purely philanthropic and disinterested. He is not a wild, reckless innovator, suffering under misrule and burning for change. He risks a magnificent fortune, and sacrifices ease, luxury, a lofty aristocratic name, and a sumptuous retinue, in his devotion to his faith. Wise, benevolent, prudent, and firm, he has stood nobly against rash aggression and intemperate zeal in the midst of a political whirlwind. He has inspired the timid with hope, the despairing with courage, and the intemperate with patience; the purity of his principles and the consistency of his morality have rendered him the model of the French sentiment. On a wild and raging sea of threatening, stormy men he has thrown the oil of his eloquence and the incense of his own faith, until the troubled mass of dangerous, surging elements of war have melted away in peace. We do not speak of Lamartine as a partisan, as a political philosopher; we speak of him as a man. In that unity he combines the philosopher, the poet, and the Christian; his philosophy is warmed and garmented in poetry, and both are quickened by his religious faith. He sees, he feels, and he acts.

Such is Lamartine; he may by many be considered erroneous in his views, unpractical as a poet, and fanatical in his faith, yet he is true to himself; and he who cannot believe him must believe of him, that the world does not at this moment, present upon its great and troubled stage of action a more honest or faithful man.

LIMNINGS OF SOCIAL LIFE.

GIBBIE GRUDGE:

AN ILLUSTRATION OF 'ILL GOTTEN, ILL GONE.'

It was a bright balmy morning in a spring time of fifty years since. The dewdrops quivered on the meadow grass and sparkled on the fen, as if the stars of overnight had distilled their essence on the earth. The matin hymn of

the lark rose loud and clear above the pipe of all other feathered songsters, but not more sweet or joyous than the voices of the redbreast from the cottage roof, or the linnet from the spray. The lazy smoke of the village hung midway in the heavens, and finally, dissolving into ether, disappeared. Too early yet to hear the clang of hammers from the smithy, or the roystering of voices in the workshop, or the song of maidens spreading snowy homespun on the village-green beside the stream, or the rumbling of the cart along the highway, the only voices from the crowd were those of the noisy rooks on high tree-tops, already doing parental duty for clamorous families. No factory-walls, grisly and grim, in portentous significance to poor humanity, were reared up then in our village, and no shivering wretched beings hurried yet early forth to obey the mandate of a bell which never rung a merry peal. A sense of quiet peace and pleasantness filled the soul as you looked down upon the scene, unbroken by the sad mementoes of misery that now too often chequer the fairest landscape. But why, on such a morning, should the habitation of Isaac Grudge wear such a solemn Sunday look—why feet step noiselessly to and fro, and visages, elongated with coming tidings, peer out at doors to other visages—heads waggle meaningly, and eyes wink to each other—and a podgy little woman, not the mistress of the house, order every one about to do her bidding, with many a shrug and shaking of the hand, and be withal so alertly obeyed? And why did Isaac's lank figure make its appearance, an hour later, nervous-like and shaky? and, being captured on a doorway by the podgy figure aforesaid, why dragged into a half-darkened room, with a—'Come awa, Isaac, man. Ye'se be a happy cheil' this day. Jist luik at thae twa breathin' pictures o' yoursel' in the cradle there.'

'Twa!' echoed Isaac.

'Aye, twa! Gude luik seldom comes single, man.'

'Misfortune's lucky,' grumbled Isaac, walking to the window, and rubbing his nose against it.

'Heard ever onybody the like o' that? You a thankful parent!' exclaimed the indignant accoucheur. 'Is that a face to welcome sic a morning's fortune as this wi', instead o' being grateful for the blessing?'

'It's jist ower big a blessing,' muttered Isaac, still flattening his nose on the glass; 'it'll harry us oot o' house an' ha'.'

'Isaac,' said a feeble voice from a bed, 'speak here.'

The father walked doggedly across to the spot, and bent down an ear.

'Don't be churlish this morning, gudeman,' continued the voice. 'Heaven forgie ye if ye hae ony sic sinfu' feelin'. Stoop down and kiss the innocents, your ain flesh, in the cradle there, an' pray ye may be able to do a father's part by them.'

Isaac still hesitated.

'Hearken, Isaac,' continued the wife. 'I ken the burden's like to be a heavy ane, an' may be hard enough to bear; but God, wha sends a burden, sends aye strength to carry it. Hearken. Sister Anne has offered to tak' care o' ane, gin ye think ye'll pairt wi't; look down, then, an' say whilk she will get.'

Isaac looked down long and narrowly, kissed them both, and returned them to their bed. With a tearful eye, he turned to his wife. 'Wow, Meg,' said he, 'we maun e'en keep them baith. I canna thole to pairt wi' either.'

One of the sleeping cherubs in the cradle is our future hero. The other bud never blossomed; it faded in the first frost of spring, drooped, and died.

Isaac Grudge was a niggardly, saving, scratching-together sort of man, with no main chance in his life, but gathering up the scraps and gleanings on the wayside of it. He deducted a shilling wherever he could, luxuriated in the doctrine that farthings are the seeds of pounds, believed in a pin a day being a groat a year, and had a comprehensive faith in the saving of a penny being the gaining of twopence. Yet he wasn't altogether a miser—was only a hard, griping, small farmer—could do, and sometimes did a generous action—loving money more for the honour

proverb, 'The hand of the diligent man maketh rich.' He duly instilled, both by example and precept, his principles into his child, as that child grew up, the result whereof verified another saw about an old cock crowing and young one learning. Gilbert, or Gibbie, the hopeful son and heir, from blubberly infancy, sprouted up into a long lank adolescence, noticeable chiefly for disproportionate knees and elbow joints of calf-like tendency, a general raw redness of fists, shortness of trousers and jacket-sleeves. 'The child is father of the man,' and even at this schoolboy age Gibbie began to bear the first fruits of the future harvest. From traffic in marbles, pigeons, rabbits, tops, hoops, balls, and the like, of which he always possessed a considerable stock, he gradually advanced to accommodating of schoolmates with coppers, at premiums of exorbitant extent. Did a class-fellow wish to purchase a pistol, a dog, a toy, or even gingerbread, or any other of those articles which schoolboys develop a taste for, and not being possessed of the needful, application to Gibbie was sure to meet with consideration, and the unfortunate wisher's desire gratified at a future alarming cost. One and all of these matters we can only summarily make reference to, taking his history up at maturer age. Gibbie, then, grew to manhood, physically speaking, and his early principles grew with him, as seeds in a fruitful soil do, deep-rooted and diffusive. Parental example and precept were duly being verified in his practice—illuminated by his life. Old Isaac helped him to stock a farm, and gave him of his means and substance to set it working; and now, free from constraint, all Gibbie's dormant qualities began to flow in a natural channel; his faculties, hitherto kept torpid, often from lack of room for exercise, began to operate in a lively manner. He got acquainted with all the needy farmers in the neighbourhood, and small dealers in straitened circumstances—bought stock and grain from them—anything, in fact, saleable—made a virtue of necessity on their side. He did not hesitate even to oblige a needy customer by discounting a bill, when stock to the value was placed under his control, and in this and many similar ways money began to flow into his pockets. Money, money, was the god of his heart's worship. He fawned, cringed, coaxed, flattered, ground down, and oppressed to gain it. Let a man be thoroughly in earnest in any pursuit, he will succeed in it. Gibbie succeeded—and the blessed effects of it! For love of gold he refused his parents a home—the father had met with bankruptcy in consequence of some unsuccessful speculations. He tried even to get them on the parish, but did not succeed. He was followed with the anathemas of the widow and orphan, and the poor pale faces of children robbed of their birthright haunted his track. At home he starved his servants with cold and hunger, and starved himself to boot. He got married—any man wishing marriage may succeed also. His courtship was not unique—an everyday tale. A certain damsel, past the heyday of girlhood, had succeeded to about three thousand pounds, which Gibbie smelt as crows do carrion. He went to see her, did the amiable as he best could—wooed, won her, and took her to his home. In this there was little more than 'vanity fair' daily sees. Fifty men and women out of every hundred enter into the most solemn alliance, do the most momentous act of life, either as a merry joke, or matter of pure bargain and sale. Passion at times, at others whim, covetousness, and sometimes spleen, oftener than all selfishness, knit the bonds of matrimony, making one flesh of the most incongruous materials. Gibbie married for money—his mistress for a husband and a name. She found the name no blessing, however, and the husband no boon. She did not and could not live long in peace with him—they separated. After repeatedly making a new attempt, and being persuaded anew to try her home—worn, vexed, and heart-sore, her friends weary of her, her husband hating her—she, although she had ever been as dutiful as wife could be in such a manner got, scorned and scowled upon, no lip to welcome or smile to greet her, at home or abroad, took sick one week and died. She was buried; the red eyes of two clowns, the only domestics,

earth close above her, and on his way home concluded a purchase of half a dozen old horses, which he meant to fatten a little and re-sell.

No man pursues a downward course of sin or passion without some guardian angel's tears being dropped over him, and many admonitions gently given him. One spirit, at least, mourned over Gibbie—his mother's. Who can tell the pangs that agonised her heart during the latter days of her existence? Her husband dead; her son destitute of every spark of filial love, cold and remorseless. She felt

'How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child.'

He grumbly doled out a small pittance to her weekly, and kept her in the garret-room of an old house he had purchased; more than once, as we know, he made little secret of the burden she was on him. Oh, how the love of gold corrodes the soul, and petrifies every drop of warm blood encircling the heart! How it warps and twines itself around man's conscience, envenoming all his thoughts and acts with deadly leprosy, numbing every nobler dictate of nature!

'Son,' said the mother one day when he visited her—'son, I have a right to speak my mind to you. I am your mother—an old woman now, with my shadow over my grave; but my words are a' the mair true, that there's naught to prompt a falsehood.'

'You're aye croaking, woman, aboot some cursed nonsense,' growled Gibbie; 'what's in the wind noo?'

'Gibbie, there's a curse written on ye—over ye—though I, your mother, tell ye. I'm a dying woman, but heed ye my words. A' ye've got or gathered in this world winna bless ye, or bring a glimpse o' pleasure to your soul. A' ye may yet get an' gather will bring a malison. Better every coin was a drop o' molten lead, every note a scorpion, than the doom they'll write over ye. Your faither gained necht by a' his griping and scraping; you—you—oh, that a mother should see bode o' a son!—will lose in darkness that ye hae gained in licht.'

'What a confounded old fool ye are, woman, to talk such stuff.'

'That may be, Gibbie, but a sorrowfu' fool nevertheless. Hearken to me—mark my words—they're the last ye'll hear frae the mother that bore ye, watched over ye, and now prays for ye in your folly and madness—an' they're not mine alone, they're God's words—hearken! 'When lust hath conceived it bringeth forth sin, and sin bringeth forth death.'

From that day forth she sat in a state of dull stupor, with fixed unmeaning eye, speaking to no one, and heedless of all around her. The spirit of life lay hushed and calm within her; its great work was done; it lingered only over the threshold of its home, then took flight, and left that home in darkness.

What feelings animated the heart of Gibbie at the death of his parent we know not; but soon after, now that this last and only check upon him was removed—for she had ever by word and counsel acted as a barrier in the way of much petty meanness—he gradually sunk to a deeper depth of penurious folly. He became also suspicious and distrustful of every one. A shadow of fear pursued him in all his dealings, and a doubt of safety haunted his mind. Your lowest order of miser, of which Gibbie was one—there are several orders, as we may hereafter show—is almost invariably overreached by his own terrors. His idol is a god so precious that he cannot find a place sufficiently secure for its protection. His desire is continually towards and with it, but he knows it cannot protect him and he cannot protect it. Oh, how human wit and wisdom are lavished on the *penates* of men's households, and how hearts are sacrificed at their shrine! yet how feeble and worthless is their blessing, and how pitiful their honours! Gibbie gave up his farm after some struggle; he found it did not pay him; his system of cropping and tending was far behind the age, and no reason could influence him to spend money upon the soil. Besides, he distrusted his servants, and starved them; and they forsook him, till his reputation

became so notorious that no man would engage with him. After quitting the farm, he took a small cottage not far distant, with a bit of ground attached, and tenanted it, in company with an old woman who had followed his fortunes for several years. Here he lived in solitude; no friend or relative ever visited him; not many dared, in fact, to visit, for a ferocious bull-dog, lying ever in ambush at the door, rendered such a ceremony by no means pleasant. Here he lived in a miserable seclusion, filthy, and ragged, and unshaven, but withal in a complete reserve of communicativeness with the outer world. In the village, even the most ardent gossip knew nothing of his proceedings. The old woman, known by the village children as the 'deaf owl,' came daily to the butcher's stall for a few odd scraps of meat, sometimes, though rarely, visited the baker's, paid for what she got, and answered no questions. Gibbie was rarely seen out of the precincts of his own garden, save when visiting his tenants in the village, or making a bargain in the bar-room of the 'Bishop's Head' with some unfortunate, at whose expense the liquor was always consumed. Many reports were afloat in the village concerning his wealth. It was known he had long ago withdrawn his cash from the bank—known that he would receive no paper money, and paid in none. Rumour, that falsifier and magnifier of all things, said that in his garden, deep beneath the soil, Gibbie had stored in iron boxes heaps of gold, and more of it lay secure in an old blue chest kept in his house, one of the very few articles it contained in the form of furniture; but many more, who knew nothing at all of the facts, disapprovingly, and with a very knowing look, nodded their heads at rumours, as if they knew much better than that. Time passed, however, and sowed his grey hairs and furrows on the head and face of Gibbie, and frosted his heart and soul all the harder as the evening of his days drew on.

He sat alone, one cold wet night, in that solitary dwelling of his. His housekeeper had gone to bed, as was her wont, when the light of day had withdrawn. Without, all was cheerless: the mournful wind sighed and whistled, the heavy drops of rain pattered from the roof down into the pools beneath, and came in fitful gusts against the window. Within, the dull ticking of an old clock, grim with age, ushered moments into birth and death in its corner, and the roaring of the wind in the chimney formed the music of the miser's home. He sat close by the side of the decaying embers of a fire, upon an old blue chest, the only seat visible, conning over the pages of an account-book, and muttering aloud the various expressions of his mind.

'Let me see—aye, Nathan Huntly, gane wi' a year's arrears to America—a clear loss o' five pound. That villain snapped his fingers at me, an' bade me try my best; he got aff Scot free. Oh, how they'd rob the suld man, an' glory in't! Widow Morris—five, seven, twa!', and interest due; her furniture's worth that yet. Humph! John Gow—another black loss—the scoundrel. Hush, Caesar! lie down there.' The command was addressed to a bull-dog, which had uttered a long low whine from some corner of the apartment. 'I wonder what mak's that dog see uneasy the night.' A gurr-gurring, choking sound, unlike anything natural, was Caesar's reply. 'Come here—come here, poor fellow!' said Gibbie, quickly, a little alarmed. Caesar stirred not. Gibbie walked forward to a corner, and administered a kick to the animal; it never moved. He caught it, dragged it forward with an oath; it rolled over on its side—dead. Fear smote its master's heart; it beat almost as loudly as the clock, and a cold sweat broke on his brow. A vague indefinable sensation of something terrible brooding over him chilled his blood. He looked again at the dog tremblingly: its eyes protruded, and its tongue, swollen and black, lolled out of its mouth. Shudderingly he withdrew his eye, and crouched closer to the fire: it glared up a moment briskly, and shot a spark of coal out at him. A superstition of infancy crowded dimly upon his mind. He wished himself away—would go to awaken the old woman—even she was joyful company—but he dreaded to look at the darkness behind him.

Who had done this to his dog, and what did it mean to him? It couldn't be—no, no—who would seek to harm him? That assurance didn't calm him. There was a dread of death over him, which conscience made him cower and tremble to. A noise—a cry—a crash in the other end of the house, made him leap to his feet. He was about to scream aloud, when a hand clutched him by the throat, and a darkened face fronted him.

'Come, old fellow, you know what we want. No gammon, now—show us where your shiners are.'

'Mercy—mercy, good sir! What would ye wi' a pair auld man?' and Gibbie fell on his knees and bellowed.

'Stop that ulloo, or I'll send a bullet through your skull,' said the voice, hoarsely. 'Show us where your cash is at once.'

'I'm poor—poor; I've no money—no money. Oh, pity me! I've nothing, gentlemen, nothing!'

'Gag him, and that'll stop his jaw,' said another voice. 'We'll search a while ourselves first.'

Like a tiger, Gibbie fought and struggled with the burglar, but in vain. His hands and feet were fastened, a lump of wood forced into his mouth, and, with a kick, he was pitched into a corner. He tried to roll himself in the way of the thieves, to obstruct them in their search. With what agony who can tell, he saw plank after plank of the floor lifted, and hoards, mouldy with age, brought to light—the old chest torn open, and its treasures rifled—the very roof pulled away in pieces in the search! He struggled, and flung his body up into the air in the intensity of his excitement; his eyes were almost starting from their sockets, his joints and bones cracked with his efforts, and the blood spouted from his nostrils. In an hour the robbers had completed their object, and departed, leaving the ruin of their work behind, in the broken flooring, the torn rafters, and smashed chest and press, and the occupant, now still and quiet, in a corner.

The sun had travelled far next day ere any discovery of the outrage was made. Some schoolboys passing, with schoolboy curiosity, happened to see the door open, and looked in. They saw enough to frighten them, and hurried off with the tidings. Soon a few neighbours gathered, and went up to the cottage, followed by a great crowd of children, to ascertain what was wrong. On entering, they found the old woman lying bound in one end, gagged, and severely wounded on the head; Gibbie in the other, as the thieves had left him, and the whole place in the condition we have described. They lifted him up, loosed his bonds, and placed him on a seat. He began to revive from his stupor, and broke into a laugh that frightened the hearers.

'Ha! ha! ha!' shouted he, 'they thoct to hae my gowd, did they? He's a deep ane—a deep ane—a deep ane. That'll do, Gibbie—ha! ha! ha! Let mesee; three and four, interest at five per cent. compound, mak's—what dis't mak'? Ha! ha! ha! I'm poor, gentlemen, very poor,' supplicated he, in another tone. 'Oh, spare a pair auld man wha never harmed ye! I've nae gowd—nae money; it's a lie, whae'er said it.' Then he gibbered away at some snatch of an old song, and burst again into a peal of screeching laughter horrible to hear. Gibbie was mad. The stage was darkened ere the curtain fell, and the light of reason never dawned again upon it.

The old woman told what she remembered of the authors of the robbery, but they had done their work effectively. No trace was ever discovered of them, and whatever of Gibbie's wealth they left, remained undiscovered.

Years later, a poor, miserable, filthy figure of a man used to go shuffling along the highway, half-doubled to the earth, muttering and laughing to himself as he passed on, stooping to pick up straws, bits of paper, and pins, or any trifle he could carry that attracted his eye. How he lived no one could tell—none seemed to care to know. Men and women avoided him; children ceased from their play as he came in sight—their laughter was stilled—they ran in little groups into corners till he passed—they uttered no shout after him, nor ever ran to look at him, but whispered often to one another, in hushed voice, 'That's Gibbie Grudge the miser.'

MUSIC AND EDUCATION.*

POETRY and painting may be termed the media through which the British sense of the beautiful has been most successfully developed. But of music we almost literally know nothing; we have been cultivating the more masculine properties of intellect to the neglect of the more refining; and one result of this is, that the British schools of both poetry and painting are notoriously destitute of harmony. On the Continent, however—where despotism had succeeded in subduing the verbal expression of thought, and where painting dared not reveal to the eyes the images of liberty that were fain to spring from the pencil of Italian youths, or of reflective Germans, who thought and knew but dared not speak—the higher sentiments found a voice in music. The republican Beethoven could make the chords of his piano speak a soul-language that told its tale to German hearts, and made them thrill with sympathy in spite of all the jealousy of despotism; and by his vehicle, which the rulers vainly thought addressed no ordinate language to men, and which they therefore tolerated and even encouraged, there is no doubt that the German mind has been educated to love the liberty so energetically demanded and won at this moment in almost every state.

Dr Mainzer's book is an attempt to rescue music from the utter neglect under which it seems to exist in Britain, and to elevate it into the position of an universal educational necessity; and if high talent, learning, earnestness, and research, were capable of accomplishing his object, he has certainly brought all these to bear upon his subject; while a deep knowledge of that subject itself, and a fine appreciation of its capabilities, certainly render him peculiarly fitted to discuss it. Dr Mainzer traces the origin of music from nature, and contends that no nation can pretend to its discovery, any more than it could pretend to have first observed the sighing of the west wind. The savage, who hears in the wilderness the tinkling of the rill or the murmuring of the wind, and stands still to listen with smiling face and uplifted hand, has had his first lesson in music, and the subsequent modifications and combinations of sound are the result of his sense requiring a more highly expressive and normal musical language. He discusses the question in relation to the science of acoustics, enters into an elaborate examination of the invention of instruments and the state of music among several people, and then presents us with a comprehensive view of the estimation in which this art was held among the nations and philosophers of antiquity. After tracing the history of music in the British isles, and showing the extent to which it was cultivated amongst the meanest of the people, and its influence upon their affections and manners, the doctor concludes those more familiar researches with these allusions and reflections:

'We have met with incontestable facts, proving that music has as favourable a soil in Great Britain and Ireland, as elsewhere. Without the annals of past centuries, however, such an assertion would find an unbelieving ear. The present state of this neglected art (in Scotland at least) is so destitute, that without the faith in the universality of music, and without a glance into the history of past ages, it would be too great a stretch of imagination to believe that music ever was a popular art, far less to such a fabulous extent; for out of hearing of the concert-rooms and theatres, we stand, in regard to music, in a land of exile; we tread the ground of a cemetery. We ask in vain for the schools, the choirs, the works and masters of former days. A misunderstood piety has carried them to the grave. A gift that Providence found worthy of giving to man, should have been found worthy of preserving; but it is not so. Silence surrounds us on every side; the children are silent in the schools; silent is the united multitude in churches, or if they raise their voices and mean to sing, it is in a style compared with which the singing of a Moravian congregation of the Hot-

tantots would appear as a choir of angels. The teacher of the people in the church, and the teacher of the people in the school, have not felt the absence of this heavenly art of sound within their walls. Instead of seeking it above their horizon, as a sublime power to open the heart and the understanding, they seek it in the lower regions, and look down upon it, from their imaginary throne of superiority, as upon a lovely woman, both the mother and the victim of debauchery and seduction. Yes, it is far in space and time, from the shriek of the engine-whistle to the simple and sublime chants, the sacred musical inspirations of the fathers of the church; it is far away from the Forth and the Tweed to that dwelling in Wittenberg, where a Mathesius, a Melancthon, and a Luther passed half nights in singing mottets, and the *dulces exuviae*, the last words of Virgil's *Dido*. It is a long time from our days to those of Zuinglius, who could sing and play, and nevertheless, could speak as a Demosthenes, and die upon the field of battle. If history tells us that music may be a luxuriant plant of the British soil, these men teach us that music is also a religious art; that it is a sacred legacy of the fathers of Christianity, and of the founders of the Reformation; a legacy which, in the hands of those who should be its guardian priests, instead of being watched and guided, cultivated with zeal, with care and jealousy, has been allowed to sink deeper and deeper, more and more neglected in church and school, and more and more deprived of all its sacred attributes. How well would the words of Zuinglius be applied to his misled, his degenerated followers! 'If thou knewest what music is, the evil spirit of ambition, power, and controversy, the demon of riches, luxury, and avarice, would instantly be driven out of thee.' What a terrible sentence must, to their ear, appear the words of the energetic and learned author of the Reformation, when he says: 'I do not think that through the Scriptures all fine arts should be condemned, as many would-be theologians do: I want to see the arts, especially that of music, in the service of Him who has given and created it.' Therefore he mentions: 'Children must learn to sing, and teachers must be able to teach it. Music stands nearest to divinity! . . . I would not give the little I know for all the treasures of the world! She is my shield in combat and adversity, my friend and companion in moments of joy, my comforter and refuge in those of despondency and solitude.'

The mere capacity of strumming upon a guitar or piano, is not, according to our sense, musical education; and Dr Mainzer, with a jealous regard for the reputation of his art, is careful to claim for successful education in music the existence of musical sympathy. That is not music which young ladies emit in the form of gallopades and battles of Prague; there must be feeling, or the soul of music is not there.

Referring to music in its relation to health, he shows how admirably adapted it is to add to the physical as well as moral elevation of the people. In England, the public seems to be far in advance of the Scottish community in the cultivation of this beautiful and humanising science, and yet it is no partial idea arising from the spirit of nationality, when we declare that we ought to be more peculiarly a musical people than they. Our history is more continent of sorrows and triumphs than that of England. These sorrows and triumphs expressed, as they are, in 'thoughts that breathe and words that burn,' why have they never been embodied in high spiritualised music? Or rather, why is the glorious music of Scotland almost jostled out of the land by meaningless importations that tickle the ear but produce no emotion? Certainly not because we are reaching a higher state of music, but just because we are losing and neglecting what we have.

Dr Mainzer does not wish us to go abroad to find the spirit of this art, but to look within—to examine our own emotional capacities, and to give them educated expression. The volume is addressed to the members of the Educational Institute of Scotland, and the dedication is a very handsome tribute, indeed, to their enlightenment and to their high character as a corporation of erudite men.

The author is a native of Germany, and might have been supposed deficient in the skillful use of our language as a vehicle of expression; yet, as a mere literary composition, independent of its scholarly attributes, this work is worthy of high commendation; the most complicated and poetical of thoughts are expressed in the most beautiful and fluent language. If anything extrinsic can elevate music in the estimation of thoughtful men who are even incapable of appreciating its essential beauties, it must be the publication of such works as that now under our notice, which will well repay a careful study of its contents.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

VOICES OF THE WAVES.

By the brink of ocean fell
The glory of a summer eve,
Such as that where spirits dwell
When this changeful earth they leave.
Ever in song the waves were keeping,
Singing the winds' low lullabies;
And on the beach wild flowers were sleeping,
Or, waked up by the gentle breeze,
Softly upon their slumbers creeping,
Told all its summer mysteries.
Even then a voice, like that which lingers
A moment round some tuneful lute
But lately touch'd by minstrel fingers,
Or like the breathings of a flute,
Or tinkle of a sheepfold bell,
Upon my ear in murmurs fell:

'Merry, ever merry,
On the sounding sea,
Merry, ever merry,
In its depths are we!
Swinging on the far waves
Chapleted with foam,
Or banqueting in spar caves—
The ocean is our home;
And a lovelier home than the deep, deep sea
There is not in the wide world's boundary.
When the sun is up and the smooth sands glow
Then away to shadowy grotts we go;
And at night, when the nautilus spreads his sail,
And his bark with the breeze is reeling,

We sit on the spars,
And watch the stars
In their viewless orbits wheeling.
When mortals hear soft music ringing
From the bosom of a shell,
An ocean perl then is singing
Sweetly in its inmost cell.
When the western light is dying,
And the winds are gone to rest,
In a filmy foam-bell lying—
Say, what spirit is more blest?
Fays of earth, I ween your flowers
Are not more bright than those of ours,
That, from gaze of mortal hid,
Wave the coral trees amid.

With the green sea for a sky
To the seaweed groves we lie
To hold our noontide revelry;
And when the gloom of midnight falls,
The phosphorus beam,
With meteor gleam,
Is the lamp that lights our festal halls;
And sure the turf, though fresh and green,
Hath not half such wondrous sheen.
As the floors whereon we dance,
Where pearl beads glisten and diamonds glance.—
Spirits of earth, your home is fair,
But the charms of ocean are not less rare,
For there's beauty and loveliness everywhere.'
I sigh'd when the dear voice was gone,
So truthful did its teaching seem,
And sorrow'd, as the night came on,
To know 'twas but a twilight dream.

NEW DISCOVERIES ON THE TOPOGRAPHY OF JERUSALEM.

THE most interesting question in the topography of the whole earth's surface undoubtedly is that relating to the site of ancient Jerusalem, and the various localities in and around it which are mentioned in the Old and New Scriptures. But, while the most interesting, it is also the most difficult point of the kind which the traveller, the scholar, and the antiquary have ever had, or perhaps can have to encounter, in the entire range of their toils and researches. This circumstance is on the whole little to be wondered at, considering the venerable age of the capital of the Jews, and the numerous and momentous vicissitudes which it has undergone. The period of its annals to which Christians naturally look back with the deepest interest is, of course, the epoch of the events of the life of the Saviour; and, even since that time only, the destructive assaults of the Romans and the Mahomedans, followed as the aggressions of the latter were by the multiplied disturbing incidents of the Crusades, would of themselves have sufficed to raise no slight obstacles to the recognition of the ancient city of David, and the cradle of the faith of Christendom. Serious doubts have long existed, accordingly, as to the authenticity of the assumed modern representatives of spots and edifices named in Scripture, and rendered memorable by the scenes which they witnessed; and these serious doubts have ever derived double weight from the character of the Greek priesthood, to whose charge, clerically, 'Christian' Jerusalem has for many centuries been committed, and whose glaring disregard for veracity at the present day gives us a most ominous idea of what they would venture upon in more barbarous and less scrutinising times. Even very recent visitors, though casting aside all dependence on the stories of the Greek clergy, have felt the task of determining the mere site of the old city itself, not to speak of its detailed localities, to be one of surpassing difficulty. A light has at length broken in upon the subject, nevertheless, rather in a strange way; and to this point we now propose to devote some space.

All the Christian visitors to Jerusalem, from time immemorial, had found it impossible to enter *one* occupied enclosure connected with the city, or, on attempting to do so, had been put to death. We allude to the enclosure called that of the Mosque of Omar, or more usually styled the court of the Harem el Sherif. The ground so designated and tenanted, according to all authorities, constitutes the very site of the temple of Herod, or that which he rebuilt on the foundations of the older one, and which was 'the Temple' of our Saviour's days. However, in 1838, Mr Catherwood the artist ventured to penetrate into the court in the guise of a Mussulman; and, though endangered in consequence, he was not only saved by the governor of the city, but allowed afterwards to delineate the whole details of the structure leisurely, and without molestation. His sketches were primarily intended and used for Burford's panorama, but fell in time into the hands of Mr James Fergusson, F.R.A.S., the author of many able works on ancient architecture, who found in them matter of such deep interest as to lead him to found thereon certain views, relative to the topography of ancient and modern Jerusalem, utterly subversive of all the leading ones hitherto entertained on the subject. More particularly do Mr Fergusson's conclusions affect the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, or the structure bearing that name at this day, as professedly raised by the Emperor Constantine over the burial-place of Christ. The genuineness of this alleged site of the holy sepulchre has always been a *vexata questio* throughout Christendom. The labours of Mr Fergusson are not only directed to the demolition of its pretensions in this respect, but tend also to take from it the very credit of being the church of Constantine at all. We do not say that he is beyond all doubt successful in his showings; but, what with the almost fatal objections otherwise admissible against the claims of the received church of the sepulchre, and the evidence brought forward by him in support of his new conjecture, there is certainly a very strong case made out,

in toto, by Mr Fergusson: Our own sketch of the subject may demonstrate this to be the truth, though we must treat the case with as much brevity as possible.

Ancient Jerusalem is described as having been reared on two hills—Zion on the south, and Acra on the north—with a valley between them; while a third eminence, Mount Moriah, is said to have overhung the deep vale of Jehosaphat, lying on the eastern side. The modern visitor is amazed, however, to find the city planted now wholly on a single slope or ridge, running northwards and southwards, and rising on the south into a sort of terminative inland promontory, the whole ridge being not unlike the site of old Edinburgh and its castle, but sloping from the north, and much more flat, with a height of only about two hundred feet at the southern extremity. The northern end of the ridge merges in the adjoining table-lands or uplands. The deep vale of Jehosaphat is easily recognised along the east of the ridge; while the triple-summitted Mount of Olives is seen still further to the east or north-east, divided from the city by the said vale. On the western side of the city-ridge, again, is the lateral valley of Hinnom, which is continued round the southern promontory, and opens into the vale of Jehosaphat, much as the ravines of the Nor' Loch and Cowgate may be said to unite behind the castle of Edinburgh. Another marked object and locality is a terraced platform overhanging the Jehosaphat vale, and occupied by what is styled the Mosque of Omar, being the unquestioned Mount Moriah, on which stood the famous temple or temples of other days. Add to all this, that the modern city, in whole approaching to the form of a square, lies entirely on the northern and eastern sides of the ridge, and a pretty accurate idea may then be formed of the immediate localities of modern Jerusalem.

But where are the two hills, Zion and Acra, on which stood the old city, according to Josephus and others, and which were divided by a valley called the Tyropeon, or Vale of the Cheesemakers? This point has proved a sore stumbling-block to the moderns. The whole city-ridge has been laboriously searched to find the *traces*, at least, of a ravine intersecting it from east to west, but to no satisfactory purpose. Hence, Clarke and Buckingham have boldly gone out of the city altogether, and chosen as their Zion a lofty hill to the south, called the Hill of Offence, and which is separated from the city by the transverse or terminating portion of the vale of Hinnom. The main pillar of this theory of the site of Zion is its seeming correspondence with the accounts of the enormous capacity of the ancient city for holding human beings and cattle, not less than 1,100,000 persons, it is said, having been slain when it was besieged by Titus, and 255,000 lambs having been offered in sacrifice at once on Easter-day. But the objections to the theory are otherwise utterly insurmountable, and we conceive that we shall offend no one by saying, that any argument, resting mainly or merely on the numerical computations of Josephus, is based on but a sandy foundation. It is not that the computations are usually to be viewed as false or even very erroneous—though Josephus proves at times his exaggerations by his contradictions—but the fact seems to be, that we yet do not understand clearly the arrangements and varieties of the Jewish numerals and measures. As remarked, the arguments otherwise for not accepting the present wild and completely desolate Hill of Offence as the true Zion, are numerous and insuperable; and we must therefore look for both Zion and Acra elsewhere. Unless we err much, the explanation of Mr Fergusson will not be unsatisfactory to many readers, though it may chance to displease others, from its being founded on a grievous diminution of the *external* and *material* bulk and grandeur of Mounts Zion and Acra, as well as of the antique city itself.

These remarks on the aspect of Jerusalem, and the difficulty of reconciling visible facts with ancient records, were indispensable to a proper comprehension of Mr Fergusson's novel views on Mount Zion, the Sepulchre, and the Church of the Sepulchre. The building called by the latter name, and said to be the work of Constantine, stands within the city, and not very far from its actual centre. As Calvary

(which has always been fixed without the city) is pointed out as standing within one and the same area with the Holy Sepulchre, this central and level position seems quite unintelligible at the first glance. But it is on the authenticity of the alleged sepulchre itself that the question mainly rests, and to this point we shall first direct attention. Constantine is declared to have discovered the sepulchre, as assuredly he built his church, nearly three centuries after Christ. At what precise time any falsification of its true site did or could take place is not easily settled, though it certainly did not occur before the visit of Omar and his followers, however quickly or slowly it might follow afterwards. Previously to any change, as it happily chanced, a learned Bishop of Gaul of the seventh century, by name Arculf, was cast on the western isles of Scotland on his way home from a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and communicated to the Abbot Adamnan of Iona a detailed account of the Holy City of that day. The original MS. notes taken down by the learned abbot from that verbal account are yet in existence, and printed copies were thrown off in Germany in 1619. Let us see how Arculf's description of the sepulchre accords with the main features of the present assumed one. Adamnan thus reports his visitor's statement:—'In the middle space of this inner round church [the Mosque of Omar is essentially though *octagonally circular*] there is a rotund edifice, cut all out of one and the same rock, wherein three times three men can stand and pray; and from the top of the head of a man of moderate stature, standing up, to the vault of that little house, is a foot and a half in measure. The entrance looks to the east. . . In the northern part of this hut, in the inside, is the sepulchre of our Lord, cut out of the same rock; but the floor of the hut is lower than the place of the sepulchre. This Arculf, who often frequented the sepulchre of our Lord, informed me.'

Adamnan then proceeds more specially:—'As to the colour of that rock out of which that often-mentioned tabernacle has been hollowed by the irons of the stone-cutters, and which has our Lord's sepulchre in its northern part, cut out of one and the same rock, and which is the monument or hut above mentioned, Arculf, in answer to my inquiries, told me that that edifice of our Lord's sepulchre, not being covered with any decoration inside, even to this day *shows throughout the whole of its cavity the tracks of the tools which the stone-cutters or excavators used in that work; but that the colour of that same rock of the sepulchre and monument was not uniform, but appeared mixed and of two colours, to wit, red and white, so that the said rock is of a piebald colour.*'

Let the reader now peruse, and contrast with the preceding, the account given by Wilde of the pretended sepulchre and cave of the present day:—'The sepulchre within is a square chamber, six feet nine inches every way; open at the top. On the right-hand side an oblong slab of bluish white marble, raised two feet above the floor, is supported by another upright one of a similar form. The upper horizontal flag was cracked across the centre in the fire of 1808, and it has been actually worn down by the kisses of the many thousands of pilgrims, &c. Within this coating is said to be the actual soros or trough in which the body of the Saviour was laid; and, to prevent its being chipped, carried off as relics, or kissed away, this marble was erected. Our party of five just filled the space in this crypt unoccupied by the tomb. Although the top is evidently of modern construction, *the sides of the door, as well as the part above it, are hewn of out solid grey limestone rock, which is here distinctly to be seen.*'

Thus the modern cave appears most certainly not to bear the marks of the cave of Arculf, differing from it in form, colour, capacity, and peculiarities of site. The first is square, the other was rotund; the one is six feet nine inches in diameter, the other measured about twelve feet; the one can hold but four or five, while the other easily held nine persons, even when freely scattered, we may presume, for private prayer; the one is of grey limestone, the other was of mottled red and white stone. In short, this comparison of descriptions tends strongly to show the received

modern sepulchre to be supposititious. When we find the living monks of the church of the sepulchre so little regardful of the credit of what they exhibit, as to have told Dr Richardson that they well knew the stone at the mouth of their cave not to be the old and angel-moved one, but that it 'served their purpose equally well,' we may but too readily conceive, as before hinted, that no amount of imposture would be likely to startle the consciences of their early predecessors.

What then, after all, is the true site of the Holy Sepulchre? Mr Fergusson thinks that he has made the discovery. He has come to the firm conclusion that the mis-named Mosque of Omar is neither less nor more than the identical and original church of the sepulchre of Constantine, standing yet unchanged in all its substantial features. Thus thinking, he naturally set himself to look for the sepulchre over which it was erected. And the enclosure of the mosque *does contain a CAVE*, which, in important particulars, agrees with the very account of Arculf. This cave was seen and described (in 1807) by a Spaniard who travelled under the name of Ali-Bey. Here we find a witness who could never have dreamed of the coming theory of Mr Fergusson, as, indeed, neither did nor could Mr Catherwood—a fact which is most important as proving that his drawings were in no way modified to suit a pre-arranged hypothesis. Ali-Bey's evidence does not go far, but it is very emphatic: 'From what I could discover, particularly in the inside of the cave, the rock seemed to be composed of a *reddish-white* marble;' and he speaks confidently of seeing '*the solid native rock.*' The 'native' character of the other assumed cave, it should here be most particularly noted, has been denied by the great majority of visitors, and when some one does admit it, he is usually found to be one of those persons liable to ecstatic and somewhat obscure raptures on such occasions. If the solidity of the rock be thus doubtful, of course there can be no marks of 'the stone-cutters' tools.' The ease with which the truth could be established, by removing a part of the surface or casing, has been often pointed out to the monks; but they are too wary to assent to any such experiments.

Mr Catherwood gives the most particular account of the cave which is within the enclosure of the nominal Mosque of Omar, and describes it as being descended into, by a flight of steps. It is of irregular form, has an area of about sixty feet, and is nearly seven and a half feet in height. This last point exactly tallies with Arculf's statement of his cave having exceeded 'by a foot and a half the stature of an ordinary man;' while the area would readily permit 'thrice three men' to pray at ease therein. The bearing of the entrance, also, is to the east, by the concurrent accounts of Catherwood and Arculf. The native rock over the cave, moreover, rises *five feet above* the level of the floor of the church or mosque—a feature not characterising the other cave, and yet most important in determining the true history both of the building containing the cave, and of the cave itself. In reality, the church tends of necessity to establish the cave, and the cave the church. True it is, that the cave within the mosque has no sarcophagus at this moment, but, what is most singular, there is a sarcophagus in a building adjoining the cave, very nearly corresponding with the description of Arculf, and actually kept in a chamber called the 'grotto of Jesus.' Upon the presumption that this is the sarcophagus of the cave, removed by the Mahomedans, we must conceive it either to have originally been hewn out of the rock separately, or to have been isolated afterwards. The first supposition is not intrinsically inconsistent with Scripture, which may intend only to indicate its being of one entire hewn piece; and, when we consider how many wild traditions the Moslem people have got up as to the locality, and recollect also that Christ was in their eyes a great prophet, second to Mahomet alone, the act of detaching the tomb is one not inconceivable; while, if that was done to their hands, its removal to a holy place of their own must be viewed as a step quite natural and probable. Indeed, how otherwise can we rightly account for the name given to the place of

its preservation, the 'grotto of Jesus?' The fact of that chamber not being a real grotto at all, moreover, appears almost to point to the borrowing and retention of the name of an original cavernous receptacle. This whole point, however, is not an essential one. The holy place of the Moslems, it may be stated in passing, in a part of which the sarcophagus is thus kept, will form the subject of discussion in the sequel, because it is a structure which stands within the harem or mosque enclosure, and is called El Akse, or the Mosque of Omar, to this day, being seemingly, in truth, the real and only mosque which that conqueror ever raised. The erroneous accounts, which assigned the same name to the church of Constantine, probably arose in no small degree from the circumstance of Christians, from before the crusades to the present time, not being permitted to enter the enclosure. They consequently heard and bore away, not unnaturally, a simple version of the subject, drawn from the Moslems, to the effect that the space contained the Mosque of Omar, no doubt in the eyes of Mahomedans its chiefest glory. And, as the early pilgrims found a supposititious church of the sepulchre elsewhere presented to their view, it is no marvel that they thought not of seeking for the church of Constantine on its actual site, and that an error spread through Christendom, destined only to be now met and shaken, if not wholly subverted, after the lapse of many centuries.

As for the interior of the *cave* of the sepulchre under the mosque or church, it is described by Catherwood as not rotund in shape, but *irregularly square*. This seems to us of little weight as an objection, however, at the present day, considering the length of time during which the spot has remained unheeded in the possession of the Mahomedans, and the changes which were more than likely to ensue on their seizure of it for various reasons. When Jerusalem first fell into their hands, a cave *below* the richly-endowed church of Constantine, the true character of which as a place of Christian worship must then have been known perfectly, would unquestionably be one of the first resorts of plunderers ignorant at the time of the actual history of the excavation; and it is not difficult to imagine that the area of the cave may then have been very considerably enlarged, and its form altered, by covetous pick-axes, and that even then the sarcophagus itself may have been removed or destroyed. The roof was unlikely to be touched or heightened for such reasons, and it stands as it was, accordingly. The numberless, and for the most part very absurd legends, besides, which they connected with the cave, show that the interest of the Moslems in it did not speedily cease; and to them and their posterity may be fairly traced a funnel-like opening in the roof, and a seeming well-hole in the floor, which they call the 'Well of Souls.' All such changes are readily accounted for. They affect not the stronger and perfectly ineffaceable testimony derived from natural peculiarities—such as the remarkable red and white hue, and the fact of the cave being hewn from the native, solid rock. Such essential evidence of authenticity the other and received cave does not display. We find that excavation, besides, to be smaller than Arculf's. It is easy to see how a grot hewn out of solid rock may be expanded, but we take the diminution of its calibre, without changing its character, to be an impossibility.

Confining our attention purposely to the special question regarding the Holy Sepulchre, we have now gone over the main arguments connected with its known and ancient features, with the view of determining the genuineness, or the reverse, of that sepulchre which has been the object of adoration for ages. Certainly, the evidence countenances Mr Fergusson's opinion, that it is decidedly supposititious—a forgery of the early monks. The time at which this substitutive piece of chicanery could really be effected is difficult of discovery, as the very fraud demanded the reference of the foundation, and fixture of the site, to Constantine and the third century. But certainly there were at various early periods very cogent reasons for the getting up of a church of the sepulchre, and the sepulchre itself, and also

old locality being in all likelihood compulsory. That the Moslems would covet and appropriate the true church of Constantine, as well as its fine site, on each occasion when they took the city, is obvious, and, in fact, is perfectly proved by the tenacity with which the whole succession of them have kept the spot in their grasp. But all these matters must form the theme of a second article, in which, while collateral confirmation is given of the views already taken as to the sepulchre, the attempt will be made to fix the site of Zion, of the church of Constantine, and of other famed localities, from the evidence bearing on these points more peculiarly, and which has been adduced by Mr Fergusson as the basis of his theory.

We have little fear of offending pious and reflecting minds by admitting, as we have done, the strong impression made on ourselves by Mr Fergusson's views. The Greek priesthood have so desecrated, and do yet so desecrate the alleged and long-received site of the sepulchre by profane and ridiculous mummeries, that it must even be a consolation, we imagine, to think that these are not acted on the real scenes of the sublime events of the past. But we shall ever state facts candidly, and colour nothing to establish a case. Every reader may thus judge for himself, and form his own conclusions.

RISE OF THE ROTHSCILDES.

On the approach of the republican army to the territories of the Prince of Hesse Cassel, in the early part of the French revolutionary wars, his Serene Highness—like many other petty Princes of Germany—was compelled to flee. In his passage through the imperial city of Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, he paid a hasty visit to one Moses Rothschild, a Jewish banker of limited means, but of good repute both for integrity and ability in the management of his business. The prince's purpose in visiting Moses was to request him to take charge of a large sum in money and jewels, amounting in value to several millions of thalers, a coin equal to our late three-shilling pieces. The Jew at first point blank refused so dangerous a charge; but, upon being earnestly pressed to take it, at the prince's own sole risk—nay, that even a receipt should not be required—he at length consented. The money and jewels were speedily but privately conveyed from the prince's treasury to the Jew's residence; and, just as the advanced corps of the French army had entered through the gates of Frankfort, Moses had succeeded in burying it in a corner of his garden. He, of course, received a visit from the republicans; but, true to his trust, he hit upon the following means of saving the treasure of the fugitive prince, who had placed such implicit confidence in his honour. He did not attempt to conceal any of his own property (the whole of his cash and stock consisting of only forty thousand thalers, or six thousand pounds sterling), but, after the necessary remonstrances and grumbling with his unwelcome visitors, and a threat or two that he should report them to the General-in-Chief—from whom he had no doubt of obtaining redress—he suffered them to carry it all off.

As soon as the republicans had evacuated the city, Moses Rothschild resumed his business as banker and money-changer; at first, indeed, in an humble way, but daily increasing and extending it by the aid of the Prince of Hesse Cassel's money. In the course of a comparatively short space of time, he was considered the most stable and opulent banker in all Germany.

In the year 1802, the prince, returning to his dominions, visited Frankfort in his route. He was almost afraid to call on his Jewish banker; apprehending that if the French had left anything, the honesty of Moses had not been proof against so strong a temptation as he had been compelled from dire necessity to put in his way. On being introduced into Rothschild's *sanctum*, he, in a tone of despairing carelessness, said, 'I have called on you, Moses, as a matter of course; but I fear the result. Did the rascals take all?'

'What say you?' returned his highness. 'Not a thaler! Why, I was informed that the *Sans-culottes* had emptied all your coffers and made you a beggar: I even read so in the gazettes.'

'Why, so they did, may it please your Serene Highness,' replied Moses; 'but I was too cunning for them. By letting them take my own little stock, I saved your great one. I knew that as I was reputed wealthy, although by no means so, if I should remove any of my own gold and silver from their appropriate bags and coffers, the robbers would be sure to search for it; and in doing so, would not forget to dig in the garden; it is wonderful what a keen scent these fellows have got! they actually poured buckets of water over some of my neighbours' kitchen and cellar floors, in order to discover, by the rapid sinking of the fluid, whether the tiles and earth had been recently dug up! Well, as I was saying, I buried your treasure in the garden; and it remained untouched until the robbers left Frankfort, to go in search of plunder elsewhere. Now, then, to the point: as the *Sans-culottes* left me not a kreutzer to carry on my business; as several good opportunities offered of making a very handsome profit; and as I thought it a pity that so much good money should lie idle, whilst the merchants were both ready and willing to give large interest; the temptation of converting your Highness's florins to present use haunted my thoughts by day and my dreams by night. Not to detain your Highness with a long story, I dug up the treasure, and deposited your jewels in a strong box, from which they have never since been moved: I employed your gold and silver in my business; my speculations were profitable; and I am now able to restore your deposit, with five per cent. interest since the day on which you left it under my care.'

'I thank you heartily, my good friend,' said his highness, 'for the great care you have taken and the sacrifices you have made. As to the interest of five per cent., let that replace the sum which the French took from you; I beg you will add to it whatever other profits you may have made. As a reward for your singular honesty, I shall still leave my cash in your hands for twenty years longer, at a low rate of two per cent. interest per annum, the same being more as an acknowledgment of the deposit, in case of the death of either of us, than with a view of making a profit by you. I trust that this will enable you to use my florins with advantage in any way which may appear most beneficial to your own interests.'

The prince and his banker parted, well satisfied with each other. Nor did the gratitude and good will of his Serene Highness stop there—on every occasion in which he could serve his interests he did so, by procuring for him, from the Princes of Germany, many facilities both for international and foreign negotiation. At the congress of sovereigns, which met at Vienna in 1814, he did not fail to represent the fidelity of Moses Rothschild, and procured for him, thereby, from the Emperors of Russia, Austria, and the other European potentates, as well as from the French, English, and other ministers, promises that in case of loans being required by their respective governments, the 'Honest Jew of Frankfort' should have the preference in their negotiation. Nor were these promises 'more honoured in the breach than in the observance,' as those of Princes and courtiers are proverbially said to be. A loan of 200 millions of francs being required by the French government to pay the Allied Powers for the expenses they had been put to, in the restoration of the Bourbons, one of old Rothschild's sons, then residing at Paris, was intrusted with its management. The same was accordingly taken at 67 per cent., and sold to the public in a very few days at 93! thereby yielding an immense profit to the contractor. Other loans followed with various powers, all of which turned out equal to the most sanguine expectations of this lucky family.

Our English Fortunatus, whose reputation for wealth and sagacity is such, that, by a discreet use of his wishing cap, he can at will change the destinies of the nations of

Europe, or play at battledore and shuttlecock with their crowns and sceptres, was, during the war with France, a small cotton manufacturer in Manchester. Leaving that town for the capital, and assisted by his father and brothers, Solomon Moses Rothschild commenced business as an English and foreign bill and stock broker. By his immense resources and connections, he was soon enabled to carry all before him; but the bargains which he was enabled to make by his early information of the escape of the Emperor Napoleon from the island of Elba—that is, twenty-four hours before the British ministry had received intelligence of that event—placed him at once at the top of the tree as a negotiant and loan contractor.

Mr Rothschild's manners and character have often been described; he is immensely rich, and is well entitled to the appellation of *millionaire*, being reputed to be in the absolute personal and undivided possession of seven or eight millions sterling! His brothers, likewise—viz., Baron Andreas Rothschild, the present great banker of Frankfort, and Baron Rothschild of Paris—are in the possession of immense wealth: so that it is no wonder that kings and their ministers are proud of their acquaintance, seeing that, independently of occasional loans and accommodations, they are well aware that no throne nor government can stand long which has the misfortune to have the wealth and influence of the three Rothschildes arrayed against them.

Our Rothschild is reputed to be a very charitable man—and those who know him intimately affirm, that he well deserves that character, both in regard to Jews and Gentiles. Nor is Mrs Rothschild less so; many, though unostentatious acts of kindness to the poor being well known respecting her. Mr Rothschild's manner of evincing kind feelings towards Solomon Herchel, the Grand Rabbini of Duke's-place, has something in it which is both singular and whimsical: when any good speculation is afloat, Mr Rothschild deposits, on his account, a certain sum proportionate to his own risk, and whatever per centage or profit accrues therefrom, is carried by him to the Rabbini, to whom he gives a full, true, and particular account, even to the utmost fraction! The *millionaire*, on such occasions, invariably dines with the Levite; and the day is usually passed by the two friends in innocent hilarity and pleasing conversation.—*Court Journal*.

THE SCRIPTURAL OBJECTION TO THE SCIENCE OF GEOLOGY, CONSIDERED.

It may be asserted, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that the evidence in support of the Bible being the word of God is complete. The question has been fairly and manfully put by some of the noblest minds—Is this Book from God? and after lengthened and severe investigation, they have answered, 'Yes.' The external evidence they found to be so varied, disinterested, and full, and the internal evidence so clear, powerful, and irresistible, that hesitation would have been treason to the principles of honest enquiry and the claims of an enlightened judgment. Their decision was given accordingly: and hence the confidence with which it inspires those who honestly, though with limited facilities for personal investigation, study their reasonings and deductions. A book thus proved to be from God, will stand many assaults. It has stood many in times gone by, and is nothing the worse for them. Those who oppose the inspiration of the Bible have, in times past, attacked the mere outworks of Christianity. Some garbled or spurious passage has been singled out, and argued against with all the zeal which a better cause might have inspired. Certain portions of the book, susceptible of ludicrous representation, have been placed as marks for the arrows of wit and sarcasm; and dexterously have these weapons been used. The faults of those who have professed to be the friends of Christianity have been paraded as proof conclusive that the sublime truths which the Bible announces are a deception and a lie. All men may be cheats and hypocrites; but reason tells us, that should Christianity be based on an inde-

pendent foundation, there it ought to stand, and there it *shall* stand, safe from those puny efforts put forth for its confutation and annihilation. In the present time, the weapons used are not of a much more dangerous character, and the warfare not much more honourable. The opponent generally calls or fancies himself a philosopher, and he fights from what he considers a scientific stronghold, but the damage done is equally trifling. A scientific fact, or deduction, is discovered to be at variance with some long-believed and deeply-cherished notions, assumed to have their origin in the Word of God. It does not occur to the man of science that his 'fact' may not be so certain as it appears to be; but even though it did, does he use means to ascertain whether the religious notions are really Bible truths, or held by the most intelligent of the friends of the Bible? He does not. With him the matter stands thus: Here is a fact in nature; there are certain notions believed by Christians; this fact clashes with these notions; therefore, the Bible, from which Christians draw their notions, is an imposture. Now, we submit that the fair and honourable way—the way in which the sincere searcher for truth would act—is to take the fact and the statement, and compare them. He goes to the volume of nature and gathers his facts; why should he not come to the Bible, and for himself ascertain what is the import of its statements? We are far from denying that many Christians hold notions, and believe them to be Scriptural, which cannot be shown to be even countenanced by that book; but it should never be forgot that the question is not, Does scientific fact agree with this or that man's view of the Bible, but with the book itself? In our understanding of the Bible—we speak of course now of those portions of it that have reference to science—we call no man master. No man who had weighed the evidence would deny the inspiration of the book; but if he possessed an independent mind, that is, if he were a true man, he would draw a broad line between its inspiration and interpretation. The question, then, is simply this, Do the established facts of science oppose the truth which the Bible, honestly and intelligently interpreted, conveys to man? We take up this question, in all sincerity and honesty, narrowing it only to one science—geology; and shall endeavour to show that it does not.

The first thing demanded of us, is to give a fair statement of the facts of the case. The simple geological facts are these: 1. The character and position of the various formations that compose the crust of the earth, prove that the origin of this globe is much more remote than six thousand years. 2. The existence of vast quantities of vegetable and animal remains in these formations, proves that this world was the theatre of life previous to the appearance of our first parents, and the plants and creatures by which they were surrounded. 3. The existence of the same remains, proves that death reigned in all the departments of life long before Adam was called into being. These points may be, and are disputed by many who believe, that were they to be admitted, this science would thenceforth assume a hostile aspect to the Bible. But, at once, and honestly, we assert our entire and firm belief in each and all of them. We will have a more suitable opportunity of dwelling upon some parts of the evidence on which they rest; but, it may be proper at this stage to ask the reader who demurs to this conclusion, to go back upon our previous article, on some of the popular objections to the science. On the other hand, the popular belief relative to the Bible, especially the first chapter of the book of Genesis, is, that it announces, first, That the universe—the heavens as well as this globe—was brought into existence only about six thousand years ago: Secondly, That, consequently, no life, vegetable or animal, graced the surface of the globe previous to the existence of that which flushed in youth and beauty when the Lord God said, 'Let us make man after our image:' Thirdly, That, consequently, death was a thing unknown to this earth, till the gloomy day of the fatal fall. Beyond all question these three particulars

comprise the popular belief. With the same decision, openness, and good faith with which we have proclaimed our adhesion to the leading principles of geology, do we now assert, that our unwavering conviction is, that the Bible is from God, in the ordinary sense of these words; but we do not, because in our judgment it is unscriptural, as well as opposed to facts in nature, support the popular opinion of the first chapter of Genesis.

These are the facts of the case, and it is not possible to conceive of two sets of opinions being more distinctly opposed to each other, and entering into more thorough antagonism. The opposition is not apparent, it is real; and provided both can be established on irrefragable grounds, the thorough and everlasting opposition of science to the Bible may be immediately proclaimed. But we are by no means driven to this extremity; harmony on a sublime scale pervades all the works and ways of Deity, though the feeble vision of mortals may in this respect confound vastness with disorder. The work before us, in this article, the reader will be pleased to remember, is, to reconcile geology with the Bible—not with what men may have hitherto thought the Bible taught. It is absolutely necessary to keep up this distinction. Geology, in its most advanced positions, is in perfect harmony with the first chapter of Genesis; but it is in distinct opposition to the popular notions of that portion of the word of God. The plan which we have laid down for the discussion of this subject, which is admitted on all hands to be one of great importance, is such, that the same course of argument will serve to explode the popular but false notions on the creation, and establish the beautiful and perfect harmony that exists between the Mosaic account of that event, and the well established principles of the science.

1. The Bible does not anywhere, and it certainly does not in the opening chapter of Genesis, teach that the earth was made just six thousand years ago. For the sake of brevity we shall confine our remarks to the Mosaic narrative. The opinion has long prevailed, and it still very extensively prevails, that the converse of this proposition is true. It is thought that nothing can be more plain, than that the Mosaic narrative fixes the creation of the material world at a point about six thousand years past. With this conviction, no wonder those who hold it conscientiously should fear the progress of science generally, and of geology in particular; but being a conscientious conviction, however mistaken, it demands respect, and it shall have it. In such discussions levity and ridicule should find no place. They may repel, but they cannot persuade. Is, then, the popular notion so clearly taught in the narrative as is presumed? The only way to ascertain this point is to submit that narrative to a brief examination. 'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.' This is the simple and sublime proposition Infinite Wisdom has placed at the opening of the record. Now what are the ideas that are wrapt up in it, and what may be the lessons it is intended to inculcate? There is no dispute concerning the phrase 'heaven and earth;' it is universally admitted to mean *the material universe*. The first idea is, *The universe had a beginning*—it is not eternal. The second is, *God gave existence to this universe*. The third is, *God gave existence to the universe, at a point in the flow of Eternity denominated the beginning*. More than these we cannot discover, less than these we cannot allow. The intelligent reader does not yet, we are persuaded, perceive, even in dim perspective, the popular notion. It will not do to affirm that the beginning means six thousand years back; this is the point to be proved. When Scripture nowhere says so, either in plain statement or by implication, and when the facts of geology are all opposed to it, such an assumption cannot be allowed. And what are the lessons this proposition is intended to inculcate? Unquestionably these: First, we should respect matter in its various combinations, as the *creature* of God. Secondly, we should reverence God as the *Creator* of all things. Thirdly, we should approach the consideration of such a theme with the sincerest hu-

military. When the Creator has not seen meet to affix the date to this glorious work, man should hesitate, lest it be presumption in him to do so. Geology does not attempt this, and she challenges the mortal who would presume to do it. Her language is, 'It is certain the universe is older than six thousand years, but *how much* it is not required of man to say.' And so far as the proposition under consideration is concerned, revelation agrees with her conclusion, drawn from independent premises.

But it may be said, the second and succeeding verses of the narrative establish what the first does not. It can be proved that the events contained in this part of the narrative did take place about six thousand years bygone. The statement contained in the last sentence, we believe as firmly as the person against whose general views we are now arguing; but that this proves the date of the true creation to have been the same, we distinctly and positively deny. It must always be remembered, that the narrative does not affirm the occurrence of these events enumerated as the work of the six days, to be coeval with the age of the earth; still, we readily admit, that, if it could be established by legitimate inference, it should demand our assent; and it would have it in the case of every sincere inquirer after truth. The way may be considered prepared for the following remarks on the narrative: First, The acts that were performed on the earth, and the epithets that are used of it, during the six days, do not necessarily imply that the matter of the globe was created on the first of them. Nothing in connection with the creation of man, or quadrupeds, or birds, or fishes, or trees, or tender plants, implies this. These acts influence the argument neither one way nor another. The earth *may* have been created just two days previous to the appearing of the grass, and herb, and fruit-tree upon its surface; the possibility of this we do not deny; but it is equally certain, that, for aught these acts say to the contrary, it may have been created two thousand, or two million years before. The making of the firmament, the producing of light, even the 'darkness that was on the face of the deep,' neither of them separately, nor all of them together, prove that the earth was created on the first of the days mentioned by Moses in the book of Genesis. Before the atmosphere was prepared, and the light shone upon the earth; before the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters, while yet darkness was upon the face of the deep, the earth existed; and if it existed a day, an hour, it may have existed a year or a thousand years. Nor does the fact that the earth was, at the opening of the Mosaic time, in a state of chaos, prove that it was created on the morning of the first day of that period. For, first, though it be allowed that the *whole* earth was in this state at that moment of time, it does not follow that the previous moment must have witnessed its creation. Its origin may have been much earlier, and in accordance with the plan of the great Creator, it may at this period have been reduced to this state. If we may be allowed to characterise those great changes which the earth has obviously undergone in the earlier stages of its history in such terms, then chaos stretched her gloomy mantle more than once over the earth. Secondly, on philological and scientific grounds it can be established, as it appears to us, that the term 'earth' in the second verse, has a limited signification, that is, refers only to a *portion* of the globe. If this opinion be correct—to prove that it is so, would occupy far too much space—then our ground is secure; the existence of chaos does not necessarily prove the recent origin of the earth. Second, The close connexion between the first and second verses does not prove that the events which they record followed each other immediately in time. The conjunction 'and' does certainly indicate sequence, but not necessarily *immediate* sequence. In all narrative this is so obvious that we need not dwell upon it. Hitherto we have attempted to show, that nothing in the narrative, or about it, necessarily leads to the conclusion that the earth is just six thousand years old. Now this leaves the question open; and should science demand more time, the demand can

be granted without the slightest detriment to the Bible. That the facts of geology indicate a much greater age to the earth than six thousand years, is admitted by every one at all acquainted with the subject. If, then, the narrative contains nothing to lead us to conclude that the creation took place precisely six thousand years ago; if there is a break in the narrative at the close of the first verse, and the most intelligent critics believe there is—and further, should the science of geology demand for the earth a greater age, and this it certainly does—there is, there can be, no collision. The science demands time; and the narrative, thus understood, cheerfully grants it to the full.

2. The Bible nowhere teaches that the creatures and plants made immediately previous to Adam's creation were the first that appeared on this globe. This point might be quickly settled. Whatever be the idea we attach to the term 'earth' in the narrative, whether that be the whole globe or a part of it, the Mosaic description is exclusively concerned with the creatures and plants God created six thousand years since; what existed or did not exist previous to that date, is never once referred to. Suppose a historian were to commence the account of the Roman people with the popular changes which resulted in the establishment of the republic, would it have been reasonable or safe to conclude, on that ground alone, that the early monarchy had no existence? Silence on any given point, though often extremely perplexing, is no argument against its existence. But this method of meeting the difficulty, though perfectly legitimate, would not be satisfactory to those for whom we especially write, and therefore we shall not press it. There are many who are aware of the fact, that in the crust of the globe the petrified remains, and beautifully preserved forms of plants and animals, are found in great abundance. This they do not attempt to deny; they feel it to be impossible. But they fancy the admitting of this fact does not impinge against the popular belief relative to the age of the earth. They believe that all the rocks of which the crust of the earth is composed, and the extraordinary remains which they enclose, were brought into existence at the opening of the historic period. It is not easy to meet this extraordinary notion, so as to effectually destroy its spell over many minds. It is not, indeed, owing to anything peculiarly forcible in it; for we are bold to affirm, that no man having a reputation to lose as a botanist, a zoologist, or a geologist, would give it place in his mind for a moment. The difficulty is to exorcise it from the minds of those who are not acquainted with these sciences. You may reason that the trunk of the tree, with root attached, found in the solid rock, must have once struck these roots into the soil; that the trunk standing erect with its roots imbedded in a dark substance, obviously once soil, but now a hard rock, did, ere this change was effected, draw its nourishment from that mould; that the fossil shell once contained a living creature; that the beautifully enamelled plates of the *Cocosteus* once covered a fish; that the fossil bat once floated in the air; that the bony skeleton of the quadruped was originally clothed with flesh and skin, and moved about a living creature, and yet conviction is not produced! The whole is met with the assertion, 'Nothing is impossible with God.' We do not question the *power* of God; but we ask, is it compatible with His *wisdom* to believe that these beautiful and elaborate remains are mere freaks of nature, stored up in the mineral masses for the purpose of astonishing and misleading His intelligent creatures? Go with us to the seashore. What is this imbedded in the sand? It is a bivalve shell. How beautiful it is! It has got a neatly constructed hinge by which it opens and closes. Besides, when you close it, how exactly each lobe fits in to the other; but it is empty—no creature claims it as its habitation. How came it here? Was it created in the sandy mass? Incredible: Ten years ago, or thereby, it was inhabited by a living creature of low organisation. Old age, or accident, brought its precarious existence to an end; its substance speedily decomposed and disappeared.

Its abell was carried about by the ever-rolling waves, till a friendly billow pitched it beyond high water mark. There it lay bleaching in the weather, till the drifting sand deposited its floury particles around and within it. The accumulation gradually increased, less and less of the bivalve was visible, and it has not seen the sun for these two years at least, till now an accidental placing of the foot has laid it bare. Is this not the train of remark that every man would indulge in relative to the bivalve discovered in the sand? Where is the fallacy, reasoning in the same manner, relative to the bivalve discovered in the rock, which has obviously once formed a sea-beach?

But, there are still individuals who profess to believe that all the disorder observed among the rocks, was produced, and all fossil remains were deposited in these rocks by the flood! Now, one is really tempted to ask, are such individuals in earnest, or are they sporting with this high subject? At this time of day, when light is shining so gloriously around us, it is humbling to think that this notion still impedes the progress of truth, and it is even more humbling to think that he who clings to it is a believer in the precious truth of the Bible, and fancies that by adopting this course he is doing God service! As our space is drawing to a close, it may be sufficient to say on this point, First, The character and positions of the different formations are such, that we cannot believe that the whole was accomplished during the short time the flood was upon the earth, unless we had been assured of it by direct revelation. But this is not to be found in the Scriptural account of the deluge, or in any other part of God's word. We must therefore fall back on the operation of natural causes—all, however, under the control of the Almighty. Secondly, Fossils are found in such positions, and at such depths, that render it impossible to conceive of the flood conveying them thither. They are found on the surface of the rock; but they are also found in its heart, as may be seen in the sea-cliff, and sandstone quarry. They are dug from the centre of the mountain, and from the mine many fathoms deep. The surface rocks contain them; but so do the silurian beds half a dozen miles below the surface. Here, too, we may say, nothing but a voice from heaven could convince us that these were deposited by the flood; but that voice has not come. God has, in his wisdom, left us on this, and similar points, to exercise our intellects on the natural causes that have in the lapse of long ages effected these results; and the freest and fullest exercise of our faculties leads to no conclusion contrary to the sublime statements of Revelation, only to certain low and limited notions men have superinduced upon it.

3. The third point on which the facts of geology clash with the popular belief is the existence of death before the fall; but the Scripture nowhere teaches that absolutely death did not exist before this awful catastrophe. All that the narrative of our first parents' temptation and fall asserts is this—If they transgressed the command of God, their punishment should be death. But of the decay or perpetual bloom of vegetables; of the death or eternal existence of creatures, man excepted, there is not even a hint. The Mosaic reference to death bears exclusively upon man; it has no possible connexion with vegetables and animals. Nor has the reasoning of the apostle Paul, in the fifth chapter of Romans, a more legitimate bearing on the point. He is speaking exclusively of man—of sin committed by him, and death inflicted upon him. There is not the most distant reference to plants or creatures. His language is, 'By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.' But whether death reigned, or did not reign, in the vegetable and animal kingdom previous to and at the fall, neither Paul nor Moses affirm. Here, again, the question is left, no doubt in accordance with the divine plan, an open one. Should, then, the advancing revelations of science demand the existence of death in the vegetable and animal kingdom previous to the fall, and it does so, the statements and reasonings of the Bible are such, that we can, without doing them the

slightest injustice, cheerfully grant it, which we now do, with a conscience void of offence towards God's word. May we not now conclude, that the sweetest harmony exists between the word and the works of God?

ALL'S FOR THE BEST.

All's for the best! be sanguine and cheerful,
 Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise,
 Nothing but folly goes faithless and fearful,
 Courage for ever is happy and wise.
 All for the best!—if a man would but know it,
 Providence wishes us all to be blest;
 This is no dream of the pundit or poet,
 Heaven is gracious, and—all's for the best!
 All's for the best! set this on your standard,
 Soldier of sadness, or pilgrim of love,
 Who to the shores of despair may have wandered,
 A way-weary swallow, or heart-stricken dove.
 All's for the best! be a man but confiding,
 Providence tenderly governs the rest,
 And the frail bark of His creature is guiding
 Wisely and warily all for the best.
 All's for the best! then fling away terrors,
 Meet all your fears and your foes in the van,
 And in the midst of your dangers or errors
 Trust like a child, while you strive like a man.
 All's for the best!—unbiass'd, unbounded,
 Providence reigns from the east to the west;
 And, by both wisdom and mercy surrounded,
 Hope and be happy that's all for the best.

AN IRISHMAN'S VISIT TO THE GREAT HOUSE.

'I was in dhread, my lord,' says I, 'after lookin' about an' seein' no signs o' dinner, 'that I was behind time.' 'Oh no,' says he, laughing, 'we don't dine before seven, but I'm glad you have come early.' 'Seven!' thinks I to meself, 'that's near four hours from us yet at laste, an' I a'most perisht with the hunger, after the long walk, an' not atin' a bit since eight o'clock that mornin'. That's eleven hours fastin', clear! murther, what'll I do at all? O wait till they ketch me comin' to dine at a great house again.'

Well, Molly, there I was, talkin' an' lookin' about me, for four long hours, an' I gnawed inwardly with the hunger, but be coarse I had too much manners to spake of it. At last, when I was a'most off, the door opened, an' in came one of the jettlemen in the red velvet small-clothes, an' tould 'em dinner was on the table. 'A canary couldn't sing sweeter,' says I to meself, listenin' to him. So they all got up, an' every jettelman gev his arm to a lady, an' out they went in pairs as if it is to a dance they were goin'. The dinner was there before us laid an' all; but, what I most admired, was the jettlemen I before spoke of in the red velvet small-clothes, who, though they were the grandest of all the company, behaved like the very lowest, takin' away the plates and showin' the greatest attention to every one present.

I took my sate among the rest. 'What'll you take, Mither Guerin,' says Lord Peppercorn. 'Why, then, my lord,' says I, 'since you're man o' the house, what you have yourself must be the best, an' I'll take some o' that if you please.' So he ga' me a helpin'. Well, I declare to you, Molly, hardly had I took the second mouthful, when he looked over at me, an', 'Mr Guerin,' says he, 'Lady Peppercorn is looking at you.' 'Why, then, my lord,' says I, 'not knowin' what he was at, 'she's heartily welcome, an' a purtier pair of eyes she couldn't have to do it,' says I. So they all burst out laughin' in spite o' themselves. 'I mean to say, Mr Guerin,' says he, again, 'that Lady Peppercorn will take wine with you.' 'O, now I twig you,' says I; 'with a heart and a half, my lady, hob-nob with you, if you please.' Well, Molly, while I was talkin' to Lady Peppercorn, what does one o' the jettlemen in red velvet do, but slip in a hand under my elbow, an whip away the plate from me, a'most before I touched what was upon it! I could ait him with a grain o' salt!—but I was ashamed to call for it again; an' before I could ax for another helpin',

the whole o' what was on the table was cleared away. 'O, murther, Pether,' says I to meself, 'is that all you're to get to-night?' But, the minute after, there was a fresh dinner laid, an' they all went to work again as brisk as ever.

Well, I got another cut o' mait, an', says I, now there's hopes I'll be let ait a bit in peace an' quietness—when—'Misther Guerin, will you do me the honour of wine?' says Lord Peppercorn. 'With pleasure, my lord,' says I, bowin' down to my plate, quite manfully. So while I was drinking wine with Lord Peppercorn, what should I see only the same jettelman in the red velvet, slippin' in a hand for the plate again, an' I not havin' a morsel of it touched. So I laid a houl't of it with the other hand. 'Aisy a while, sir,' says I, 'if you please. I'm not done with that yet.' Well, they all began laughin' as if it was a play, so that I thought some o' the ladies would drop off o' their chairs. An' then, one of the jettlemen begun takin' wine with me, an' another, an' another after that, so that I couldn't find time to ait one morsel, before the table was cleared again.

'You're done for now, Pether,' says I, 'you'll be starved alive.' Sorrow bit, Molly, but there was a third dinner brought in to 'em! O, sorrow word of a lie! 'O, I see how it is,' says I, 'when once they begin they never stop aiten here. Well, 'tis a bad wind that blows nobody good, I'll get something at last.' So I was helped the third time, an' I had just took up the knife an' fork, an' was going to begin in airnest, when a jettelman that sat close by me, said in a whisper—'What did the ladies do to you, Misther Guerin, that you wouldn't ax any of 'em to take wine!' 'Why so, sir,' says I, 'is that manners?' 'O, dear, yes,' says he, 'don't you see all the jettlemen doin' it?' An' sure enough, so they wor. So, not to be unmannerly, I began, an' I axed 'em all round, one after another, an' hardly had I the last of 'em done, when down comes the jettelman in red velvet, an' sweeps all away before 'em again, without sayin' this or that. There was no help for it.

There I sat, a'most dead. 'What'll they bring in next, I wonder,' says I. 'Twasn't long until I seen 'em comin' an' layin' before every one at table a great big glass o' could spring wather. 'Cool comfort, Pether,' says I—'but here goes for manners.' So I drank it off. When the jettelman seen I dhrank it, he filled it again, an' if he did, I drank it again to please him; but seein' he was going to fill it again, I couldn't stand it any longer. 'No more o' that, sir,' says I, 'if you please.' Well, I thought they never would stop laughin'. But, Molly, I thought the sight would be took out o' my two eyes, when I seen all the ladies and jettlemen dippin' their hands in their glasses, an' washin' 'em before my face at the dinner table! 'Well, Pether, says I, 'such manners as that you never seen before this day, any way.'

RAFTS ON THE RHINE.

Among the most curious features of Rhine voyaging are the enormous rafts of wood, hewn from the forests, which cover the remote mountain districts of Baden, Wurtemberg, and Switzerland, and which are committed to this silent highway to be floated far away to market in the seaport towns of Holland and Flanders. These mimic floating islands consist of hundreds of thousands of logs of wood, bound together in rafts from six to twelve in number, or even more, made sufficiently narrow to pass through the bridges of boats at Mayence, Coblenz, and Cologne, and the narrow and dangerous passage between the rocks at Obenvesel. Hurlled from the sides of the hills, down whirling precipices, or dragged from the depths of dense forests, the single logs are committed to the streams which run towards the Rhine from all directions, and then on the banks of this great river they are formed into the rafts which we afterwards find floating down-stream in such immense aggregate numbers.

To guide the rafts, a large number of men are always at work; and as the voyage is a long one, lasting for six weeks or even two months from the head of the Rhine to Dordrecht, the raftsmen erect huts, in which their wives and children, and even pigs and poultry, are accommodated

during the time that it lasts. A platform is erected over the mass of the raft, and on this the wooden huts are built. You will see the little children there playing about, dogs barking, hens cackling over their young brood, pigs promenading, but keeping a careful eye to their left leg when approaching too near the water—for, in piggyish stupidity, they have been known to fall in—perhaps have rushed in through fear of the butcher, who generally accompanies each party of these raft-voyagers. The rowers and guidesmen of these rafts have on some occasions been known to amount to from 400 to 500 men; and some idea of the extent of the rafts may be formed from the fact that, when sold, one of them has been known to realise as much as £30,000! More recently, however, the size has been considerably reduced, in order that the navigation of the river might be as little impeded as possible, and also for the purpose of insuring greater safety in navigating the abrupt windings, rocks, and shallows, in the dangerous parts of the stream.

The navigation of the river by night is rendered perilous by the number of these rafts at particular seasons. We remember, one dark spring evening, when painfully threading the stream upwards, how suddenly there rose up one deafening and appalling scream from a cabinful of fair ladies, as a loud crash against our boat's side announced that we had run foul, at a sudden turn of the river, of one of these floating Rhine-snags. Hurrying on deck, we found the mynheers ejaculating fiercely in intense 'Deutsch,' and equal alarm pervading the inhabitants of the raft, for men, women, and children had all turned out, the former running hither and thither with long poles wherewith to guide the raft through the whirling eddy they were now passing. Fortunately no damage was done, and in a few seconds we were steaming our way upwards, and already the raft 'lay floating many a rood' in our wake, the farthing candle in the horn lantern stationed on the tail logs sending but a feeble and inefficient light through the foggy darkness of the evening.

The poet Shelley on one occasion floated down the Rhine in a small boat which he engaged for the purpose, occasionally joining the raftsmen and floating along with them on their voyage. And we can imagine no more delightful method than this of seeing the magic beauties of this far-famed river, with its fringe of sloping vineyards and fertile plains, picturesque rocks and dark forests, ruined castles, and populous towns, frowning fortresses and delicious little villages nestling amidst the hills. Here, threading round the base of a rocky hill covered with pines, a ruined town beyond, with its desolated windows, surmounting a steep which projects into the river and seems to stop all further progress; again, meandering through a rich and fertile Rhinegan, with palaces and bustling towns seated along the water's edge and reflected in its bosom, the shadows deepening with the descending sun, and the full moon rising in her divine splendour, casting her silver light on the before purpled waters; at another time whirled along the troubled stream, under dark precipices and craggy cliffs, by steeples covered with trees and vines, the scene then suddenly opening up at some abrupt turn of the river, and wooded islands coming into view, with their picturesque ruins peeping from behind the foliage, and casting the shadows of their forms on the troubled waters, distorting without deforming them; while, ringing out from the valley beyond, is heard the tinkling bell of the village church, whose spire you just discern, and the song of the vintagers, in full-toned chorus, falls deliciously on the ear.

But such are not the impressions made by the Rhine scenery on their jolly raftsmen; they eat, drink, sleep, and work their rafts, consuming enormous quantities of bread, meat, and beer (as much as 20,000 lbs. of bread having been consumed in the course of one voyage!); and, after landing their cargo safe at Dort, they take boat again for the Upper Rhine, again to collect another raft, and again to commence their down-stream voyage—thus earning through life their perilous, and, to most of the raftsmen, very scanty subsistence.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PAST.

OLD LAWS.

ALMOST the only interpreters of the spirit of our ancestors, and the best indices of their advancement in civilisation, are the various laws which they enacted at various times for the regulation of the body politic. These laws of necessity related to the habits and tendencies of the people for whom they were instituted, and, in proportion to the want of cohesion amongst the lieges, were more particular and apparently vexatious than anything to which we who are in a state of commercial association are subjected. Nothing, we think, can more forcibly illustrate the ideas of individuality which existed in old times than the laws which emanated from the powerful; and nothing can more forcibly demonstrate the futility of attempting compulsory association than the various modifications of those laws which have taken place at progressive periods in the history of our nation. As governments have gained experience, they seem to have discovered that their province was less extensive than was at first imagined, and that men's interests and desires are more powerful auxiliaries to unity and good-will than all the laws in the statute-book.

It is curious and instructive to compare the statutes of rude times, and to trace the gradual change of the ideas which produced and modified them. We behold in the barbaric ages the compulsion and force which were the most prominent and highly venerated principles of action, pervading the only transcripts we have of our ancestors' rude minds. We behold abstract power dominant over the man, and the tendencies of a people forcibly led into particular currents by acts of parliament. We behold the will of a few arrogating force-supported authority over the wills of a numberless host of individuals, and governing them not in accordance with any assumed law of ethics, but by the law of might. Nothing strikes us so forcibly when contemplating the bases of the obsolete laws of this realm as the absence of anything like foundational principles in connection with them. They evidence a total want of almost the simplest knowledge of human nature and political science, their whole economy being ruled by arbitrary circumstances and potential caprice, and consequently, although unrepealed, they are become a dead letter. It seems to be an acknowledged principle now-a-days, that the individuality of a man should be as little interfered with as possible, that what merely relates to himself should form the subject of no one's thoughts but his own, and that he should be sacredly guarded from the forcible interference of any person whatever; but long ago the most petty and trivial affairs of human economy were not considered too unimportant for legislative interference, and chancellors, like grandmothers, were much taken up with trifles. It is neither our province nor wish, however, to enter into considerations of political advancement. Such a procedure would involve too many opposite speculations for us, and require too much of our space, but we think that nothing could more forcibly illustrate the philosophy of history than to compare the spirit of antiquity, as evidenced in its legislation, with the spirit which governs the present age. According to our present notions of dignity and liberty, the sumptuary laws of China and Russia appear to us to be evidences of superlative silliness, or of a morbid desire upon the part of law-makers to meddle with everything. To prescribe the cut of a man's hair, the quality of his coat, the colour and form of his lower garments, and whether he shall wear a cloak or not, according to his quality, appears most vexatiously impertinent. To suppose that if Beau Brummell and Nash had lived in the Celestial Empire or at St Petersburg, their heads would have been encased in woolly caps or greasy cowls, and that instead of ruling the law of fashion their raiment must have been fashioned according to law, seems so preposterous that the mind of a freeman cannot contemplate it with complacency. The tastes of individuals regarding dress are so various and so transitive that it appears to be the height of folly to dream of uniformity in the matter; yet we find that in Scotland laws were seriously enacted and imperiously executed, for

the purpose of producing particularity of costume, and that the quality and cut of people's garments were determined not according to their own taste, but according to the government's ideas of their ability to purchase them. If it had been the habit of our ancestors to enrobe themselves in all the varied and distinctive habiliments of a masquerade fancy ball, and to flutter about the country like different species of humming-birds, then the legislature might have been justified in prescribing a uniform character of dress; but it was not to produce a general nature of habit that they interfered, but to mark off castes by the essential quality of their garments. In the reign of James I., who held his first parliament on the 26th of May, 1424, it was enacted that none except knights and lords, with their eldest sons, should wear silk or costly furs; and even these persons were denied this privilege unless their income was two hundred marks yearly; and none save those of the rank already mentioned dared to wear 'broidery, pearls, or bullion,' which we take to be cloth of gold, unless they had a special licence from the king.

The fourteenth parliament of James II. was guilty of the passing of an act which we would be apt to consider more dangerous to the peace of the realm than even the first, affecting, as it does, a portion of the community who stubbornly oppose every attempt made to coerce them on the question of apparel. Moral suasion has effected little mitigation of the horrors of stay-lacing as yet, and we are persuaded that active coercion would have its hands full in the execution of the disagreeable duty of unveiling our fair countrywomen, 'no woman being admissible to kirk or market who had her face muffled,' and any one possessing temerity enough to appear at those places with the prescribed dress, did so under the pain of forfeiting the *courachie* or veil!

In the sixth parliament of James III., it was enjoined that none should wear silk except knights, minstrels, and heralds, and such as have one hundred pounds of land-rent, under the pain of forfeiting the silk and paying twenty pounds to the king; and the same sage counsellors set themselves to prescribe the quality of stuff fit to clothe a burgeois, and what was requisite for a serf.

Various acts, during the reigns of James VI. and Charles II., modifying preceding enactments, attested the care and wisdom of our Scottish legislators with regard to apparel; and in 1699 we find William of Orange, in the seventh session of his first parliament, proclaiming 'that none wear gold or silver, or their counterfeits, in apparel, after the 1st of June, nor in horse furniture already made, after the 1st of June, 1701, under the pain of destroying the apparel or furniture, and losing five hundred marks, half to be given to the informer, and half to the judge or justice of peace, who was empowered to judge summarily and imprison for the fine.' The officers and soldiers of the horse and foot guards were exempted from the operations of this act, in regard to their accoutrements and livery coats. It would be a curious thing to examine a list of the convictions under the above act, and to observe how often the conscientiousness of the judge triumphed over the bribed corruptionist. To allow the judge the half of the fine would now be considered as an attempt to open one of the eyes of justice, and to enter a very monetary appeal against an acquittal or dismissal. In addition to the laws regulating ordinary apparel, there were enactments prescribing the dress of members of parliament and fore-speakers or advocates, passed in the reign of James II., in which it is specified that the 'king should make the patterns.' By a law of James VI., magistrates of burghs and their commissioners to parliament were ordained to wear at parliaments and other solemn times such decent apparel as his majesty shall prescribe; and the parliament refers to the king to appoint the habits of the lords of session and all other inferior judges, as also of all criminal and ecclesiastical judges, and of all advocates and others living by the practice of the law. All ministers were commanded by the same law to wear black, and all prelates grave and decent apparel; and, farther, that 'what order his majesty shall appoint for the apparel of kirkmen, agreeable to their

state and means, being sent to the clerk register, shall be by him inserted in the books of parliament to have the strength of an act thereof, that letters may be directed thereupon, charging the persons concerned to provide within forty days, and wear and use the said apparel at the times and in the manner as his highness shall appoint.' The power of regulating the dress of the kirkmen was declared by act of the first parliament of Charles I., to remain with him and his successors. The sable dress of our clergy, it will be seen, unlike the distinctive garb which the Friends have voluntarily adopted, was forced upon them at first by an act of the legislature, and hereditary habit has now rendered that colour so peculiarly their own, that we would as soon expect to see a gentleman of the cloth with a red coat and epaulettes as with one of any other hue save black.

These laws relative to the garments of the living were extended even to the manner of enrobing the dead, and pains and penalties were prescribed and judiciously executed upon the surviving relatives of any one entombed in a mode contrary to law. An act of Charles II., third parliament, was enacted to restrain the exorbitant expenses and numbers at burials, and persons were absolutely discharged from wearing mourning cloaks, under the pain of a hundred pounds. An act for the further regulation of funerals was passed in the reign of James VII., in which it was specified 'that all buried be buried in plain Scots linen, under the pain of three hundred pound for a nobleman, and two hundred pound for each other person;' half of this fine was awarded to the informer, and half to the poor of the parish. The minister of the parish was charged to keep a register of burials within his parish, and a certificate of the manner of sepulture was commanded to be presented to him by the relatives of the deceased upon oath (except tenants and cottars), otherwise the defunct's goods, or his parents, or those with whom he was *in familia*, were liable for the said fine. The minister was imperatively commanded to pursue for this fine within six months, otherwise he would be charged to make the same good. Another special provision of the act anent burials was, that no wooden coffin should be made, the price of which exceeded one hundred marks, for persons of the best quality, and so on in proportion for those of meaner rank, under the pain of two hundred marks. An act of William and Mary, modifying the above, and rendering the execution of the penalties more imperative, commanded that all burying in linen be forbidden, and that plain woollen cloth or stuff be only made use of in burying, and that under the same penalties and rules contained in the former acts. The extent of the productive power of the country may be estimated from the very circumstance of a restriction in this respect. The manufacturing products of Scotland at that time were confined to individual men and individual looms; the multiplied agencies of spinning-jennies and power-looms had not yet been invented to fill the warehouses of the world, and render subservient to every use the fabrics which were then only to be applied to purposes prescribed by law.

The amusements of the people formed a subject of considerable importance in old times, and great encouragement seems to have been given to 'Christ's Kirk on the Green,' with other gatherings of the peasantry of a similar nature; but games that were likely to produce hot-blooded rivalry, or were of a trivial puerile nature, were treated with proscription and fine. James I. cried down the games of football and golf, under the pain of fifty shillings to each offender, to be paid to the lord of the land where such practices were persevered in, or to the sheriff, if the said landlord neglected to take cognisance of the affair. James II. followed up the preceding by a more peremptory law, utterly forbidding golf and football, and a law of James IV. commands that men use shooting and archery instead. The reason adduced for the proscription of golf and football was that they were unprofitable sport for the defence of the realm, which proves that our rude and iron-minded forefathers knew and appreciated the importance of induction, in despite of their apparent want of acumen; they

saw that education must be gradative before it could lead to the establishment of a strong bias, and consequently they sought to foster the war-spirit in the very sports and pastimes of youth. In the reign of James I., Weaponschawing or Wappenschaws were held in ilk shire four times a-year and in burghs also, and every man was obliged to be sufficiently harnessed and armed when he presented himself at these gatherings. The yeomen of the church lands and the retainers of barons were not exempted from the operation of this law, and it was enjoined that football and golf should never be engaged in at these meetings, but that in every parish there should be shooting at a mark, in which all men from twelve years old to fifty use shooting.

These Weaponschawings were no joke in Scotland before the junction of the nations under one sovereign, however much we may be inclined to laugh at the 'Goose Gibby' character of many of the warriors of later times. Happily the necessity for these periodical exhibitions of physical force has passed away, and the only remnant that remains of them is the raising and drilling of our quiet civilians as militia. During the reigns of the Scottish Jameses, it was imperative upon those who appeared at muster to possess arms of their own, and if they were not well appointed they were punishable. In our days of more systematised pugacity, the weapons and garments of war are distributed to the civilian soldiers by the authorities. The constant carrying and practice of arms was even then found to be a dangerous custom, and bringing together numbers of men trained to strike instead of reason, and to answer a supposed insult with a stab instead of words, was often found to be a dangerous experiment. The exhibitions of the fierce and destructive passions of a people whose passions were alone educated were frequent and fearful, and the feuds of families often interrupted the proceedings of councils, and subverted the purposes of peaceful convocations. In order, therefore, to prevent internal distractions, it was proclaimed 'that peace be kept throughout the realm, and that no man move war against another, under the pain of law.' This interference with the private ill-will of the nobles was not relished by them, and in consequence of seeking to weaken their power and bridle their licentiousness, James I. fell a victim to their hate. Various laws were passed for the purpose of producing concord, but acts of parliament could not eradicate a turbulently engendered education, and men fought from impulse in defiance of legal terrors and judicial power, until the morality of the people rendered the practice disreputable and reprehensible. So long as brute force was enshrined in ideal glory, it had charms sufficient to win martyrs and votaries; so soon as the finger of scorn was held out towards it, it sunk into disrepute, and it ceased to be a virtue whenever it became ridiculous.

It seems to argue a total obliquity concerning the nature of the human mind to expect that mind to possess two antagonistic principles in equal force. Yet the old laws presumed that the men who were encouraged to develop their destructive propensities towards the English could keep them in abeyance in relation to the Scotch. Experience demonstrated, however, that when the opportunity of havoc was denied them with their *legitimate* enemies, the volcanic force of their natures burst out with destructive fury upon their legitimate friends, and it was often proven that the elements of internal danger always exist in a country whose government encourages the destructive propensities of those whom it rules.

We find by different laws enacted during various reigns, that the relations of the Scotch with the English were strictly defined. By an act of James III., no Englishman could have benefice in Scotland; yet we find that sometimes Englishmen possessed of power on the border would assure Scotchmen of the safety of their cattle from English marauders for a certain consideration, and the same would be done by Scottish barons to Englishmen with inferior holdings; but, by an act of Queen Mary, it was sought to destroy this mutual faith. 'Scotsmen who were assured by Englishmen, when commanded to forego that assurance and refusing, were declared to be without the pale of the

law, for in consequence of their disobedience they could get no restitution of goods spulzier or stolen from them by unassured Scotsmen.' This spirit of national antagonism was further fostered by several of the early laws of the reign of James VI., one of which declares 'that no Scotsman marry an Englishwoman without the king's licence under the great seal, upon the pain of death and escheat of moveables.' This law seems inconsistent with another of the same monarch, which declares 'marriage to be as free as God's word allows, and that all beyond a certain degree of consanguinity may lawfully marry.'

The terrors of the law seem to have been the most powerful agents known to our ancestors in the correction of morals and the regulation of deportment, and persons ignorant of history would consider the following laws made for compulsory church attendance as dictated by a regard for the religion of the people of Scotland. They were the acts, however, which drove our forefathers to the glens and mountains to worship according to their convictions, and they present a strange picture of legislative morality when contrasted with the devotional and devoted character of the men whom they virtually proscribed. Such as absented themselves from the parish kirk on the Lord's-day incurred the following penalties: Each nobleman, gentleman, and heritor, the loss of a fourth part of each year's rent in which they shall be convicted; and each yeoman or tenant the loss of such part of his moveables as the lords of council shall specify, not exceeding one-fourth; every burgess forfeited his liberty and a fourth of his moveables. The council was empowered to execute this act against all who, after admonition of the minister before two sufficient witnesses, and by him attested, were given up to it as contumacious persons; and this council had the power of inflicting any corporeal punishment which it deemed fit, in addition to the fines imposed. This act was subsequently confirmed and extended by another in the succeeding session of parliament; and, as if to render the chances of an acquittal almost a moral impossibility, the judges were allowed to pocket all the fines save those of heritors, which were sent to the commissioners of the treasury.

These laws and others enacted for the suppression of conventicles were rescinded by an act of William and Mary; but an act of James VI., compelling attendance at the parish kirk, still remains extant. 'All wilfully remaining from the kirk during the time of sermon or prayer were fined in twenty shillings for each such offence, and if the offenders were unable or unwilling to pay, they were put in the stocks or joggis. The king appointed commissioners in every parish for executing this act.

We could multiply our evidences of the compulsory character of our ancestors' ideas from almost every law enacted by them previous to the nineteenth century. Force was a prime element in their character, and consequently their laws were but a reflex of their mind. They seemed to laugh to scorn the lesson that nature teaches—a lesson printed on all things and pervading all appearances—that perfect uniformity is a perfect impossibility; things may be the same in essence, and must be so according to their genera, but sameness in form is a nonentity. They governed by their impulses, and not according to analogies derived from the study of God's government in nature, and consequently the nation presented an appearance of chaotic contention. We may felicitate ourselves upon the fact that the spirit of the present has a cheering and benevolent appetency, and that we can sit in our closets and quietly smile and shake our heads as we review the laws and reflect upon the spirit of the past.

TOO HANDSOME.*

It is quite possible for a man, or woman either, to be too handsome. We do not pretend that this is an original remark, springing from our own sapient brain; nevertheless, it is an observation which few make, and fewer still will confess to be true. Therefore we intend to enter

* We find this excellent sketch in a detached portion of an old newspaper, where it is given anonymously.

the lists in behalf of ugliness. From this declaration it will doubtless be concluded that we are some old bachelor, ugly enough 'to frighten the crows,' as country children say; but decidedly such is not the case.

Having thus given out our thesis, it is our intention to illustrate it by a tale—an 'over true tale,' as the annuals would write; and, moreover, we judge it best at once to acknowledge that it is a love-tale—nothing but a commonplace love-tale; no wonderful self-devotion, no 'heroism in humble life,' will be found therein; therefore, gentle reader, it is useless to seek it. And, after this exordium, we will begin.

Philip Heathcote lived in a country town, where he was the beau *par excellence*—the Adonis and Apollo of almost every young lady, from fifteen to fifty; and, to tell the truth, Philip was indeed very handsome. We have no intention of describing categorically his eyes, nose, and mouth, because beauty is entirely a personal matter. It is seldom that two people agree on the subject. Each one has his or her ideal of perfection, and judges others to a certain extent as they approach to or diverge from this image, formed in each mind. Ugliness becomes beauty, and beauty ugliness, according to one's own fancy. There is no glamour so complete as that of a loving eye. Therefore, let each fair one picture our young hero as resembling her own, and she will like Philip Heathcote all the better.

Philip was one of those fortunate persons who seem born with talents for everything. His conversation was winning enough to 'wile a bird off the bush;' he was a man of 'infinite jest,' as Shakspeare has it, and possessed that ever-welcome quality of making the dullest party merry when he entered it. Then he was the best dancer, the best singer, the best flute-player, for miles round—wrote poetry, composed songs, drew likenesses—in short, Philip was a pattern of perfection. His praise rang through the country round; none were insensible to it, save one, the very last he would have wished to be so, a young girl, named Margaret Lester.

With that peculiar contradiction which characterises love, young Heathcote's heart—if he had a heart, which some doubted—was given to one entirely the opposite of himself. Quiet, unassuming, not beautiful, only interesting, with no accomplishment save a sweet voice, which could warble for ever, Margaret Lester had yet stolen away all the love which the showy, fascinating, dashing Philip could bestow, and, wonderful to tell, was quite insensible to her prize. She was not in love with any one else, that was certain; and that the sweet, gentle Margaret was heartless—oh! that was quite impossible too; but yet she did not care for Philip in the least. She never asked for his poetry; seldom sang with him; was perfectly happy to waltz with any one else; would quietly, and without changing colour, acknowledge his personal and mental qualities, and praise him with the greatest unconcern. So, for months and months, these two moved through the circles of country gaiety, meeting constantly, and furnishing for some time a grand subject for speculation. In worldly matters both were equal; neither very rich nor poor—well matched, as the gossips said: but it was all useless; and Philip at last, mortified with the calm indifference which his homage won from the gentle girl, ceased all outward show of it, paid attention equally to every new or pretty face, and seemed determined to dazzle and charm without ever really loving or being loved. Margaret was as apparently unmoved by her lover's dereliction as by his previous adoration. Her real thoughts on the subject were only expressed to her mother, who naturally wished to see her only child settled.

'Why could you not like Philip Heathcote?' asked Mrs Lester. 'You know, love, he has good prospects; every one admires him; he is very handsome, and is the life of all society wherever he goes.'

'That is the very reason he did not please me, dear mamma,' answered Margaret. 'I should not wish my husband to be so fascinating; I want more than mere outside qualities; and I should be inclined to distrust a

man who was so very brilliant: he would never do for home. Don't you remember Beatrice, in 'Much Ado about Nothing,' when Don Pedro asks if she will have him for her husband, 'No,' she says; 'I should want another o' week days; your grace is too costly for every-day wear.' And," continued Miss Lester, laughing cheerfully, 'I think it is much the same with myself and young Heathcote—he is, in truth, *too handsome* for me!'

Perhaps Margaret's feelings were natural. Every true-hearted woman likes to feel proud of her lover, or rather to have one that she can rightly and justly feel proud of; there is no sensation more delicious or more unselfish than this. But we doubt very much if a woman, sincere, simple-hearted, and good, as we wish to paint our Margaret, would feel love for a Philip Heathcote, the idol of a ball-room, the admired and the admirer of all the vain and frivolous. That Philip had deeper qualities than these was as yet unknown; such was his apparent character; and Margaret was right when she said that he was too handsome and too fascinating for her.

Mrs Lester and her daughter sat one morning at their work, when there was announced that bore of bores, a morning visitor; and one never particularly welcome at any time, the news-retailer of the place, a sort of feminine Paul Pry. Country society, alas! has not the blessing of London visiting—no dropping the acquaintance of these human barnacles. There was a suspicion twinkling in Mrs Doddridge's little black eyes which showed that she was brimming over with news; and out the information came at the earliest opportunity.

'Have you heard of the fire?'

'What fire?' asked the ever-sympathising Mrs Lester.

'What! not about the fire at Farmer Western's, and young Mr Heathcote, and his accident?' cried the delighted gossip, glancing meaningly at Miss Lester.

'I am sorry for it,' said Margaret, quietly. 'What has happened to him?'

'I thought you must have known—but, no; I forgot. Well, he is not quite killed—almost.'

Both the ladies started; and, to their inquiries, Mrs Doddridge answered with a long story, the substance of which, separating truth from fiction, we will tell in our own words. Philip, coming home from a country ball, had seen that most fearful of all sights, especially in a lonely country place, a house on fire. He spurred his horse to the spot, and reached it with assistance, but too late. The house was wrapped in flames, and the farmer's aged mother was still within: no one thought of saving her. Heathcote, with a sudden and generous impulse, rushed into the burning mass, and they never thought to see him return, until he staggered forward, with his burden dead in his arms, and fell insensible on the ground. When he returned to consciousness he was found to be fearfully burned, and one foot entirely crushed by a falling beam. The young, gay, handsome Philip, who had danced so merrily a few hours before, and charmed all, as was his wont, was taken home, by the grey morning twilight, disfigured for life!

Margaret Lester's kind heart overflowed with unmingled pity at hearing this melancholy story of her former lover. And then his heroic and generous deed! She could not have believed him capable of such. Her tender conscience smote her for having misjudged him, and many slight instances of his kindly feeling rose to her mind, which showed he must have had a higher and better character beneath the one in which he publicly appeared. There is nothing so sweet or so all-extenuating as the compassion of a gentle-hearted woman, though exercised towards a rejected or even a faithless lover.

Many months did Philip lie on his lonely and desolate sickbed, for he had no mother or sister to watch over him. Some few among those who had been so charmed with him sent to inquire after the poor young man for a little time. But the interest and excitement of the event soon died away; and long before the invalid was able to crawl to the closed-up garden of the old manor-house where he lived, all had forsaken him, except one or two kind souls

who sent him a book now and then out of charity. Among these was Mrs Lester; and when at last the young man recovered, gratitude, or somewhat else warmer still, led him thither the first day he left his home.

No one had seen him since his accident excepting his medical attendant. Philip could not bear that his former friends should see how fearfully changed he was. His beautiful and classic features were scarcely recognisable for the deep scars left in his face; and his finely-moulded figure, and elastic gait, were changed into an incurable lameness. It was a fearful shock, such as nothing but a strong mind could bear. But Philip, through his long and solitary illness, had thought much and deeply; and his external appearance was scarcely more changed than his mind. Nevertheless, with all his courage, he could not repress many a bitter pang as he waited alone in Mrs Lester's drawing-room, and caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror which had so often beforetime reflected the graceful figure of the handsome Philip Heathcote. When the door opened and Margaret entered, he could have shrunk anywhere from her view.

A hue, very slight, was in Margaret's usually colourless cheek; she looked once at the young man, and then, advancing, took his hand in both hers, and said, in a frank, earnest, friendly tone that went to Philip's heart, 'I am very glad, indeed, to see you here again, Mr Heathcote.'

There was no condolence, no allusion to his illness; she did not avoid looking at him, but spoke and smiled with true and kindly tact, as if nothing had happened, so that Philip's dread and embarrassment wore off imperceptibly. Once only, when he was engaged talking to Mrs Lester, he caught Margaret's eyes fixed upon his face with deep expression. He thought, though he was not sure, that those sweet blue orbs were moist with tears; and the young man would have parted almost with life itself for one tear of affectionate pity from Margaret Lester.

He stayed a long time, and then went home certainly happier than he had often been in the days of his bloom and gaiety. What Margaret thought of her old lover could not be known; she said very little; but that night she heard the old church-clock strike one before her eyes fairly closed in slumber.

Philip Heathcote's re-appearance in society caused the usual nine days' wonder and excitement, and then all subsided. He was an altered man; his abundant flow of spirits was no more; he could no longer join the dance in which he had shone so brilliantly aforetime; he was often silent in company, and the belles who had so often gazed delightedly on his handsome face now passed him by with a slight recognition, or an audible 'Poor fellow—how handsome he was once!' Philip had grown wiser through suffering; but still no one is ever quite insensible to the loss of personal attractions; and the '*has been*' grated harshly on young Heathcote's feelings for a long time. He gradually withdrew from society in a great measure, pleading as his reason the ill-health which he really did still labour under; and at last his visits were almost entirely confined to Mrs Lester's, where he met no altered looks or obtrusive condolence.

And now we must turn to Margaret. She, too, was changed, not outwardly, but in her own heart. Love, under the guise of pity, had stolen in there unawares. She had been perfectly indifferent to Philip in his days of triumph; but when she saw him pale, feeble, thoughtful, without a single gay jest or sportive compliment to scatter round, treated with neglect, or else wounded by rude pity, Margaret's woman's heart gave way. She first felt sympathy, then interest, and so went through the regular gradations, until she loved Philip Heathcote with her whole soul. He, foolish man, humbled and self-distrusting as he was, never saw this: yet he nourished his affection for Margaret in his heart's core, never dreaming that it could ever be returned.

'If she did not care for me in the old days,' he often thought, 'surely it is hopeless to imagine she could love me now—a poor, sick, lame, ugly, fellow like me; and he would look at himself with disgust, and turn away from

the mirror with a bitter sigh. Ah! Philip Heathcote, with all his talent and brilliancy, still knew little of the depths of a woman's heart! We have heard of a man who broke the plighted troth of years because a heavy affliction—it was deprivation of hearing—fell upon the lovely girl he was to have married; and we have also heard others of his sex justify him in so doing. Such love is not like woman's; she would only have clung the closer to her betrothed in his affliction.

Philip, in spite of his conviction of the entire hopelessness of winning Margaret's heart, still continued to hover about her unceasingly. He saw there was at least no other lover in the way, and that was one comfort. It was months before his eyes were opened to his error; and how that clearness of vision was effected, history sayeth not. Very few lovers can tell the precise moment when the blessed truth rushed upon their hearts, flooding them with delicious joy. To what hope—to what a new and blissful existence did Philip awake when he knew that Margaret loved him! He counted all he had lost as nothing in comparison to the prize which his sufferings had won for him. Much he wondered at the change, not knowing that it was due to his altered character; for men look at the outward form, while women judge of the heart. But wonder and doubt were absorbed in intense happiness; for Margaret, the timid, retiring, but loving Margaret, was all his own.

Once more the town's talk was of Philip Heathcote and Margaret Lester. They were seen walking together; one had met them in the fields; another, coming home from church; Mr Heathcote was daily at the house; surely they must be engaged!—and this once the gossips were right—they were, indeed, affianced lovers; and in due time the old village church beheld them made husband and wife. A few years passed, and the old manor-house rang with childish voices through all its desolate nooks; and Margaret and her husband might be seen oftentimes slowly pacing the dark alleys of the garden with a merry troop around them. Hand in hand Philip and Margaret were gliding down life's river, nor feared the coming of middle age, when each year brought new happiness. Had they altogether forgotten the days of their youth? Not quite; for once, when they sat watching the sports of their eldest son, Margaret said, with a mother's pride and fondness, 'Is not our boy handsome, Philip? he will grow up almost as handsome as—'

'As his father once used to be,' interrupted Mr Heathcote with a smile, not quite devoid of bitterness. He was still not perfect—the vain man!

Margaret arose, clasped her arms round her husband's neck, and kissed his white forehead and still beautiful eyes with intense and wife-like affection.

'You are always handsome to me, my own Philip—there is no one like you; and if I were foolish once—'

'When you said I was too handsome?' cried the happy husband.

'There, do not remember those days, I did not love you then.'

'And now you do, my sweet Margaret, my dear wife, said Philip Heathcote; 'and so I do not care in the least for being as ugly as an old satyr, since Margaret Lester can never again say that I am a great deal 'too handsome for her.''

NEW DISCOVERIES ON THE TOPOGRAPHY OF JERUSALEM.

SECOND ARTICLE.

In the preceding notice of this subject, it was shown that strong reasons had been recently adduced by Mr James Fergusson, F.R.S.A, for setting down the commonly received site of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem as utterly supposititious—a forgery, in fact, of the early monks. The main grounds assigned for such a conclusion were, that the assumed sepulchre, and cave of the sepulchre, present few or none of the natural features described as characterising the true locality by pilgrim-visitors a few

centuries after Christ. It was, moreover, stated, that in altogether a different place was to be found a sepulchral cave, displaying the most of the required peculiarities of appearance. Beyond this point our inquiries were not carried in the article referred to, and it now remains for us to turn from the question of the cave to that of the Church of the Sepulchre. An edifice of such a nature was indubitably raised over the true sepulchre, or what was so deemed, by the Emperor Constantine, about three hundred years subsequent to the Saviour's death. A church (partly burned in 1608, but re-erected) does stand above the now doubtful spot, which has been palmed for ages on the world as the scene of the Interment of the Son of Man; and that superposed church is styled, and affirmed by the monks to be, a sort of copy or edition, at least, of the Church of Constantine. That this is *not* the truth, is the opinion of Mr Fergusson; and that another building, yet visible at Jerusalem, is (not a copy but) the actual and original Church of Constantine, he also endeavours to demonstrate, and certainly with no small semblance of success. It does not follow, indeed, that, because the authority of the received cave and church of the sepulchre is shaken, Mr Fergusson is therefore bound to discover either a new cave or a new church; but when he does find a cave bearing the most striking marks of genuineness, and connected with that, in the identical position required, a church similarly characterised, the deductions made relative to each are reciprocally confirmed, and the whole case becomes truly a strong one. Having before placed the claims of the newly discovered cave of the sepulchre, we imagine, in a somewhat striking light, the reader may now be favourably prepared for the further arguments to be brought forward. Before speaking, however, in reference to the presumed new (or rather old and original) church of the sepulchre, some additional preliminary points must be noticed.

Mount Moriah, which general name we use in the meantime for clearness, is an elevated platform, or piece of table-land, situated on the east side of the longitudinal ridge on part of which Jerusalem is built. This ridge, it may be remembered, slopes gradually from the north southwards, and rises there into a bluff, the whole forming a sort of inland promontory; while along the west side of the same ridge runs the vale of Hinnom, and along the east the parallel vale of Jehosaphat. Mount Moriah overhangs closely the latter vale, and, on the west or city side, has a marked slope or divisional descent. The flat, platform-like summit of the Mount is now enclosed by walls, and the interior is usually termed, in whole, the 'Enclosure of the Haram el Scherif.' This space is nearly in the shape of a parallelogram, or what is vulgarly called an oblong square, the long diameter extending from north to south, and the short from east to west. The wall on the west is a little longer than that on the east, and the transverse wall on the north a little longer than that on the south, but these deviations from the correct oblong square are altogether trifling. In round numbers, the west wall is about 1500 feet long, the eastern about 1400, and the northern about 1000 feet. The southern wall, for reasons to be explained, we state definitely at 927 feet.

As the Temples of Solomon, Zerubbabel, and Herod undoubtedly stood on Mount Moriah, our first attempt shall be to fix the exact part of the Haram enclosure occupied by that memorable edifice, thereby also settling the precise portion of it really known of old as Mount Moriah, specifically and exclusively. Josephus indicates very clearly in many passages that the Herodian temple, which, as the last, must of course be the sole one here kept in view, stood on a square of 600 feet each way. Now, the south wall (in part a very ancient one) of the Haram enclosure measures at this day 927 feet in length, and extends, in accordance with the account of Josephus, 'from valley to valley'—that is, from the beginning of the slope on the Jehosaphat side to that of the slight hollow on the west or city-side. It is true that the Jewish historian seemingly refers to 600 feet as the space between vale and

vale; but this seeming disagreement is thoroughly cleared up by the fact, that exactly 320 feet of the eastern end of the wall mentioned are lined with *vaults*, obviously of comparatively late origin, and as plainly raised from the primitive surface, which *did* begin naturally to slope at the point of 600 feet from the west end. Moreover, a massive cross-wall runs so far northward from the same point, marking very clearly the eastern bound of the Herodian temple. Such a view of the length of the building from west to east also corresponds, architecturally, with the statement of there having been a facade of 162 pillars along the same or southern front, arranged in four rows; and yet another circumstance defines the easterly limit of the temples, namely, the inability of the piers of the vaults beyond the 600 feet to bear any such weighty colonnade. From the fact of the temple being a square, one side being thus fairly established, the other three might be held as so far also fixed. But the corroborative proofs are yet various and strong. Just about 600 feet from the southern limit or side, a transverse wall, now only a few feet in height, leaves the *western* wall, and runs straight *eastward* for nearly 800 feet across the enclosure. Besides, at the starting point of this wall on the west, an ancient causeway is visible outside the enclosure, which had indubitably formed a mean of connection with the town. Finally, while the walls on the north and east are found to diverge a good deal from their cardinal points of direction, the western wall runs straight northwards and southwards, and the southern one straight eastwards and westwards, thus by their union making the south-western angle a rectangle, such as the walls that cross the enclosure also make. What with the two sides traced and the lines of the other two indicated, as well as the right angles formed, the site of the Temple may be held as pretty clearly marked out in the *south-western angle* of the Haram enclosure. The internal courts must be regarded as having materially lessened the general bulk of the temple; and thus on the whole, by this scarcely controvertible demonstration, the edifice of Herod's time is reduced within comparatively limited bounds. Yet all accords with the account of Josephus. Mount Moriah is thus also fixed down specifically to the south end of the Haram enclosure.

The settlement of the true site of Sion is the next point. Mr Fergusson is clearly of opinion that that Mount is to be found due *north* of the site of the Temple, and to be indeed the terminating point in that direction of the same raised platform or eminence to which the general name of Mount Moriah has been here given for simplicity's sake. But Mount Moriah, as observed, forms properly but the southern part; and the remaining space, of nearly 1000 feet square, which constitutes the northern end of the Haram enclosure, and the further part of which is considerably elevated above the rest of the platform, is held by Mr F. to include the *true Mount Zion*. There are few solid objections in reality to this supposition, saving the comparatively small extent of the locality; while there are many strong arguments adducible in its support. This narrowing of our views of the magnitude of Mount Zion is accompanied with a similar reduction in regard to the extent and population of ancient Jerusalem. We have already observed, that there are yet difficulties attending the comprehension of Jewish measures and numerals; but, leaving aside that fact, it is impossible not to conclude that Josephus and others fell into the same errors and exaggerations which we find not only our own national history of old, but the very annals of our own passing day, liable to lapse into. Such mistakes could scarcely fail to occur largely in the days of conjectural statistics, and on Mr Fergusson's hypothesis, we must not only adopt much more contracted ideas of space as regards Zion, but must make corresponding allowances for over-statements of the bulk and population of the ancient city of David. The fixed residents therein, as Mr F. undertakes to show by the plainest rules of modern statistics, must have ranged below 50,000 persons at the most populous eras, though always enlarged greatly on those periodic occasions when

the *whole of Israel* gathered together there for worship—a circumstance of itself likely to confuse numerical calculations. If the probability of all this be granted, we shall be the better prepared to accept of the reduced Zion presented to us. Certainly, old authorities, as well as the Scriptures themselves, justify the conclusion that the Mount, whatever its magnitude, lay close to the Temple on the *north*. Arculf distinctly describes the city as 'beginning from the brow of *northern Zion*,' and no eminence lies in that quarter but the one under notice, which is on the *north-north-east*, and might readily be called *northern*. The Talmud asserts uniformly that it held that precise position; and the psalmist says, 'Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion, on the sides of the north, the city of the great king.' The books of the Maccabees also distinctly describe the site of Zion as close to the Temple; but indeed the passages in the Scriptures, which closely identify the position of the two localities, are almost innumerable. 'Going up to the sanctuary,' and 'going up to Zion,' are mentioned ones and again as meaning nearly, if not altogether, the same thing; and the antique causeway, which has been mentioned as opening on the western wall of the Haram, would form a road to both, justifying the use of the phrase 'going up' to them in common. Mount Zion, then, as Mr Fergusson concludes, may not unreasonably be held as fixed to the northern point of the eminence of the Haram enclosure, as Mount Moriah is on the south. There are almost insuperable objections to all other localities; and this one, there are none decidedly important save its limited extent of space. Reasons for overlooking this objection have been already given.*

On the space betwixt the northern side of the Herodian temple-site, and the northern wall of the Haram enclosure, at about 200 feet from the former and 500 feet from the latter, and within some 160 feet from the western wall, stands the building now and long styled the Mosque of Omar, or, by the Mahomedan people, 'The Dome of the Rock.' This is the edifice under which the before-mentioned cave of the sepulchre, now put forth by Mr Fergusson as the true one, is to be found; and this is the edifice, which, both from the evidence of that cave and its own architectural peculiarities, Mr F. declares to be the identical Church of Constantine, built at the close of the third century. On the point of architectural testimony, he is peculiarly strong; and few of his readers will escape the conviction that the structure is *Grecian*, and not *Saracenic* at all, with the exception of the roof or Dome, a later and subsidiary appendage. The body of the building presents not one trace of the fantastic Asiatic style, but is a fine specimen of the pure, uniform, and elaborate Byzantine order of architecture. That travellers should have so long failed to notice all this, is easily explained by the fact of their never having been admitted into the enclosure where the building stands, and seeing scarcely anything from outside the walls but the Saracenic dome.

It is impossible without drawings, even if the technical language could be supposed to be generally intelligible, to go over Mr Fergusson's demonstrations in regard to internal architectural details. In exterior, the so-called Mosque is an octagonal circle, it has been already said; and regarding this feature Mr F. remarks:—

'I feel quite certain that in no Mahomedan country, from the mouths of the Ganges to the Guadalquivir, and in no age, did any Mahomedan erect a mosque of this form; the thing is an anomaly, an absurdity; it is, to my mind, like talking of a perpendicular pyramid or a square circle. To me it appears strange how the idea could have been suggested. There are octagonal tombs, it is true,

* It may here be remarked, that, though we place Mr Fergusson's arguments regarding Zion in as fair a light as possible, the question is totally different from that relative to the cave and church of the sepulchre. He may be wrong about the site of Zion, while perfectly right on the other points. Many indeed will come to this very conclusion, we believe. Our own strong suspicion is, that the name of Zion was so far used generally as to render any special application now doubtful.

though not many, and only, I think, in India; but this the Mahomedans never called a tomb, nor connected any such idea with it. In short, if we assume it to be a Mahomedan building, in detail, form, and proportion, it is utterly anomalous, and unlike anything any Mahomedan ever did build in any part of the world: if, on the contrary, we assume it to be a Christian building over a sepulchre of the age of Constantine, all becomes consistent and intelligible; certainly, as far as the edifice itself is concerned, there is not a single difficulty in the way.'

The probability that this is the true church of the sepulchre built by Constantine, and that it is not a Mosque raised by the Caliph Omar, is borne out still further by the fact, that it was from the early Christians, following the account of William of Tyre, that the very first idea came of ascribing the structure to the Mussulman conqueror and king. The Mussulman population know better, and have ever done so; and, though they hold the said structure as in its way sacred, they broadly deny it to be the Mosque of Omar, and point out, as the true and only edifice raised by the Caliph, that called the Mosque El Aksa, a small one erected on a portion of the site of the temple of Herod. This building is in all respects genuinely Saracenic. Another singular fact regarding this Mosque El Aksa is, that, while of it Arculf makes clear mention, he takes no notice whatever of any other mosque near it, though if the dome of the rock had been raised by the same party, to wit Omar, it must have been certainly existent in the time of Arculf, and by far the most conspicuous. There is no way of explaining this omission, but by coming to the conclusion, that he found the 'rotund' church of Constantine yet going by its own and true name, and described it as such in its proper place.

Within the same enclosure of the Haram, Adamnan, following the notes of Arculf, describes the existence of three different churches, besides the church of the sepulchre; namely the *Basilica*, the *Golgotha* (built by Constantine), and the *Mary Church* (of Justinian). All these have disappeared, but Mr Fergusson marks their sites clearly, and he is confirmed to the letter in his restorations by the descriptions in the *text* of Arculf. As to the plan which Arculf gives, it is most miserably rude, and differs wholly from the text. It throws the four churches into one huddled heap, though the description distinctly separates them. Mr Fergusson (though, we think, not called on to do so) boldly explains the fact that the pretended church of the sepulchre in part resembles the plan of Arculf by concluding the forgery to have been based on that plan. The existence of such a church as that of Golgotha near to the dome of the rock in the seventh century, affords one proof more that the crucifixion at the 'Place of Skulls,' and the Interment in the Sepulchre of the Garden, all took place on some part near to or betwixt the Mounts of Moriah and Zion, or on their sides, though time may since then have altered the appearance of the surface, and made the various points with difficulty recognisable. The close neighbourhood of the place of crucifixion to the sepulchre, is clearly stated by St John. 'Now in the place where he was crucified, there was a garden; and in the garden a new sepulchre where was never man yet laid. There laid they Jesus because of the Jews' preparation-day; for the sepulchre was nigh at hand.' An intermediate point, then, of the general eminence within the walls of the Haram must be looked upon as the Mount of Calvary, though we are also forced to conceive, upon the supposition of Mr Fergusson's theory being correct, that it had been little more than a *mound* or knoll, more or less marked and isolated. In Scripture, there is nothing to contradict such a conclusion. That the scene should be described as lying 'without the city' is also easily understood, upon the same supposition; since the whole enclosure is properly apart from it at this moment. We can scarcely find one of these points of description applicable to the site of the assumed church and cave of the sepulchre, which has its location very nearly in the centre of Jerusalem, and can barely be deemed to have been even near its outer limits at any time.

Mr Fergusson, at the close of his description of what he views as the true church of Constantine, remarks by way of summation:—

'As far as the argument has hitherto gone, there has been no flaw whatever in the evidence; and whether we take it as according perfectly with the scriptural narrative (which it does to the minutest particular), or as according with the testimony of subsequent writers, both Christian and Mahomedan—or, lastly, from the evidence of the architecture itself, nothing can be more complete and contemporaneous than the whole chain is; and I do not know of any other building, or set of buildings, regarding which a more perfect argument can be adduced than that which I have attempted to put together for the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, from the time of the crucifixion to the end of the seventh century. So complete, indeed, does it appear, that it seems almost a work of supererogation to pursue it further. To me it appears quite sufficient to know that for the first seven centuries the dome of the rock can be proved to have been known either as the place of the tomb in which Christ was laid, or as the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; while, for the last eight centuries, or since A.D. 1048, the present one has been dignified by that title: the consequence is of course inevitable, that at some period during the three centuries and a-half that intervened between these two periods, a transference from one locality to the other must have taken place; and, so far as the argument is concerned, it is of very little consequence when it was done, or by whom.'

Mr Fergusson argues the question closely, however, regarding the date of the transference or forgery. He naturally turns for satisfaction on the subject to the years 1031 and 1048, betwixt which years the church of Constantine was avowedly rebuilt—for, as before stated, the priests did not say to the early pilgrims that the original church of the sepulchre had been preserved, but that they had built anew on its site, after it had been destroyed by the Saracens. It has at times been said that such a destruction took place in the beginning of the seventh century, but this cannot be believed for an instant, because Bernhard, a pilgrim visitor in 870, describes identically the same scenes as Arculf. Brought down to a later period, we find that Muez set fire to the 'Basilica' church in 969, but left untouched, to all seeming, the church of the sepulchre, if not also the whole of the other buildings. For the next fifty years the Christians in Palestine were grievously harassed, and it was probably at this time, when El Hakeem levelled the half-burned ruins of the 'foresaid' (the word used) Basilica church to the ground, that the resident monks were wholly driven from the Haram enclosure. The Golgotha church, being almost an appendage, it may be said, of the Basilica, must have suffered ruin with it; and the Mary Church in all likelihood was also destroyed at the same time. That time was undoubtedly the most trying ever experienced by the monks, and every circumstance tends to fix it as the date of their expulsion from the Haram, where, in fact, their main edifices were destroyed. We thus render the expulsion nearly identical in date with the pretended rebuilding of Constantine's church of the sepulchre on its old site; and the moment was one assuredly most favourable for accomplishing a piece of imposture. Pilgrims had become unusually rare; and the monks were left nearly alone. A reviewer in the 'Dublin University Magazine' (to two papers in which we have been greatly indebted for aid on this subject) thus discusses the motives for, and the likelihood of a forgery, after the ejection from the Haram enclosure: 'Nor is it so improbable that they should have committed this *'pia fraus'*. They were forced out of their Church of the Sepulchre; and the question was, should they abandon Jerusalem altogether, or be content with such a sepulchre as they could get. Recollect, the thing was of daily occurrence. Not only were bones and relics hawked about Christendom continually, but a cave such as this—for such the *house of the Virgin* was in fact—was actually transported *hodie avaros hant*

Europe! The wonder indeed is, as our author significantly remarks, that the Holy Sepulchre was removed to so moderate a distance. The scene of the martyrdom of St Stephen has changed places no less than *three times!* But there was another grave difficulty—how to perpetrate the fraud without being found out. Now, it must be recollected that Europe had heard that the buildings generally at the sepulchre had been first burnt by Mueez, and then raised by El Hakeem. It was between twenty and thirty years later that the Christians began to build their new church; the chances were, therefore, small of a pilgrim visiting this edifice who had seen the former one. If such a pilgrim did exist, the means were at hand to silence him, or, at all events, to blind the already remarkably short-seeing eyes of the superstitious world. As for the knowledge of topography then possessed, it may be judged of by the fact of the astonishment of the first crusaders at stumbling upon Constantinople, on their way to the Holy Land. The priests did not deny that their church was new: everybody knew that the former one had been destroyed many years before. How was the deceit to be detected? Access was not to be had to the old sites. It was an ignorant and a credulous age. In point of fact, far more daring frauds than this were successfully practised at the time. Were there maps and plans to guide the inquirer? Yes, there was *one*—that of Arculfus; and this, as they found it laid down, the priests had adopted as the design of their new building, so that the deception was complete. They pointed triumphantly to that plan, and challenged the inspection of believers!

Regarding this latter point, we do not think it indispensable to Mr Fergusson's argument that he should conclude the monks to have necessarily copied Arculf's plan in their false erection. The entire arrangement of the churches within the Haram enclosure must have been well known to *them* in 1031, and that they should have heaped all the holy spots under one roof, in as nearly as possible the old shape, was but a step they were likely to take for a thousand reasons. We have already remarked, that, while the expelled priesthood actually needed new edifices, the period betwixt 1031 and 1048 was most favourable, also, for the accompanying *transference* by them of the whole of the sacred localities, *en masse*, to a new and safer quarter *within* the city. Through the severities then prevalent, pilgrimages had almost ceased, and few that went to Jerusalem in that day ever returned. So strikingly was this the case, in fact, that in order to better matters, the *crusades* commenced immediately after the date under consideration, or at the close of the eleventh century. But many a year passed by subsequently, ere the crusaders reduced Jerusalem under Christian rule; and by that time the supposititious site of the Sepulchre, with all its adjuncts, must have been firmly established in popular opinion. It may even be questioned if the original 'transferers' left a distinct knowledge of the truth to their successors; but, supposing that they did so, the acknowledgment of *two sepulchres* when it became practicable would have been monstrous, and ruinous to the credit of both, besides heaping on the priesthood the indignation of all Christendom. Perseverance in the fiction would thus be rendered unavoidable, and the rude and grossly ignorant warriors of the crusades, who could seldom *ever read* so as to *compare*, were as unlikely to detect anything wrong, as the monastic body to boggle at putting it in practice. Moreover, the general impression, industriously borne out by the priests, was that the church of the Sepulchre of Constantine had been destroyed by the Saracens, so that even when they got the nominal Mosque of Omar into their actual possession, as well as the present Haram enclosure generally, they were prevented by many causes from ever once suspecting the truth. Indeed, the *church*-proper of Constantine may be said to have been really destroyed, the Basilica (or *regal church*) being the place mainly used for worship in connection with the sepulchre; while the yet existing nominal mosque, though also used and commonly viewed as a

church, was strictly to be considered as simply a *dome* raised for the protection of the cave and the sepulchre—purposes which we trace in its original Greek name of *the Anastasis*, and partly even in its modern moslem designation of *The Dome of the Rock*. The very circular shape of the construction itself in some degree tells the same story. The royal church of the Basilica was by far the largest and most magnificent edifice on the scene, and it would be therein, and also in the large Mary Church, as well as in the minor Golgotha Church, that the Saracens would find the Christian worship to be mainly, if not almost exclusively conducted. In this fact we find one reason for the special exercise of the destroying spirit of bigotry on these edifices; while in their great probable superiority in point of riches we discover also a reason for the excitement of the concurrent spirit of rapacity. It will be easily seen by the reader, that we now touch on these points to explain the survival by the *Anastasis*, or building raised by Constantine over the sepulchre, of the ruin that befell its neighbours. From being in all likelihood little used for ordinary worship while these others stood—from its singularity of shape, and presentation of few or none of the features characterising the other detested shrines of Christianity—from its internal plainness, and want of decorations and objects to tempt cupidity—and from its convertibility, by the easy addition of a single Saracenic dome, to a sacred place for themselves—the Mahomedan invaders, who would naturally desire, we conceive, to retain at least one such place amid their burnings and levellings, would, of all others, be most likely to choose the round Church of Constantine for these reasons and purposes. It is possible, too, that the admission of Christ's high prophetic character by Mahomet himself may have led the followers of the latter's faith, while quite ready to advance it by overthrowing the true Christian altars, to stop short of defacing the site of the Saviour's interment, which, according to their own high priest, was a spot really hallowed by divine manifestations, and not in the position of the mere works of human hands. It was before suggested, and seems by no means improbable, that they might from the same feeling remove the (now missing) stone coffin, since we find such an article existent in their Mosque of El Akse, in a chamber actually called by the startling name of the Grotto of Jesus.

By the way, we omitted to mention, while alluding to the Golgotha Church, that the name of that building would lead one to suppose its early builders to have considered the site as that of the true Golgotha of the New Testament. As the church is laid down, in Mr Fergusson's plan, within 500 feet to the east of the Cave of the Sepulchre, the spots adjoin very closely, certainly. But St John states such to be the case with even unusual distinctness. He says that '*in the place* where he was crucified there was a garden;' and, again, that its grot or sepulchre '*was nigh at hand*.' At least, if 500 feet be deemed too nigh, they are more than the 40 paces of distance allowed in the case of the *supposititious* Golgotha and cave.

Though we have adduced these probabilities in favour of the supposition that Constantine's Church of the Sepulchre escaped destruction—and of its destruction there is really no evidence beyond the rumours founded on the averments of the interested and trust-worthy priesthood of Jerusalem of old—we must still hold the positive architectural discoveries of Mr Fergusson to form the true corner-stone of the bold and yet most feasible theory which he has put forth on this interesting subject. We have met the main objections to this theory in passing, but a word more, *con* and *pro*, may be added in conclusion. While Mr Fergusson rests so strongly on architectural evidence, there are some few arguments adducible against him from the same source. The heaviest of these rest on the fact of very old stones being found in certain quarters. But it seems to us that any reasoning based on the presence of loose stones, or even traceable courses of stones, can never have much weight when *standing alone*, considering all the vicissitudes undergone by Jerusalem, and much less

that such reasoning can be compared with that deduced from an entire building, yet existent and examinable, and complete in all its parts. The defensive operations during the great sieges would account for almost boundless confusion in regard to all moveable stony masses. Again, the difficulty of supposing the true Church of the Sepulchre to have been spared to this day is certainly considerable, we admit; but it has been already observed that there are strong probabilities, besides the internal evidence, in favour of the supposition. Moreover, one thing is obvious, that if it escaped ruin at first, and underwent a species of adoption by the Mahomedans, its preservation is easily to be accounted for at all other times. In short, the grand obstacle in the way of Mr Fergusson's theory comes still to be the necessity which it lays us under of contracting our views so sadly relative to the magnitude, if not of Jerusalem altogether, at least of its mounts and famous localities. But what difficulties does the new theory not wipe away? It verifies thoroughly, for the first time, the account of the Temple given by Josephus, and accurately defines its bounds. It assigns a place to Zion, reconciling many passages of Scriptural and many of secular history. It clears up the doubts with which the most pious Christians have long viewed the *reputed* sepulchre, arising from its discrepancy with the accounts of Scripture and the early pilgrims, and shows a place to which both in the main apply. By unquestionably stamping the nominal Mosque of Omar as a building of the Grecian or Byzantine style of the age of Constantine, and thus almost proving it to be of his erection, it goes far to settle the question, also, of other interesting localities. Finally, it determines a multitude of differences by placing the whole matter in an entirely new light, former disputants having always discussed merely the one question, whether Constantine had or had not found the true site of the sepulchre at first, and not whether the long reputed site was or was not *his* site. All the arguments in favour of his having found the true site originally tend so far, of course, to support Mr Fergusson's theory, and still more to prove its high value, since, by its establishment, if we may hold that effected, the Christian world has at length discovered the true sepulchre of the Saviour of mankind, CHRIST JESUS!

This subject is of such surpassing interest that no one, it may well be believed, will conceive it to be undeserving of the lengthened attention which it has here received. Undoubtedly, clear and accurate as Messrs Catherwood and Fergusson are, in their drawings and statements respectively, the question requires further and most minute inquiry *on the spot*; and we shall look with eager interest to the narrative of the first enlightened visitant to Jerusalem who travels thither with a thorough knowledge of Mr Fergusson's labours. It is really impossible to set bounds to the detailed revelations which may follow, or to affix a limit to their interest to Christendom.

THE HUSBAND'S COMPLAINT.

I hate the name of German wool in all its colours bright—
In chairs, in stools, in fancy work, I hate the very sight.
The shawls and slippers that I've seen—the ottomans and bags—
Sooner than bear one stitch on me, I'd walk the street in rags.

I've heard of wives too musical, too talkative or quiet,
Of scolding or of gaming wives, and those too fond of riot,
But yet of all the errors known which to woman fall,
For ever doing fancy work, I think exceeds them all.

The other day, when I came home, no dinner got for me,
I ask'd my wife the reason—she answer'd, 'One, two, three.'
I told her I was hungry, and stamp'd upon the floor—
She never look'd at me, but hummed out, 'One green more.'

Of course she makes me angry—she does not care for that,
But chatters while I talk to her, 'One white, and then a black;
Seven greens, and then a purple. Just hold your tongue, my dear;
You really do annoy me so, I've made a wrong stitch here.'

And as to conversation—with her eternal frame—
I speak to her of fifty things—she answers just the same.

'Tis, 'Yes, love: five reds, then a black. I quite agree with you.
I've done this wrong: seven, eight, nine, ten—an orange, then a blue.'

If any lady comes to tea, her bag is just survey'd,
And if the pattern pleas'd, a pattern then is made.
She stares then at the gentlemen, and if I ask her why,
'Tis, 'Oh, my dear, the pattern of his waistcoat caught my eye

And if to walk I feel inclined ('tis seldom I go out)
At every worsted shop she sees, oh, how she stares about!
And then it is, 'I must go in—that pattern is so rare:
The group of flowers is just the thing I wanted for my chair.'

Besides, the things she makes are such touch-me-not affairs,
I dare not even use a screen; and as for her fine chairs—
'Twas only yesterday I put my youngest boy on one,
And until then I never knew my wife had such a tongue.

Alas! for my poor little ones, they dare not move or speak.
'Tis, 'Tom, be quiet; put down that bag!' 'why, Jane, where are
your feet?'

'Maria! standing on that stool!—it was not made for use!
Be silent all! Three greens, one red, a blue!—and then a pause.

Oh, the misery of a working wife with fancy wool run wild;
And hand that never does aught else for husband or for child!
Our clothes are rent—all comfort gone—my house is in disorder;
And all because my lady-wife has taken to embroider!

I'll put my children out to school—I'll go across the sea:
My wife's so full of fancy work, I am sure she'll not miss me.
Even while I write she still keeps on her 'one, two, three, an d four.'
'Tis past all patience! on my word, I'll not endure it more.

THE WIFE'S REJOINDER.

I hate the name of politics, of speeches e'er so bright;
Of newspapers and Chronicles I hate the very sight;
And if I'd known my husband had a politician been,
I never would have had him—I'd have married old Tom Green.

I've heard of men who spend their days with horses or with dogs;
'Tis true they often get a fall, and sometimes stick in dogs;
Some gentlemen are fond of wine, and others like to smoke;
But they are lively fellows all—can give and take a joke.

Not like your politician, who sits poring o'er his paper
The moment that his dinner's down, till ten o'clock or later;
E'en while he sips his tea he reads, and sips, and reads again;
He used to cut the loaf for me—but he was wooling then.

I long to see a friend drop in to have a little news,
But he at once attacks him with 'the Ministers,' 'their views.'
Whig, Radical, or Tory, to me 'tis all the same,
I know my husband's one of them—and how I hate the name!

Last week, I had such pretty books sent me by Mr Cower,
I said, 'Love, will you read to me while I complete this flow(n?'
He answer'd, 'Yes, dear, certainly. Of bunglers great and small
I'm sure (and here he named some one) by far outstrips them all.'

I'll read this article to you, 'tis written with much spirit.—
I knew that I must hear it out, so begg'd him to begin it:
Of course I thought of something else the whole time he was reading
And was as wise when he left off as when he was beginning.

And if too soon it terminates, that no time may be lost,
'I'll go and see my friend,' he says, 'I know he takes the Post.'
But after all their sage remarks, their arguings con and pro,
What better are they—or the State—that's what I want to know.

He never takes me to a ball, a concert, or a play—
But other ladies may be seen in public every day;
And as for conversation, he can say but 'yes' or 'no';
When I think I've said a witty thing, he answers me, 'Just so.'

Oh! I am almost driven mad—I may not talk—alas!
But for my Berlin wools I know not how the hours would pass!
Even now three papers have arrived! 'Tis true upon my life!
What would I give that I were not a politician's wife! E. P.
—Cork Examiner.

JESSY.

A TALE OF OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

THE Thames, three centuries ago, had characteristics essentially different from those that distinguish it in the present day. Gone are the palaces and gardens which, from White-

frs to Westminster, adorned its banks; the six-oared canopied barge has given place to the smoky steam-boat; the waterman's occupation, by the erection of so many bridges, like Othello's, 'is gone;' the spirit of romance has fairly vanished from the now impure, gaseous, and 'tortured stream;' in a word, every thing has succumbed to the march of triumphant utility. Things were not always so. As still, on the waters that wash the marble palaces of sea-born Venice, music nightly sounds, and love breathes his sigh, so, in the good old times that shall never come again, did the gallant, gliding over the unpolluted stream, woo his mistress—Love assignments were made there. The high and the noble did not consider it derogatory to their dignity to touch the guitar; the woman's silver voice was heard, making yet more smooth the unweaved and transparent bosom of 'gentle Father Thames.' The moon shed a flood of light upon the single bridge, which, spanning the noble river, bore on its granite shoulders a hundred houses; long shadows were cast eastward; the tide, rushing through the arches, created a slumberous sound; the Globe Theatre, on the Bank-side, where Shakspeare personated his own immortal creations, had closed its doors; when an individual, who had lately stood within the walls of that temple of Thespis, proceeded to the nearest stairs, and springing into his wherry, rowed leisurely out into the stream. The gallant whom we were about to describe, though on terms of familiar greeting with Essex, Raleigh, and the choice wits of the day, did not belong to the aristocratic class; yet, on his person and bearing, nature's nobility was stamped: that lofty forehead spoke of intellectual superiority; the eye, though subdued, and somewhat downcast through the mind's abstraction, had that searching glance which can read men's souls; the brows were drawn from their natural arch almost to straight lines, and gave to his physiognomy an expression of sternness, which, however, was redeemed by the humour that lurked around the thin-lipped handsome mouth; his jetty beard was short and peaked; a conical hat, with a single feather, adorned his head; his doublet was slashed, and of the finest broad cloth; his ruffles were of rich Flanders lace; and the hilt of his straight sword—a present from the queen—was set with rubies. And this was the deer-stalker of Stratford-on-Avon—this was Shakspeare.

The great dramatist was now in the summer of his days, and (if we may be allowed the metaphor) the aloe of his renown had begun to put forth those leaves, the beauty and freshness of which have endured for three centuries. Genius, as regards its adoration of the sex, is sometimes content to feed on dreams of ideal beauty. But at this period of his life, the Bard of Avon, it would seem, was not satisfied with worshipping a phantasy. Petrarch and his platonic offered nothing suited to his temperament, and he yielded to the passions that will enthral ordinary men. Love for an object warm, breathing, living, had kindled its fire in his heart. Cold seemed the creatures of his plastic fancy to this lovely incarnation of all his poetic dreamings—this sweet palpable shrine of the immortal spirit; and to pour forth his love-vows, and to press the lily hand of his sweet Jessy, did Shakspeare, on the night in question, urge his wherry down the Thames.

Jessy was daughter of the despised people who regard Abraham as their great progenitor. Her father was an usurer and jeweller, and hung out his sign on the Old London Bridge. It was just above the third arch from the city-side, ere the Dutchman Morris had erected his water-works, that old Manasseh dwelt. There were but two things in the world dear unto him—his money and his daughter. From her extreme loveliness, Jessy had obtained the soubriquet of the 'Beauty of London Bridge.' Many of the illustrious of her tribe had sought her hand in marriage; but Jessy was deaf to each splendid overture. Several Christians, also, offered to lay their titles and riches at her feet; but here Manasseh angrily interposed, since, from principle as well as inclination, he bitterly loathed the followers of one whom his nation stigmatized as the false Messiah. Yes, the Jew would have acted, if possible, a sterner part than a Virginius—he would have

strangled his beloved and lovely child, ere seen her polluted by an union with a Christian.

Shakspeare's wherry glided on, and in a few minutes, having entered the deep shadow of the arch, he landed on the wide, projecting stairing. Jessy's sleeping apartment was far above; but the girl, unknown to her father, had the key of a lower chamber which opened upon a small balcony; and thence, by means of a short ladder of ropes, she had let herself down into the arms of the enamoured poet.

Shakspeare resigned his skulls to his young attendant, who knew his duty too well to listen to the conversation of the lovers. The beautiful Jewess was wrapt in a velvet mantle, bordered with miniver. Her large, dark, passionate eyes were now raised to the heaven, spangled with stars, and now fixed in melting tenderness on him who sat by her side. And thus they glided on—soft light above, murmuring waters around—conversing in tremulous whispers, and experiencing, in those stolen moments of reciprocated affection, all the bliss that man is capable of wringing from the fleeting hours of this fevered existence.

We shall not detail at length the conversation which passed between Shakspeare and his Jessy. Thus nightly had they met, and breathed their vows of faith, and in each other's presence had forgotten the world and its cold restrictions. Jessy only trembled lest her father should discover her amour; for rarely a day passed without Manasseh's bitterly reviling, and heaping curses on the Christians.

'If thou dost love me,' said Shakspeare, pressing the maiden's hand, 'thou wilt never again enter the habitation of one who, harsh, bigoted, and cruel, is unworthy to call thee daughter. Jessy! dear one, fond one, true one! see with me this night; I will protect thee against a thousand fathers. This bosom shall be thy home; and, in return, thy love shall be my paradise.'

'Not yet,' said the girl timidly; 'I will pray to him—I will strive to bend his will—and perhaps he will relent. Moreover, harsh though he be, I love my father, and would not desert him in his old years.'

'Sweet one, distress not thyself—be true to thy vow—continue to love me, as I worship thee, and, whatever betide, I shall be happy.'

The moon had nearly set, and a deep gloom was falling over the river. Jessy was anxious to return, and the wherry shot back to the bridge. As they approached, Shakspeare perceived the figure of a man standing on the broad stairing beneath the Jew's residence.

'It is only a waterman, love; there, he is gone; he has sprung, I doubt not, into his boat.'

Jessy trembled, but the man had indeed disappeared around the buttress, giving them reason to believe that he was no other than the individual named. The beautiful Jewess was lifted by Shakspeare out of the wherry; the stairing was damp through the splashing of the rising tide, and he threw his rich doublet on the wood-work for the girl to step upon.

'Farewell, love, forget me not,' whispered the poet of Avon, kissing Jessy's fair forehead; but at that instant Shakspeare started, for he felt his arm seized and compressed as in a vice by a sinewy hand, while words like the following were hissed in his ear:—'Christian! dog! have I found thee?'

Shakspeare, by a violent effort, flung the human viper from him; and as the setting moon shed a glimmering ray through the granite arch, he recognised the father of his Jessy. His first impulse was to draw his sword, but he instantly placed a rein on his inclination. The Hebrew was so convulsed by the passions which raged within him, that, for some minutes, he was unable to address his trembling daughter or her lover: the former, taking advantage of the silence of her father, fell on her knees before him, and beseeched him to restrain his anger. But the Jew waved his hand, while his fury at length burst forth in words: 'Begone! thou disgrace of thy tribe! thy reproach to thy father! or I shall slay thee!'

The girl, shuddering and overawed, crept up to the little balcony, and in a few minutes disappeared. The

Jew seemed suddenly to have formed a resolution; his eyes, in the darkness of the night, burned like coals of fire; he muttered incoherent words, and snatching from his gaberdeen a long dagger, dashed forwards, exclaiming—'Unbeliever! contemner of the law of Moses! oppressor of our race!'

The dagger grazed Shakspeare's breast, but the next moment he had snatched it from the infuriated Hebrew's hand.

'Old man, I woo thy daughter honourably.'

'Son of Belial! even thine honourable love would be infamy! But my dagger is gone—can I have no revenge?'

With the quickness of thought he mounted to the balcony that projected over the stairing, and drew the ladder by which he had ascended after him. Shakspeare, although he divined not what the Hebrew's motive might be, waited the result of his action with extreme anxiety. Presently he heard a faint cry like a supplication for mercy; then a shriek broke on the stillness of the night. The father and daughter appeared at the topmost window which overlooked the Thames; Jessy's sleeping-room was there, and it was fully apparent now what the incensed and maddened Jew meditated doing. Shakspeare shouted to him to desist, and began in frantic haste to climb to the balcony.

'Curses on thee, and thy paramour!' exclaimed the Hebrew, dragging forward his struggling child; 'thou shalt not live to bring this disgrace on my name.'

It was over. The unnatural and atrocious deed had been committed. The Jew's flashing eyes marked his child sink into the rushing waters far beneath; a fiendish exultation lit up his countenance, and he smoothed his beard—and laughed. Shakspeare was thrilled with horror at what he witnessed, he plunged into the stream to the rescue of her, the beautiful, the guileless one. He dived where she sank, but the tide was flowing so rapidly that the current had carried her through the arch. She floated now at a distance—sank again—the agonised swimmer reached her at length, and succeeded in placing her in his boat.

'Jessy! my own Jessy!' cried Shakspeare, straining the beautiful girl to his heart, and printing kisses on her cold lips. Her dark eyes were closed, her fair arms drooped lifeless, and her long wet tresses enveloped her as with a veil. What to the lover now was vengeance on the destroyer?—he thought only of the destroyed. In desperation, he conveyed her to the house of a medical man on the Bankside; but every effort to effect resuscitation proved abortive. The light of life was quenched; the late warm heart would throb with passion no more; and the sweet flower, which had bloomed on the arid soil of a desert, was plucked by death, in the spring-time of its brightness and fragrance.—*Friendship's Offering*, 1848.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

GREATNESS, like everything else, has its kinds. The word does not symbolise identities, but incongruities; and we could easily marshal under its banner a host of elements claiming its name singularly, and which, at the same time, if placed side by side, would exhibit anything but principles of amalgamation. The time may come when man will attain a tongue capable of expressly developing his thoughts, but that time has not yet come, for words that seem at first sight perfectly simple require to be qualified in the nicest degree before men can comprehend the peculiar dogmas of which they are the organs. Greatness, says the warrior, consists in the number of victories which a man has gained upon the field of battle—in a fearlessness of death, in a promptitude to resent injuries, and in the successful issue of his quarrels.—Alas! says the Christian philanthropist, the warrior's greatness is a reproach; greatness consists alone in virtue and self-sacrifice. He who has best obeyed the precepts of love, and most meekly and abundantly illustrated its spirit, that man is at once the lowliest and greatest of mankind.—Greatness consists in power, says the monarch; in swaying a sceptre over vast regions, and ruling the desti-

nies of nations.—Mistaken man, says the philosopher, the abstract condition of power is not greatness; it is the mere organism of a kind of greatness. Greatness consists not in the substance of power, but in the exercise of it. A monarch is doubtless great in comparison to the extent of his monarchy, but it depends upon his character whether his greatness will consist of beneficence or tyranny. Mind alone is great, however, so that mental power only is true greatness.—I am at one with you, says the poet; the innate power of perceiving the beautiful, and of expressing the impression in the most beautiful manner, constitutes the acmé of mental greatness.—Pardon me, replies the philosopher, if I consider it of more importance to behold the true. The beautiful is merely an appearance, depending for corroboration upon, perhaps, a defective organ of sense—that is, the visual; the true, on the other hand, is what is: it is essence, which can be demonstrated only, and only perceived by the rational analytical processes of philosophy; therefore philosophical greatness is the superior.—Ah, ha! you may quarrel and argue about beautiful and true as you please, says the millionaire (looking on his money-bags with a smile, and rattling his gold in his pocket with sardonic carelessness), but the world has a better appreciation of true greatness than either of you, with your poetry, philosophy, and nonsense. Kings and governments, poets and philosophers, come to me to borrow of my gold, and they ask it with so deferential an air that it is easy to be seen that they think me king of a prouder heritage than theirs: wealth alone is greatness.—And thus we may go through the whole cycle of humanity, finding every coterie or circle with its own peculiar notions of greatness.

America has just seen two of her greatest citizens depart within a month; and they, indeed, were widely different in kind. John Quincy Adams was distinguished for his talents, his love of justice, his consistency, and his fearless assertion of truth; John Jacob Astor for enterprise and wealth. The one expended his life in struggles for the elevation of his race; the other's whole mind and energies were directed to the aggrandisement of himself and family. Adams was one of her greatest statesmen; Astor was, without exception, her greatest merchant and money-maker.

In July, 1783, the worthy and profound bailiff of the village of Waldrop, near Heidelberg, in the duchy of Baden, had a son born unto him. He had had several sons, but this particular one was designated John Jacob, two names with wonderfully opposite significations. John is one of your soft, gentle names, full of urbanity, with a touch of dignity; it means gracious, and would suit a condescending monarch well. Jacob, on the other hand, is just the name for a money-maker; it is quite a *pecuniary* name. The wealth of Laban of old consisted of flocks, and Jacob manifested as much adroitness in the accumulation of these as in the supplanting of Esau. Jacob means a supplanter; that is, one who trips up somebody's heels and takes his place. John Jacob Astor began life with auguries of success. He was a German; had a worthy, cautious, and wise father, who did not spare him of good advice, and equally good example. The Germans, like the Scotch, are brought up with a predisposition for emigration; one of the German tendencies is to leave home. Preparatory to departing from the place of his nativity, John Jacob Astor had been instructed in what was right and wrong in a worldly sense; so that, when he packed up his scanty wardrobe and took leave of Waldrop, he determined that honesty, industry, and total abstinence from the immoral practice of gambling, should mark his conduct through life. At eighteen years of age John Jacob steered his course for London, where he had a brother resident. With a few wearables in his bundle—coarse home-made clothes, blue cap, keel, and heavy hob-nailed shoes—he landed in the great city. He had two brothers who had emigrated. One was a musical-instrument maker in London, the other a butcher in New York; but he does not seem to have thriven under the auspices of the brother in Britain, during the three years

that he remained in England. This residence was of advantage to him, however, for he acquired the English tongue, which was indispensable to him in his new sphere of action.

The revolutionary war had just ceased; eight years of fiery ordeal had been passed through, the Americans had attained independence, and the hopeful and aspiring youth of Europe were hastening to the now open ports of the New World. With various articles of manufacture as his whole wealth, among the most valuable of which were seven flutes, presented to him by his brother, John Jacob Astor embarked, in November, 1784, as a steerage passenger on board of an emigrant ship bound for the United States. The voyage was long and tedious, the ship being retarded by ice for nearly three months in the Chesapeake. During this protracted detention in the river, the passengers went on shore occasionally, and Astor had time to form and perfect a friendship with a young countryman of his own, a furrier to trade, who induced him to turn his attention to his art, and generously offered to assist him in the acquirement thereof, and to go to New York with him. When he arrived at New York, the young German sold his flutes and other property, and immediately invested the small capital arising therefrom in furs. These he carried to London and sold; and then returning to New York, high in hope, he apprenticed himself to the fur-trade, in Gold Street, where he commenced beating skins. He had not been long here until he sufficiently understood the trade to embark in it as a capitalist; and he had at the same time manifested so much diligence and industry as to obtain the notice of Robert Bowne, a good old Quaker, who carried on an extensive business in New York as a furrier. Employed by Bowne as clerk, Astor recommended himself so highly by his industry and probity as to command the respect of the old Quaker, and his entire confidence. In this situation he made himself thoroughly acquainted with the nature of the fur-trade, coming in contact with the agents, and obtaining a complete knowledge of the methods and profits of the traffic.

When the revolutionary war closed, Oswego, Detroit, Niagara, and other posts, were in the hands of the British; and as these were the entrepôts of the western and northern countries, the fur-trade had languished after their capture and during their detention. The traders had been either driven away or drafted into the armies; the trappers had ranged themselves on either side of the political contention; and the Indians obtained more fire-water and calico for the use of their mercenary rifles and tomahawks from Great Britain, in this her domestic quarrel with the colonists, than if they had employed them on beavers and squirrels. After much negotiation and surveying, and the advancement and consideration of claims, these posts were conceded to the United States, and Canada was open to the fur-trade. Astor had received from his brother Harry, a rich butcher in Bowery, an advancement of a few thousand dollars; these he had already embarked in the fur-trade in 1794, and shortly afterwards the British retired from the west side of the St Clair, opening up to the enterprising sons of America the great fur-trade of the west. The cautious, acute German saw that the posts now free would soon be thronged by Indians eager to dispose of the accumulated produce of several years' hunting, and that the time was now come when he was certain to amass a large fortune by the traffic. He immediately established agencies, over which he exercised a sort of personal superintendence, visiting the stations sometimes, but chiefly devoting himself to the New York business. The result verified the sagacious predictions of the adventurous trader, for in six years he is said to have accumulated the enormous sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This sum was not stored up, but invested in stock which was likely to yield large returns.

The British fur companies had, however, built their block-forts at almost every eligible site on the rivers of the northern and south-western parts of the American

continent, and were soon likely to monopolise the whole of the fur-trade, unless some bold measures were adopted to rescue it from them. This Astor attempted in 1803, by establishing the American Fur Company. The hardy adventurers who entered into this project boldly pushed their outposts far into the hitherto unknown prairie, and raised their forts upon the banks of yet unexplored rivers. Tribes unused to see the white man, and who only knew him through vague tradition, or in a passing tale from some visiter of another tribe, now saw and knew him, and brought their abundance of beaver, otter, and buffalo skins, and laid them at his feet for muskets, powder, and fire-water.

If there is a genius in money-making, Astor surely possessed it. He had that unsatiable thirst peculiar to genius—that desire that expands and rises with success. The American Fur Company was no sooner established and in operation than he cast his sagacious, cunning little eyes towards the region stretching from the Rocky Mountains to the ocean. He proposed to the United States' government the establishment of a line of forts along the shores of the Pacific Ocean and on the Columbia river, in order to take from the hands of the British all facilities for establishing a trade west of the Rocky Mountains. The project was agreed to, and in 1810 sixty men, under the command of a hardy and adventurous leader (W. P. Hunt), established the first post. This settlement, which took its designation of Astoria from the projector of the scheme, gave its name subsequently to a large tract of country, which was involved in the dispute between the British and United States' governments in 1812, under the name of the Oregon question. Astoria was intended as the trading emporium of the Northern Pacific. A fort was built, houses raised as the dwellings of the voyageurs and trappers, offices for clerks, stores for furs and other merchandise, and dressing-shops for the furriers, together with other tradesmen essentially necessary in the settlement. Commodities from New York were to be sent to this station, and the vessel conveying these was also to supply the Russian trading settlements further north. This ship was to be loaded with furs and dispatched across the Pacific to Canton, then one of the best markets for furs, returning to New York with teas, silks, and nankeens.

The first vessel sent from Astoria was wrecked, the second made a successful voyage, but the third also was lost. These mishaps, however, did not discourage Astor nor those engaged with him in the project, and the adventure would have probably succeeded, had not a partner of Astor's (one M'Dougal, a Scotchman) treacherously sold Astoria to the agents of the British North-west Fur Company. During the war of 1812-14 this station had been exposed to all the disadvantages incidental to that state of mercantile disorganisation produced by war, but it weathered the storm, and at the restoration of peace was on the fair way of prosperity, when it was lost to Astor through the unwarrantable conduct of his partner.*

From the period of the establishment of the American Fur Company, this enterprising man had not only covered an immense tract of inland country and coast with the depôts of his wealth, but he had also multiplied the number of his ships until they exceeded the marine of some of the smaller European states. He had ships freighted with furs trading to the ports of France, England, Germany, and Russia, and carrying peltries to Canton, whence they came laden with teas, silks, spices, and the other products of the east. On every sea, laden with the richest cargoes, and consigned to every port of note, were the vessels of this German lad, who, in 1804, with only a few flutes and several other articles in his chest,

* Washington Irving visited the region of Astoria, in company with many adventurers, and he has given several graphic and interesting sketches of the scenery, Indians, and trappers of that territory of the Far-West, under the name of 'Astoria, or a Journey to the Rocky Mountains.' This amiable and gifted author thought very highly of the hopeful courage, kindly disposition, and great energy and sagacity of the late Mr Astor, upon whose estate he is left an executor.

landed from the steerage of an English emigrant ship upon the quay of New York. With the sagacity of a Franklin, Astor purchased a good deal of the land lying round New York. Perceiving the rapid growth of the city, he knew that this land, prospectively, was of immense value, and for a long time he invested two-thirds of his yearly income in the purchase of an estate, which he took care never to mortgage. Through the natural growth of the city, the returns from his real estate yearly increased till it reached an enormous amount. Speculating upon the settlement of Iowa, Missouri, Wisconsin, and other parts of the west, he purchased immense tracts at the government price, which, of course, the settlers will be constrained to take at an advance. The labour of generations yet unborn, the inhabitants of nations yet unknown, is mortgaged in this way to the descendants of John Jacob Astor. From indigence equal to that of the poor itinerant lads who perambulate our streets with organs, this man rose to be second only to the Rothschildes in wealth, in a shortness of time almost incredible.

During a great part of his earlier life he resided in a large and magnificent dwelling at the lower part of Broadway, where he lived in a style of princely grandeur. The richest furniture filled his sumptuous apartments; plate of the most beautiful, elaborate, and costly character covered his sideboards and tables; splendid works of art, consisting of paintings and sculpture, adorned his walls, lobbies, and staircases—so that he may not be termed miserly. The greater part of Astor's property is in real estate and mortgage in New York, and is calculated at the enormous value of fifty millions of dollars, or about ten millions of pounds sterling, the income arising from which is computed at about four hundred thousand pounds annually. It must be mentioned to the honour of this plethoric old Cæsar, however, that he has lent his aid to many works of public utility and philanthropy. The princely and magnificent Astor-House, perhaps the largest and most excellently managed hotel in Europe or America, was founded by him. Remembering his own condition at landing, and knowing the disadvantages to which foreign emigrants are exposed from the keepers of private hotels, he reared this stupendous establishment. The old man, only a comparatively short time ago, gave 350,000 dollars for the foundation of a library in New York, the interest of which large sum is to be expended in the erection of a building and the employment of agents for the purchase of books. The following amusing anecdote is told of him, in the double character of a patron of literature and parsimonious money-holder, which appears to be exceedingly characteristic: Among the subscribers to Audubon's magnificent work on ornithology, the subscription price of which was 1000 dollars a copy, appeared the name of John Jacob Astor. During the progress of the work, the prosecution of which was exceedingly expensive, M. Audubon, of course, called upon several of his subscribers for payments. It so happened that Mr Astor (probably that he might not be troubled about small matters) was not applied to before the delivery of all the letterpress and plates. Then, however, Audubon asked for his thousand dollars; but he was put off with one excuse or another. 'Ah, M. Audubon,' would the owner of millions observe, 'you come at a bad time; money is very scarce; I have nothing in bank; I have invested all my funds.' At length, for the sixth time, Audubon called upon Astor for his thousand dollars. As he was ushered into the presence, he found William B. Astor, the son, conversing with his father. No sooner did the rich man see the man of art, than he began, 'Ah, M. Audubon, so you have come again after your money. Hard times, M. Audubon—money scarce.' But just then catching an inquiring look from his son, he changed his tone: 'However, M. Audubon, I suppose we must contrive to let you have some of your money, if possible. William,' he added, calling to his son, who had walked into an adjoining parlour, 'have we any money at all in the bank?'—'Yes, father,' replied the son, supposing that he was asked an earnest question, pertinent to what

they had been talking about when the ornithologist came in, 'we have two hundred and twenty thousand dollars in the Bank of New York, seventy thousand in the City Bank, ninety thousand in the Merchants', ninety-eight thousand four hundred in the Mechanics', eighty-three thousand —.'—'That'll do, that'll do,' exclaimed John Jacob, interrupting him; 'it seems that William can give you a check for your money.'

Mr Astor married shortly after his settlement in America, and had four children, two sons and two daughters. He did not obtain the same unbroken felicity in his domestic as in the worldly tenor of his way. One of his sons had been imbecile from his birth. The wealth of the old merchant rendered his daughters very eligible matches for European counts; and one of them accordingly became the wife of the Baron Rumpff; she died at Paris, whither she had gone with her aristocratic husband to reside. Her sister, with less of ambition for the glory of a noble alliance, married Mr Birsted, an Englishman, author of a work entitled the 'Resources of America,' and now a clergyman at Bristol, Indiana. On Wednesday morning, 29th of March, 1848, John Jacob Astor died at his residence, No. 585 Broadway, aged eighty-five years.

The singular life and growth in wealth of John Jacob Astor offers many interesting reflections. There is assuredly scarcely another individual on the earth who has contrived to accumulate so much of the world's capital. The Rothschildes and Barings have, it is true, acquired magnificent fortunes through usury, but the process has been infinitely more tedious than that of Astor. The first Rothschildes started business nearly a century ago, and the house of Baring is of old standing. Their money was acquired through the exigencies of exchequers. Astor's was gained in what is called fair trade—by what may be termed a gigantic system of concentration, through which the wealth of savage tribes was made to flow by semi-civilised agents into the coffers of the prime mover of the system, and by taking advantage of that gradual enhancement of the value of real estate incidental to increasing communities. It seems strange that a man should purchase land for ever for one dollar and a quarter per acre, and that when a numerous population and a high state of labour have rendered its produce so valuable that the original purchaser should insensibly grow enormously wealthy. But it is to these causes, the condition of America as an immigrant country, and the comparatively open state of the fur-trade, more than to his personal exertions, that Astor acquired his vast wealth.

OLD FATHER MORRIS.

A SKETCH FROM NATURE, BY MRS HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Of all the marvels that astonished my childhood, there is none I remember to this day with so much interest as the character of old Father Morris. When I knew him he was an aged clergyman, settled over an obscure village in New-England. He had enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education, had a strong original power of thought, an omnipotent imagination, and much general information; but so early and so deeply had the habits and associations of the plough, the farm, and country life wrought themselves into his mind, that his after acquirements could only mingle with them, forming an unexampled amalgam, like unto nothing but itself.

He was an ingrain New-Englander, and whatever might have been the source of his information, it came out in Yankee form, with the strong provinciality of Yankee dialect.

It is in vain to attempt to give a full picture of such a genuine unique; but some slight and imperfect dashes may help the imagination to a faint idea of what none can fully conceive but those who have seen and heard old Father Morris.

Suppose yourself one of half-a-dozen children, and you hear the cry, 'Father Morris is coming!' You run to the window or door, and you see a tall, bulky old man, with a pair of saddle-bags on one arm, hitching his old horse

with a fumbling carefulness, and then deliberately stumping towards the house. You notice his tranquil, florid, full-moon face, enlightened by a pair of great, round blue eyes, that roll with dreamy inattentiveness on all the objects around, and as he takes off his hat, you see the white curling wig that sets off his round head. He comes towards you, and as you stand staring with all the children around, he deliberately puts his great hand on your head, and with deep, rumbling voice, inquires, 'How d'ye do, my darter? Is your daddy at home?' 'My darter' usually makes off as fast as possible in an unconquerable giggle. Father Morris goes into the house, and we watch him at every turn, as, with the most liberal simplicity, he makes himself at home, takes off his wig, wipes down his great face with a checked pocket-handkerchief, helps himself hither and thither to whatever he wants, and asks for such things as he cannot lay his hands on, with all the comfortable easiness of childhood.

I remember to this day how we used to peep through the crack of the door, or hold it half ajar and peer in, to watch his motions; and how mightily diverted we were with his deep, slow manner of speaking, his heavy, cumbersome walk, but, above all, with the wonderful faculty of *hemming* which he possessed.

His deep, thundering, protracted a-hem-em was like nothing else that ever I heard; and when once, as he was in the midst of one of these performances, the parlour door suddenly happened to swing open, I heard one of my roguish brothers calling, in a suppressed tone, 'Charles! Charles! Father Morris has *hemmed* the door open!' and then followed the signs of a long and desperate titter, in which I sincerely sympathised.

But the morrow is Sunday. The old man rises in the pulpit. He is not now in his own humble little parish, preaching simply to the hoers of corn and planters of potatoes, but there sits Governor D., and there is Judge R., and Counsellor P., and Judge G. In short, he is before a refined and literary audience. But Father Morris rises; he thinks nothing of this—he cares nothing—he knows nothing, as he himself would say, but 'Jesus Christ, and him crucified.' He takes a passage of Scripture to explain; perhaps it is the walk to Emmaus, and the conversation of Jesus with his disciples. Immediately the whole starts out before you, living and picturesque: the road to Emmaus is a New-England turnpike; you can see its mile-stones—its mullen stalks—its toll gates. Next the disciples rise, and you have before you all their anguish, and hesitation, and dismay, talked out to you in the language of your own fireside. You smile—you are amused—yet you are touched, and the illusion grows every moment. You see the approaching stranger, and the mysterious conversation grows more and more interesting. Emmaus rises in the distance, in the likeness of a New-England village, with a white meeting-house and spire. You follow the travellers—you enter the house with them; nor do you wake from your trance until, with streaming eyes, the preacher tells you that 'they saw it was the Lord Jesus!' and *what a pity* it was they could not have known it before!

It was after a sermon on this very chapter of Scripture history that Governor Griswold, in passing out of the house, laid hold on the sleeve of his first acquaintance: 'Pray tell me,' said he, 'who is this minister?'

'Why, it is old Father Morris.'

'Well, he is an oddity—and a genius too! I declare!' he continued, 'I have been wondering all the morning how I could have read the Bible to so little purpose as not to see all these particulars he has presented.'

I once heard him narrate in this picturesque way the story of Lazarus. The great bustling city of Jerusalem first rises to view, and you are told, with great simplicity, how the Lord Jesus 'used to get tired of the noise;' and how he was 'tired of preaching again and again to people who would not mind a word he said;' and how, 'when it came evening, he used to go out and see his friends in Bethany.' Then he told about the house of Martha and Mary: 'a little white house among the trees,' he said;

'you could just see it from Jerusalem.' And there the Lord Jesus and his disciples used to go and sit in the evenings, with Martha, and Mary, and Lazarus.

Then the narrator went on to tell how Lazarus died, describing, with tears and a choking voice, the distress they were in, and how they sent a message to the Lord Jesus, and he did not come, and how they wondered and wondered; and thus on he went, winding up the interest by the graphic minutiae of an eyewitness, till he woke you from the dream by his triumphant joy at the resurrection scene.

On another occasion, as he was sitting at a tea-table unusually supplied with cakes and sweetmeats, he found an opportunity to make a practical allusion to the same family story. He spoke of Mary as quiet and humble, sitting at her Saviour's feet to hear his words; but Martha thought more of what was to be got for tea. Martha could not find time to listen to Christ: no; she was 'cumbered with much serving'—around the house, *frying fritters and making gingerbread.*

Among his own simple people, his style of Scripture painting was listened to with breathless interest. But it was particularly in those rustic circles, called in New-England 'conference-meetings,' that his whole warm soul unfolded, and the Bible in his hands became a gallery of New-England paintings.

He particularly loved the Evangelists, following the footsteps of Jesus Christ, dwelling upon his words, repeating over and over again the stories of what he did, with all the fond veneration of an old and favoured servant.

Sometimes, too, he would give the narration an exceedingly practical turn, as one example will illustrate.

He had noticed a falling off in his little circle that met for social prayer, and took occasion, the first time he collected a tolerable audience, to tell concerning 'the conference-meeting that the disciples attended' after the resurrection.

'But Thomas was not with them.' Thomas not with them! said the old man, in a sorrowful voice. 'Why! what would keep Thomas away? Perhaps,' said he, glancing at some of his backward auditors, 'Thomas had got cold-hearted, and was afraid they would ask him to make the first prayer; or perhaps,' said he, looking at some of the farmers, 'Thomas was afraid the roads were bad; or perhaps,' he added, after a pause, 'Thomas had got proud, and thought he could not come in his old clothes.' Thus he went on, significantly summing up the common excuses of his people; and then, with great simplicity and emotion, he added, 'But only think what Thomas lost! for in the middle of the meeting, the Lord Jesus came and stood among them! How sorry Thomas must have been!' This representation served to fill the vacant seats for some time to come.

At another time Father Morris gave the details of the anointing of David to be king. He told them how Samuel went to Bethlehem, to Jesse's house, and went in with a 'How d'ye do, Jesse?' and how, when Jesse asked him to take a chair, he said he could not stay a minute; that the Lord had sent him to anoint one of his sons for a king; and how, when Jesse called in the tallest and handsomest, Samuel said 'he would not do;' and how all the rest passed the same test; and at last, how Samuel says, 'Why, have not you any more sons, Jesse?' and Jesse says, 'Why, yes, there is little David down in the lot;' and how, as soon as ever Samuel saw David, 'he slashed the oil right on to him;' and how Jesse said 'he never was so best in all his life!'

Father Morris sometimes used his illustrative talent to very good purpose in the way of rebuke. He had on his farm a fine orchard of peaches, from which some of the ten and twelve-year-old gentlemen helped themselves more liberally than even the old man's kindness thought expedient.

Accordingly, he took occasion to introduce into his sermon one Sunday, in his little parish, an account of a journey he took; and how he was very warm and very dry; and how he saw a fine orchard of peaches that made his mouth

water to look at them. 'So' says he, 'I came up to the fence and looked all around, for I would not have touched one of them without leave for all the world. At last I spied a man, and says I, 'Mister, won't you give me some of your peaches?' So the man came and gave me nigh about a hat full. And while I stood there eating, I said, 'Mister, how do you manage to keep your peaches?' 'Keep them!' said he, and he stared at me; 'what do you mean?' 'Yes, sir,' said I; 'don't the boys steal them?' 'Boys steal them!' said he; 'no, indeed!' 'Why, sir,' said I, 'I have a whole lot full of peaches, and I cannot get half of them'—here the old man's voice grew tremulous—'because the boys in my parish steal them so.' 'Why, sir,' said he, 'don't their parents teach them not to steal?' And I grew all over in a cold sweat, and I told him 'I was afeared they didn't.' 'Why, how you talk!' says the man; 'do tell me where you live?' 'Then,' said Father Morris, the tears running over, 'I was obliged to tell him I lived in the town of G.' After this Father Morris kept his peaches.

Our old friend was not less original in the logical than in the illustrative portions of his discourses. His logic was of that familiar, colloquial kind, which shakes hands with common sense like an old friend. Sometimes, too, his great mind and great heart would be poured out on the vast themes of religion, in language which, though homely, produced all the effects of the sublime. He once preached a discourse on the text, 'the High and Holy One that inhabiteth eternity;' and from the beginning to the end it was a train of lofty and solemn thought. With his usual simple earnestness, and his great, rolling voice, he told about 'the Great God—the Great Jehovah—and how the people in this world were flustering and worrying, and afraid they should not get time to do this, and that, and t'other.' 'But,' he added, with full-hearted satisfaction, 'the Lord is never in a hurry; he has it all to do, but he has time enough, for he inhabiteth eternity.' And the grand idea of infinite leisure and almighty resources was carried through the sermon with equal strength and simplicity.

Although the old man never seemed to be sensible of anything tending to the ludicrous in his own mode of expressing himself, yet he had considerable relish for humour, and some shrewdness of repartee. One time, as he was walking through a neighbouring parish, famous for its profligacy, he was stopped by a whole flock of the youthful reprobates of the place: 'Father Morris! Father Morris! the devil's dead!'

'Is he?' said the old man, benignly laying his hand on the head of the nearest urchin, 'you poor fatherless children!'

But the sayings and doings of this good old man, as reported in the legends of the neighbourhood, are more than can be gathered or reported. He lived far beyond the common age of man, and continued, when age had impaired his powers, to tell over and over again the same Bible stories that he had told so often before.

I recollect hearing of the joy that almost broke the old man's heart, when, after many years' diligent watching and nurture of the good seed in his parish, it began to spring into vegetation, sudden and beautiful as that which answers the patient watching of the husbandman. Many a hard, worldly-hearted man—many a sleepy, inattentive hearer—many a listless, idle young person, began to give ear to words that had long fallen unheeded. A neighbouring minister, who had been sent for to see and rejoice in these results, describes the scene, when on entering the little church, he found an anxious, crowded auditory assembled around their venerable teacher, waiting for direction and instruction. The old man was sitting in his pulpit, almost choking with fulness of emotion as he gazed around. 'Father,' said the youthful minister, 'I suppose you are ready to say with old Simeon, 'Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for my eyes have seen thy salvation.' 'Sartin, sartin,' said the old man, while the tears streamed down his cheeks, and his whole frame shook with emotion.

It was not many years after that this simple and loving servant of Christ was gathered in peace unto him whom he loved. His name is fast passing from remembrance, and in a few years, his memory, like his humble grave, will be entirely grown over and forgotten among men, though it will be had in everlasting remembrance by Him who 'forgetteth not his servants,' and in whose sight the death of his saints is precious.

CLERKS, SHOPMEN, AND APPRENTICES.

Clerks and shopmen, as a class, form a very considerable proportion of the metropolitan population; their number exceeding that of mechanics and artisans, which is estimated at 140,000. One-fifth of this class may be ranked among respectable tradesmen, such men as have the management of large trading establishments, confidential clerks, as well as those in public offices, as bankers' and attorneys' managing clerks. These may, from their education or talent, joined to their responsibility and the nature of their stations, be placed, in point of respectability and consideration in society, among tradesmen in the middle class of life, and above those who are included under the general head of clerks and shopmen, in the common acceptance of the term.

That vast body of young men and women who find employment in linen and woollen drapers' shops, haberdashers', milliners', and other retail shops, at salaries varying from £15 to £100 per annum, including board and lodging, come within the class of which we are about to treat. The other portion (one-fifth) who are in places of trust, are probably the most moral of all the other classes—not excepting even those who follow morality as a trade; their whole life is spent under the immediate eye of control, where nothing but the strictest sobriety and regularity of conduct can insure a retention of their places, even after years of faithful servitude. Distressing cases of loss of employment for slight aberrations daily occur; so necessary it is thought to make an example for every slip in this body from the line marked out for them to walk in; or so unforgiving is man, that revenge for one offence predominates over gratitude for the services of half a century, although that offence may, in the eyes of the world, be vain.

Among our merchants and tradesmen, something less than half a century ago, the expected reward for steady and faithful conduct was a share in that business which a man's industry had mainly contributed to make. This stimulus reared up a class of English traders, which, for probity, honour, and punctuality, at one time, had not its equal—and were justly famed as such—throughout the world. This incentive to industry, like that to many other virtues, is abolished; all wages for service being now paid down in a ready money price. No man serves upon trust, hence it is a few that are trusted. The tradesmen of the present day, as soon as they are in possession of a shop, and become masters, or principals, as the modern term is, think that they should degrade themselves were they to sit down to eat at the same table with those who assist them in carrying on their business, as was the custom, very generally, not many years since.

It is the prevailing error of the age, that all the classes of the community are striving invidiously to draw broad lines of demarcation between each other, and to detach themselves entirely from the link which connects them with those upon whom they persuade themselves they may look down as beneath them. This propensity has shaken the compact, and dislocated the articulations in society. The ball and socket principle, upon which the whole formerly so facilely moved, is destroyed; the edges grate, and disturb the entire nervous system. Society is suffering more from this cause than is generally thought of; there is a tendency in it to fly off and form as many grades, sects, and parties, as men may possess property, from one farthing up to a million per annum.

Cheating and trickery, in common parlance modified by the word shrewdness, are now the only marketable talents

long and faithful servitude is now better rewarded by the nobility in the persons of their menials, than industry and fidelity is among traders. Nor are instances wanting, in which mercantile men often leave their own menial servants more substantial proofs of their affection than they do those who have mainly contributed to make them wealthy, and were the cause of their possessing property to bequeath. Philosophy cannot penetrate or fathom the motive in these cases, unless it be, that the almost universal sinister ways by which money is acquired in these times may occasion a man, who has accumulated a fortune in trade, to hold a bad opinion of all who have worked in the same trade with him. His right, however, to dispose of his possessions, however obtained, is inherent and inseparable from property. But it does not follow, that because we admit the right, we must in all cases approve the exercise of it.

The mode of receiving apprentices, too, has undergone a change for the worse. When apprentices were selected from society by the free choice of masters, and passed through all the gradations of business, from the lowest station upwards; habit, gratitude, and interest, all conspired to make steady, faithful, and industrious men. Premiums are now given in many cases with youths, to induce the master to relax his surveillance over them, and wink at running precociously into society. We never now see an apprentice following (as in former times) his master or mistress to church, with the bible and prayer book under his arm: it appears as if mankind had conspired to strike out the period of adolescence in the existence of human beings, and that their minority should terminate at fourteen years of age, leaving nothing to be done for them after they come out of the hands of the schoolmaster. Yet parents are weak enough to ask what it is that has produced such a change in the middle classes.

The object of education has also been mistaken in this walk of life—the training of youth, too, has altogether been found in error. The mania for education has jumbled all the classes in one imaginary but false notion of equality. Nothing is talked of but education; some have overdone it, many have altogether mistaken the road, but more have been taught the wrong matter. The first carry gold about them, and are every minute in want of ready change; the others, in their attempts to arrive at the temple of Minerva by new roads, have lost sight of the path which leads to substantial and practical knowledge; these are the flippants and pragmatics who invest all the highways of society, being in the end distinguished for coxcombry, folly, and debauchery. Three-fifths of the metropolitan shopmen and clerks are formed of this compound; and it is remarkable, that although their origin, as a body, is the most diverse of any class, and, of course, their education of various kinds, yet they all settle down to one set of ideas and habits.

A great evil arises out of the practice of shopkeepers taking almost any smart young man upon trial, regardless of general character, in the hopes of selecting, in the end, a combination of talent and personal appearance; conceiving, as all of them do, that where the most handsome young men are, to that place will the females be attracted. Shopmen are now hired upon the principle of the mechanic; no warning being required, they may be paid up to any hour and discharged forthwith. In the co-rivalry of trade, it is supposed, that upon the tact of the assistants depends the success of the master, in competing with his neighbours; hence it is that they are ever changing in the hopes of being better served. The evils of this practice are, 1st, the number which obtain temporary employment induces an injurious rush of youth into the market; 2dly, as not more than one half at any time can meet with employment, a vast body of young persons are thrown loose upon the town, at the most unfavourable age, to become masters of their own time and actions. Lastly, nothing can be more detrimental to society than the existence in it of a half-educated, half-boy-and-man class, who are constrained to pick up a living in a chance manner.

After what has been said of retail shopmen, it is but fair to state the disadvantages under which they labour, and the grievances of which they reasonably complain. Every householder or head of a family, a few years anterior to the enlightened days of 1834, felt himself, by the laws of proscription, responsible for the entire moral conduct of his household; and none would be taken as assistants but those who consented to sleep upon the premises and conform to the family rules; one of which, with most regular families, was morning and evening prayers. No one thought himself or his property safe with a man upon the premises whose actions and conduct were not known throughout the whole twenty-four hours each day. Now, in every case wherein the nature of the business will admit of the practice (and sacrifices are made to further the arrangements), masters of families prefer, in all trades, out-door shopmen, servants, and apprentices; being only desirous of relieving themselves, to the greatest extent possible, from all responsibility of moral guardianship.

Tradesmen are ready enough to avail themselves, as far as their interests are concerned, of the assistance of men, boys and girls, but are unwilling to spare the half hour in the day from money-making or following pleasure to reform or morally protect the youthful classes, from whom they are constrained to draw their assistants. The tradesman's wife, too, who has never been brought up to household duties, must not be annoyed in her piano practice and poodle painting; she must not be fatigued with the concerns of a large family. 'It is therefore best that all the people should be boarded out; my wife says she knows it will be a saving; besides, she is so delicate that she is not equal to the competing with, and providing for, a large family.' Thus are excuses made for a neglected duty which our ancestors considered paramount, and prided themselves in the performance of above all others, namely, a good regulation of the household, and exercising a moral surveillance over all within the range of their control.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

SWARMING OF THE BEES.

They are come, they are come; yet what brings them here,
With smoke around, and with walls so near?
Yet there they cling to the golden wand,
As there were no sunnier garden beyond.

The garden is filled with their drowsy hum!
Oh, where is a hive, for the bees are come!

Whence have they wander'd? I cannot tell,
But I dream me a dream of some lonely dell,
Where violets thick 'mid the green grass sprung,
Like a purple cloak by a monarch flung.

Our garden now fills with their drowsy hum!
Oh, where is a hive, for the bees are come!

Had they grown weary of roses in bloom,
Or the long falling wreaths of the yellow-hair'd broom?
Of the seringa's pale, orange-touched flowers,
Of the gardens afar, that they wander to ours?

How pleasant it is with their drowsy hum!
Oh, where is a hive, for the bees are come!

Our garden is somewhat pale and lone,
And the walls are high, with ivy o'ergrown;
And the dust of the city lies dark on the rose,
And the lily is almost afraid to unclose.

Yet welcome the sound of their drowsy hum!
Oh, where is a hive, for the bees are come!

The vapours of London float over our head,
Yet athwart them the shower and the sunshine are shed;
And cheerful the light of the morning falls
O'er the almond-tree and the ivied walls.

Sweet sounds around all the drowsy hum!
Oh, where is a hive, for the bees are come!

We have shrubs that have flourished the summer through—
The jasmine hanging like pearls on dew,
The fuschia that droops, like the curls of a bride—
Bells of coral, with Syrian purple inside!

They'll grow more fair with that drowsy hum!
Oh, where is a hive, for the bees are come!

The sun-flower's golden round shall yield
Its shining store for their harvest field;
We'll plant wild thyme with the April rain,
And feed them till then on the sugar-cane.

Welcome, welcome, their drowsy hum!
Oh, where is a hive, for the bees are come! L.E.L.

THE POETRY OF LIFE; OR, HOW D'YE DO?

CONCLUDED.

BEFORE we say farewell to the select band of friends and thinkers who, boldly and patiently, have followed us into the rarely-trodden regions of thought and consciousness, to which we have endeavoured to lead them in this series of papers, we must pause for a moment, in a shady but not unsummed recess, and ask, How do you do? Art thou in health, my brothers? Have you stood face to face with the great fact of being, and recoiled in amazement in contemplation of its mysteries? Have you, from the narrow pedestal of the present, which a single pulsation of your heart sweeps from beneath your feet, gazed upon the dim realms and burial aisles of the past—upon the graves of empires and generations? Have you turned your eyes upon the infinite vistas of the future, and, patiently deciphering the hieroglyphs upon them, found them to be the symbols of immortality for you? Have you looked upon the weltering chaos of time, with the eye and heart of a man, and—how readest thou? You see feeble effort, and faint endeavour, and dull endurance; men, heaven-born like yourselves, pursuing shadows and phantoms, stimulated by passion and vain hopes, endeavouring, Titan-like, to take by storm a heaven of their own imagination, but ever and anon rushing against the inevitable and everlasting laws and pillars of the universe, bruising their very souls, and at last sinking into silence and invisibility. How readest thou this riddle? Have you looked into the recesses of your own being, and held communion with yourselves—noted the ocean-stream of thought which is ceaselessly flowing over that living field—a Nile whose sources are in far-off regions, in the primeval ages, in the future eternity—whose confluence is in you, whose waters purify and fructify your life, or overlay it with a noxious sediment of mud and gravel. All this you have done, we shall say, but from what point of vision? Do you stand upon the low ground of half-awakened thought, in the chilly mists and vapours of morning, and, seeing but parts and sections of things and their orbits, find nothing in them but confusion, and no higher law than that of chance? Do the articulate and inarticulate voices fall upon your ear, not harmoniously but in discords, and if in power and majesty, is it rather as the thunders of Sinai than the still small voices of love and truth? You hear voices?

‘Hear’d are the voices—
Voice of the ages,
The world’s and the ages’—
Choose, for your choice is
Brief, but yet endless.’

But do they come to you as clear utterances, or doubtful oracles? Have you risen from the earth, and climbed upon the Jacob-ladder which is set for all of us to those altitudes of being from which you can look down upon the world and human life, and see an indestructible element of beauty mingling with and subduing deformity, and a law of order controlling confusion? And if, after all, there are perplexities which you cannot solve, have you looked upwards with the inquiring love and hope which bring down the heavenly dew, which waters in the heart the ‘night-flower of belief’—a guard which no worm destroyeth, in the shadow of which you can repose in peace?

Leaving all whom it concerns to reply at leisure, we would pause another moment, on the threshold of that ‘sound which makes us linger,’ and remind our readers of a proposal which we made in our introductory paper, to found a society with the view of elevating our familiar salutation, ‘How d’ye do?’ to its literal and spiritual place in the intercourse of man with man. We have still an undisturbed conviction that such a society, or the elements of it, is the great desideratum of the age. But where to find members? It is to be hoped that our self-communings are better than our conversations; but as for them, the best that can be said of them is, that they are the light episodes of life, enclosed within the parenthesis of ‘How d’ye do?’ on the one hand, and ‘Good-by’ on the other. They are things of civility and superficiality, or anything in the world but manly communion and intercourse. From

the force of habit, or sheer inability to do better, we walk together in a vain show, and either cannot or will not speak of the splendours of our life and its environments. We may be deemed cynical for giving expression to such utterances; but we speak the truth of our own experience and truly affirm, that the time, if ever such a time to us was, when a brother-man said to us, in the true and full meaning of the expression, ‘How do you do?’ is so distant that there is no record of it in our memory, ‘Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;’ and it would seem that the heart is full and familiar enough with the bubbles and foam-bells on the surface of society, with market-prices, railway-shares, weather-gauges, match-making, and village-scandal. With these and kindred themes we fill up our hours of social intercourse, and press them into our service, as an apology for better things, of which we are ignorant, or unable to shape into beautiful creations. But underlying all this is the spiritual kingdom of thought and reality—of the things of which we rarely speak, although we are subjects of it by virtue of a higher loyalty than we owe to Queen Victoria. Wide-spreading and surging around us is the ocean of eternity, on the bosom of which, as living barques or islets, we are all floating—we ask not whither; from, we ask not whence. We send out discoverers to the ends of the earth, and, while we write, we are fitting out expeditions to proceed in search of lost explorers at the North Pole—to ask Sir John Franklin and his adventurous mariners (if the elements have not overwhelmed them) ‘How do you do?’ We read with admiration of Columbus wandering up and down through Europe, in quest of means and appliances by which to proceed in search of physical truths, of continents and islands, with the presentiment of whose existence he was stirred, as with a spirit of unrest and noble endeavour; but though we know, or might know, that in our own spirit-land there are whole continents of truth lying unexplored, and realms of fairer beauty than both the Americas and the Indias to be won, we are content to remain in ignorance of them, and allow them to lie an uncultivated desert. Of course, there are exceptions. We cannot at all times be false to our nature. Deep calls unto deep from the recesses of our hearts, and in our better moods we love to listen. At other times the calls are imperative, and we *must* listen, and follow whither the voices lead. How d’ye do? if not often said to man by man, is sometimes said to man by himself. Rarely, indeed, can he respond ‘very well’ to this salutation. The truth is, he does not know. A true and intelligent answer presupposes an accurate survey and investigation of the realms of consciousness, their laws and government; and the reason why man but seldom addresses his brother with the manly salutation, ‘How do you—the man—do?’ is, that most of men are strangers, not only to each other, but to themselves, and the land of thought is a *terra incognita*.

But it is worth exploring and conquering. The land of thought and vision, we call it, and its name indicates the weapons and mode of warfare by which we can make it our own. The land of thought can be won by thought only; the land of vision must be approached with a clear and open eye. Free and fearless thought is the weapon with which we must arm ourselves; and seeing, which is a mode of thought, the result and triumph of thought—seeing, vision, or contemplation, is indeed the possession and enjoyment of our spirit-land. The land itself is not far away. ‘The kingdom of heaven is within us.’ The sweet influences of the divinest truth encircle us like an atmosphere, and thought is the avenue by which they find a passage to the capacities of the soul. Therefore, bold free-thinkers—a noble title in the degrees of intellectual nobility, which we have too long permitted scoffers and sceptics to appropriate to themselves—is, of all others, the class which we wish to see increased. Freethinkers—for is not freethinking the only avenue to the truth which alone can make us free? Freethinking—for the sublimest and most difficult subjects of thought are spread before us in the scroll both of the unwritten and the written revelations of God, and the greatest of human teachers enjoins us, in so many

words, to 'think of those things.' Free and fearless thinking—it must precede intelligent conversation, and fit us for it; and we must think severely, and muse long and earnestly upon ourselves and our relations to each other and to all things, before we can enjoy that communion of soul with soul which is one of the rarest and highest enjoyments in the world. It may be well, therefore, to postpone for a while the formation of our proposed society, and in the meantime to recommend all who intend to become members to enter at once upon a preparatory course of severe thought and calm meditation.

Perhaps we could not more appropriately close our series of papers than by laying before our readers a specimen of the conversation we should like to hear in our proposed but now postponed society. *W.* and *R.* will do as well as any other symbols for interlocutors; and if any ingenious reader should imagine that he sees more in them than meets the eye, and insist that they are the initials of *Writer* and *Reader*, we have not the least objection, and will only express a hope, that the mute but mighty and ever-increasing intercourse between those two classes will steadily improve in tone and quality, and ultimately render 'How d'y'e do Societies' possible anywhere. Though writing upon poetry, we have been sparing of quotations, and therefore may be allowed to commence our imaginary conversation with a beautiful sonnet, intimating that we shall feel obliged to any of our readers who will name to us its author.

R.—How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits Honour and wealth, with all his worth and pains? It seems a story from the world of spirits, When any man obtains that which he merits, Or any merits that which he obtains.

W.—For shame, my friend, renounce this canting strain—What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain? Wealth, title, dignity, a golden chain, Or heaps of corsees which his sword hath slain? *Goodness and greatness are not means but ends.* Hath he not always treasures, always friends, The good great man? Three treasures—love, and light, And calm thoughts, equable as infant's breath; And three fast friends, more sure than day or night—Himself, his Maker, and the angel death.

R.—I see the shadows of beautiful thoughts in your reply to my complaint, but they move before me as in a twilight, and you seem to speak in parables.

W.—From the necessity of the case. If we might define a parable to be an intellectual vehicle, which conveys to us a valuable truth, a casket which encloses a pearl of great price, then all teaching is more or less of the nature of a parable. When angels of old held converse with men, their appearance was a parable. Men did not see the angels in reality, but only the vestures in which they clothed themselves. It was so from the time that the cherubim took up their station at the gates of Eden, to the appearance of Gabriel to Mary; and when the Son of the Virgin himself appeared, as the Incarnate Word or Wisdom, he manifested in his body the sublime parable of the Invisible God, hiding and revealing him.

R.—Then, is all literature a parable, and does religion, philosophy, politics, and all knowledge, come to us in the mask of symbols?

W.—Again I say, from the necessity of the case. Mark you, all religious truth, for instance, is conveyed to us by the twin-revelations of nature and the written word. To many, probably to most, nature is not only a parable, but a paradox, more a puzzle than an explanation. And the written revelation is, in the strictest logic, a symbol. For all language is a symbol, the vesture of thought, the imperfect infantile body of a quickening power or spirit, but the only medium through which the spirit or thought can reveal itself.

R.—So, laying aside the popular idea of a parable altogether, you mean to say that our plainest literature is symbolical, or partakes of the nature of a parable?

W.—Yes; from which I deduce this corollary—that no man can be altogether a passive recipient of any truth. You cannot lay hold of a man and pour truth into him as water into a vessel. He must co-operate with you, must, in fact, learn to interpret your parable for himself. The

most that one man can do for another is to bring the symbols of things clearly and vividly before him. This is the work of the teacher; the part of the scholar is to look through the symbols or words to the things of which they are the mere wrappings.

R.—Which he can do only by the exercise of severe thought.

W.—Exactly so; and the more important the truth shadowed forth by the symbols or words, the more intense the thought must be. When I speak to you of a horse, a house, a hill, you readily, and by a mere act of memory, realise in your mind the originals of these symbols. When I speak of the properties of matter or the laws of geometry, and especially when I bring them to bear upon a complicated problem in the physical sciences, you have to make a greater effort to see, in your mind, the things of which I speak. But the difficulty is increased, and of course the mental effort or thought on your part must be greater, when I speak of moral truths. In this region there is nothing tangible. I speak of things of which you can have no *image* in your understanding. My symbols do not bring before you any *visible* ideas, for how should we paint the idea of duty, love, reverence, or any of the virtues? Proceeding to the apex of our argument, how should we paint the idea of spiritual being, of the soul, of God? But those highest things are the things most worthy of our communion, and hence the necessity of intense, continuous, earnest thought to every man who would grow into the likeness of the highest beauty and holiness.

R.—Those regions of thought are rarely visited, I fear. At least, the conversations of even intelligent men but seldom turn upon their sublimities and mysteries.

W.—For which there is a twofold reason. First, like the higher regions of the natural world, the heights of Mount Blanc, the Andes, or Himalayas, they are difficult of access; and, secondly, they are proscribed. They are proclaimed dangerous. Sign-boards are set up at a little distance above the level of the circumjacent valleys, with ominous words of warning engraven upon them. Now, I admit that there is danger in climbing to high altitudes, either in the physical or mental world. The foot may slip, the brain reel, and the bold explorer tumble into yawning abysses. But why are the works of God and the scroll of his providence spread before us but to be read, pondered, inwardly digested, and reverently inquired into? When God himself is represented as acting a part in the sublime drama of 'Job,' he challenges investigation into the grandest of his works, and the most mysterious of his ways. Listen: 'Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened, or who hath laid the corner-stone thereof? Who hath shut up the sea with doors? Where is the way where light dwelleth, and as for darkness, where is the place thereof? Who hath put wisdom in the inward parts, or who hath given understanding to the heart?' No, my friend, we do not err by too much thought, but by too little. We dwell in the lower regions from a false humility or an unmanly fear, and proclaim ourselves unworthy to enter into the spiritual palaces, because we love the outer courts too well!

R.—May there not be another reason—inability to enter in? What is your estimate of the intellectual height of humanity?

W.—I have admitted that the higher regions of thought are difficult of access, and none but the bravest and strongest can climb to them. We must 'through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of heaven.' The work of the thinker is not holiday work. It is a hand-to-hand battle with resolute foes—with doubts, difficulties, perplexities; and though by patient endurance and perseverance he ultimately succeeds in clearing away great mountains and continents of cloudland which intervene between him and the serene heavens of truth and beauty, yet after his completest victories he often finds that the enemy is conquered, not subdued, and he has to take refuge in faith, and believes that what he knows not now he shall know hereafter. As to my estimate of the intellectual height or capabilities of man, I must say that, although most of men have powers which

they never exercise, and thus suffer loss, yet only the few are capable of receiving and appreciating the highest truths in their highest interpretation. There would seem to be a 'common size' in mind as in body; an intellectual height to which, by proper culture, the mass of men might rise, but which they could not exceed, in the present phase of their existence. After reaching it they might grow in breadth, so to speak, in strength, in compactness, in moral beauty, and their path, even to the end of life, might be 'like the shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day,' inasmuch as their longings for a greater and a better might steadily increase. But as there are angels and archangels, thrones, dominions, principalities, and powers, in other spheres, so it would appear that human nature occupies also a determinate rank in the orders of creation. But looking at the general culture of the mass of men, we find room enough for the efforts of the teacher and the progress of the scholar, and we shall have to wait a long time before the millions of the human race shall have reached the full stature of their intellectual manhood, and touched that line which is overtopped only by the giants and archangels of humanity.

R.—The archangels of humanity is a pretty poetic flourish; but what would you think of living conducting-roads to bring down the lightning, not to consume, but to quicken into diviner life the mass of men in the plains below?

W.—Or watchers, set up to read the horologue of the ages, and proclaim their voice 'o' day to the world?

R.—Do you hear their voices? What do the watchers say of the present time?

W.—Listen. The watchers' proclamation is always the same. They say that the present time is the most important of all time to you and me. This was their proclamation before the flood, in the wilderness, on the hills, in the deserts, in the cities of Canaan, in the first Christian century, at the Reformation, at this hour. Their voice was and is—

'Choose, for your choice is
Brief, but yet endless.'

They speak of sublimity and wonder as still encircling us; of romance and beauty pervading this time as much as any former age. They point in proof to the earth beneath, to the heavens above, to the secret chambers of the heart, to life and death, to weddings and funerals, to the all-embracing providence of God, sustaining the theatre of time in the vestibule of eternity. These are the voices and counsels of the watchers and sages, and we shall do well to muse on them in reverent silence.

Our work is done, and now we say, Farewell! We close this canto of the Poetry of Life not without a hope that it will find a response in the deepest heart of many readers. It is, however, but one canto of a hymn, which ceases not, or ought not to cease, in our popular literature, as it ceases not, or ought not to cease, in human life. Our theme is that wonderful mystery which we call our *being*, and our aim has been to shed upon the common life of us all the few rays of light which had fallen upon our own life from, we trust, the upper regions. To labour in building up and beautifying that temple which, though in ruins, is still the temple of the Most High, is a high but laudable ambition; to polish its living stones and cement them together with love, reverence, and joy; to clear away some of the rubbish of ignorance and indolence, and rekindle or blow into intense flame the sacred fires which should ever burn upon its altars, is the noblest work of human life. Immersed in depressing circumstances, and perplexed, as the mass of men are, with the daily-recurring question, 'What shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?' it is imperative for their moral health that their thoughts should ever and anon be lifted up to the level of the beautiful vision which floats in the atmosphere of human life, and that the faith which brings the reality of immortality to the heart be stimulated to higher activity. In our endeavours after this high aim we have been led into wider fields of thought than were indicated by the

colours which we hung out to attract attention. In writing of the *poetry* of life we have been led somewhat into the *philosophy* of life; but we had no choice, for the two things are one and indivisible. Some might think that a strict adherence to our theme would have confined us to that auroral blossoming which is so delightful in children, to the fervid spring-time of first love, and to gleams of light, few and far between, and ever growing fainter and more distant in our after-life. But admitting the fact that life is too often a tale of the dullest prose, we have endeavoured to show that it might be a perennial hymn—that the rivulet which springs into existence from the bosom of God in the mountain-tops of morning might increase, not only in volume, but in purity and strength, as it flows through the dales and valleys of time to its parent home in the ocean of eternity.

A TALE OF SHETLAND.

A FEW years ago a young clergyman was paying a short visit to a friend in the country, the widow of a naval officer recently deceased. He found the family much affected by the apparently approaching end of a faithful and attached dependant, rather than servant, of the household—an aged negro, who had been bequeathed to their friendship and protection by a departed and much valued relative. The clergyman, at the request of his hostess, repaired to the chamber where lay the dying African, far from his native land indeed, but surrounded by the comforts of civilisation and the consolations of religion. In reply to the words of hope held out by the minister, the negro replied, 'Yes, I go to Massa; ' a bright smile played on his face, and again murmuring 'Massa,' he sunk to everlasting rest—one more example added to the many we have seen, in the despised race of Africa, of fidelity and attachment strong even in death. The negro was laid, as he had requested, near to his deceased master, to whom he had been so fondly attached; who had, indeed, rescued him from the most degraded and wretched slavery, and introduced him to the glorious freedom of Christianity. The most important of his worldly effects were a few books and papers, among the latter of which was his will, wherein he devised the not inconsiderable savings of his wages, one half to the African Association, and the remainder to the youngest daughter of his widowed mistress. The following narrative, drawn up, it would appear, by his former master, and in which mention is made of Mungo himself, was carefully tied up by itself, apparently a hoarded relic of one to whom he was under the holiest and most lasting obligation. We now present it to the public, as illustrative of the manners of the inhabitants of a corner of the kingdom which few travellers visit, and which is therefore imperfectly known. In doing so, we will adhere closely to the original.

Towards the close of the last century, I had returned to my native land with an independent fortune—but where were the friends of my heart to share it?—and with a constitution sorely shaken by the sultry winds of India and the death-dealing plague of Egypt; yet was I not too far advanced in the voyage of life to feel at liberty to neglect what health and strength yet remained, so I resolved to try for a season if the bracing climate of a more northern region would infuse vigour into my frame, or change of scene chase away the sadness that too often pressed heavily on my withered heart. With this object in view, I was roused, one lovely morning in the latter end of June, by my servant, a simple-minded, affectionate negro, who informed me the captain was below. I felt more than half inclined to resist the summons, and court the dreamy slumber. 'I think I shant go, after all, Mungo,' said I.

'As massa pleases. Berry cold, I 'spose, north dere;' and the poor fellow shivered, by anticipation, at the thought.

But, smiling at honest Mungo and my own momentary indecision, I started up, and was soon rigged for my voyage, and in the presence of the captain, a staunch old Green-

land seaman, who replied to my hurried question 'Is the wind fair?' 'Fair! to be sure it is. Look alive! here is Ned at the door for your traps.' Mungo looked quite resigned, his will at all times being that of his master; and though the accommodations on board of a trading-vessel then were not so sumptuous as now, in the noble steamers of our coast, I made myself as comfortable as circumstances permitted, gave way to the joyous buoyancy inspired by the balmy sea breezes, and in four days, so prosperous was our voyage, we entered the bay of Lerwick, the solitary town of far north Shetland. Here the sight was a most exhilarating one, as we came in before a stiff breeze. A great number of Dutch vessels, engaged in the early herring fishing, with many other vessels of different nations, lay in the spacious natural harbour. A corvette, protecting and watching the proceedings of the foreign fishers, and a frigate, at whose masthead floated 'the meteor flag of England,' were conspicuous. A beautiful little cutter also attracted my attention. She was employed in the prevention of the smuggling trade, for which these islands afforded many facilities, in their remoteness and privacy, and the number and excellence of their harbours. The bay of Bressa Sound is completely landlocked; the island which gives its name stretching across the entrance, leaving navigable inlets to the north and south, flanked by noble headlands. The little fishing town of Lerwick is built on a rather steep acclivity, and looked snug and neat. On landing, however, the scene was by no means so agreeable, as the streets are narrow and confined, and neither the town nor its environs present any objects calculated to interest a stranger. Resisting, therefore, the exuberant and primitive hospitality which was proffered me on every hand, I was anxious rather to hurry off, panting for the quiet and seclusion now become most congenial to me. By the good offices of one of the respectable inhabitants of Lerwick, I soon succeeded in engaging a large boat and six rowers, to convey me to one of the more distant islands, to whose sole proprietor I had letters of introduction. I could not help admiring, as I stood on the quay preparing to depart, the beauty and symmetry of my passage-boat. The Shetland boats are built after the fashion of the classic Norwegian yawl; pointed fore and aft, they carry one large square sail, and, when well managed, are considered to be not only the most graceful, but the safest description of any boats of their size we are acquainted with.

It was evening when we rowed swiftly out of the bay. The westerly breeze had settled down into a perfect calm, and I thought, in all my wanderings, I had never witnessed a more lovely scene. Indeed, nothing can be more exquisitely soothing and reposing than a midsummer night on the water, among those lovely isles. The sea lay smooth as glass, the shores of the larger islands were rocky and precipitous, and inland stretched a long line of bleak and treeless hills; but we were threading our way through innumerable green islets and detached rocks, rising out of the sleeping ocean, like giant relics of a former world. The glass-like mirror reflected the banks, with their deepening shadows, and the stillness was only broken by the occasional shrill scream of a sea-bird, and the measured stroke of the sleepy oar, as we glided oftentimes close to the rocky bank or overhanging cliff. At length the sun sank below the horizon; but the soft twilight lingered, till his rising beams again illumined the glorious expanse of ocean, now stretching in illimitable grandeur before us. I shall never forget the enchanting, sweet tranquillity of that night-voyage among the Shetland isles. Two individuals by my side, however, were more disposed to yield to the sleepy than to the poetical influences of the hour—I mean Mungo, and my noble Newfoundland dog Neptune. With a companion like the latter, to whom one can complain when melancholy, caress when joyous, and storm at when vexed, and with an attendant like my faithful negro, ever alert when massa bids, and whom no indulgence or familiarity can cause to forget the distance and respect he considers due, a man may travel the world over, and be nearly independent of other society.

I reached the residence of Mr Rendale about breakfast-time, and was received with the true spirit of genuine northern hospitality, where the warmth of the welcome makes amends for the coldness of the climate. I was shown into the apartment where the family were assembled for their morning meal. Presenting my letters of introduction, they were placed, without being opened, or even looked at, on the mantel-piece, and I was grasped by a friendly hand, and seated at the hospitable board at once, simply because I was a stranger. Yes, kind and hospitable islanders, the blessing of many a stranger and voyager lingers around your simple happy hearths, and not the least heartfelt of these are thus registered! The mansion of Mr Rendale, the proprietor of the whole island, was situated on the inland shores of a small sheltered bay, open in one direction only to the fury of the Atlantic; and it was fearfully sublime, in a storm from the west, to see the majestic waves come sweeping, in one unbroken swell, even to the base of the rocky eminence on which the house was built. The *laird* was an elderly man, whose pleasing and gentlemanly manners were rather at variance with an eccentric exterior. He was upwards of six feet high, gaunt and thin, but extremely muscular and strong. His yellow locks, but yet little tinged with grey, floated on his shoulders, and together with his pale, but keen, blue eyes, sufficiently bespoke his Scandinavian origin. In his deportment, a stranger might soon detect, mingled with suavity and kindness, a slightly self-satisfied air of importance and ease, the results of a life spent among his dependants, and inferiors in rank and education, and in the peace and abundance of a patrimonial inheritance. His servants and tenants loved and respected him, as his liberality and indulgence deserved, and did his bidding at all times, though not perhaps with the same alacrity when he was not personally overseeing them. One important personage in his household alone invariably took his own way, whether it were his master's or not—this was the *laird's factotum*, to whom I was early introduced in due form. He was head-bailiff, superintendent, fishcurer, clerk, storekeeper, and twenty other things besides; of middle age, stout, and athletic, and indefatigably active; he was absolutely necessary to the conducting of the multitudinous affairs pertaining to a Shetland proprietorship, and, with the greatest apparent deference and respect to all his master's wishes, and an unhesitating assent to all his opinions, he yet contrived to do most things after his own fashion, and in his own time.

Mr Rendale's family consisted only of a son and daughter. The former was a fine, spirited young man, who would rather rove over the world than be imprisoned in an island of Shetland; but his father's hopes were centred in him, and he had become necessary to the old man, as an assistant and companion. Young Rendale was delighted at my arrival, and, though I was many years his senior, we were quickly on a footing of perfect intimacy; the merits and capabilities of my rifle and dog were as so many passports to the familiarity of old acquaintanceship. The daughter, Mary Rendale, was a sweet girl in her twentieth year. She was very fair, like her father, and their Gothic ancestors; her eyes were of that changeful shade of grey that would sometimes cause the gazer to believe them black, and they were shaded by long thick lashes, hiding, while they created, the fluctuating expression that betokens softness and sensibility; her voice was melodious yet plaintive, and her manner was graceful, gentle, and unaffected, combining a lady-like self-possession with a kindly frankness, such as I never witnessed in greater perfection than in this interesting Shetland maiden. In a word, she was one for a father to be proud of, a brother to cherish, and a lover to risk life for.

On the morning of my arrival, having finished our protracted breakfast, Miss Rendale had left us for the performance of her household duties, and we were deeply engaged planning and discussing various excursions, combining shooting with fishing, when two strangers were shown into the apartment. One was a coarse, ruffian-looking man, evidently a foreigner, yet speaking English

fluently, though not correctly. His face was large and red; his eyes fiery and bloodshot, glancing with a quick, suspicious movement; he was clad in a common seaman's dress, but a valuable ring glittered on the least finger of his large hand. His companion presented a singular contrast. He was a slight made but strongly knit young Englishman; his face and figure were extremely handsome, and his age apparently twenty-four. His dress, likewise, was that of a seaman, but of finer materials than his companion's, and it displayed an agile and finely-proportioned figure to great advantage. The former was captain, the latter second in command, of a Dutch vessel, which lay snugly moored in a small creek near the mansion-house, and of which the masts were visible from where we sat. The strangers had received some kindly attentions from Mr Rendale, and were now come to take leave. The young lieutenant's eyes wandered anxiously round for a few moments, yet finding not what they sought, he hastily rose and left the room. The captain often glanced uneasily at me, and was reserved and morose. From his appearance, I should have supposed him daring and desperate, as indeed it proved, for his vessel was engaged in the smuggling trade. After a short interval, we accompanied him to the sea-side, where he was in a few minutes joined by his lieutenant, and shortly after they were under weigh. Was it fancy that Mary looked paler at dinner, and more pensive in her demeanour? Could it be that this gentle and lovely girl had linked her affections with one engaged in an illegal and dangerous traffic?—for so much I understood thus early of the history of the strangers—not, indeed, from my host himself, who, if he were aware of the character of his late guests, perhaps from the frequency of smuggling, considered it but a trifling offence.

The same night, I was aroused from a heavy dreamless sleep by the impatient growling of Neptune, who lay at the foot of my bed. My efforts to quiet him proving unavailing, I jumped up, and went to the window. In the summer midnight twilight, I perceived several men coming towards the house from the landing-place or low pier, towards which I looked. They appeared to be fishermen returning from sea; but, lingering a moment to gaze again on the wild sequestered scenery, I observed that the men carried bags and small casks, and that they were met, with a stealthy gesture of caution, by the laird's *major domo*. He glanced upwards to my window, but I stood in the shadow, until I had seen a boat put off from the land, and row swiftly out of the bay, when, not choosing to play the spy on any of the doings of the household of my hospitable friend, I retired to my couch, having by my cursory inspection satisfied Neptune that I was on the alert; who poking his nose into my hand for the expected caress, in reward of his watchfulness, responded to my 'all right, boy!' by a low whine of satisfaction, and resigned himself, like his master, to repose. I did not think fit to mention this slight interruption of my rest to my host, or any of his family, and the circumstance had nearly passed from my mind, when subsequent events recalled it.

A few days now passed swiftly and pleasantly. I seemed to inhale new life with the pure invigorating breezes and simple fare of Shetland. In the peaceful yet cheerful occupations of their fisheries and their farms, and the onerous but honourable duties of the laird towards his numerous tenantry, I soon saw reasons which made me cease to wonder that the Shetlanders prefer the iron-bound shores and bleak hills of their rocky fatherland to all the world beside. On the fifth day, as we sat at an early dinner, Magnus, the laird's *factotum*, entered hastily, saying, 'A sail coming in, sir!' We turned our eyes to the window, from which we had a view of the bay, and Mr Rendale seized his telescope. After a momentary glance, he exclaimed, 'What brings the fellow back in this way?' Mary started and changed colour, and in another moment her father cried, 'A tall mast over the land's point! A cutter that is, surely, Magnus?' shutting his glass with a vehement gesture, and apparently stung with anxiety; 'Poor fellow, he is chased, without doubt.' And so it

proved. The cutter I had seen in Bressa Sound had got intelligence of the smuggling, by means of the very boatmen who had gone with me, had chased and dogged him through the island channels, till, finding he could no longer hope to escape, he ran in here, and turned to bay.

'Will he fight, father, thank you?' cried young Rendale, while Mary shivered and trembled under the excess of her agitation; but hardly had the words escaped him, when the signal-gun to yield was answered by one of defiance. The conflict was, however, very short, though the smuggler fought desperately. Seeing the overpowering emotion of Miss Rendale, I caused the housekeeper to be summoned, to whose care I consigned her. Mr Rendale and his son, with generous enthusiasm, thought only of their late acquaintances, now evidently in the clutches of the coast-guard cruiser; but the *major domo* was in such a paroxysm of excitement that, considering what I had been an involuntary witness of the second night of my sojourn, I suspected he had anxieties of his own, of which his master and family were profoundly ignorant. Shortly after the firing had ceased, a boat was seen approaching the shore from the cutter, and her commander, Lieutenant Harding, called for Mr Rendale. He was a young and good-looking man, but he conducted himself with stiffness and hauteur, as if willing to let it be seen that he was armed with authority, and triumphant in its exercise. 'I have taken the Dutch smuggler, sir,' he said. 'Her commander is killed, and I have his lieutenant in custody, on a charge of murder,' and a withering sneer crossed his countenance as he uttered the words.

'Murder! alas! alas!' exclaimed the worthy Rendale.

'Murder!' echoed his son.

'Murder! I hope not,' said I.

'Yes, gentlemen, I spoke advisedly. I saw the young man pistol one of my men in the exercise of his duty, and he is since dead. I sail immediately,' he continued, as we stood aghast at the serious aspect of the business, 'and probably, Mr Rendale, your evidence may be required as to what you know of this spark, who, if I mistake not, is a friend of yours.'

'We have been interested in him certainly,' promptly replied my excellent host. 'He is an Englishman and a gentleman, and I trust he will be acquitted of this very serious charge.'

'We shall see that, by and by,' responded Harding; 'meanwhile I have the honour to wish you good afternoon.'

When he was gone, I frankly expressed my dislike of his bearing, and then I learned various circumstances, which confirmed the unpleasant impression. It appeared that he had frequently visited Mr Rendale before, in the course of his cruises on duty, and had even paid his addresses to Mary, who repelled them, when, hearing from some spy in his service of the attentions of his present unfortunate prisoner, jealousy sharpened his zeal in his official duty, and led to the chase and capture of the Dutch smuggler. Hasty and deeply anxious was now our consultation. I sympathised warmly in the feelings of the family of Mr Rendale, and felt that indirectly I had been the cause of the present untoward occurrence. My Shetland host had few friends, and little interest beyond the limits of his native isles; and it was with ardent expressions of gratitude that he heard and accepted of my offer to follow at once the cutter, and exert all my good offices, and not trifling influence, on behalf of the young man, in whose fate I was so suddenly and strangely interested. A six-oared boat was therefore ordered to be got ready immediately. Young Rendale insisted on accompanying me, and it was hoped that the immediate object of our voyage would be mistaken for the ordinary departure of a temporary guest. In little more than a couple of hours I was told all was prepared for our departure, and Mary sent a request to see me. On repairing to the drawing-room, where I found my interesting friend, I was deeply moved by the expression of her fair face. For some moments her emotion would not admit of speech, but the frank and confiding grasp with which she received my extended

hand told more than words could have done. I felt a momentary embarrassment, and hesitated in what terms I might best and most delicately make known my sympathy with her too evident concern at the unfortunate events which had occurred; but, with the native tact of womanly frankness and dignity, recovering herself, she expressed at once what she wished to communicate: 'I trust I need not assure you of the high sense I entertain of the proof of friendship you are giving us; but it is right I should inform you of circumstances relating to him in whom you are so kindly interested, which I only can.' She grew very pale as she proceeded. 'He is placed in a peculiarly cruel position, and I feel that I am mainly the cause. I will speak to you unreservedly, for I know you appreciate my motives. He is of a highly respectable English family, and, in consequence of some youthful indiscretion, left his home when yet a boy, to which, having heard of the death of his parents, he never returned. Having an ardent predilection for the navy, he entered the service as a common seaman. It would be wasting too much of that time, every moment of which is now so precious, were I to detail by what steps he eventually found a situation, more fitted to his birth and education, on board of a Dutch corvette, and at Lerwick, two years ago, I first met him. The same reckless imprudence which led him to take the first hasty step dictated the still more unguarded one (in order to have an opportunity of coming here) of accepting a berth on board of the schooner you saw here, the real character of which he was at first unacquainted with. Oh, to what fearful consequences has this led! Lieutenant Harding had endeavoured to fasten a quarrel on him when they first met at Lerwick—he has pursued him with unrelenting animosity—and, I feel assured, will persecute him even to death.' She shuddered, and grew still paler, yet maintained admirable composure and self-possession. Thus it is we often find, that in the greatest emergencies the energies of a gentle sensitive female show her to be equal to any task, however trying, that her duty or her affections may impose on her. I asked some further necessary questions for my direction. 'And his name, Miss Rendale? I have yet only heard it cursorily, and did not attend to it.'

'Edward Brookes, she faintly replied, 'is his real name;' and her agitation was no longer all her own.

'What do you say?' exclaimed I. 'Brookes is the name of one of the branches of our family; and Edward—poor Edward! the noble, but wayward boy!—can it possibly be he?' A few words more, and I became nearly convinced that the unhappy lover of Mary Rendale was indeed the only and orphan son of my eldest sister—he whom I had for years, and in every country, sought sorrowing, and whose discovery, under almost any circumstances, I thought I should have hailed as the only relative I now had on earth—the only heir I could hope to find, for my dearly-bought wealth; but a prisoner—a felon, under a charge of murder, for this I was indeed unprepared. Stung with contending emotions, I now hurried to take leave of Miss Rendale. I pressed her hand to my lips, and, suppressing my own bursting feelings, I endeavoured cheerfully to assure her of my indefatigable exertions, and my sanguine hopes of success, on behalf of the ardent and noble youth.

Behold me again threading my midnight watery way among the Shetland islands; but not the calm beauty of my late voyage was half so delightful as was now the stiff favourable breeze which filled the sail of our canoe-like boat, impelling us swiftly on our errand of friendship and mercy. Arrived at Lerwick, we were so fortunate as to find a coasting vessel about to sail for the Orkneys, and in her we obtained a passage. In two days more we found ourselves pursuing our route as rapidly as a post-chaise and four could carry us. The cutter, with her prize and prisoner, was, however, in Leith before us, but I soon obtained access to the accused. How eagerly I scanned his noble but dejected countenance! There were indeed the bright hazel eye, and the curling auburn locks; but the answer to my two breathless questions would have sufficed. The name of his paternal home, and of his father's sister, thrilled with magic force to my heart, like a native melody

long unheard and dearly loved, for they spoke of my birth place, and of my first—my only—my lamented love. Oh with what emotions did I behold him, wounded and a prisoner! I soon learned—as, indeed, I had all along suspected—that the charge of murder was utterly false, and invented by his enemy to involve him in danger and disgrace, and, if possible, alienate from him the heart Harding coveted to make his own. Edward informed me that his pistol had indeed gone off in the *melee* of boarding, but had injured no one, and that the man the lieutenant asserted he had shot, had been killed a few minutes afterwards by the captain of the smuggler. 'And he, alas! too, is dead,' said the unhappy young man, wringing his hands, 'and I must die an ignominious death.' He added, after a pause, his eyes gleaming with a fearful and almost insane wildness, 'But he is doomed also. Eight of the surviving crew have sworn his death—by flood and field, by hill and dale, in the house or the homestead, by night and by day, he will be tracked with the deathless vengeance, the untiring sleuthhound, with which he has persecuted me!' His form dilated and quivered with fury as he quoted the terrible words of the oath of vengeance sworn by these desperate men.

I need hardly say I was not long absent from the cell of my unfortunate nephew, while young Rendale exerted the warmest devotion of friendship in the necessary details for the comfort and acquittal of the prisoner. By the assistance of an excellent clergyman, my poor Edward's mind was speedily brought into a more befitting frame, his frenzied deportment was hushed into the serenity of conscious innocence, and the noble youth daily and hourly more endeared himself to my distracted heart. I early proposed to Edward, pursuant to Miss Rendale's desire, that I should write to request her presence in Edinburgh; but he said it would only increase their mutual affliction, and he had made her wretched enough already; yet could I see that he was surprised and distressed at not hearing from her, and even clung, despite himself, to the hope that she would have hastened to him unbidden. Oh, how we wronged her by suspicions we did not dare to whisper to each other, while she was in reality exhausting every energy in the means by which life and honour were to be procured for him to whom she had surrendered her heart, with all its tenderness and devotion! I did not fail to secure the most eminent counsel for my nephew's defence, but they gave me but little hopes. The smuggling trade, they said, had been so openly and extensively pursued in Shetland, and the revenue-officers so often defied by both smugglers and natives, that they feared even a recommendation to mercy would be unavailable.

The lieutenant deposed, on the prisoner's first examination, to his shooting the man, and if he persisted in his assertion, he must be condemned. Some dreary days and weeks now passed, during each of which I clung with increasing yet hopeless affection to my late-found hapless relative. Four or five days previous to the one of trial, I observed in the behaviour of Mr Grey, our worthy and able leading counsel, an unaccountable and joyous change, from blank hopelessness to bursting excitement; yet, when questioned, he shook his head despondingly as before. The eventful day at last arrived. Arraigned at the bar of his country to be tried for his life, the gallant youth was graceful and composed; while I, as I stood by, might have been mistaken for the felon, so heavily did my affliction press upon me. The leading speech for the prosecution need not be repeated, though it struck ice-cold on my heart. Harding declared that, on the day named, the prisoner shot his coxswain, while boarding the smuggling vessel. His cross-examination elicited nothing, and his withering glance at the accused I shall never forget. When the evidence was summed up, it seemed conclusive, and methought I read 'guilty' in each juror's countenance. Mr Grey then rose. 'What can he say to such evidence?' whispered my despairing heart. He spoke a few sarcastic words, couched in a strain of caustic severity, against Harding. 'Gentlemen of the jury,' he concluded, 'I shall leave my client's case

with confidence in your justice, when you have heard the evidence I shall lead. Call in Frans Dekkel, formerly master of the *Goedvrou* of Amsterdam.'

Edward started—his frame shook, while his eye gleamed with hope; Harding turned pale and livid; and Mr Grey turned to me with a triumphant gesture, as the identical Dutch captain I had seen in Shetland, and who was said to have been dead, entered the court. He was sorely changed by sickness, so that I could scarcely recognise him, yet he was collected and self-possessed.

'I object to that witness being sworn—he is a desperate character!' exclaimed the prosecutor.

'I beg your pardon, sir,' replied Mr Grey; 'Mr Dekkel stands here a free man, and unaccused. I insist on his being sworn, my lord.'

Dekkel was sworn, and averred that *he* shot the man for whose death my nephew was arraigned. 'I have been a reckless and lawless man,' he said; 'but I have been near to death, and I now freely confess my crime, that an innocent man may be saved.' And for *this* it was that Mary Rendale, instead of flying to her Edward's presence, had watched and nursed, with untiring self-devotion, this unhappy outcast! Left for dead by his men, he was received into Mr Rendale's house by Magnus Olafsen, who, finding life yet remained, informed Miss Rendale, and was associated with her in the pious work of restoring the smuggler's health, and so working on his mind, that, as soon as practicable, he appeared to save the innocent prisoner's life, by avowal of the deed he had himself committed. The counsel for the prosecution failed not to take advantage of the circumstances in which Dekkel had been placed, to overthrow his evidence. 'This man's life has been spent,' urged he, 'my lords, in lawless adventure. He owes his preservation and recovery to the prisoner's friends: and, moreover, how should the single assertion of such a character counteract the oaths of Lieutenant Harding and his crew?' But for all these objections Mr Grey was happily prepared. By accident he had discovered that one of the cutter's crew, was not forthcoming, and by the indefatigable and almost incredible exertions of young Rendale, he had succeeded in tracing this man. In an hospital of a remote town on the coast (where the cutter had called on her passage south), the seaman was found, suffering under a very slight wound, and a course of active treatment for what, in fact, required no treatment at all; and this the purse of his unprincipled commander had procured for him, in order to keep him out of the way. Finally, then, John Williams was called into court, and, with the fearless frankness of an Englishman, and to the unutterable discomfiture of the perjured Harding, he declared that he had seen the cutter's coxswain shot, not by the accused, but by the last witness Dekkel, and, moreover, that he had been bribed, and threatened, and finally incarcerated, to prevent him giving his evidence.

As the reader will now anticipate, my nephew was honourably acquitted; and on reaching my lodgings, while as yet we could hardly comprehend our happiness, so sudden and unlooked-for had been the result, I placed in Edward's hands, as my first welcome blessing, a letter from Mary, which he read, and re-read, and watered with his tears. Young Rendale received with emotion, that did honour to his heart, the inarticulate murmurings of Edward's gratitude, and informed us, that it was considered necessary, to secure success, as well as to keep the innocent prisoner's mind from the tortures of suspense, to conceal carefully, until the moment they were necessary, the existence of the evidence which led to such a triumphant result. In the happiness of that glad hour, honest Mungo, and even Neptune, were permitted to participate. Lieutenant Harding was indicted for perjury, but escaped abroad, and has not since been heard of. I eagerly exerted all my influence on behalf of poor Frans Dekkel, but he lived not to profit by my success. At Edward's urgent request, I obtained for him a commission in the British navy, where he ably distinguished himself; while I repurchased his valued patrimonial possessions, in the hope

that he would ere long share them with me, and at length succeed to them, as his double inheritance.

Two years after the events I have narrated, I once again visited the Shetland Islands, when I received Mary Rendale as my niece; and she and her family are now the sweetest solace of my declining years.

THE PASTOR'S SOLILOQUY.

AN EXTRACT.

It is even so, thought the good old man, as the door closed behind the misguided misanthrope; this is a beautiful world of ours, but it is the gilded cage of many a fluttering spirit that, nevertheless, would shrink from freedom if it were offered. Keyling is miserable, more miserable than the poor wretch crouching amid rags, and filth, and loathsomeness (for such suffering can bear no comparison with mental agony), and yet he knows not why. What matters it to him that the earth is green, and the heavens surpassingly magnificent? He knows that the impress of his foot will ere long disappear from the one, and his eye close upon the other. He knows that the flowers will bloom, the birds sing, that summer will flush the fields, and winter bring in turn its peculiar attractions, when his heart is pulseless and his tongue mute; but he does not know that in the dis severing of the silver cord is gained the freedom for which the spirit pants. This world is too narrow for his soul to expand in, and he feels cramped and chained; yet, if the door of his cage were flung open, he would tremble at sight of the unknown space beyond, and would not venture out, but cling to the gilded wires until torn away by the resistless hand of death. Earth never satisfied an immortal mind; the 'living soul,' which is nothing less than the breathing of Deity himself, can be satisfied but with infinity—infinity of life, action, and knowledge. Its own feeble glimmer is enough for the fire-fly; and its wing and voice, with the free heavens and beautiful earth, for the bird; they were formed by the Almighty's hand, but their life is not an emanation of his life, and their little spirits 'go downward to the earth.' But what can satisfy the deathless soul immured in a clay prison, with but clouded views of the finite beauties around it, and wholly unconscious of its divine origin and final destiny? No wonder Keyling is miserable; for he is blinder than the untutored savage who 'sees God in clouds and hears him in the wind.' For years he has been struggling for a meteor; while it receded, he never paused or wearied; but, when his hand closed over it and he grasped a shadow, the truth dawned upon his spirit; and, in the bitterness of its first perception, he cursed himself and cursed his destiny. He hates the world, and himself, and mankind, and talks madly of the death damps, the grave, and the slimy earth-worm, as though superior to their horrors; but yet he is in love with life, as much as the veriest devotee of pleasure in existence. It is this panting for immortality, this longing for a wider range, that makes him sometimes imagine, in his impatience, that he is anxious to lie down to his eternal rest and never wake. If his spirit could but understand its heavenward destiny, if he would learn to look beyond these narrow boundaries, if, in despising the worthless, he would properly estimate the high and imperishable, poor Keyling would find that even on earth there are inexhaustible sources of happiness. Alas for the weakness of human nature! What a very wreck a man becomes when left to his own blindness and folly! The loftier the intellect, the higher its aspirations, and the more comprehensive its faculties, the lower does it descend in darkness, if the torch of religion has never been lighted within. It is misery to feel the soul capable of infinite expansion, and allow it a range no wider than this fading, ever-changing earth; to taste the bliss of life, mingled with the bitter draught of death; to love the high and holy, and never look toward the fountain of holiness—deep, deep, and mingling in its pure tide the richness of all wisdom and knowledge. Oh, how depressing must be the loneliness of such souls! How awful the desolation! Too high for earth and knowing naught of

heaven ! Even the good in their natures is perverted, and adds to the chaos of darkness within. When they see the strong oppress the weak, vice triumph over virtue, innocence borne down by care and poverty, and guilt elevated to a throne, they say this is enough to know of Him who holds the reins of such a government ; and, in their folly, deem themselves more merciful than the Father of mercies. Making this world the theatre of life, and the years of man its sum, they fix upon this inconceivably small point in comparison with the whole ; and, from such a limited view, dare to tax the Ruler of the universe with injustice. Unable to comprehend the policy of the divine government, and misapprehending the object and tendency of earthly suffering, they lose themselves in the mazes of sophistry, and become entangled in the net their own hands have spread.

Poor Keyling ! he has drunk of the poisonous tide of infidelity, and every thought is contaminated the moment it springs up into the heart. This gives its colouring to the earth and sky, to life and death. It breaks the chain that binds the world of nature to its Creator, dissolves the strongest fascination of the beautiful things around us, and renders meaningless the lessons traced by the finger of God upon everything he has made. It removes the prop from the bending reed, and the sunlight from the heart ; it binds down the wing of hope, and turns the upraised eye earthward ; it offers only 'the worm, the canker, and the grief,' and points the fluttering soul to a grave of darkness and oblivion.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SOLITARY MUSINGS.

Long years of wearying toil have pass'd, dark hours
Of pain have come and gone, and once again,
My boyhood's home, I visit thee—again
Return, amid my native woods to roam,
As oft I've roam'd in the gay spring of youth,
Ere manhood's cares were heaped upon my head,
Or sorrow claim'd a niche within my heart ;
Ere winter's chilly hand upon my brow
Had traced his hoary characters ; where oft
My early feet have dashed away the dew
That sparkled in the golden buttercup.
And left my footprints on the glittering lawn.
And now, retiring from the busy world,
I seek the haunts of childhood, and recall
Dim visions of the past. Hush'd are the thoughts
Of life, those busy foes to quietude,
And buried are the cares, which e'er oppose
The soul's enjoyment ; one by one arise,
Beneath the potent wizard-wand of thought,
Phantasmas of forgotten scenes, blending
With pictures as they are, inciding dreams
Of future change.

Sweet stream, thou art the type
Of man ; for I have watch'd thy glassy face
Reflecting the dancing moonbeams, as they fell
And play'd upon thy bosom ; I have seen thee,
Rippling in glee, and gurgling with delight,
Till some intruding rock has changed thy mirth
To rage, and made thee foam to madness.
Need we apply the simile ? Oh, man !
Thou art the child of change and fickleness !
Now pleased, now sad ; now full of thought and gloom—
Now swell'd with mirth, and thy distended sides
Are fain to burst with merriment ; some tale
Of ancient times, or weird prediction, wreathes
Thy lips with smiles, or marks thy brow with frowns,
In silence meditating.

Thus our whole lives,
In dreamy recollections of the past,
Or in prophetic musings on the time
To come, the ever mystic future, big
With hopes, or swoln with fears, expire.
Thus many pass—what would to others seem
Long hours of tedious quietude and cold
Indifference—sweet moments of composed

Reflection. The shades of friends long dead
Take form again ; their tongues, long silent, speak
Again the words they spoke of old ; the smile
That play'd upon each countenance in life,
The spirit that each eye contain'd, the glow,
The languish, and the brilliant flash, succeed
Each other in the thoughtful mind ; and thus
The solitude becomes a land of dreams,
A tranquil paradise. But there are some
That live in hope, who, dwelling in the midst
Of stern realities, and drinking deep
The bitter cup of man's existence, seem
To move as circumstance compels,
As instinct prompts, or habit drives ; no more
The children of the present than the past,
But dreamers of the future, and are bless'd
With happier days, in hoping for the sun
That ne'er may shine again, than some possess
While basking in its beams.

Such am not I ;
The misty past, the present, and the future,
In their turns are mine. I cannot say
These well-remembered spots can draw no tear,
Or cause no smile—this little stream can wake
No recollections of those joyous times,
When past or future moved me not, nor less
Destroy the pregnant dreams of what may come.
All this is human. Poor humanity
May blush o'er weakness that it can't control ;
May stifle feeling, and assume the prude—
But still 'tis human.

The rippling waters,
And the rustling willows, bending o'er
Its margin, as their graceful branches sweep
Its surface, and increase the murmur, I
Recall me hither ; I am here alone—
Here in a silent, solitary spot,
Where art has never changed the rugged grace
Of nature's wildness, to a furrowed waste,
And made the paradise a wilderness ;
Here, undisturbed, the lapwing makes her nest,
And man in silence holds communion with his soul.

M. C. COOKE.

THE ZEPHYR'S SONG.

I come, I come from pine-clad vales,
Beyond the Atlantic deep ;
I've lightly fann'd the bending sails
Of many a gallant ship.
Behind, afar on ocean blue,
The laggard barklets play ;
I've bid the forest-land adieu,
To greet you here to-day !
Then chant the chorus loud and long,
Be every bosom gay ;
Come join, come join the zephyr's song,
And sing while it is May.

I've wandered o'er the prairie vast,
By human feet untrod ;
I've seen the Indian of the west
Bend to his unknown God ;
I've marked the slave in thralldom fell
The tyrant's curse obey ;
But I've bid the bondage-land farewell,
To greet you here to-day.

Then chant the chorus, &c.
My elfin foot, so light and free,
Would spurn the land of slaves ;
But I hail the clime of liberty,
Where freedom's banner waves.
I've left the wailing shrieks behind,
Of Mammon's tortured prey,
A little airy thing of wind,
To greet you here to-day.

Then chant the chorus, &c.
And while I wander through the grove,
And o'er the hills of heather,
May youth avow its plighted love,
And hearts be join'd together.

Let peace and plenty o'er the land, -
 Maintain their sovereign sway,
 And children warble, hand in hand,
 My song when I'm away!
 Then chant the chorus loud and long,
 Be every bosom gay!
 Come join, come join the zephyr's song,
 And sing while it is May! W. D. LATTO.

CHIPS FROM MY LOG.

No. I.

VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA—ICEBERGS—MELBOURNE—EXCURSION IN THE COUNTRY—NATIVES—SETTLERS.

VOYAGES to the east have been so often described, and their general features are so much alike, that, to save trouble, I may just refer the reader to any one he may happen to have on his memory, as a specimen of mine. One scene of it is alone worth recording. On the 12th September, when we were a little to the south-east of the Cape of Good Hope (being in latitude 37 deg. 28 min. south, and longitude 25 deg. 24 min. east), we passed through a collection of nine large icebergs—some presenting the form of round towers, others of tapering spires, and others of irregular masses piled on floating ice-fields. Their immense magnitude, their varied and picturesque shapes, and their changing colours, as they passed from shade to sunshine, made the spectacle exceedingly grand. It is very unusual to meet with ice so far north as this; and what added to the singularity of the phenomenon was the fact that the temperature of the surface of the sea was seven degrees *higher* than that of the air at the same time; the former being 65 deg., while the latter was only 58. On the previous day the air was 55, and the water 64, or *nine degrees* warmer: while, on the day following, both air and water were 58. As we passed pretty near to, and between, two of the largest icebergs, the temperature of the air and sea fell two degrees. I am satisfied that there was no fallacy in these observations, as I had been in the habit of making similar ones carefully for upwards of two months previously, and I repeated them several times during the day. On some former occasions I had found the water to get suddenly warmer than the air, but then an examination of the ship's reckoning gave evidence of currents flowing from warmer regions; while in this case, the ship's reckoning, and the appearance of the icebergs themselves, seemed to indicate currents from the southward, and of course from colder regions. Another anomaly was the air getting warmer in the proximity of ice, and during the continuance of a south-easterly wind—southerly winds being always the coldest in these latitudes. The only reason that I can assign with any plausibility for the high temperature of the water is that a thin surface-current must have been flowing from the north to supply the place of the deeper current coming from the south, and bringing with it the icebergs. The air might then have been heated by radiation from the water.

Nothing else of importance occurred during the voyage, and so, after the usual average of fair winds and foul (with perhaps a preponderance of the latter—at least those who were anxious for the credit of the ship said so), of gales and calms, of rain and sunshine, of splendid sunsets and moonlight nights, of enjoyment and anxiety, of agreement and discord, of buoyant expectations and 'hopes deferred,' the good ship brought us safely to Port Phillip, on the one hundred and forty-second day from our embarkation at Leith. Notwithstanding that the voyage was so protracted, it had been a period of almost uninterrupted enjoyment to me. It had opened up, as it were, a new kind of existence, presented nature in new and interesting aspects, and given me opportunities for study and contemplation which I had not before enjoyed; so that, although I expected on landing to meet with a very dear friend, I could not help feeling a sort of regret

uncertainty about the *reality* of the event itself. It was evening before we entered the bay of Port Phillip, and, as the navigation is obstructed by sandbanks, and the tide was at the same time receding, we had to anchor for the night just within Point Nepeau. How preternaturally still was the ship, and how calm and quiet the water, on that first night of repose!

Next morning we proceeded up the bay, which is thirty miles long, and about as many broad. Its shores are low, and covered with thick brushwood. In the background there are elevated ridges, among which, on the east, we saw Arthur's Seat, and on the west 'Station Peak'—mountains about 12,000 feet in height. On reaching the top of the bay, the ship was moored off Williamstown, and the passengers were taken up to Melbourne by a steamer on the Yarra-Yarra. The distance of the town from the bay in a straight line is only two miles, but by the windings of the river it is eight or nine. The banks of the river are mostly low and swampy, and covered with a tall flowering shrub called tea-tree, except near the town, where there are extensive clay fields, out of which bricks are made. At the town there are wharfs, and a dock for small vessels, and immediately above those, a ledge of rock runs across the river and forms a slight fall. This natural obstruction has been increased a little artificially to prevent the tide rising, and spoiling the fresh-water from which the town is supplied.

Melbourne contained at that time (1844) about 7000 inhabitants. The houses were partly *weather-boarded*, and partly brick, there being only two or three of stone. The streets are wide and straight, crossing each other at right angles, but unpaved, and always either very muddy or very dusty, according to the state of the weather. During the heavy rains that occasionally fall over the town, many of the streets get impassable; and in Elizabeth Street, which lies in a hollow, drays have sometimes been employed to ferry people across, and children have been drowned in it!

It is not my intention to give any detailed account of Melbourne or its vicinity, and all that I shall add here is a brief sketch of an excursion which a small party of us made to a *squatting* station on the Moonie-Moonie Ponds, ten or twelve miles from town. The road led us first through a fine open wood composed of red and white gum-trees, wattles, she-oak (*casuarina*), banksias, &c., and the ground was covered with a green sward, through which appeared a great variety of wild-flowers. After emerging from this forest, we came upon an open country, where trees were scattered more sparingly, and where were to be seen some pretty cottages and cultivated fields. Here we crossed the Moonie-Moonie Ponds, a line of water-holes and swamps which form a running stream in the winter season, but in summer are not even continuous. They never all dry up, however, and the water is said to be good throughout the year. Leaving the ponds, the road (a mere dray-track) led us sometimes through woods, and sometimes over open plains, giving us occasional glimpses of beautiful locations, till my brother, who was riding ahead and endeavouring to pilot us, announced that we were going wrong, and as every one may take what route he chooses here, without fear of trespassing, we immediately left the beaten track and struck across the plains, having only a distant hill to steer by. After a pretty long drive over the green grass and among the trees, and crossing the ponds a second time, we reached our destination. A beautiful spot it was, with its rich green slopes dotted over with picturesque gum-trees—the winding bed of the ponds, overhung with luxuriant vegetation, and skirted by cultivated fields—and in the background a granite-hill, covered by an extensive forest. The tenants of this fine domain lived in two erections called 'slab-huts'; the walls formed of upright pieces of wood, produced by splitting up trunks of gum-trees, the interstices being plastered over with mud. The roof consisted of large pieces of gum-tree bark tied upon a light framework. The fireplace was an independent structure of con-

above of bark and sheep-skins. We slept at night in a neighbouring small hut of rather different construction, being of the kind called 'wattle and daub.' The walls were formed, in this instance, of upright posts, interwoven with twigs, and plastered with mud, and the roof of boards; but, as the place was only occasionally used, it had fallen somewhat into decay, several boards being amissing from the roof, and the walls being perforated with large holes—a rather extreme kind of ventilation! During the night we were serenaded by a band of most lusty-throated frogs; the noise they make is incredible. In the morning, I was fortunate enough to get a fragment of a wash-hand basin with sufficient concavity remaining to hold some fluid; and this I filled from the ponds, for the use of myself and companions. A piece of looking-glass, one and a half by two inches or so, was the only other article of toilet apparatus—but people are not very fastidious in the bush.

After breakfast we mustered four horses with riders to correspond, and set out on an exploring expedition. The face of the country was pretty similar to what I had already seen. We passed over extensive pasture-plain, intersected by water-courses called 'creeks,' few of them running, however. They generally lie in deep ravines, and the soil along their banks is rich, and to a considerable extent under cultivation. Sometimes the ground was thinly wooded, and at other times we had to make our way through pretty dense forests. The general aspect of the country was flat, but low, wooded hills were frequently met with, and the view on both sides was bounded by lofty mountain ranges. We traversed with some difficulty a rugged glen, presenting some beautiful scenery, and having a running stream, called the Deep Creek, winding along it. We then crossed the salt-water creek (also running), and got dinner in the house of a squatter from Aberdeenshire. Here I tasted genuine *clammer*, a massive cake of flour baked in wood-ashes, and named, I suppose (and most appropriately), from its effect on the appetite. The house presented me with a third variety of bush habitations, being of the kind called 'weather-boarded.' The walls were formed of planks nailed horizontally on upright posts, and overlapping a little, to keep out the rain—the roof of pieces of wood, laid on in the manner of slates. This is a much more comfortable abode than the two I have mentioned formerly, and many houses in Melbourne are of the same construction. The locality was beautiful, the house being placed on the angle between the deep and salt-water creeks, where they unite to form the Salt-water River. These streams, however, are liable to sudden floods, which frequently inundate the surrounding lands to a considerable extent.

After dinner we rode back to the station on the Moonie-Moonie Ponds; walked in the evening to the top of the wooded, granite hill called 'Gellybrand's Look-out;' and passed the night—a beautiful star-lit one it was—in the same 'wattle and daub' mansion, and were again lulled to sleep by the music of the indefatigable frogs.

We saw no natives during this excursion, but on another occasion, when we were coming over from the bay to the town, we encountered a party of sixteen of them, men, women, and children. A few huts of very rude construction were scattered about. Two forked sticks about four feet high stuck into the ground, five or six feet apart—another stick laid across these—and then two or three broad pieces of bark placed obliquely, with one end resting on the ground and the other on the horizontal rafter, would have completed the arrangement. One, however, was more elaborate, being of a round form, and woven closely with green branches, except a small opening for the door. Two young ladies seemed to be the proprietors of this establishment, and while we were standing about, they took great pains to decorate themselves with ragged and dirty cotton gowns. The others were clothed with old coats, blankets, kangaroo and opossum skins, &c., with the exception of the children, who were running about in primitive nakedness, kicking balls up in the air with their toes, and catching them as they

fell. The natives in the neighbourhood of the town subsist chiefly by begging, and they are quite inoffensive.

I wish I could add something here respecting the condition, habits, and feelings of the settlers; for, now that the tide of emigration is again setting towards Australia, such information would undoubtedly be prized; but my short experience gives me no right to propagate any opinions on the subject. Of this, however, I am well assured—*abundance* reigns everywhere, and no one need be solicitous about what he shall eat and what he shall drink; and as to clothing and lodging, although it may be expensive to keep up a respectable appearance, yet little will serve in such a magnificent and salubrious climate. Why, on many occasions it is only a sense of duty that would induce a person to accept the shelter of a roof at all, and he feels that in withdrawing himself from the mild calm air and glorious sky of an Australian night, he is sacrificing his inclination to the demands of society, and performing a very creditable act of self-denial! And yet how few are content to settle down in this fine country for 'good and all!' Almost invariably they speak as if they considered themselves but temporary residents—strangers, who were soon to turn their wandering feet homewards. Speak to them of home, and their thoughts revert to their native land, not to their own habitations, however firmly they may have taken root, and however permanent may seem their connection with this their adopted country. Of this I had an amusing example in the course of the excursion mentioned above. In the house of a squatter we were presented with some fine cheese, and I, knowing that cheese was imported from England, and wondering if their own dairy-produce could compete with it, asked if the specimen before us was home-made. 'Oh, no!' was the reply, 'we made it ourselves.'

So it is with Scotchmen over all the world. In every corner of it you meet with them—for no people are more migratory; and everywhere, with but few exceptions, you find them cherishing the memory of 'auld Scotland,' and fondly trusting, even in the most unpropitious circumstances, that they shall yet return to the land of their youth, and tread again her moors and mountains before they die.

* For they fain wad look on hame, and wander there a while,
And forget the weary world, its bustle, and its toil,
Wi' some auld falthr' cronies, ere the sun o' life gang doon,
And be laid at last by them they lo'e in their auld toon.

COUNT POTTS' STRATEGY.

BY N. F. WILLIS.

THERE were five hundred guardian angels (and of course as many evil spirits) in and about the merry premises of Congress Hall. Each gay guest had his pair; but though each pair had their special ministry (and there were here and there a guest who would not have objected to transform his, for the time being, into a pair of trotting ponies), the attention of the cherubic troop, it may fairly be presumed, was directed mainly to the momentous flirtations of Miss C. Sophy Onthank, the dread disposer of the destinies of eighty thousand innocent little dollars.

Miss Chittaline Sophy—(though this is blabbing, for that mysterious 'C.' was generally condemned to travel in domino)—Miss Chittaline Sophy, besides her good and evil spirit already referred to, was under the additional watch and ward of a pair of bombazine aunts, Miss Charity Onthank and Miss Sophy the same, of whom she was united namesake—'Chittaline' being the embellished diminutive of 'Charity.' These Hesperian dragons of old maids were cut after the common pattern of such utensils, and of course would not dignify a description; though this disparaging remark (we must stop long enough to say) is not at all to the prejudice of that occasional love-of-an-old-maid that one *does* sometimes see—that four-leaved clover of virginity—that star apart in the spilled milk of the *Via Lactes*:—

* For now and then you find one who could rally
At forty, and go back to twenty-three—
A handsome, plump, affectionate 'Aunt Sally,
With no rage for cats, flannel and Bohea.'

But the two elderly Misses Onthank were not of this category.

By the absence of that Junonic assurance, common to those ladies who are born and bred heiresses, Miss C. Sophy's autograph had not long been an object of interest at the bank. She had all the air of having been 'brought up at the trough,' as the French phrase it, 'round as a cipher, simple as good-day,' and her belle-ship was still a surprise to her. Like the red-haired and freckled, who find, when they get to Italy, that their flaming peculiarities are considered as captivating signs of a skin too delicate for exposure, she received with a slight incredulity the homage to her unseen charms—homage not the less welcome for extracting from the giver an exercise of faith and imagination. The same faith and imagination, she was free to suppose, might find a Venus within her girdle, as the sculptor sees one in the goodly block of marble, lacking only the removal of its clumsy covering, by chisel and sand-paper. With no visible waist, she was tall as a pump, and riotously rosy like a flowery rhododendron. Hair brown and plenty of it. Teeth white and all at home. And her voice, with but one semitone higher, would have been an approved contralto.

Having thus compressed into a couple of paragraphs what would have served a novelist for his first ten chapters, permit us, without the bother of immediate mortar or moralising (though this is rather a mixed figure), to lay on the next brick, in the shape of a hint at the character of Miss Onthank's two prominent admirers.

Mr Greville Seville was a New York beau. He had all the refinement that could possibly be imported. He had seen those who had seen all that was visible in the fashionable man of London and Paris, and he was well versed in the conduits through which their several peculiarities found their way across the Atlantic. Faultlessly booted, pantalooned, waisted, and shirtd, he could afford to trust his coat and scarf to Providence, and his hat to War-nock or Leary. He wore a slightly-restrained whisker, and a faint smut of an imperial, and his gloves fitted him inexorably. His figure was a matter of course. He was brought up in New York, and was one of the four hundred thousand results (more or less) of its drastic water—washy and short. And he had as good a heart as is compatible with the above personal advantages.

It would very much have surprised the 'company' at Congress Hall, to have seen Mr Chesterfield Potts put down as No. 2 in the emulous contest for the two hands of Miss Onthank. The count (he was commonly called 'Count Potts,' a compliment to good manners not unusual in America) was, by his own libel, a man of 'thirty and upwards'—by the parish-register possibly sixty-two. He was an upright, well-preserved, stylish-looking man, with an expensive wig, fine teeth (commonly supposed not to be indigenous), and a lavish outlay of cotton batting, covering the retreat of such of his muscular forces as were inclined to retire from the field. What his native qualities might be was a branch of knowledge long since lost to the world. His politeness had superseded the necessity of any particular inquiry into the matter—indeed, we are inclined to believe his politeness had superseded his character altogether. He was as incapable of the impolite virtues (of which there are several) as of the impolite vices. Like cricketing, punning, political speech-making, and other mechanical arts, complimenting may be brought to a high degree of dexterity, and Count Potts, after a practice of many years, could, over most kinds of female platitude, spread a flattering unction humbuggative to the most suspicious incredulity. As he told no stories, made no puns, volunteered but little conversation, and had the air of a modest man wishing to avoid notice, the block-heads and the very young girls stoutly denied his fascination. But in memory of the riper belles as they went to sleep, night after night, lay snugly lodged and carefully treasured, some timely compliment, some soothing word, and though credited to 'old Potts,' the smile with which it was gratefully re-acknowledged the next morning at breakfast would have been warm enough for young A-

canus. 'Nice old Potts!' was the faint murmur of many a bright lip turning downward to the pillow in the 'last position.'

And now, dear reader, you have an idea of the forces in the field, and you probably know how 'the war is carried on' at Saratoga. Two aunts and a guardian angel, *versus* an evil spirit and two lovers—Miss Onthank's hand, the (well covered) bone of contention. Whether the citadel would speedily yield, and which of these two rival knights would bear away the *palm* of victory, were questions upon which the majority of lookers-on were doomed to make erroneous predictions. The reader, of course, is in the sagacious minority.

Mr Potts' income was a nett answer to his morning prayer. It provided his 'daily bread,' but no provender for a horse. He probably coveted Miss Onthank as much for her accompanying oats as for her personal avoirdupois, since the only complaint with which he ever troubled his acquaintances was one touching his inability to keep an equipage. Man is instinctively a centaur, he used to say, and when you cut him off from his horse and reduce him to his simple trunk (and a trunk was all the count's worldly furniture), he is but a mutilated remainder, robbed of his natural locomotive.

It was not authenticated in Wall Street that Mr Greville Seville was reasonably entitled to horse-flesh and caparison; but he *had* a trotting waggon and two delicious-cropped sorrels; and those who drove in his company were obliged to 'down with the dust' (a *bon mot* of Count Potts'). Science explains many of the enigmas of common life, however, and the secret of Mr Seville's equipment, and other means of going on swimmingly, lay in his unusually large organ of hope. He was simply anticipating the arrival of 1840, a year in which he had reason to believe there would be paid in to the credit of the present Miss Onthank a sufficient sum to cover his loosest expenditure. The intermediate transfer to himself of her rights to the same was a mere filling up of an outline, his mind being entirely made up as to the conditional incumbrance of the lady's person. He was now paying her some attentions in advance, and he felt justified in charging his expenses on the estate. She herself would wish it, doubtless, if she could look into the future with *his* eyes. By all the common data of matrimonial skirmishing, a lover with horses easily outstrips a lover with none. Miss C. Sophy, besides, was particularly fond of driving, and Seville was an accomplished whip. There was no lack of the 'golden opportunity' of *toto-a-toto*, for, with a deaf aunt and somebody else on the back seat, he had Miss Onthank to himself on the driving-box, and could talk to his horses in the embarrassing pauses. It looked a clear case to most observers; and as to Seville, he had studied out a livery for his future footman and tiger, and would not have taken an insurance at a quarter per cent.

But Potts—ah, Potts had traced back the wires of woman's weaknesses! The heiress had no conversation (why should she have it, and money too?), and the part of her daily drive which she remembered with most pleasure, was the flourish of starting and returning—managed by Potts with a pomp and circumstance that would have done honour to the goings and comings of Queen Victoria. Once away from the portico, it was a monotonous drag through the dust for two or three hours, and, as most ladies know, it takes a good deal of chit-chat to butter so large a slice of time. Miss Chittaline Onthank was of a stratum of human nature susceptible of no sentiment less substantial than a kiss, and when the news, and the weather, and the virtues of the sorrel ponies were exhausted, the talk came to a stand-still. The heiress began to remember with alarm that her education had been neglected, and it was a relief to get back to old Potts and the portico.

Fresh from his nap and warm bath, the perfumed count stepped out from the group he had purposely collected, gave her his hand with a deferential inquiry, spread the loungers to the right and left like an 'usher of the black and white' and with some well-studied, inappropriate compliment

waited on her to her chamber-door. He received her again after her toilet, and for the remainder of the day devoted his utmost powers to her aggrandisement. If talking alone with her, it was to provoke her to some passage of school-girl autobiography, and listen like a charmed stone to the harp of Orpheus. If others were near, it was to catch her stupidities half-uttered, and twist them into sense before they came to the ground. His own clevernesses were prefaced with 'as you remarked yesterday, Miss Onthank,' or, 'as you were about to say when I interrupted you.' If he touched her foot, it was 'so small he didn't see it.' If she uttered an irredeemable and immitigable absurdity, he covered its retreat with some sudden exclamation. He called her pensive when she was sleepy and vacant, and called her romantic when he couldn't understand her. In short, her vanity was embodied—turned into a magician and slave—and, in the shape of Count Chesterfield Potts, ministered to her indefinitely.

But the summer solstice began to wane. A week more was all that was allotted to Saratoga by that great American commander, General Consent. Count Potts came to breakfast in a shawl cravat.—'Off, Potts?'—'Are you flitting, my dear count?'—'What! going away, dear Mr Potts?'—'Gracious me! don't go, Mr Potts!' The last exclamation was sent across the table, in a tone of alarm, by Miss C. Sophy, and responded to only by a bow of obsequious melancholy.

Breakfast was over, and Potts arose. His baggage was at the door. He sought no interview with Miss Onthank; he did not even honour the two bombazinites with a farewell. He stepped up to the group of belles, airing their demi-toilettes on the portico, said, 'Ladies! *au revoir!*' took the heiress's hand and put it gallantly toward his lips, and walked off with his umbrella, requesting the driver to pick him up at the spring.

'He has given Seville a clear field in despair,' said another; and this was the general opinion.

The day crept on. But there was an emptiness without Potts. Seville had the field to himself, and, as there was no fear of a new squatter, he thought he might dispense with tillage. They had a very dull drive and a very dull dinner, and in the evening, as there was no ball, Seville went off to play billiards. Miss Onthank was surrounded, as usual, by the belles and beaux, but she was down flat—unmagnetised, ungoverned. The magician was gone. Her stupid things 'stayed put.' She was like a glass bead lost from a kaleidoscope.

That weary week was spent in lamentations over Potts. Everybody praised him; everybody complimented Miss Onthank on her exclusive power of monopoly over such porcelain ware. The two aunts were his main glorifiers; for, as Potts knew, they were of that leathery toughness that only shines on you with rough usage. We have said little as yet of Miss Onthank's capacities in the love line. We doubt, indeed, whether she rightly understood the difference between loving and being born again. As to giving away her heart, she believed she could do what her mother did before her, but she would rather it would be one of her back teeth, if that would do as well. She liked Mr Potts because he never made any difficulties about such things.

Seville considered himself accepted, though he made no direct proposition. He had asked whether she preferred to live in country or town—she said 'town.' He had asked if she would leave the choice and management of horses and equipage to him—she said 'be sure.' He had asked if she had any objections to his giving bachelor dinners occasionally—she said 'la! no!' As he understood it, the whole thing was most comfortably arranged; he lent money to several of his friends on the strength of it—giving his note, that is to say.

On a certain morning, some ten days after the departure of the count from Saratoga, Miss Onthank and her two aunts sat up in state in their parlour at the City Hotel. They always went to the City Hotel, because Willard remembered their names, and asked after their uncle, the major. Mr Seville's ponies and waggon were at the door,

and Mr Seville's father, mother, and seven sisters, and two small brothers, were in the progress of a betrothal visit—calling on the future Mrs Greville Seville. All of a sudden the door was thrown open, and enter Count Potts! Up jumped the enchanted Chittaline Sophy.

'How do you do, Mr Potts?'

'Good morning, Mr Potts!' said the aunts, in a breath.

'Dye do, Potts?' said Seville, giving him his forefinger with the air of a man rising from winning at cards.

Potts made his compliments all around. He was about sailing for Carolina, he said, and had come to ask permission of Miss Onthank to leave her sweet society for a few years of exile. But as this was the last of his days of pleasure, at least till he saw Miss Onthank again, he wished to be graced with the honour of her arm for a promenade in the Broadway. The ladies and Mr Seville, doubtless, would excuse her if she put on her bonnet without further ceremony. Now, Potts' politeness had such an air of irresistible authority that people fell into their track like cars after a locomotive. While Miss Onthank was bonneting and shawling, the count entertained the entire party most gaily, though the Sevilles thought it unceremonious in the affianced miss to leave them in the midst of a first visit; and Mr Greville Seville had arranged to send his mother home on foot, and drive Miss Onthank out to Harlem.

'I'll keep my horses here till you come back,' he shouted after them, as she tripped gaily down stairs on the count's arm.

And so he did. Though it was two hours before she appeared again, the impatient youth kept the old aunts company, and would have stayed till night, sorrels and all; for in that drive he meant to 'name the day,' and put his creditors at ease.

'I wouldn't even go up stairs, my dear,' said the count, handing her to the waggon, and sending up the groom for his master; 'it's but an hour to dinner, and you'll like the air after your fatigue. Ah, Seville, I've brought her back! Take good care of her for my sake, my good fellow!'

'What the deuce has his sake to do with it, I wonder?' said Seville, letting his horses off like two rockets in harness. And away they went toward Harlem. In about an hour, very much to the surprise of the old aunts, who were looking out of the parlour window, the young lady dismounted from an omnibus! Count Potts had come to dine with them, and he tripped down to meet her with uncommon agility.

'Why, do you know, aunties!' she exclaimed, as she came up stairs out of breath—'do you know that Mr Seville—when I told him I was married already to Mr Potts—stopped his waggon, and p-p-put me into an omnibus.'

'Married to Mr Potts!' screamed Aunt Charity.

'Married to Mr Potts!' screamed Aunt Sophy.

'Why—yes, aunties. He said he must go south, if I didn't!—drawled out the bride, with only a *very* slight blush, indeed. 'Tell aunties all about it, Mr Potts.'

And Mr Potts, with the same smile of infallible propriety, which seemed a warrant for everything he said or did, gave a very sketchy account of his morning's work, which, like all he undertook, had been exceedingly well done—properly witnessed, certified, &c. All of which shows the very sound policy of first making yourself indispensable to people you wish to manage. Or, put it receipt-wise:—*To marry a flat*—First, raise her up till she is giddy. Second, go away, and let her down. Third, come back, and offer to support her, if she will give you her hand. '*Simple comme bon jour*,' as Balzac says.

PAGE BY PÆDEUTES.

SHERIFF, SCOTCH SHIRRAH.

ARMADO. Chirrah.

HOLOFERNES. Quare Chirrah?

MOYS. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stole the scraps.—*Love's Labour's Lost.*

By way of comment or corollary on our previous page, we proceed to remark that the country folks in Scotland have

a characteristic pronunciation of *sheriff*, viz. *shirrah*. We call it characteristic, and we are disposed to think that our readers will coincide with us in the opinion that Milton, in the following noticeable passage from his tractate on education, points out the cause, and, what is better, the remedy of this mispronunciation. Here it is: 'And while this is doing, their speech is to be fashioned to a distinct and clear pronunciation, as near as may be to the Italian. For we Englishmen, being far northerly, do not open our mouths in the cold air wide enough to grace a southern tongue, but are observed by all other nations to speak exceedingly close and inward.' Now, if Englishmen, with a more southern exposure and a milder climate, are from their 'being far northerly' debarred from pronouncing their words with that *rotundo ore*, or *round mouth*, which Horace tells us was the prime grace of the Grecian oratory, how much more are we Caledonians, in our more Borean latitude and inclement climate, under a sort of physical necessity to compress our lips closely, and thus mumble our sentences? For the same reason it is, but acting with increased force in proportion to the intense cold which prevails in their country, that the remote Laplanders speak a rude and meagre tongue, which can scarcely be called articulate. So much has climate to do in favouring or in retarding the full development and exercise of the organs of speech; and hence arises the evident necessity of the parent, or his representative the teacher, moulding them to a plain, distinct, and deliberate utterance betimes, while they are yet pliant and plastic.

But, to come closer to the subject, and to make these remarks to bear practically upon the word under discussion, viz. *sheriff*, and our provincial pronunciation of it, *shirrah*, if trial be made it will be found that *shirrah* can be pronounced with the mouth nearly closed, and without any perceptible articulation of the lips; whereas, without a sensible and pretty strong movement of the lips, and of a pressure of the upper teeth upon the lower lip, *sheriff* is absolutely unpronounceable; and this process is dispensed with by those who, as Milton has it, 'do not open their mouths in the cold air.' The fact is, *f* is the most *labial* letter we have (and *sheriff* has two), being equivalent to the Greek *ph*.

There are two cognate and exceedingly curious passages in Boswell's 'Tour to the Hebrides,' which happily confirm these views, and which themselves in turn receive a reciprocal illustration from this doctrine of the physiology of human speech. Here they follow:—

'Aberdeen, Sunday, August 22. I was sensible to-day to an extraordinary degree of Dr Johnson's excellent English pronunciation. I cannot account for its striking me more now than any other day: but it was as if new to me; and I listened to every sentence which he spoke as to a musical composition.

'Slains Castle, Tuesday, August 24. Dr Johnson insisted on taking a boat and sailing into the Pot. We did so. He was stout and wonderfully alert. The Buchan-men all showing their teeth, and speaking with that strange sharp accent which distinguishes them, was to me a matter of curiosity. He was not sensible of the difference of pronunciation in the south and north of Scotland, which I wondered at.'

In the above quotations this amiable journalist seems wrapt in a cloud of obscurity and wonder. The *nil admirari* of the satirist is no favourite maxim to Boswell's turn of mind and expression. With regard to his admiration in the former case, the reason seems to have been this: Boswell either found himself to be, or fancied himself to be, in an atmosphere of less pure English in Aberdeen than in Edinburgh. The pronunciation of 'Auld Reekie' would in his ears, attuned as they were to the tones of her *Areopagus*, the Parliament-House, sound like an *Attic* dialect in comparison of the 'Aberdeen-awa' *patavinity*. And hence, by contrast, he would naturally enough be more forcibly impressed with the euphonious purity of the great lexicographer's pronunciation, for it can hardly be supposed that Johnson should talk more purely in Aber-

cause of wonder, viz., that Johnson did not distinguish the difference of pronunciation betwixt Edinburgh and Aberdeen, it may be remarked, that the man who is himself conscious of the possession of the correct and classical pronunciation is seldom over-solicitous in scanning the different degrees and noting the distinctive features of variation from the acknowledged standard of accuracy and elegance; and it is a fact of which we are cognisant from a long experience and a close observation of South Britain, that when a native of the same wishes to intimate to you that such and such a person betrays himself, like Peter, by his Norland tongue, he merely says, 'Ha! he's north country!' and this applies to all from beyond the Humber, without exception or distinction, who use the English as their vernacular speech. The Humber is the grand boundary-line—the Rubicon of pronunciation; and, as just remarked, those from beyond this limit, whether *canny* Yorkshire, the *men* of the Lothians the *folks* of Fife, the *gentlemen* of the north, or the dwellers in the *ultima Thule*, all are classed by the southern Englishman under one and the same category. He makes, or he can make, no discrimination. He deems the pronunciation of them all faulty or vicious, without a distinction into better or worse.

We remarked in our previous page that the English *bailiff*, the overseer of a farm, was derived from Latin *villicus*, i. e., he who had the charge of the country-seat or *villa* of an opulent Roman citizen, which we in Scotland designate by one of the forms of *sheriff*, viz., *grieve*. But *bailiff* in Scotland is pronounced *bailie* and spelt so. Having the same termination as *sheriff*, the same physical cause indicated by Milton not being counteracted by early exercise of the labial organ, it has of course undergone much the same curtailment or corruption, unless, as ought in fairness to be stated, though it militate against our argument, it be held that we have derived our *bailie* from the French *bailli*, which is not so probable as that it has been corrupted analogously with *shirrah*. It is a sound and a safe rule in such things, as it is in matters of more importance, not to seek for a remote cause of an effect when you have one at hand already, and adequate to account for the effect produced. But, as our critic says, '*Jam satis*.'

THE OLD NEWSPAPER.

BY RICHARD OLDMAKENEV.

THE DOG.

The dog seems to have been a general favourite with poets. Pope had his 'Bounce,' Cowper his little spaniel 'Beau,' and every one has heard of Scott's 'Maida,' which is depicted at the side of his master in Raeburn's celebrated picture of the poet. To these we may add Byron, who was always remarkably attached to the canine species. His first dog, named 'Boatswain,' had the honour of a tomb in the gardens of Newstead Abbey, and an inscription from the pen of his master. Of this favourite animal he afterwards wrote—

'To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;
I never knew but one, and here he lies.'

The following scrap from an 'old newspaper' refers to a subsequent dog of the poet's:—Lord Byron was almost always accompanied by his favourite dog Lyon, who was perhaps his dearest and most affectionate friend. They were, indeed, very seldom separated. Riding or walking, sitting or standing, Lyon was his constant attendant. He can scarcely be said to have forsaken him even in his sleep. Every evening did he go to see that his master was safe, before he lay down himself, and then he took his station close to his door, a guard certainly as faithful, though not so efficient, as Lord Byron's corps of Sulistotes. This valuable and affectionate animal was brought to England after Lord Byron's death, and was in the possession of Mr Hobhouse. When his lordship's valet was in the employ of this gentleman, the language of Lord Byron to his dog was sometimes referred to. He would

Lyon.' The dog's eyes would sparkle, and his tail sweep the floor, as he sat with his haunches on the ground. 'Thou art more faithful than man, Lyon; I trust thee more.' Lyon would then spring up, and bark, and bound round his master. 'Lyon, I love thee, thou art my faithful dog.' Then would Lyon jump and kiss his master's hand, as an acknowledgment of the homage paid him.

Dogs have a sense of time so as to count the days of the week. There was one which evinced that he knew Saturday when it arrived, by trudging to the market to cater for himself in the shambles. There was another which had belonged to an Irishman, and was sold by him in England, which would never touch a morsel of animal food on a Friday.

On one occasion a Mr Grundy, residing near Bury, in Lancashire, sent a couple of valuable fox-hounds of a peculiar breed to a Captain Charles Grierson, Rockhall. The hounds arrived safely at Carsethorn, per the Nithsdale, and were given in charge to a carrier to conduct them to Dumfries. They were tied to the cart, and were seen safe at Newabbey; but beyond this, one of the hounds, named Driver, managed to slip his collar and escape, unobserved, the evening being dark. The loss of the dog was advertised in the 'Dumfries Courier,' and a reward offered for its recovery, but without effect; no trace, indeed, could be found of the animal. Strange to say, however, Driver made his appearance at his old kennel near Bury, rather thin, but in perfect health; and his wonderful return was duly announced to his owner, who had long given up all hopes of ever hearing of the lost hound. How the dog had managed to find his way through an unknown country, and support himself on his weary journey, must forever remain a problem, since Driver is unfortunately unable to communicate his adventures; if procurable, they would doubtless prove as entertaining as those of many biped tourists. It is possible that the dog may have crossed the Solway at Carsethorn, which, at low water, he might have done without much swimming, otherwise he must have gone round by Annan to Carlisle, and then travelled through Cumberland to Lancashire. Whatever route he may have taken, his sagacity and perseverance in wending his way home, are certainly most wonderful. He must have been more than four weeks on the road.

THE CAT.

A lady residing in Glasgow had a pretty cat sent to her from Edinburgh; it was conveyed to her in a close basket and in a carriage. She was carefully watched for two months; but having produced a pair of young ones at the end of that time, she was left to her own discretion, which she very soon employed in disappearing with both her kittens. The lady in Glasgow wrote to her friend at Edinburgh deploring her loss; and the cat was supposed to have formed some new attachment, with as little reflection as men and women sometimes do. About a fortnight, however, after her disappearance in Glasgow, her well-known *maw* was heard at the street-door of her old mistress, and there was she, with both her kittens; they were in the best state, but she was very thin. It is clear that she could carry only one kitten at a time. The distance from Glasgow to Edinburgh is at least forty miles, so that if she brought one kitten part of the way, and then went back for the other, and thus conveyed them alternately, she must have travelled, alone and unbefriended, treble that distance; and this too, in all likelihood, under cloud of night.

A cat belonging to a hat-maker in Montrose, was lately transported to Limekilns; but puss, not relishing the aquatic excursion, no sooner reached the destined port than she thought proper to decamp; and, to the astonishment of her former possessor, she returned to her old quarters, after an absence of four months and fourteen days—the distance between the two places being about a hundred miles; and she must have passed the bridge of Perth. An attachment to a favourite kitten might have induced puss to undertake this extraordinary journey. Puss is very large and fierce, and few dogs would dare to encounter her.

THE HEDGEHOG.

One afternoon, as Mr Lane, gamekeeper to the Earl of Galloway, was passing by the wood of Calscadden, near Garliestown, he fell in with a hedgehog crossing the road at a small distance before him, carrying on its back six pheasant eggs, which, upon examination, he found had been pilfered from a pheasant's nest hard by. The ingenuity of the creature was very conspicuous, as several of the remaining eggs were holed, which had been done by it when in the act of rolling itself over the nest, in order to make as many adhere to its prickles as possible. After watching the motions of the urchin for a short time longer, Mr Lane saw it deliberately crawl into a furze bush, where its nest was, and where the shells of several eggs were strewn around, which had at some former period been conveyed thither in the same manner.

THE TIGRESS.

'In Saigon, where dogs are *dog cheap*,' says the writer of the paragraph now about to be quoted, 'we used to give the tigress one every day. They were thrown alive into her cage, when, after playing with her victim for a time, as a cat does with a mouse, her eyes would begin to glisten and her tail to vibrate, which were the immediate precursors of death to the devoted little prisoner, which was immediately seized by the back of the neck, the incisors of the sanguinary beast perforating the jugular arteries, while she would traverse the cage, the bars of which she lashed with her tail, and suck the blood of her prey, which hung suspended from her mouth. One day, a puppy, not at all remarkable, or distinguished in appearance from the common herd, was thrown in, who immediately, on perceiving his situation, set up a dismal yell, and attacked the tigress with great fury, snapping at her nose, from which he drew some blood. The tigress appeared to be amused with the puny rage of the puppy, and with as good-humoured an expression of countenance as so ferocious an animal could be supposed to assume, she affected to treat it all as play; and sometimes spreading herself at full length on her side, at others, crouching in the manner of the fabled sphynx, she would ward off with her paw the incensed little animal, till she was finally exhausted. She then proceeded to caress him, endeavouring by many little arts to inspire him with confidence, in which she finally succeeded, and in a short time they lay down together and slept. From this time they were inseparable, the tigress appearing to feel for the puppy all the solicitude of a mother, and the dog, in return, treating her with the greatest affection; and a small aperture was left open in the cage, by which he had free ingress and egress. Experiments were subsequently made, by presenting a strange dog at the bars of the cage, when the tigress would manifest great eagerness to get at it; her adopted child was then thrown in, on which she would eagerly pounce; but immediately discovering the cheat, she would caress it with great tenderness. The natives made several unsuccessful efforts to steal this dog.'

THE SEAL.

A gentleman in the neighbourhood of Burntisland has completely succeeded in taming one of these animals. Its singularities daily continue to attract the curiosity of strangers. It seems to possess all the sagacity of the dog, lives in its master's house, and eats from his hand. He usually takes it with him in his fishing excursions, upon which occasions it affords no small entertainment. When thrown into the water, it will follow for miles the track of the boat, and although thrust back by the oars, it never relinquishes its purpose. Indeed, it struggles so hard to regain its seat, that one would imagine its fondness for its master had entirely overcome the natural predilection for its native element.

THE ALLIGATOR.

The jaws of this amphibious animal are of enormous strength. A friend—one of the party engaged—has communicated the following narrative: One day, in the month of August, Lieutenant Hill and the Hon. Mr Foley, of the Cambrian, and Lieutenants Vansittart and Phrayre of the Serpent, were shooting elephants near the river Cotier, in

Ceylon. In wading a shallow, Mr Vansittart came suddenly on an alligator, and fired one barrel into his shoulder, at a distance of not more than three yards; the brute turning round, received the contents of another down his throat. Thinking him disabled, Mr Vansittart crept up behind him to thrust a *couteau de chasse* into the soft part of his throat, but before he could effect his purpose, his antagonist had turned, and made at him. With considerable presence of mind he saved himself by thrusting his gun down the animal's throat, and dispatched him with his knife. On removing the gun one barrel was found to be completely bitten through, and the other to present deep indentations. The alligator was eight feet long.

A MERMAID.

'I have to-day,' says the Rev. Dr Philip, representative of the London Missionary Society at Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope—the extract is to be found in an old newspaper—'I have to-day seen a mermaid, now exhibiting in this town. I have always treated the existence of this creature as fabulous, but my scepticism is now removed. The head is almost the size of that of a baboon. It is thinly covered with black hair, hanging down, and not inclined to frizzle. On the upper lip, and on the chin, there are a few hairs resembling those upon the head. The *ossa malarum*, or cheek-bones, are prominent. The forehead is low, but, except in this particular, the features are much better proportioned, and bear a more decided resemblance to the human countenance than those of any of the baboon tribes. The head is turned back, and the countenance has an expression of terror, which gives it an appearance of a caricature of the human face; but I am disposed to think that both these circumstances are accidental, and have arisen from the manner in which the creature met its death. It bears the appearance of having died in great agony. The ears, nose, lips, chin, breasts and nipples, fingers and nails, resemble those of a human figure. The spinous processes of the vertebrae are very prominent. The length of the animal is three feet; but not having been at all well preserved it has shrunk very considerably, and must have been both longer and thicker when it was alive than it is now. Its resemblance to the human species ceases immediately under the breasts.'

Remarks like the above, tending to illustrate natural history, must show the utility of reading an old newspaper, as well as a new newspaper. I shall conclude at present with an extract from one of them, entitled, 'Wild-beast Statistics.' The original paper must have been written by, or at least for, the Editor of the *Dumfries Courier*:—

We are always glad when it suits Mr Wombwell to bring his waggons to the banks of the Nith, even in cases where his stay is so limited that he must forego an opportunity which he once embraced of sending his pelicans into the gullet pool to catch fish for themselves. United, his collections surpass anything to be met with in the world; and even when divided are well worthy the attention of all who love to study the wonders of creation. Wallace (the lion) still keeps the road, unscathed by his tussel with the dogs at Warwick, as well as the huge elephant Chuney, now ten feet high: it can pick up a pin and rend the gnarled oak. This stupendous native of the forest consumes a hundredweight and a half of hay daily, to say nothing of perquisites in the shape of quartern loaves, grain by the bushel, and burdens of vetches. In drinking, he empties a painful at once, and still looks for more, to the tune of fourteen gallons in twenty-four hours. In winter he is allowed four gallons of strong ale in the same space, and in summer a more diluted beverage. The alternation is found conducive to his health; but Chuney himself merely imbibes swipes when he can get nothing better, and cares so little about temperance and the rules it enjoins, that he would broach a beer barrel every night and 'go to bed mellow,' if his master would let him. It is a common opinion that elephants continue to grow till the age of fifty, and Mr Wombwell believes that such is the fact. Chuney was captured during the Burmese war, and cost his present owner one thousand guineas! Often as we have seen Mr Wombwell, we never became acquainted with him until

Thursday last [the date is unhappily lost, but it matters not, so far as the interest of the story is concerned], and were not a little astonished, considering his capital and the extent of his concerns, to find him dressed in a smock-frock, and cleaning and scrubbing as anxiously as the meanest servant he has. In this he is a true Englishman, and so far from sparing or giving himself airs, sets an example of untiring industry to the whole establishment. Mrs Wombwell, he admits, is sick of itinerating, and often wishes him to retire into private life to enjoy quietly the fruits of his exertions; but after the truly active life he has led for the last twenty years, he doubts whether rustication would add to his happiness, and objects further on the ground that it would be difficult to find a suitable customer for his large and valuable collection of wild animals. Mr Wombwell, when a boy, was a bird-fancier, and beyond this had no intention of becoming a caravan-keeper, and, in fact, was made one by the force of accident rather than of choice. At London Docks he saw some of the first boas imported into Britain. Most persons were afraid of and ignorant of managing them; prices, from this cause, gave way a little, and our friend at last ventured to offer seventy-five pounds for a pair. He got them, and in the course of three weeks cleared more than the sum he advanced—a circumstance which, he confesses, makes him partial to serpents up to this hour, as the first thing that gave him a lift in his profession. All the world knows that boas gorge themselves with rabbits and then fast for weeks, and the principal thing in treating them is to regulate the temperature of their lairs according to the nature of the weather. With this view they are rolled up in blankets and kept in a covered wooden box, placed above a tin or copper vessel filled with warm water night and morning. During frost, storm, and wet, the water must be changed much oftener. Apart altogether from profit, Mr Wombwell from the first was attached to the trade; and when ships arrived from India containing rare animals, he parted so freely with money that he sometimes got so bare that he hardly knew how to find his way through a toll of a morning, and this, too, when he was surpassingly rich in a species of stock which might supply the marts of Europe. Many a time and oft he has paid tolls to the extent of fourteen pounds in one day, and six pounds between such places as Stirling and Glasgow. His band, which is a fine one, costs about twelve hundred pounds yearly, and the expenses of the establishment are calculated at thirty-five pounds a-day, or above twelve thousand pounds in the year. In fact, were he stationary, he would find it profitable to become his own butcher, retaining all the offal, and selling merely the prime pieces of beef and mutton.

Of all goblbers the pelicans are the best, and devour with such relish the scaly people that it is a treat to see them feed. Mr W.'s largest stud consists of forty-one powerful horses. To these he lately added an animal of the draught kind, which measures very nearly nineteen hands high, and is in reality the most gigantic horse ever beheld. At present it is lean, but he intends to fatten and show it separately at Donnybrook. He is not without hopes that he will clear the price of it during the continuance of the fair. Of the credit side of the account we can say nothing special, beyond the fact that the menagerie, in four days, has been visited by upwards of sixty thousand persons in the neighbourhood of London. Fairs he must study as carefully as the Jews do the stocks, and manage matters so as to be at the best. During the year he is only one week in London, but he has a friend on the spot, and another in Liverpool, who watch the arrival of vessels from abroad, and purchase for him whatever is rare in his line. As he is constantly on the road, one of the caravans is fitted up as a house, with kitchen, parlour, bed-rooms, and every necessary accommodation.

Mr Wombwell, of late years, has been successful in breeding, and possesses at this moment ten lions and five elephants—more, we believe, than all England can produce. Twice the black tigress devoured her young; but by removing the male and placing a *cradle* in the den, she was weaned from this vicious propensity, and is now as good a

nurse as could possibly be desired. As her progeny are only a few weeks old, they cannot yet be shown to the public, but we obtained a peep at them while the mother was feeding. When last in London, our friend was asked by the *cognoscenti* of the Zoological Gardens whether he considered the black tiger and tigress a distinct species, or merely a variety. His opinion then was that the difference of colour had arisen from accident, and the event has confirmed it; for while one of the cubs is jet black, the other is very distinctly spotted. The lioness goes with young twelve months, the tigress sixteen, and the female leopards and panthers the same. The value of wild animals, like everything else, varies according to the supply and demand. Tigers have been sold as high as £800, but at another time they can be purchased for £100. A good panther is worth £100; hyenas from £80 to £40; zebras from £150 to £200; the rarer kinds of monkeys are very valuable; and lamas and gnus are always very high. Upon lions and elephants it is impossible to fix any price. Two cubs is the usual litter of the lioness; but Mr Wombwell's old one has repeatedly dropped four. In such cases she takes to two and neglects the others; and the owner has a beautiful pointer which has suckled in her day four lions! Two of these are exceedingly playful, and were seen tumbling over and over one another in the den like little puppies.

Menagerie-keepers suffer much loss from disease, mortality, and accident. Not many weeks ago a fine ostrich, worth £200, which could have picked crumbs from a ceiling twelve feet high, thrust his bill between the bars of his cage, gave it an unlucky twist, and in attempting to withdraw it literally broke his neck. Monkeys become exceedingly delicate when imported into Britain. Cold affects them very easily; and when they begin to cough they very generally fall into a consumption, and exhibit all the symptoms of human beings labouring under the same complaint. Their general food is bread and milk, varied with a stock of lettuce and a few young onions, of both of which articles they are very fond. Mr Wombwell calculates that he has lost, from first to last, not less than £10,000 by disease and death among his birds and beasts. Most zebras, he thinks, might be made tame as the horse; his own, however, is a very vicious one, and will not permit one of those keepers to enter his den who stand fearlessly amongst lions, tigers, panthers, and leopards. Once a-year he is secured with ropes and taken out of the den that his hoofs may be pared—a tough job, which, including grooms, falls to the lot of thirty-one individuals. The gu is also a dangerous animal, and strikes so fiercely with his horns that they require to be topped. The specimen at the London Gardens killed a man some years ago. The alpaca is a species of the lama; but if you look at it, it spits, which the other does not. It is a native of Chili, and is there made a beast of burden.

In the midst of these remarks about 'birds and beasts,' the writer has so mixed up their owner as to be in himself an animal worthy of consideration. No wonder that his wife is sick of that kind of life in which he seems so much to delight. Our best wishes for him are that he may humour his other half, and never fall a victim to any of the wild beasts over whom his power is far from being that which was once possessed by man.

THE THEORY OF ICE.

I HAVE often been amused at observing how imperfectly the theory of ice is, practically speaking, understood in England. People talk of its being 'as hot as fire,' and 'as cold as ice,' just as if the temperature of each were a fixed quantity, whereas there are as many temperatures of fire, and as many temperatures of ice, as there are climates on the face of the globe. The heat of boiling water is a fixed quantity, and any attempt to make water hotter than 'boiling' only creates steam, which flies off from the top exactly as fast, and exactly in proportion to the amount of heat, be it great or small, that is applied at the bottom. Now, for want of half a moment's reflection, people in England are very prone to believe that water cannot be made colder than

ice, and accordingly, if a good-humoured man succeeds in filling his ice-house, he feels satisfied that his ice is as good as any other man's ice; in short, that ice is ice, and that there is no use in anybody attempting to deny it. But the truth is, that the temperature of 32 degrees of Fahrenheit, that at which water freezes, is only the commencement of an operation that is almost infinite; for after its congelation, water is as competent to continue to receive cold as it was when it was fluid. The application of cold to a block of ice does not, therefore, as in the case of heat applied beneath boiling water, cause what is added to fly out as the other, but, on the contrary, the extra cold is added to and held by the mass, and thus the temperature of the ice falls with the temperature of the air, until, in Lower Canada, it occasionally sinks to 40 degrees below zero, or to 72 degrees below the temperature of ice just congealed. It is evident, therefore, that if two houses were to be filled, the one with the former, say Canada ice, and the other with the latter, say English ice, the difference between the quantity of cold stored up in each would be as appreciable as a cellar full of gold and a cellar full of copper; in short, the intrinsic value of ice depends on the investigation of an assayer—that is to say, a cubic foot of Lower Canada ice is infinitely more valuable, or, in other words, it contains more cold than a cubic foot of Upper Canada ice, which again contains more cold than a cubic foot of Wenham ice, which contains infinitely more cold than a cubic foot of English ice; and thus, although each of these four cubic feet of ice has precisely the same shape, they each, as summer approaches, diminish in value—that is to say, they each lose a portion of their cold, until, before the Lower Canada ice has melted, the English ice has been converted into lukewarm water. The above theory is so clearly understood in North America, that the inhabitants of Boston, who annually store for exportation immense quantities of Wenham ice, and who know quite well that cold ice will meet the markets in India, while the warmer article melts on the passage, talk of their 'crops of ice' just as an English farmer talks of his crops of wheat.—*Head.*

LIFE AND DEATH.

What is Life?

A twisted yarn—a 'tangled skein—
A mingled web of joy and pain—
A glancing sunbeam, warm and bright—
A hanging cloud more dark than night—
A beauteous flower of sweetest scent—
A murky cave where poison's pent—
A golden cup with nectar sweet—
A blackened bowl where bitters meet—
The lightest feather that can rise—
A heavy weight repressing sighs—
A lucid stream with rapid flow—
A stagnant pool where dark weeds grow—
A summer breeze that cools the air—
A hurricane that makes earth bare—
A gift enjoyed with grateful heart—
A load with which we long to part—
And such is Life!

What is Death?

A sleep that ends our mortal pain,
But bids us wake to live again—
A cherub fair with placid mien—
A welcome visitor unseen—
The harbinger of rest and peace,
Of gladness that shall never cease—
A bark that bears our souls away
To realms of light and cloudless day—
A path that faith delights to tread,
O'er which her light is sweetly shed,
That leads from mortal woe and strife,
To everlasting joy and life—
A blessing sent us from on High—
The passage to Eternity—
And such is Death!

Mrs STANFORD.

ABROAD WITHOUT LANGUAGES.

I AM an old man, not with years, however, but experience, and I carry on the outer surface of my head hairs white as snow, the effect not of time but of sorrow—a sorrow I trust never to endure again. In short, I have an old head upon young shoulders; and as I believe the heart lies somewhere below the shoulders, I hope I do not trespass on the rules of virgin modesty if I say that my heart is young too. Green, indeed, it is as a toad's back when in the water; but I eschew all surmises of its quality, which might be made from the figure just made use of. I like everybody, young, old, rich, and poor, and everything also, green fields, piebald meadows, still and stormy waters, skies in all their mutations, sun, moon, and stars, and the young of all animals. Most of all, however, I love sweet, modest faces; and all my life long, as I have walked through the city-streets (my life passes usually in the town), I look out for pretty, innocent countenances with all the interest and circumspection of one seeking a lost friend.

From what cause I can scarcely tell, but I took it into my head that other people could read me, as well as I them, by the eyes; and, crammed with scraps of poetic history, heads and tails of novels, mixed up with facts of personal adventure, I resolved a decade ago to run abroad and see this jolly world in which we go spinning round with all the regularity of the spinning-wheel till the thread breaks. I thought nothing of languages. Being the boy of a poor man, I had learned only to read and speak my mother tongue; and my reading having lain chiefly in such books as put good honest English in the mouths of everybody, Japanese, Hotentots, Kamschatkans, and Hungarians, including all the other tribes which breathe a separate existence in our trim little planet, I was troubled with no serious doubts on the subject. If a fear ever shot through my heart of finding myself in difficulties on the score of speech, I opened the first romance I put my hands on, especially my hoarded copy of the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments, and speedily every trouble vanished when I found all the folks laughing, chatting, scolding, just as I myself would have done in the same circumstances. Why then call up shadows from the unknown deep to startle me? My resolution, in short, was taken; and having packed together my things, dressed myself as well as my means admitted of, and got myself transported across the German Ocean, I dropped, almost by accident (at least, so it seemed to me), at Hamburg, and found myself, when I began to reflect, in the midst of my peregrinations through the streets.

At first all was gay and pleasant: the day was brilliant with sunshine; everybody was abroad; and, bounding with spirits, I made the tour of the city with all the curiosity of a kitten when it finds itself in new apartments, but with greatly more joy and relaxation than it seems to feel on such occasions. English still sung its song of home in my ear occasionally, sufficiently often to withdraw my apprehensions on hearing around me a strange unnatural gibberish, the meaning of which I thought I ought to know, but which was to me as unintelligible as the roving melody of the Æolian harp. Night began, however, to draw on apace; hunger seized me with both his hands, and pushed me at last into a baker's shop. I am a shy, stupid-looking, though I suppose good-natured sort of man, and an instinctive consciousness of being wanting in my means of explanation threw me into a state of complicated confusion. I looked the baker right in the face, where I found something so soft and sony, and at the same time so wise, knowing, and English-like, that I at once rushed to the inference that I had no longer anything to fear; but my argument was false. I made the best bow I could accomplish in the circumstances, stammered out my wants in a certain flurry and precipitation, as if by taking the honest man unawares I should run the less chance of being played upon, and concluded by putting on the best look of easy expectation ever worn by one not an Edinburgh or a London dandy. Instantly a sort of dim uncertainty stole over the worthy baker's face; his eyes all at once looked

vacant and squint; he tied his apron a little tighter, hitching up his trousers at the same time; approached me nearer, as if to examine me, squatting his floury hands on the counter; and finished by peering into my face. This was too much for a man of my mould. I became suddenly sick, and would have tumbled on the floor—a thing greatly to be dreaded, as I am fat and heavy, with a certain awkward trick of always falling, when I do fall, into the most ludicrous positions—if a view of my situation had not at that moment struck suddenly across my mind. I collected my confused thoughts as well as I could, lifted my hat, a curiosity in its way, made a profound obeisance as a sort of propitiation, and shuffled out backwards to the door, blooming with shame, for the colour had mounted to my cheek. With more tact than usual I conjectured the whereabouts of the threshold, turned round and leaped half-a-dozen steps with one and the same *saut d'ail* and effort of will, took to my heels, and vanished.

I wandered at random, I knew and cared not whither, the sweet evening breeze blowing cool on my temples, till chance brought me to the splendid gardens that furnish a retreat for the rich and the well-clothed poor, where I lost myself in delicious reveries. I forgot hunger and my recent troubles, mixed with the crowd, gay among the gayest. Having no personal attractions, I have always had the best opportunities of regarding others without being suspected of impertinence. I lounged along unwearied, singing to myself as I looked up into the soft sky to see bright Jupiter twinkling gloriously in the west ere he set for the night, and cast my eyes askant on the groups of beauty which kept stealing along in the silent lusciousness of the twilight. Oh, what a resource is the heart and the imagination! I clapped my hands with joy, slipped aside among the shades of underwood, tumbled on my head, and cut a thousand fantastic capers with my heels in the air. Next I danced, throwing my arms upwards and sideways, and then, for variety, looked through my legs. Myriads of odd thoughts streamed into my mind like notes in the sunbeam, sparkled, shifted, and disappeared in rapid succession. An eternity was crowded into a few seconds. I know not how long I might have continued this way had my habitual timidity not been startled by finding that I had attracted the notice of one or more persons, I could not tell how many, who stood over against me at some paces off, attempting to decipher, in the falling darkness, what sort of creature I must be. If I were a fairy invisible I could rush into the society of everybody and kiss the cheek of my fellows with enthusiasm; but I cannot brave scrutiny. I accordingly slunk away precipitately, like a little puppy scared in the midst of his gambols, on seeing that I was watched. But dear nature that had been working within me in such a lively manner was at length wearied and in need of repose. Accordingly, I had no sooner lost sight of my inquisitors, and believed myself lost sight of, than I dropped gently on the grass, wrapped my head in the light cloak that I carried upon me, buttoned my pockets, and took sweet sleep to my heart with all the ease and confidence of an old and tried friend.

I awoke and jumped to my feet with the sunrise, washed away the slumbers of the night in a neighbouring pool, trod lightly the dewy grass, and skipped into the town to break my fast. Luckily this new day was a market-day; and, following the crowd, I found myself in the very thick of the cheerful companies that were buying and selling with delightful facility. I improved upon the evening before, by fixing my eyes on the laughing piles of rolls and loaves, and watching bargains as they were made, before making my demands. I then faithfully compared my coins with other peoples', pounced upon a few splendid pieces of bread, pitched the money down with an air of perfect *savoir faire*, and stalked away soothed and consoled as I munched the viands which my unexampled skill had brought honestly into my possession. I soon afterwards accomplished a similar wonderful feat beside the pails of a pretty dairymaid, quaffed a tankard of her rich creamy milk, looked into her jetty eyes and laughed kindly, bowed, and withdrew as happy as a king. Clear in con-

science, satisfied with food, and conscious that a fountain of pleasant thoughts had begun to leap in my heart, I sung a hymn to my Maker as I went along, and I trembled with a deep emotion of gratitude.

Ways and means were not wanting to get me in a few days into Berlin. A favourable wind blew me and my scanty effects thither; and, thanks to God, I lighted on my feet. But here a notable event happened to me—the event which changed the colour of my hair in a night. I can never forgive myself for having taken the adventure so much to heart; but repentance, I find, though it has its effect on the future, leaves the past as it was, and so my hair rests in *statu quo*. The circumstances were as follows: I had resolved on making use of the Schnell-post for Dresden, and got myself put down at the office from which the celebrated conveyance was to start. Here a fellow came forward, a man who, from the important relation which he bore to myself, ever re-appears in my ugly dreams. Like dogs and little children, I take instinctive likings and dislikings; they are sudden, involuntary, unaccountable, and in general wonderfully correct. I marked the rascal as he approached me to offer his services as porter; tested his features; found him sadly defective, and accordingly ordered him, in commanding English, to take himself away. A quiet leer rose on his countenance, and, with a polite nod of inquiry, he picked up my things, and bolted with them into the office. All my force of mind had been spent in bristling up against this scoundrel at the first onset; so, having failed, what could I do but quietly submit to my fate? I followed, and was waiting, patient as a lamb, till the signal of departure should be given, when I felt my eyes all at once and irresistibly fixed on a couple who had just arrived as I had. The pair were young and handsome, tall and stately, of the upper ranks, and the one a lady and the other a gentleman. What arrested me was, to see them embrace each other tenderly but delicately. A tear glistened in the eye of the gentle maid; and, on seeing it, everything vanished from my sight and thoughts except this beautiful pair. Who were they, and how stood they related to each other? 'Oh, they are betrothed!' I exclaimed to myself, wiping a tear from my own eye; 'this is their first parting since they loved and knew that they loved; life is yet with them a sweet delicious dream, but necessity is about to separate them, and here they awake from the spell under whose power they were living. Blessed pair! love ever as you love just now! Suffer not time and circumstance, with their cold, unfeeling hands, to ruffle the plumes of your love. Guard, as sacred, from every petty thing, the new life that has sprung up between you; and may Heaven shed on your steps here the light which stretches beyond this earth, and illumines the path to immortality!' I was thus occupied, thinking of another world, when perhaps I ought to have been thinking of this. During my speculations, the man, the bad man, brushed by me, making the most enchanting salutation in passing that ever was offered me. 'What did that mean?' thought I; for though my little brother, when I was a boy, told me I was not made for this world, meaning that my brains were not of the strongest (an opinion in which he must have been right, for everybody since has told me the same thing), yet I have somewhat of the shrewdness which God gives to the blind and the brainless; and I was not slow to conjecture that this lugubrious visage, which had bowed to me with a smile so winning and angelic, had not put off its habitual expression without the hope of reward. Every man has something which he values most, and to whose protection he runs in the moment of danger. I accordingly darted my hands into my pockets, for my money in heavy coin was there, and reached the bottom of them without meeting any resistance. I now understood on what mission the bad man had been sent into the world, namely, to help me to walk lighter through it. I looked everywhere around me, I moaned and gesticulated, my eyes went to and fro, faster even than my feet, but nowhere could this angel be seen. He had vanished after finishing his work, and I was left to console myself.

Away went the Schnell-post, and I on it; for I had ere

this misfall paid my way to Dresden; and, as soon as the Schnell-post itself, I of course stood on the streets of this celebrated city. I got entranced next day in its picture gallery; but oh! what a world of shame and confusion! carried about with me, when I found myself obliged to sneak in and out without sweetening the palm of the porter with a silver coin. I must escape, however, from my doleful memories. I was in danger of falling into fever at the time of the event; and even now, when I think of it, a perspiration, changing from cold to hot and back again, like the dissolving views which present the same landscape under a summer and winter aspect, breaks out on my brow.

My case was now a desperate one; without money and without languages, what could I do? But the Almighty tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. I roamed by the side of the Elbe at sunset, and lost myself in reflection. Misfortune and all was forgotten. Each bar in the sky was like a golden beam to which I clung in hope. Every little star, as it shone softly through the waning light, looked in, as it were, upon my heart, and asked it to go a-holidaying. I could not refuse the invitation. I abandoned myself to the tide of joy which rose around me. I left exultingly the present, and bade adieu to time, space, and everything but the celestial company. But I could not long breathe Empyrean air. I kicked my foot against a stone, and found myself just about to measure my length in the river, as I embraced in imagination one of my companions. I was recalled thereby to the world I had forgotten, remembering it was a world of crosses and opposition. I looked up, and saw a gentleman approaching. I thought I would try his capacity, and ask him if he knew English. I did so with success.

This gentleman was one of those creatures whom God sends into the world for the special purpose of keeping it from reeling to the one side, or dropping out of its sphere. When sin goes a-visiting among us, it is such as he who keeps things steady, who, by their superlative goodness, make head against wickedness. God seemed to me to have set his mark on him, by giving him a physiognomy different from other people's. But the feature of his face which most amused me was not his nose, though a fine and genial one, nor yet his eyes, which rained a perpetual shower of bright bounteous flashes. It was his mouth, especially the lower lip, which was a paragon of sweetness. It seemed to me as if it were the personification of hope and comfort to the disconsolate, and the perennial fountain of good words as the harbinger of good actions. I had none of my usual bashfulness in speaking to him—no, none in the world. I accosted him with a frank, confident air, on which he instantly stooped down (for I am little as well as fat), and kissed me on my brow. I looked up into his face in ecstasy, and shook the tears of joy from my eyes. 'You need a home and money!' said he to me; 'rest tranquil—they are yours.' With that he drew my arm within his, and led me away.

I will not draw out of my heart what he put into it, or tell of the brimful cup of happiness which he poured out for me. I got from him, it is enough to say, new money, new life, new everything needful, new hopes in mankind, and new confidence in the Divine goodness. I got also a new friend, whom he gave me the use of for the next stage, and I set off for Vienna. But here, for the first time in my life, I was burdened with friendship. The person whom I had got for a companion had somehow or other got it into his head that my ignorance of his language arose from deafness. He accordingly pumped hard with his lungs, and gave me such a doze of sound and sense in my ear every other minute, smiling, laughing, and enjoying exquisitely his own success, that I was ready to drop down with terror and anxiety. All my natural timidity came to the aid of my embarrassment. I gesticulated, used the entire circle of English exclamations, assured him over and over again of my profound gratitude, yet earnestly besought him to suspend his efforts. But the more unintelligibly to him I spoke, the louder he thundered, till I fell back on my seat, dead with exhaustion, to

the unspeakable delight of our fellow-passengers. What he could have said I cannot even guess. I sometimes attempt to restore the features of his face and their relation to one another, as well as the strange sounds which he uttered to me. But every time I do so, his nose, eyes, and mouth distend into gigantic proportions, and corporeally represent the tones of his voice. I see him as he is pictured by my apprehensions, which, I must confess, are like a magic lantern, which transmute every little pigmy that is made to pass through them into grotesque and threatening monsters.

I mixed with the crowd when we arrived at the Austrian capital, in order to lose acquaintance with my kind but troublesome companion. I reached afterwards Pösgong, in Hungary, where another gibberish, a little louder and more roaring than the last, assailed my ears. The only thing which sticks to my memory of this place, is an act of interference which I made in behalf of a portion of the lower animals. As I strolled idly through the streets, according to my custom when I find myself in any new place, I spied a man hurling a set of bound calves on a hand-barrow, whose heads hung over the side, and whose mouths swept the ground as he went along. I could not stand this inhumanity. Accordingly, being transported into a fit of enthusiasm, and summoning all the patriots and martyrs of every age and clime of whom I had happened to read in my vagrant excursions into the regions of literature, I rushed into the middle of the street, held up my hands in the attitude of astonishment, and pronounced a solemn remonstrance, calling bystanders to witness, on the sin and horrors of inhumanity. 'Ach!' I said, 'what will all this come to?' the first word in this apostrophe being one I had picked up in passing through Germany, and prefixed in the hope of giving point and emphasis to the exclamation. The man, thus arrested in his course, suspended his motions, opened his eyes and mouth as I proceeded, and looked around upon the crowd which my gestures had collected about us. I argued the case, I believe, eloquently. I invoked the angels, after I had called upon men, to witness on the subject. I sawed the air with my hands, and raised and let fall my limbs, for the sake of impression, with all the energy of which I was capable. I felt myself on the right side, and warmed as I proceeded. Hitherto I was under the inspiration of an idea, and forgot, of course, everything but the case I was proving. But having, in throwing up one of my legs with too great a force, fairly lost my equilibrium, I came to the ground with a trope hanging half-way out of my mouth, and thus finished my speech amidst the cheers and claps of ringing laughter which split the air around us. What could I do? Like a bladder that has burst and falls, my heart sunk in a moment. I clutched convulsively my hat, which had rolled away into the gutter, took, as once before, to my heels, and sought consolation in escape.

Where I am now, or where I have been, I do not mean to tell my readers. But I have been thinking of taking a trip to the moon, if that be possible; for which reason, and so as to make use of my experience, I have returned home, paid a benevolent visit to the Lunatic Asylum to acquire the lunar language, meaning to make all the preparations which so various a life as mine has taught me to be necessary. I congratulate myself especially on having found repose in this retreat: since all my friends, I believe without exception, think that it is where I should have been many years ago.

A LIVERPOOL PULPIT SKETCH.

BY DR GEORGE ASPINALL.

UPON the right hand side of Bold Street, going towards the town, stands the chapel of one of the most extraordinary men and one of the greatest preachers of which Liverpool can boast; and yet, strange to say, while men possessed of but commanding talent are followed by crowds of admirers, David Thom, the subject of our present sketch, who is richly furnished with genius of the very highest order, lectures weekly to all but empty benches. So much

for the appreciation in which genius is held! But as a writer Mr Thom is well known here, as well as in Germany and America. The religious views which he holds are very peculiar. In fact, he is the author of an entirely new school of theology. Without at all pronouncing upon his peculiar tenets, we may briefly say that his views are those of a most gigantic, a most comprehensive, and withal of a most truly benevolent and Christian mind. All really great characters have been far better known by their posthumous fame than by that they acquired in life, and such, we predict, will be the case with David Thom. When he descends to the grave his descent will be that of a falling planet, and he will leave an illuminated trail of glory behind him. However, it is with Thom as a living preacher that we now have to do. Going, then, as we before said, down Bold Street, his church is on our right hand. Enter we, and now what do we behold? A middle-sized chapel, not over clean in its internal economy; a very thin congregation, composed of very thoughtful-looking people; and before us (with a large Bible upon the cushion) the pulpit. We will take our place in the right hand gallery, in a bottom pew; and now we are ready for the intellectual treat before us. Nor have we long to wait. A slight stir and the opening of a side-door, a step upon the pulpit-stairs, and up walks, in simple, every-day attire, a middle-sized, elderly gentleman, and takes his place. He gives out a hymn and comments upon it, takes an introductory text and skirmishes a little with it, another hymn, and then comes the text and the sermon of the evening. He opens, and step by step leads the mind of his auditor up to the passage with which he deals, and this in language the most terse and vigorous, the most cogent, and yet the most chaste—no redundancy of matter, no spare words, no tinsel glitter, no idle fencing, but a close and most telling grapple with the thing right before him, and with nought else. Having completed the introductory part, he now clearly, distinctly, and concisely states his premises, and apportions the heads of his discourse; and here, when he gets into the very heart and pith of his sermon, and when he is establishing one after another the several positions he has taken up, here it is that he pre-eminently shines. Mark him; how superb is his logic, how admirably brought out and exhibited the entire chain of his reasoning! And how he gets hold of your whole attention, how completely he holds you under his control! When he commenced you were, it may be, leaning indolently back upon your bench. Gradually, however, as he goes on, you find yourself edging forwards—still more forward—until there you are at last, with your head inclined over the side of the gallery, and both elbows resting upon the ledge, greedily drinking in every word, nay, every syllable, that falls from his lips. You have often heard sermons before, you say, but never yet have you listened to aught like this. How fresh, how sparkling, how replete with the hues and colouring of genius! What entirely original matter he brings forth, and in what apt, what striking, what varied combinations he exhibits it! He appears almost to cause new light to shine upon the Word of Inspiration, and that light seems more and more to penetrate, by a kind of magnetic influence, into the chambers of your own mind. What before seemed obscure seems now clear—what awhile ago was opaque has now become transparent. Themes that from constant repetition elsewhere you have been rendered entirely familiar with, beneath the spell of this mighty enchanter have acquired a new interest, have become invested with new associations, and, as you listen and listen, and devour more and more, you gradually seem to become a new creature yourself. But ere he closes, pause we and mark the personal appearance of the man. In age apparently about fifty; in height and breadth medium; his countenance, however, it is that distinguishes Thom especially. Throned thereupon, intellect seems to reign supreme. Mind, mind—nothing save the purely spiritual. That is the grand expression of it—that its one great characteristic. Reader, have you ever seen the well authenticated portraits of Sir Walter Scott? If you have, you get an all but complete idea of the head

and face of David Thom—the same thin silvery hair, the same high, pyramidal brow, the same restless, searching, uneasy eye, and in fact the same formation from the shoulders upward. But the preacher now advances to his main points. Let us not fail to follow him even unto the very end. All his prior reasonings are now concentrated into one narrow focus. He repeats each separate heading; he tells you again how he has established his former positions; he deduces what follows from this; he opens up Christianity from its very beginning as a scheme of development; he pours upon it the light of ancient prophecy; he shows how ancient things have passed away; how the Adamic, patriarchal, and Mosaic ages were successive phases of development; how they were shadows of better things to come; how those better things have now arrived; and consequently how the adumbrations of type and metaphor have become swallowed up and absorbed in antetype and reality. Then he speaks of man's carnal nature, as opposed and diametrically antagonistic to God's spiritual nature. And now he broaches his grand theme of divine inversion, showing that while in the mind of man there is an appearance of conformity and resemblance to the mind of God, yet that the appearance is but a shadowy and unsubstantial one, and that in effect the poles are not more distant from each other than is creature from creative will, than is the merely soulful from the illuminated and the spiritual. He concludes with an expatiation upon the love of God. It is boundless, the love of man is bounded: here is inversion. It is disinterested and selfless, that of man is interested and selfish: here is inversion again. It repays evil with good, men's love is but capable of repaying good with good: here is inversion again. And so on, and on, and on he goes, heaping example upon example to instance in divine love his theory of divine inversion. And now he speaks of divine love in itself, in its one and undivided essence, in its infinity, in its immensity, in its richness, in its freedom, in its perfection, and finally in each and all of its manifestations and developments. Thom is now in all his glory—that restless eye of his kindles and sparkles like the flashings from diamonds. He forgets himself—he forgets even his hearers, and for the period he thinks of nothing but his God and his God's benevolence. He is out of the body, and by a kind of magnetism that you cannot withstand, he carries you out of it too, and you with him live for the time entirely in the world of spirit. Now for his great climax. See! he is working himself up for it—simile upon simile, illustration upon illustration, image upon image, intensity, as it were, upon intensity, till he comes to the crowning whole. There! he has reached the utmost bound to which spirit can travel. A sudden cessation and the voice is hushed, and the speaker speaks no more; and (with perhaps a violent headache from the immense strain on your mental powers) you suddenly fall back upon yourself, regain your own identity again, and remembering where you are, remember also that you must now leave. Enwrapped in incommunicable thought, in thoughts 'too big for utterance,' you at last find yourself in the crowded streets, but still you feel alone, and you desire to be alone, under the mighty spell of Thom's gigantic intellect.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE.*

IN speaking of the British Isles, it is not unusual to adopt a derogatory strain, as if the British power were only great in its foreign acquisitions. But much of this is gratuitous. It is true, that in respect of mere acreage we have in Europe six superiors, France, Spain, Turkey, Austria, and Russia, with the united kingdom of Sweden and Norway. A dominion, however, is not to be measured by the number of mountains it encloses, but by the number of men it commands. He that reigns over waste lands, rules nothing; he only reigns who governs men; to control mind is do-

minion; population is empire. Now, in this light, taking but our home empire, only three states in Europe exceed our own. The population of the British Isles is greater than that of Spain and Turkey put together; but less than that of France by seven millions, than that of Austria by ten, and numbers only half that of European Russia. Thus, were our empire confined to these islands, it would even then rank as one of the five great powers of Europe; for her majesty rules, in the united kingdom, a population about twice as numerous as that governed by the king of Prussia. Besides her home empire, several patches of European territory are held by England. The beautiful little CHANNEL ISLANDS (Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, &c., with a population of about 70,000), though lying close upon the shores of Normandy, are English in political position, and thoroughly English in feeling.

At the extreme south of the Spanish coast stands GIBRALTAR, which, notwithstanding its commanding position and classic fame, as one of the pillars of Hercules, does not seem to have been fortified earlier than the eighth century, when it was occupied by the armies of the Caliph Alwalid Eben Abdalmalic. The Moors held it for above seven centuries, with but one short interval. The reign of Queen Anne was rendered illustrious by continental victories; but of all the triumphs of Marlborough nothing remains to England, except their pride. In that same reign an admiral, seeking employment for his fleet, captured the fortress of Gibraltar, with a handful of troops under a German prince, and a few sailors. The Parliament of the day would not give its thanks for the conquest; but the importance of that conquest to our shipping, its command of the Mediterranean, its impregnable fortifications, and, perhaps more than all, the determined assaults against which it has been retained, now confirm it as a national possession of the highest value. To have cost years of battle, and almost seas of blood, it is a small territory, measuring in length only two miles and three quarters, while three quarters of a mile is its greatest breadth. Its population is about 15,000.

Proceeding up the Mediterranean, we next find the English flag waving over the islands of MALTA and GOZO, which, from their close proximity, are usually designated only by the name of the former. Malta is sacred as the scene of St Paul's shipwreck, and has an almost unequalled fame for historical vicissitudes. It was first held by the Phœnicians, who yielded to the Greeks; these were overcome by the Carthaginians, who were in turn subdued by the Romans; they were swept from the island by the Vandals, and they, again, by the Goths; Justinian recovered it to the empire; but it was soon overrun by the Arabs, and these were conquered by the Normans. At length it fell to the kingdom of Sicily, with which it remained till the days of Charles V., who placed it under the knights of St John of Jerusalem. They held it till 1798, when it was seized by the French during Napoleon's expedition to Egypt; but the people rising against them, were joined by an English force; and in 1800 this place, so often lost and won, was numbered among our possessions. The two islands are about twenty-seven miles in length, with a population of 120,000 souls. The climate is warm, but salubrious; and Valetta, the capital, is at once a beautiful city and one of the strongest military posts in the world.

Pursuing our way in that classical sea, we find, strewn along the west and south-west coast of Greece, the seven IONIAN ISLES, known as the SEPTINSULAR UNION; namely, Corfu, Paxo, Santa Maura, Ithaca, Cephalonia, Zante, and Kerigo. They formerly belonged to Venice: during the wars of the French Revolution their possession alternated between Russia and France; but in the great territorial settlement of 1815, they were placed under the protection of Great Britain. They may be considered as a half-independent republic; being governed by a court of representatives, under a lord high commissioner appointed by our queen. Their climate and productions are semitropical. The population is about 200,000.

We might have thought that a tiny islet, measuring in full length a single British mile, would never have attracted

* Abridged from a Lecture delivered by the Rev. WILLIAM ARTHUR, before the Young Men's Christian Association of London, and since published by Mr Green, Paternoster Row. Second edition. 1848.

the broad eye of England; but during the last war, when the continental powers combined to exclude our commerce from their shores, HELLIGOLAND, lying close to the south of Denmark, and commanding the mouths of the Eyder, the Weser, and the Elbe, was seen to offer such advantages to our shipping, that it was seized, and is still retained by Britain. The population is about 2000.

Looking at the British empire as existing in Europe alone, it comprises a population considerably exceeding twenty-seven millions. This gives us a proportion, in the population of all Europe, of about one in eight and a half; so that in that division of the world which is the centre of knowledge, enterprise, and power, out of every seventeen men, two at least hail Queen Victoria as their sovereign.

Turning to our FOREIGN EMPIRE, we shall first of all direct our attention to the west; and here the possession we meet with as our nearest and oldest is NEWFOUNDLAND. This island is only sixteen hundred miles west of Ireland, so that with steamers travelling twelve miles per hour, the distance from Limerick to St John's might be accomplished in six days. The two kingdoms of Denmark and Hanover scarcely equal the extent of Newfoundland. Its winters are rigorous; but the climate is neither so unbearable, nor the soil so utterly barren, as is generally supposed. The population, amounting to 75,000, is mainly engaged in the fishery; but the few who cultivate the ground find remunerative crops. The possession of the island was long disputed between England and France, the fishery making it valuable to both. The latter held it for a considerable time, but at length the fortunes of England prevailed.

On the American continent our oldest possession is NOVA SCOTIA, a province remarkable for its superb bays and harbours, enjoying a salubrious climate, and rich in instances of hale longevity. Though occupying a comparatively small space in the public view, it is equal to a country in Europe, which, with its Alps, its glaciers, and its hardy conflicts, has ever held a high place in the attention of the world. Nova Scotia, with a population of only 160,000, is in extent equal to Switzerland. This statement includes the Island of Cape Breton, which was formerly held as a separate colony.

Adjoining to this, New Brunswick spreads over a territory equal to both Holland and Belgium; but its population, being only 120,000, is so inadequate to its extent, that vast tracts continue to be occupied by forest and prairie.

In the Gulf of St Lawrence, lies a rich and beautiful island, of which we scarcely ever hear but as of some inconsiderable appendage to New Brunswick. Yet this, PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLAND, is as large as that famous Italian state, the grand duchy of Parma, which, since the downfall of her meteor lord, has formed the dominion of Maria Louisa.

A century has not passed since the martial spirit of Wolfe, in its last struggle, cried, 'I thank God and die content;' at that instant he heard the voice of victory bidding the flag of England welcome to the Canadian shores. Several enterprises begun by Francis I., and matured under the vigorous reign of Henry the Great, had given France the possession of that country, to which, by right of discovery, England had a prior claim; but in the one campaign of 1759, it all reverted to the British crown. The two provinces into which Canada was formerly divided are now united; but it is still customary, and certainly convenient, to speak of them under the old names, Lower and Upper. LOWER CANADA, or that portion which lies nearest the Atlantic, is as large as France; it has severe winters, but a fertile soil, and is not deficient in the physical capabilities of a great country. Its population are largely descended from the former French occupants; but immigration has mingled with them a considerable proportion of our own countrymen. The exact limits of UPPER CANADA are not easily ascertained, its western boundary being sometimes stated as the Pacific Ocean, sometimes as the Rocky Mountains, and more frequently as resting on the ninetieth degree of west longitude, at Goose Lake. Taking

this last boundary, it makes the extent about equal to that of the whole Prussian territory; but with either of the others it is prodigious. This province is, on the whole, a finer country than the other, having a richer soil, and more genial climate. The population is mainly English. The progress of cultivation is rapid; and cities spring up as if by magic. Toronto, which some men living remember to have seen with only two log-houses and a tavern, is now a splendid city, with a population of 20,000; and every thing making it worthy to be, as before the union of the provinces it was, the capital of a new country. Montreal is the seat of government. The population of Canada is supposed to amount to a million and a half.

We now come to a territory which, both as to its width and its climate, may be called the Russia of America; and yet, vast as it is, some books, laying claim to popularity, omit it altogether from the catalogue of our possessions. Charles II. granted to a company a charter, vesting in them the exclusive privilege to trade in furs, in the regions lying adjacent to Hudson's Bay. This company retains its charter, and now holds the unmeasured tracts designated as the HUDSON'S BAY TERRITORY. The precise extent of this region is not ascertained; but it stretches from the northern frontier of Canada to the pole, and from the shores of the Atlantic to the boundary of Russian America. This latter is a breadth twice as great as that of the Atlantic Ocean from Ireland to Labrador. Were a right line drawn from London to the western limits of our possessions, it would cross no land but what is ours; and would travel in its course over 140 degrees of longitude, or within some eighteen hundred miles of half the earth's circumference. Our American territory, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the latitude of New York* to the north pole, covers an area larger than the United States.† But though, even on their own continent, we have more acres than they, their superiority in soil and climate is conspicuous; and in population, the essential strength of empire, they outnumber British America sevenfold.

In turning from North America, the eye naturally falls on the WEST INDIES. Here our first possessions were St Christopher's and Barbadoes; after which Cromwell conquered Jamaica from the Spaniards.‡ We now hold about fifteen islands, independently of the groups of the Bermudas, Bahamas, and Virgin Isles. The names and extent of the various islands are as follows:—Jamaica, 6400 square miles; Trinidad, 2400; Tobago, 187; Grenada, 125; St Vincent, 130; Barbadoes, 166; St Lucia, 58; Dominica, 272; St Kitts, 68; Montserrat, 47; Antigua, 108; Barbuda, 10; Nevis, 20. Of these nearly all, except Barbadoes, were conquered from European nations. These islands combine rich scenery with the utmost fertility; and the deadliness of climate which once made them terrible to whites, is fast declining before the progress of cultivation, and of temperate habits. The population of all our West Indian colonies may be stated at about 1,000,000. In the island of St Vincent's are to be found a few Caribs, the mournful residuum of a race which has been consumed in the fires of European cupidity. They inhabit the mountains; our countrymen or their labourers occupying all the ground which will yield either comfort or gain.

Turning, again, to the continent, we find in Central America the British province of HONDURAS, a possession little thought of by us; and when thought of at all, generally as some place in a bay where people go to get mahogany. Yet this unthought-of province is as large as Ireland and Scotland put together, and enjoys a good climate, with a productive soil. Its population is only about 8000. This country is also called, after the capital, BELIZE, so named from a Spanish corruption of Wallace, the name of an English bucanier. Considerably to the south of Honduras lie some hundred of miles of coast, called the Mus-

* Some parts of Upper Canada lie as far south as New York.

† Perhaps the annexation of Texas casts the balance on the other side.

‡ The fleet was commanded by Sir William Penn, father to the celebrated founder of Pennsylvania.

quito coast, which our map-makers, always ready to appropriate territory, mark over to us; but I believe we have no claim upon it, further than what is given by some alliance with the Indian tribes by whom it is inhabited.

South of the Isthmus of Panama lies our only other continental possession in the west. Guiana, a rich alluvial country, situated in the Delta of the great rivers, the Amazon and Orinoco, is distributed between the French, Dutch, and English. BRITISH GUIANA is a country nearly equal in extent to the United Kingdom; and perhaps not a single province in our empire is so highly fertile. To this fertility, the three great rivers, Demerara,* Berbice, and Essequibo, greatly contribute. At present, this is one of the most sickly of our colonies; for, like Holland, it is a flat country, abounding in canals; this added to the prolific vegetation of tropical heats, causes a rapid generation of malaria, whence arise deadly fevers. Were the population adequate to the country, these evils would be much alleviated; but, instead of some thirty millions, which it is capable of maintaining, this rich territory has only 75,000 souls.

Passing down to the extremity of South America, you find, just where the straits of Magellan separate it from Terra del Fuego, a group of ninety islands, enjoying a moderate climate. The FALKLAND ISLANDS, of which two measure 100 miles in length, abound in game, and yield profusely all the productions of the temperate zone. On these secluded islands are found twenty-five Englishmen, standing, in their isolation from all human society, a monument of the spirit of British enterprise. This concludes the summary of our American possessions, which, taken all together, are equal in extent to the whole continent of Europe.

As we turn from the west, AFRICA next claims our attention. Taking our possessions here in geographical order, we find the first in a low, flat island at the mouth of the magnificent river Gambia. ST MARY'S, of which the capital is Bathurst, and MC CARTHY'S ISLAND, about 800 miles up the river, are the principal settlements; but several minor ones exist on different points of the river. The insalubrity of the climate utterly precludes extensive colonisation; and these points are chiefly important as opening up with the interior the trade in ivory and other valuable commodities.

We next come to SIERRA-LEONE. God in his goodness has suffered much beauty to linger on our world; but among all its lovely spots few so happily combine the grand with the beautiful as Free-Town. Mountains of a majestic altitude rise from the margin of a placid sea, and are clothed to their very summit with a luxuriant tropical verdure. Up the side of one of these the town climbs in picturesque progress, and the spacious estuary of the Sierra-Leone glistens at the base. I have seen the black eye of a native dance for joy as he dwelt on the charms of that rare scene. The community peopling it is singularly romantic; perhaps not another on earth is so rich in personal histories. Every man has his own tale. Here are liberated the negroes found in the slavers captured on their passage to the west. Thus each individual has his own exciting story of his quiet African home; of the alarm, the kidnapping, the capture, the long march across the desert, his strange thoughts at first sight of the sea, his fears on embarking, the horrors of the slave-ship, his dread when the British cannon thundered the summons for the slave to surrender, and his wild, wild joy when he once more felt himself safe and free. There is, in Free-Town and the adjacent villages, a community of 50,000 individuals, who look thankfully to England as their great benefactress.

Our next possession is at CAPE COAST CASTLE, celebrated from its melancholy connection with the name of 'L. E. L.' but destined to be far more celebrated by a happy connexion with yet more illustrious names. In the same neighbourhood we have settlements at Accra, Dix-Cove, and Annamaboe. No territory is connected with these posts,

which exist merely to facilitate the important trade in gold dust, ivory, palm-oil, and other produce. The country thus occupied is inhabited by the Fantees, a negro race, who, by bloody superstitions, by the slave-trade, and by the unsparing victories of their neighbours the Ashantes, have been reduced to the last state of timid misery.

Leaving the continent, we find, in the Bight of Benia, the island of FERNANDO PO, which we have only occupied within the last ten years, and which is now in possession of the Spanish government. Then in the ocean we have the lonely volcanic rock of ASCENSION, distinguished for nothing but its plentiful supply of turtles; and also ST HELENA, chiefly known as the cage in which died that proud eagle, whose talons held Europe in throes for years, whilst his outspread wings cast awe upon the world.

Passing to the extreme south of the African Continent, you find an English colony, which, measuring from the Great Orange River on the west, to the Keskama on the east, is not less extensive than the kingdom of France. The same expedition which carried to India Henry Martyn—that rare combination of the saint and the genius—left England with orders to recapture the CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, which, though in our possession once before, had been restored by treaty to its former owners, the Dutch. The attack was successful; and we have retained the conquest. Cape-Town, the capital, is remarkable for a diversity of tongues. Occupying a kind of central point between the ports of Europe, Africa, America, Asia, and Australia, it is a half-way house for all nations. Thus you find the guttural Dutch and sibilant English struggling for the mastery with each other, and with some dozen African dialects; while the Malay and the Frenchman, the Arab and the Bengalee, with various other nations of the East and of the West, all contribute their share to the confusion of speech. The climate, agreeably balanced between the temperate and the torrid, is one of the finest in the world. The soil yields almost every production you have either learned to prize at home or to covet from the tropics. There is not a finer country: with the extent of France it unites the climate of Spain; and, when viewed with reference to its internal capabilities, the field it offers to emigration, the influence it must exert on the future history of Africa, and the position it occupies toward our most distant possessions, its importance to our colonial policies is incalculable. The eastern districts of the country are mainly settled by Englishmen, who, at their new capital of Graham's Town and its adjacent places, are fast outrunning their Dutch neighbours in the career of enterprise and improvement. The total population of this colony is about 150,000, of whom one-third are whites, and two-thirds coloured.

Eastward of Africa, in the Indian Ocean, we have the island of MAURITIUS, which the Dutch, its first occupants, so named after their Prince Maurice. From the Dutch it fell into the possession of the French; and, by harbouring their privateers during the last war, became such a pest to our eastern trade, that its conquest was deemed necessary, and effected. It is a volcanic island, remarkable for charms of scenery, and a most prolific soil. It is capable of producing anything; but the greater profit derived from the sugar-cane gives to it an exclusive cultivation. Its finer sugars are sent to England, and the inferior ones to the Australian ports, with which, particularly Swan River, an important commerce is growing up. The population, amounting to about 140,000, is collected from France, England, Africa, and Hindustan. In the Indian Ocean, we claim also the unimportant groups of the SEYCHELLES, ANJANTES, CHAGOS, and the island of RODRIGUES.

Off the southern extremity of the great Asiatic peninsula, lies the island of CEYLON, the celebrated Taprobane of other ages. It is about equal to Scotland in superficial area; and, though so close upon the equator, derives from its singular position, and the high elevation of large tracts of tableland, such a modification of the heat as renders its climate at once voluptuous and healthful. Its pearl fishery, its spices, and its precious stones, have in all ages associated its name with ideas of luxury and wealth. The population does not exceed one million.

* After which the colony is usually called Demerara, and taken by many for one of the West India Islands.

We now come to India, the first marvel in the history of nations, and which at this day is more extensive than China Proper, and equally populous with the Continent of Europe. INDIA is not to be conceived of as a nation or state, but as a numerous family of nations, of various languages, manners, and government, though now united under one great power. Many of its states have kings of their own; but these kings cannot declare war, form an alliance, or take any other important political step, except by the permission of our authorities; and at the same time they are under obligations, either of tribute or subsidies, which place them in complete subordination; so that to describe them as independent sovereigns is mere affectation, except, indeed, in the formality of official documents. Taking these subordinate kingdoms, with the others, of which we hold the nominal as well as the real sovereignty, the population cannot be estimated under the enormous aggregate of two hundred millions; that is, fully one-sixth, at least, of the existing human family—a number greater than all the empires and states of the European continent.

It is a vulgar error among writers on India, to suppose that in all ages it has been the ready prey of every conqueror—the Persians, Alexander, and the Mahomedans being constantly cited in proof. It would be quite as correct to describe England as having been in all ages the ready prey of every conqueror. The Persian monarchy never held more than a province in that part of India most contiguous to its other territory. This province probably embraced the Punjab, with perhaps some portion of the adjacent countries of Delhi; but this was far from a conquest of India. Alexander, again, as much conquered India as Xerxes conquered Europe. He crossed the Indus, and, entering the Punjab, instead of finding a ready prey, encountered on the banks of the Hydaspes (the modern Jelum) a powerful army, led by Porus; and so formidable was the opposition, that he was forced to alter his line of march. By the time he had gained the Hyphasis (the modern Beas), another river of the Punjab, his army was so worn and so discouraged, that they compelled the ardent hero to begin a reluctant retreat from hopes of conquests far surpassing any of the glories which his unequalled success had brought him. Thus he never traversed even the whole of the Punjab, nor once set foot upon that Hindustan which we govern. Then, as to the Mahomedans, they had overrun the Eastern Empire, Persia, Africa, and Spain, before they so much as attempted Hindustan. It was not till the first year of the eleventh century that Mahmood the Great, after a series of conquests, 'turned his face towards India;' and it took eight different campaigns before he effected any permanent conquest; while, even at his death, though he had fought no less than twelve campaigns, he held only an unstable supremacy over the provinces of the north-west, leaving eastern, central, and peninsular India untouched. The conquest thus lately begun proceeded so tardily, that, when the Europeans arrived on the south-western shores of India, the whole of the south was enjoying independence of the Mussulman yoke. Our own success has been so rapid that we are in danger of forgetting that it was unique; and of assigning to the incompetency of the native armies, or the want of patriotism in the people generally, events which pass clean beyond the range of natural results, and force the judgment to find repose in ascribing them to the hand of Providence. A series of unaccountable successes, a chain of political miracles, has raised us within the memory of man from the timid posture of stranger merchants to the high bearing of universal lords. The empire that dazzled us once, as surrounding the Great Mogul, more astounds us now, as meekly bowing under our own hand: an empire, of which the revenue exceeds by one-half that of 'all the Russias,' and of which the Governor-General has at his call an army (subsidiaries included) counting more than three hundred thousand men! Has there ever been in God's rule of nations one mystery so deep, as that this assemblage of kingdoms, with a population so multitudinous, and military resources so inexhaustible, should be held in still submission by a country lying half the globe away, a country of whose natives

there are not, on all that region, above thirty thousand bearing arms? The garrison of Paris is often more numerous than the entire force of European soldiers in India!

Crossing the Bay of Bengal, we find, near the extremity of the Malay peninsula, a British colony of which we seldom hear—MALACCA; and yet it is as large as the German state, Saxo Coburg Gotha. Its climate is good, and its population, numbering above 30,000, a mixture of Malays and Chinese.

Close on the western shore of this peninsula we have PENANG, an island of considerable population, and highly important commerce. SINGAPORE, another island, twenty-seven miles long, stands just at the southern point of the peninsula. The summary of our Asiatic possessions is completed by HONG-KONG, so lately obtained from his Celestial Majesty; it is an island of some seventeen miles long, by eight broad, with a barren soil, but having one of the finest harbours in the world, and admirably situated for commercial purposes.

Turning now to AUSTRALIA, the whole of that *insular continent* is ours. It is about three thousand miles long by two thousand wide, and has a superficies of three million square miles. It is not correct to aver, as is usually done, that it is as large as all Europe: it would be about equal to it were the Spanish and Italian peninsulas taken away, but is perhaps more than equal in the capability of maintaining population, having no part, as is the case with Europe, lost in snow. The principal settlements are NEW SOUTH WALES, with its fast-growing and important capital, Sydney; WESTERN AUSTRALIA, or SWAN-RIVER, with Perth for its capital, and some of its settlers located at King George's Sound; SOUTH AUSTRALIA, of which the chief town, Adelaide, is large, populous, and beautiful; and PORT PHILIP (called also *Australia Felix*), of which the principal place is Melbourne, perhaps on the whole the most promising of these colonies. The native population is so scattered, and so little known, that it is difficult to form an estimate of its amount; it has been stated by Montgomery Martin at 150,000, but probably that is far below the reality.

The adjacent island of VAN DIEMEN'S LAND is salubrious and productive. Its principal places are Hobart-Town, on the Derwent, and Launceston, on the Tamar, both rapidly growing. This colony is stained with one horrible wrong: the country was thickly peopled: the natives loved their own soil; they soon became embroiled with the settlers, who pressed them with relentless vengeance, till they were reduced to a scanty remnant; then, by a wholesale transportation, every individual of them was removed from their native place, and shut up in Flinders's Island, a miserable spot in Bass's Straits. This is one of the many ensanguined records in colonial history.

We pass, lastly, to NEW ZEALAND, which consists of two islands, measuring a thousand miles in length, and in breadth from one to two hundred.* The country is mountainous, fertile, and extremely beautiful, with a climate milder than our own; it not being correct, as generally stated, that it is the exact antipodes of the British Isles, for the latitude corresponds with that of Spain and the southern half of France. The inhabitants, who are supposed not to exceed 100,000, are a strong, well-formed, and intelligent race.

Such is the list of British possessions, embracing an enormous sweep of territory, and an almost incomprehensible multitude of men. Besides our own tongue, which is rapidly spreading in every quarter of the earth, our fellow-subjects are using the French in the Channel Islands, Canadas, and the Mauritius; Dutch in British Guiana, and the Cape of Good Hope; Spanish at Gibraltar and Honduras; Italian at Malta; German at Heligoland; Portuguese in Caylon; Danish at Serampore; Greek in the Ionian Isles; Chinese in Malacca, Singapore, and Hong-Kong; Arabic at Aden; and Sanscrit, with twenty other Asiatic

* There are, in reality, three islands, called by the natives South, Middle, and North Islands, and by the English, New Leicester, New Munster, New Ulster; but the South Island is very inconsiderable.

tongues, in India. It is a wondrous empire, broad, populous, and mighty. It is twice as large as the Continent of Europe; and includes one out of every six acres of dry land on the face of the globe, with one out of every five men that live. Its spreads under every sky, and embraces the freest, wealthiest, and most enterprising people of Europe; the largest territory in America; the happiest and most improving population in Africa: the most civilised and renowned nations of Asia; and nearly the entire of European dominion in the South Seas. Our empire includes a sixth of the world, with a fifth of its people—AND THERE IS NOT A SLAVE IN IT ALL!

The number of square miles of the British empire is about eight millions, the population being under 240,000,000. In territory it is the first empire in the world, that of Russia being less by at least a million square miles, and even more of it than of ours lost in snow; in population it is the second, China exceeding it by more than 100,000,000; and in revenue, commerce, and enterprise, it is without a rival. It should always be remembered, that no revenue is derived by the parent State from any of the colonies, the only advantages being those accruing from commerce, and a field for emigration.

A review of the religious state of our widely extended empire is as well calculated to humble us, as that of its political power is to elate. If the sceptre of our queen stretches over every clime, awes every people, and announces its mandates, or receives its homage, in almost every tongue, it also shadows every folly that degrades man, or affronts the Eternal. No superstition is so dark, no cruelty so unnatural, no altar so gory, but it fuds a votary among our fellow-subjects. Freedom of person, and the protection of law, are extended to every individual in our matchless dominions; but freedom of thought, the light of Scripture, and the hopes of the children of God, to comparatively few. If we ask, 'What is the religion of the British empire?' judging by numbers, the unhesitating reply must be, Paganism. It contains more Mahomedans than Christians of both names; and more Pagans than Mahomedans and Christians together. The numerical order of the four great religious distinctions prevailing in the empire is, first, Paganism; second, Mahomedanism; third, Protestantism; fourth Romanism.

It is impossible to revolve the preceding facts, without receiving a deep impression, that the moral state of England is of immeasurable importance to the whole human race. God has placed her in a position to advance or retard the highest interests of our species, such as nation never occupied before—such as involves a high and unappreciable trust. It depends on England whether the unmeasured realms of America and Australia shall be filled up by a rapacious and irreligious population, or by one that will carry with it the feelings, the habits, and the institutions which spring up with true religion. It depends on England, whether the 'sublime mountains and luxuriant plains,' as they have been styled, of New Zealand, shall see their noble aborigines expire, as did the Carribs, the Mexicans, and the Peruvians, on the altar of European vengeance; or whether Englishman and native shall dwell together in peace, kneeling in the same temple, and tilling, with neighbourly emulation, the same soil. It depends on England, whether Africa shall continue to writhe under the multiplied afflictions that scourge her now, or whether her people shall be raised to a state of Christian civilisation, in which, amidst the nurture of domestic affections, agriculture shall yield her sustenance, commerce bring her refinements, genius emit her flashes, and piety suffuse over all her pure unfading light. It depends on England, whether the world of souls in India shall continue the grand Bastille of the destroyer, or whether, every bolt undone, and every fetter struck off, the whole people shall walk forth 'in the glorious liberty of the children of God.'

England! thou dost stand in the midst of the nations, and voices from afar urge thee to be holy! Hope has her eye on thee! The soul of the red man, held in misty doubt between the voice of the great Spirit and that of dark goblins, is looking for light to thee! The soul of the negro,

gloomed with a thousand errors, terrified with gory rites, trembling at the suspicion of his immortality, bleeding before his Fetish, is looking for balm to thee! The soul of the Hindu, reduced to craven equality with irrational things, expecting endless wanderings or sudden extinction, calling each reptile 'brother,' each monster 'god,' is looking for truth to thee! Mercy longing for the millennium, heaven waiting for a fuller population, immortality craving for countless heirs, all fix their gaze on thee! Thy responsibility rises far above the high, to the very terrible!

The morality of Holland affects Holland, the morality of Belgium affects Belgium, the morality of France may affect Europe; but the morality of England affects the world. Think then of the relation which any one English youth bears to the character of the world. He is a mysterious being. His lot is wrapped up with innumerable probabilities. Here he is now; but who can tell where he shall be found in after-days? Will he drink the waters of the Thames, or the St Lawrence; of the Columbia, or the Keskama; of the Essequibo, or the Ganges; of the Derwent of England, or the Derwent of the southern world? What sun will light his avocations, what language will express his wants, what soil will afford his grave? That youth may form the man in whose character some Indian chief will study the problem whether Christianity and civilisation are better than the chase, the scalping-knife, and idolatry. Or he may be the example by whose principles and conduct some African king will decide the question whether he and his people would gain or lose by introducing—instead of barbarism, the Fetish and the slave-trade—English education, English freedom, and the Christian faith. Or he may be the index from which some Brahmin will endeavour to gather whether the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, with its spiritual worship and universal brotherhood, is better than the service of idols and the fetters of caste. These things are frequently occurring; and there is not a youth in the land of whom we can pronounce it impossible that they should occur to him. But even should none of these take place, his probable importance is no way lessened. Should he die in the village where he was born, should the stone that covered his fathers cover him; yet, even then, ten thousand miles from that grave, his principles may be moulding a hundred characters, and his thoughts be reproduced under brows of various complexion. A son, whose habits he formed, may be giving the tone to a new colony, or leading some ancient tribe in the first stage of civilisation. A good Englishman is a blessing far and near; an immoral Englishman is a curse on the creation of God. As you are human beings; as you love your kind; as you wish that there should be pure hearts and joyful homes under the sun; to your knees,—to your Saviour; seek, make your own, foster, and exemplify that regenerating grace which comes alone through the Lord Jesus Christ! Be patriots; but let your patriotism be Christian. Have more ambition that England should be good, than that England should be strong; that her virtues should be unimpeachable, than her sword resistless; that she should win conquests over men's judgments by her principles, than over their will by force of arms; that she should have victories by her Bible, than by her articles of war. Let it be the cherished hope of your heart that, in ages to come, the people of other lands will refer to the English, not as the invaders who crushed their ancient dynasty to introduce a foreign yoke, but as the benefactors who, bringing the light of truth, shed a radiance on the path of their benighted fathers, by which they discovered first of all the way to God, and then to the arts, laws, and institutions of civilisation—to the interchanges of friendship, and the endearments of home. God grant that never again may any land do homage to ours, kneeling in the blood of her children; but may many celebrate her beneficent progress with the joyful voices of a humanised and regenerated population! This object is one fit to cherish—one on which reason can look, conscience can smile, and which philanthropy will warm in her bosom. By it patriotism, transformed from a meagre spectre, with jealous eye, writhed step, and bloody hand, becomes an angel of light, happy,

and giving happiness. The highest purpose the patriot can entertain is, to make his country the light of the nations; and for this we must all cultivate the worship and the love of our fathers' God, striving, as much as his grace may enable us, to imbue the national character with faith in His word and veneration for His will.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE CHILD'S REMINISCENCE.

I had a little brother once, a gentle, loving boy:
Our pretty toys or garden flowers he never would destroy,
The butterflies he loved to watch on burnish'd golden wing,
And taught me to be kind and good to every living thing;
He would not let me try to stop the tiny insect's flight,
Or catch within my cruel grasp the glow-worm shining bright.
Oh, in my fondest mem'ry of cherish'd childhood's years,
I oft recall how lovingly he wiped away my tears!
And how he led me by the hand so gently through the glade,
Or told me pretty stories beneath the plane-tree's shade.
'My sister, how I love to see all nature shining gay;
The little birds and butterflies like us are now at play.
The lambs are sporting on the green, the burn is rippling near,
God's glory shines in all his works, our little hearts to cheer.
Our mother's gentle hands are laid upon our flaxen hair,
As fervently she blesses us, each morn and night, in prayer.
How good and grateful should we be to that great God above,
Who gives to us, my sister dear, so very much to love!
And then his little hands would clasp my neck, and tears of joy
Would trickle down his guileless cheek. My brother—sainted boy!
He died. I saw my mother weep, I heard my father pray;
One only grief my childish heart could know—'he was away.'
I sat alone, I could not weep; I listen'd still to hear
My brother's sweet and silv'ry voice still sounding in my ear.
And when they told me he was gone—his spirit was with God,
And that his fair and beaming face was laid below the sod,
A load, as if the very earth on his unconscious breast,
Choked up the flood-gates of my heart, and on my bosom prest.
I could not breathe, I could not speak—my mem'ry even now
Recalls the stifling of my heart, the fever of my brow.
But holy thoughts at dewy eve upon my spirit dwell,
As at my gentle mother's knee in loneliness I knelt.
Here both fond parents laid their hands upon my infant head,
With tears of gushing tenderness they bless'd me as they pray'd:
'Forsake not thou,' my father said, 'the path thy brother trod,
Till, join'd to him in Paradise, thou'rt present with thy God;
Oh, may his blessed spirit be, as guardian angel, given
To guide thee as he did on earth, and lead thy soul to Heaven!'
And so it is—days, weeks, and months, and years are past away,
And oft my heart has bounded forth with feelings light and gay;
But when, o'erwhelmed, I should have sunk in pleasure's fatal stream,
My brother's image roused me from the fair delusive dream.
Each relic of the sainted boy I treasure still with tears,
The sight arouses holiest thoughts of childhood's guileless years.

L. S. T. N.

GUILLAUME DUPUYTREN.

On the morning of the 10th of May, 1785, a band of light-hearted children were gathered together in the principal square of the village of Pierre Buffiere, which stands upon the highway leading to Paris. The majority of these little boys and girls belonged to the houses which formed the boundaries of the great square; some had come from the other parts of the village; and some from the straw-roofed cots which stood in lonely green fields or little forest glades away in the country. After arranging themselves in order, two and two together, they began to move towards a small whitewashed structure, which was built against one of the gables of the little church of Pierre Buffiere. As they proceeded towards the building in question, with sober, regulated steps, one could easily perceive in each youthful countenance some distinctive trait of character. Here was one sturdy little fellow, with tattered blouse and cap, and well-worn shoes, yet bold, audacious eye; there was another with the incipient indications of pride. One girl seemed grave and reflective, and some had even pensive sadness written already on

their smooth fair brows and in their beaming eyes: so soon does destiny begin to cast its lights and shadows on the faces of the young.

These children were going to the little school of the cure of Pierre Buffiere; and you might easily have guessed, from the uneasy looks of some of them, that the good cure did not make a pet of him who had not learned his lesson. On their way to the noisy mansion they passed before a humble straw-roofed cot, upon whose broken door-step a little boy, about seven or eight years of age, was seated, and who gazed upon them with such a longing, anxious look, while his lips so trembled with the effort he made to keep down some struggling feeling, that any body not over-skilled in the language of unexpressed emotion might have seen that he was ready to weep. 'Adieu, Guillaume,' said each school-child as it passed before the little boy; but in that adieu, young as he was, he felt there was nothing but mockery; for the light tone in which it was expressed, the expression of each mouth that uttered it, and the merry twinkle of each eye that fell upon him as it was uttered, caused the child to restrain the tears which these two kindly words had called spontaneously into his large blue eyes, and to answer the salute with looks of defiance, threatening gestures with his clenched hand, or a glance of silent, sad reproach when it was given forth by a little girl.

'Adieu, Guillaume!' said he to himself, in scornful tones, when the last couple of children had entered the school—'adieu, Guillaume! How they mock me! Instead of saying, 'Come on, Guillaume, to school to learn to read,' they put their lips, and with mocking gestures exclaim, 'Adieu, Guillaume!' Ah, well, I should not have done so to them,' said the child, while his heart swelled within him, and leaping from his seat he rushed quickly into the interior of the humble cot.

The home of Guillaume was a very humble one indeed, both in appearance and in reality. It would have made a nice sketch for a lady's album, or a picturesque part of a rustic landscape, but it was not a great place to dwell in, and gay ladies and tourists would soon have found that out, if they had tried it. Humble though it was, however, it was continent of treasures richer than Sevres vases or tapestry wrought in silk and gold. There was nothing of the artificially beautiful in all that dwelling, to attract the eye or captivate the imagination; and even the beauty which nature gave had lost its lustre from contact with poverty; yet there were bright eyes, loving hearts, hopeful souls, kindly hands that felt soft on rosy cheeks, gentle words, and a mother's, father's, and sister's love—and so it was all the world to Guillaume.

Before the cottage-fire sat a young woman, upon whose pale and thin face beauty still refused to succumb to grief. The intellect which beamed in her large pensive eyes, which now watched the pot in which was boiling her family's dinner, and then fell upon the face of the girl who lay upon her knees and clung fondly to her bosom, gave expression to the wrinkles which the corroding cares of poverty were already writing on her brow.

'Mother,' said Guillaume, still smarting from a sense of insult, and his voice had even a half-reproachful half-angry tone, as he laid his hand upon the young woman's shoulder, 'why do you not send me to school with the other children?'

'Why do you wish to go there?' said his mother, turning to him and looking at him in surprise.

'How can you ask me such a question, mother?' replied the boy, quickly; 'why, to learn to read, to be sure.'

'You know that I give you a lesson whenever you desire it, my dear,' said his mother, laying her hand upon his brow, and gently parting his fair ringlets.

'Ah, yes! but I cannot learn with you, mother,' said the boy, with a grave shake of his head; 'you are too gentle. It matters not whether I read the words well, or spell through them ever so badly, you are always pleased with me. No! you are not a good master,' continued the lively child, looking in his mother's face; 'a good master

makes one afraid, and I am never afraid of you. Ah, mother, do, I beseech you, send me to the cure's school. He is a right master, I tell you: all the boys and girls are afraid of him.'

'You believe, then, Guillaume, that to be a good master one must be cruel?' said his mother, smiling.

'I see you do not exactly comprehend me,' replied the boy, throwing his head a little to one side, and looking thoughtful for a few seconds. 'I did not mean to say cruel,' he continued, 'I meant severe. For example, mother, when a regiment passes this way you observe how the general speaks to the soldiers, and how the soldiers fear the general; well, that is not to say, however, that the general is cruel. I mean, then, the schoolmaster is only severe when he punishes those who deserve it—that's what I mean, mother.'

'It is very possible that you are right, my son.'

'Then, if I am right, send me to school,' cried the child, quickly.

'I cannot send you to school without paying the cure,' replied his mother, with a sorrowful sigh.

'Well, that's all right, mother; we shall pay him.'

'But before we can pay him, my boy, we must have money,' retorted the mother, while the tear stood in her soft eyes, and trembled on their long silken lashes; 'and,' she added, 'your father has no money.'

'And why does he not win money, then, like the other peasants of the village?' said the boy, gravely.

'Your father is not a peasant, Guillaume,' said the wife, sadly; 'when you came to this world he was an advocate of some repute, but he lost his situation. You are too young, however, to understand the meaning of these things, or to comprehend the difference in circumstances which your father's misfortunes have brought upon him, and thee, and me. All that I can say to you, my dear child, and her voice became tremulous as she spoke, 'is that your father's greatest exertions can scarcely suffice to pay rent for this miserable home, and to procure us the commonest of fare.'

'And you are sorry that it is so, mother?' said the child, looking fondly in her sad countenance.

'I am very sorry that it is so, my child,' said the woman, earnestly.

'Then we are poor, mother?' inquired the boy, in low, sad tones.

'Very poor, my dear Guillaume.'

'And how long shall it be till we become rich?' he asked, looking in her face with childhood's simplicity.

'When it is God's good pleasure, my son.'

'And are you certain of this, mother?'

'God is all powerful, my boy,' said his mother, solemnly, 'and to doubt his power is to commit a very grievous sin.'

'I do not doubt his power, mother,' said Guillaume, with brightening eye and smiling face; 'but wherefore do you not ask riches from him, when he is so good?'

'God knows better than we do what we need, my dear.'

Guillaume shook his little curly head, as he replied by saying, 'What do you ask of him, then, in your prayers?'

'To preserve the health of your father, of you, and of your little sister Henriette,' answered his mother, looking at him, and wondering at the acuteness of his questions.

'Then I shall pray for riches morning, noon, and evening,' said the boy, after he had stood in a reflective attitude for some time. 'It is perfectly useless to ask the health of my father, sister, or thee, my own sweet mother,' and he kissed her cheek, 'when we can get all these at one asking. If I get riches, I shall let other people ask health, and these things.'

'Without health, my child, riches would yield you no enjoyment.'

'When one has riches, one can buy health,' said the boy, sturdily.

'How foolishly you talk, Guillaume,' said his mother, seriously; 'health cannot be sold.'

'Mother,' said the lively child, shaking his head and looking grave, 'I do not love to hear you say one thing to

me now, and then say something opposite to-morrow. You know what you did yourself when I said I was fatigued at the time you required me to go to the wood to gather faggots, and when at the same time I said I was not fatigued because my comrades called me out to play.'

'You do not know what you say, Guillaume,' said his poor mother, rising and placing the little girl in bed, who had fallen asleep in her arms.

'Yes, I do, mother,' said the boy, with a wise look. 'Just lately, when my father was ill, how often did you exclaim, 'Ah, if I had the means to pay a doctor, my poor husband would soon be well again!''

'Yes, I often said so; but what does that prove?' said his mother, looking at him in wonder.

'Oh, it just proves,' exclaimed the child, with the air of a triumphant logician, that M. Mayaudon, the physician, sells health; and that, if you had had the money, you would have bought it for my father.'

'That will do—that will do. Run away, now,' said his mother, beginning some household employment, and mentioning the forward boy to go and play; 'you bother me with your prattling tongue, and you will awake little Henriette, who, you know, has not slept any all night.'

'Ah,' said the child, clenching his little hand, and striking the ground with his foot, while the tear started to his eye, 'how sorely poor mothers are toiled who have nobody to help them! Ah, wait till I grow big,' he cried, as his little chest heaved with emotion—'wait till I am as big as the cure or the beadle; and when I have a pretty cottage, and fine clothes for Sundays and every-days, and when I have plenty of shillings and farthings, then you won't tell me to run away because I bother you.'

'And who will give you all these?' said his mother, smiling at his offended air.

'Who? The good Father who looks down from heaven so kindly upon little children,' said the boy, in a serious tone; 'and if he will not give me them when I pray for them, I shall earn them.'

'And how shall you do so, you little foolish thing?'

'In the first place,' said Guillaume, assuming a knowing look, and shaking his pretty head, 'I will not be an advocate like my father, because he gains nothing by that; I will not be a field-worker, like Gragot, Noblet, or old father Cistron, who is so ill with rheumatics, for they never can become rich; I will not gather dry wood in the forest as I now do; I will not delve in the garden like my father, nor plant cabbages as he does. Cabbages make soup, I know—and that is all very well; but they won't pay the schoolmaster to teach such as I to read.'

'Poor child! Alas, you have too much reason to speak thus!' said his mother, clasping him in her arms and kissing him, then burying her face in his bosom, in order to hide her sobs.

'I know very well that I have reason,' said the precocious boy, throwing his arms round his mother's neck; 'but wait a little, mother. I shall be like M. Mayaudon yet. I shall walk about all day with a fine cane in my hand; and I shall go into everybody's houses; and when a man says to me, 'I have a very sore leg, sir,' I shall give him a small bottle of water—but not water from the fountain—oh, no, it shall be another sort of water; and I shall give him also a powder in a little piece of paper; and I shall say in a very slow, strong voice, 'Take that, my friend; I shall call again to-morrow to know how it operates.' Isn't that it, mother?' cried the little mimic, laughing at the picture he had drawn; 'isn't that what M. Mayaudon says? and then people give him money.'

At that moment Guillaume was interrupted by the joyful shouts of the children whose class had just left school, and who were scampering up and down the square, making the air resound with their clear, happy cries. 'Ho, he, Richard!' cried one boy, as he danced about and threw his cap up in the air; 'Ho, he, Louis!' bawled another, as he swung his satchel from side to side; and 'Ho, he, Michel!' roared a third, as he sat cross-legged on a post and waved his blouse round his head, and laughed in the fullness of his glee.

In a moment Guillaume's precocious moralisings were forgotten, and, true to the sympathies of his age, he ran away to join his companions, some of whom were playing at 'Hide-and-seek,' some straddling the long bars of wood that lay in the square, while the girls were singing, 'Adieu to you, my darling,' and the bigger, romping boys were engaged at the 'Quarry-horse.' All at once he who was the horse, instead of bending his body for his comrade to mount his back, rose, listened for a moment with deep attention, then, suddenly breaking away from his companions, raised a loud cry of 'A regiment! a regiment!'

In truth, the deep, thrilling music of a warlike march came swelling on the ear from a distance, accompanied by the tramp of many horses and the sound of clashing steel, which ever and anon broke in upon the measure of the music. Nearer and nearer came the tramp of the horses' feet, louder and louder swelled the martial strain, and then a regiment of cavalry appeared upon the height which rose on one side of the village, and the wondering children ranged themselves in a row in front of the houses, and opened their eyes as wide as they possibly could, in order to see the horsemen arrive, with their glancing helmets on their heads, and blades to kill folks with in their hands. As the regiment advanced the music became louder and fuller. The bass-drum mingled its deep booming tones with the clang of the clashing cymbals; the brazen trumpets kept time to the French horns; and the Chinese gong joined its banging sounds with those of the trombones, flutes, and fifes. All of these mingling in one loud, swelling symphony, soon produced a great stir in the village. Men, women, and children, and beasts and birds, were soon in motion. The people hurried to their doors; the dogs stood still and barked; the asses reared and brayed; the hens ran hither and thither, making a most dismal cackling; the cocks flapped their wings and crew, as if in defiance; the ducks and geese quack-quacked and gabbled; and the soldiers and their horses replied to them with loud laughter and louder neighing. There were some pigs there—and pigs, when they do get into crowds, conduct themselves but poorly; these pigs, terrified by the unusual sounds now booming in their ears, had escaped from their styes, and scampered through the whole village, running hither and thither, grunting and squeaking in a state of great excitement, and at last ran headlong among the horses' feet, and threw the whole troop into confusion. They were, of course, pursued, and some of them received several sabre-cuts for their pains. One of them, not at all relishing this politeness, which it doubtless did not find much to its taste, made two or three snaps at the feet of a soldier's horse, and the horse, finding this pleasant none of the most agreeable, angrily reared upon his hind legs, so suddenly, and in a manner so unexpected and violent, that he threw his rider to the ground, and fell upon him; then the spur of the horseman tore the belly of the horse in a very shocking manner; and the man, when he attempted to rise, discovered that his leg was broken.

The commander immediately called a halt; and the major-surgeon, dismounting and approaching the lamed man, asked what was the matter.

'It's a matter of mending, and that with the quickest dispatch too,' said the soldier, holding up the foot, which dangled at the end of his leg; 'they say that a campaign is about to open, and I do not wish to lie on the road when my comrades are curryingcomb the foe. Ah! you granting porker of porkers! look out, if I catch a hold of you!' he continued, shaking his fist at the sow.

'Botheration!' said the surgeon, with a serious air, 'the bone is fractured in two places. I have already set that leg twice, my old boy, but this time I believe I shall have to cut it off.'

'Ah, well! thousand bombshells, make haste, and off with it quickly then,' exclaimed the veteran.

Upon a sign from the surgeon several soldiers dismounted, and carried their comrade into a mean, thatch house, and laid him upon a humble couch, where the surgeon might perform the operation. The amputation

was effected without any bustle or noise, the veteran coolly smoking his pipe all the time, while the surgeon cut, sewed, and tied up the stump.

'Let me have a bandage now,' cried the surgeon, after he had finished the operation.

'Here is one, sir,' said a little trembling voice, which seemed struggling to assume a tone of firmness.

On turning their heads in the direction whence this response came, the soldiers and surgeon were astonished to see beside the bed a little child, whom they had not previously observed. He was fair and beautiful, and his charming features seemed agitated with strong emotions. His face had already marks of manly courage, and in his eyes were blended astonishment, fear, and bravery, as he tremblingly held up the bandage to the wondering surgeon.

'Take away this child,' said the operator.

'Please, sir, I wish to remain to the last,' said the boy, timidly.

'Then this must be an amusing affair for you?' said one of the horsemen, smiling.

'No; but it is a most astonishing one,' replied the child, unhesitatingly.

'And what is it that particularly astonishes you?' inquired another trooper, chucking him under the chin.

'To see one soldier cut off his comrade's leg without trembling, and the other enduring the pain of cutting it off without uttering a cry, that astonishes me,' said the boy, smartly.

'Ah, you are indeed a noble little fellow,' said the astonished surgeon; 'what is your name?'

'Guillaume Dupuytren, at your service,' replied the child, bowing.

At that moment a dispatch was put into the hand of the surgeon-major, and as he read it the boy seemed suddenly to become absorbed in contemplating his every motion, and every glance of his eye. At last, having attracted the soldier's attention by a sudden gesture, he exclaimed, 'You can read, sir?'

'Yes, truly, I can,' replied the surgeon, laughing at this sudden interjection, of which, however, he could not guess the cause.

'As well as the cure who lives near the little church of Pierre Buffiere?' inquired the boy.

'I should think so, my young friend.'

'Ah, well,' said Guillaume, after a moment's hesitation, 'will you teach me to read?'

A burst of laughter from all present responded to this appeal.

'Restrain your prattle, and go and play yourself, like a good child,' said the surgeon, as he resumed his reading.

The tears started to the eyes of the poor boy, and he murmured between his teeth, 'If I could read, and any one asked me to teach him, I would not refuse to do so, I know.'

Astonished at the emotion of the child, the surgeon looked at him, wonderingly, and then said, jestingly, 'And do you intend me to teach you to read for nothing?'

The question embarrassed the little fellow for a moment; he hung his head, reflected, and then, lifting up his earnest face, and throwing back the fair curls which had fallen partially over his eyes, he timidly replied—'I am not very big, neither am I very strong; but if you will teach me to read, I will obey you as Furtz, the big mastiff, obeys my father. When you are cutting off legs and arms, I shall be at you with everything you require as quick as you can ask it. Ah, do teach me to read now—do not refuse me!' said the child, while two large tears started into his eyes, and coursed down his rosy cheeks.

'But you do not seem to remember that I must be off in less than an hour,' said the major, gently; for he was touched by the earnestness which so young a child evinced to learn to read.

'Ah, well, take me with you!' said Guillaume, joining his little hands together.

'Then you must leave your father and mother, if you go with me,' said the soldier, patting him gently on the head.

'I shall come back again when I can read,' said the boy, eagerly.

'Ah, what a little ingrate you are!' cried his father and mother, entering the cottage; for it was upon their couch that the wounded soldier had been laid.

'Mother,' cried the boy, without regarding these words, 'this good soldier will take me with him, and learn me to read;' and he looked with suppliant eyes in the face of the surgeon.

'I have not said yes yet,' said the major-surgeon, smiling, as he looked down at the child, and then turned his eye kindly upon his parents.

'That is true,' cried Guillaume; 'but I see by your eyes that you are not able to say no.'

'You surely could not leave us, Guillaume,' said his mother, in a tone of reproach.

'Ah, mother,' said the child, eagerly, 'you are poor, and have not money to pay the schoolmaster, and this good soldier will learn me to read.'

'Get along, you little teasing monkey,' said M. Dupuytren to his son; then, turning to the surgeon, he said, 'I beg, sir, that you will excuse the folly of my little boy.'

'The words of your son both interest, please, and astonish me,' said the surgeon, smiling. 'But I have to commend to your tenderness my comrade here,' he added, pointing to the soldier in the bed; 'he will be an inmate of your house for some time, and our dear Mother France will stand debtor to you for his board and lodgings. In the meantime, here are some golden pieces to keep the pot a-boiling. Good-by till we meet again upon the frontier, Gaynard,' said he to the soldier. 'Good health to you, sir,' and he shook hands with the child's father. 'Madam, you have much credit by this good child,' he continued, to Guillaume's mother; then turning to the child, who stared at him with an anxious hopeful eye, he patted him kindly on the cheek, and exclaiming 'adieu, Guillaume,' he hurried from the cottage, mounted his horse, and, the word being given, the steeds, refreshed by their rest, galloped briskly out of Pierre Buffiere.

This manœuvre of the major had been so quickly executed, that little Guillaume, fixed to his place by the words, 'adieu, Guillaume,' would scarcely have known that he was gone, had it not been for the sound of the music. 'Adieu, Guillaume,' he repeated, in an accent of vexation, while the tears burst from his eyes. 'It is always 'adieu, Guillaume,' when I wish to learn to read.' Then rushing to the door, he gazed at the soldiers, who were moving through the village square, with the major at their head. In an instant the child had formed a resolution. Suddenly drying his tears, which, despite of his efforts, had burst forth with his cries, he turned towards his father. 'Good-by, father,' said he, without looking at him; 'good-by, mother; good-by, Henriette;' and, running to the cradle, he kissed the sleeping infant. 'Good-by, all of you; I shall come back when I am rich.' Then he quietly left the cottage of his parents, who only laughed at his folly.

Little Guillaume was soon scampering along the highway, however, in the direction leading to Provence. He could see the dust raised by the feet of the horses, and he boldly followed in the direction indicated by it. All his little comrades had gathered together in groups upon the road, gazing in the direction of the departing squadron, when Guillaume passed rapidly before them. 'Ay, say adieu, Guillaume, now!' he cried to them, in a determined tone. 'Come on—say adieu, Guillaume, now; I will permit you to say it this time.'

'Ah, well, and where are you going?' cried they all with one voice.

'Wherever they go,' he replied, pointing with his finger in the direction of the troops.

His comrades burst into a loud fit of laughter at this response. 'Oh, you are going to be a soldier?' cried some, in a saucy tone. 'A soldier to the king!' shouted several others. 'Wait till your beard grows longer, or till your legs are less feeble, or the blow of your fist is a little heavier,' cried they all around. 'Let Guillaume pass, my

friends,' said one of the tallest boys, in a bartering tone; 'he goes to defend our country—' 'And to keep it all safe and sound,' said another boy, laughing. 'Adieu, Guillaume! adieu, Guillaume! You will come back more learned, less tattered, gayer, and less watery-eyed,' cried they all at once.

'I shall come back richer,' said the boy, sturdily, not the least disconcerted by their raillery, as he attempted to break through the line which his comrades had formed across the road.

'A good journey to you, Guillaume!' they cried again, as they opened their ranks to let him pass.

'Pierre,' said he, stopping before the biggest boy of the group, and regarding him earnestly, 'you will gather figs for my mother, will you not?'

'Are you really going, then, for good and all?' said Pierre to him, assuming a serious air.

'Be quiet now, brother,' said a little girl to Pierre; 'it is to laugh at us that Guillaume says so;' and she laughed roguishly in Guillaume's face.

'I do not laugh at all,' said Guillaume, seriously, running away from the group of children.

'At least say farewell to me, then, Guillaume,' cried the little girl, running towards him hastily.

'Marriette, you will take care of my mother and my little sister, will you not?'

'I promise you that I will,' said the innocent child, and the tears filled her eyes as she took his little hand in hers, and said to him, 'When shall I see you again, Guillaume?'

'Never,' responded the boy, drawing back his hand, without looking at the girl; and then he made all speed he could after the horsemen.

'Mercy on us!' cried the surgeon-major, looking down to the ground, as the horsemen walked leisurely along the highway, 'what do I see? Well, surely my eyes deceive me; and yet that must be little Guillaume.'

'Yes, it is I—it is really I, good sir,' cried the child, panting, and heated with his race, and trotting by the side of the major's horse.

'And what are you going to do, my boy?' said the surgeon, wonderingly, and stopping.

'To follow you, was the reply.

The major stroked his moustache, and looked grave and thoughtful for some seconds, as if he were perplexed.

'That child shall yet be a man, I tell you,' said an old soldier at his side, with emotion.

'Will you not abandon me, monsieur soldier?' cried the child, in an imploring tone.

'By the memory of my father, I will not,' said the major, at last rousing from his reflections; 'no, I will not, my poor boy. Give me hold of your hand; now put your little foot on mine. Clamber to the croup of my horse—come, get up. He carries two now, but you won't burden him much. Help him up, comrade—well done; now, hold on firmly by me when we begin to move.'

'Now, you will teach me to read,' said the enraptured Guillaume, clambering to the back of the major's horse, behind him.

'Ay, and to love me also,' replied the surgeon-major, in a kindly, hearty tone.

'Ah, I do so already,' cried the boy, throwing his little arms around his friend.

'Then what else shall I teach you to do?'

'To cut off arms and legs, and to mend them,' cried the child.

'It is agreed,' said the major, setting his horse in motion.

'Now, now, adieu Guillaume!' cried the child, as he pressed closer to his protector.

'To whom do you say farewell, now?' cried the soldiers, laughing.

'To myself,' replied the boy, quickly; 'for when I come back I shall no longer be a child, nor poor.'

And Guillaume kept his word. The surgeon had a learned brother named M. Coesnon, rector of the College of Marche, who gladly took so promising a child under

his protection. At twelve years of age he went to Paris, and was placed at the college of Laval Magnac. There the diligent and ardent boy studied so successfully, that in far less than the ordinary period he had gone through the course of that seminary. Possessed of high intellectual capacities, and, above all, of that indomitable determination of purpose which never dreams of failure, Guillaume Dupuytren excelled in all his studies. At the reorganisation of the School of Health, in 1795, he was named surgical operator; and in 1802, he received the appointment of second-surgeon in the Hotel Dieu.

Here his talents rapidly improved, and his fame increased with his experience. Rich and poor esteemed him, and the gratitude of the latter was as welcome to his noble heart as the gold of the former. If in his professional capacity he was distinguished by the most sublime genius, in his nature he was gentle, and kind, and simple as a child. His elevation to the post of principal surgeon to the Hotel Dieu was marked by a trait as characteristic as it was touching. His predecessor, Pelletan, was poor, and lost with his situation his only means of subsistence. Dupuytren, then very young and not very rich, besought the counsel-general of the hospital to allow Pelletan to retain the appointment of surgeon-in-chief, with its emoluments, until his death.

When Guillaume Dupuytren went back to the village of Pierre Buffiere, where his father and mother lived in comfort and peace, he bore the name of Baron Dupuytren, Professor to the Faculty of Medicine in Paris, and Head-Surgeon to the Hotel Dieu; Member of the Institute, Officer of the Legion of Honour, and Chevalier of the order of St. Waldimir of Russia.

He is dead; but his name survives, and the memory of his genius and benevolence is immortal. He was another of those obscure children of poverty, who literally toil themselves to rank and honour. He was another example of the great eternal truth, that the highest of all names is that which a man wins by his own noble endeavours, and by his virtues.

FLORAL APOSTLES.

'PEOPLE drive out of town to breathe and to be happy. Most of them have flowers in their hands, bunches of apple blossoms, and still oftener lilacs. Ye denizens of the crowded city, how pleasant to you is the change from the sultry streets to the open fields, fragrant with clover blossoms! how pleasant the fresh breezy country air, dashed with brine from the meadows! how pleasant, above all, the flowers—the manifold beautiful flowers!' How beautifully does Longfellow muse on those apostles of nature, those mute priests of creation—beautiful flowers! How little does man generally reflect upon those darling angels of truth that spring wildly at his feet, or stand like guardian genii and blossom at his windows! They come with their heavenly mission on their expanding lips, and fade without speaking that mission to the heart. But there are some who listen to the counsels borne on their perfumed breath, and treasure them as precious gems in their bosoms: such beings see deeper into the beauties that surround them, and gather from everything that has life the salutary lessons they silently impart. There is no solitude with him who seeks truth in the humble violet and the modest primrose: all have their tongues and their language, and in the silent wood he is surrounded with companions. Mute though they may be to those who hold not communion with them, still

'The simple flowers and streams
Are social and benevolent, and he
Who holdeth converse in their language pure,
Roaming amid them at the cool of day,
Shall find, like him who Eden's garden drest,
The Maker there, to teach the listening heart.'

And who dare say that flowers possess not a language, that they are not the apostles of truth? Ask of Wordsworth, and will not the good old man tell you that flowers preach beautiful and eloquent sermons to him. Put the same question to Leigh Hunt, and will he not give you the

same reply? Consult Lady Mary Wortley Montague, and you will find the same tale. Shakspeare found 'sermons in stones, and language in flowers.' And Mrs Maclean, in the midst of her sufferings, could she not converse with and receive lessons from the ministering spirits of the green sward? Would you learn humility?—you have but to receive lessons from the daisy, which man and beast trample upon in the fields, and by the roadside, at every step. Would you be taught love?—seek the examples set you by the flowers: entwine your arms around friends as the woodbine encircles the hawthorn, or the mistletoe embraces the oak. The little violet may breathe a sweeter fragrance, concealed in the density of its own foliage, than the tall dog-rose that stands by its side, or the red soldier poppy in the corn fields. Would you have good thoughts, pure feelings, and holy aspirations?—seek the wild spot where nature smiles undisturbed; contemplate the flowers, converse with them, and your malevolent thoughts will glide into oblivion, your impure feelings will be changed to the qualities of the sweetness that surrounds you, and your dreams will be as holy as the paradise which blooms about you—all will be calm and peaceful, the storm will subside within, and the soul will dream itself into an elysium of repose.

Man passes through life as through a forest. Now a bramble scratches him or a thorn pierces his foot, only to be followed by a peaceful walk through shady vistas upon soft grass, amid fragrant flowers; and the pain of the one is for the time forgotten in the delight which follows, until, weary of his wanderings, he at last lies down on a bank of primroses, and rests, with flowers blooming like sentinels about him, guarding his hours of repose: and if he wakes not again, the leaves fall from the trees, and the flowers die, clothing him with the visions of the past, and exhaling their last perfumes from his tomb. Yet wild flowers are as much despised by some as they are prized by others. How often is the wild hyacinth passed by in contempt, whilst the cultivated plant bearing the same name blossoms in the boudoir! The thought perhaps never enters the mind of such a person that had the wild hyacinth never bloomed, the one they cherish would have been unknown—that all are of the same family, though circumstances have changed them in appearance. The flowers of the forest are more calculated to incite reflection than the foreign or cultivated plants of the greenhouse or garden. There is a simplicity in nature, and a suitableness in every thing natural for the position it occupies.

How many of the great and glorious spirits of earth—the good men and true of the past and present generations—have held flowers in reverence, and applied to them as for counsels! What poetic fables and delightful allegories are connected with them! What remembrances do they bring of the hours our glorious old Chaucer has spent amongst them, or of the sweets that Milton has sucked from their twined petals! Can we not imagine the breath of the 'Faerie Queene' passing over them, and hurrying itself through the brain of Spenser, moving him to pen the thoughts it inspired! Who would not wish to breakfast with Leigh Hunt with his nosegay on the table, and hear him tell of his adventures amid these fairy things of nature? Who would not desire to pluck a flower from the rose-tree or honeysuckle that twines around the door-posts and trellice-work of Tom Moore's cottage at Deveres, whilst the morning dew sparkles upon them, as the poet who sung of the 'loves of the angels' would recite the loves of the flowers? Those who hold no converse with those genii of green vales may laugh at the idea, may curl the lip with disgust at the heart that is so poor, and the feelings that so descend from the dignity becoming to man as to associate familiarly with wild flowers; they may smile, but such persons are dead to half the beauties of existence—the true poetry of life.

'Flowers have a soul in every leaf.' Who would wish to be without them? Where would poets have to seek for similitudes—their images of beauty? They come upon us in spring, strewing themselves in our paths, the heralds

of joys to come. Flowers are strewn in the path of the bride, they are laid by the infant in the cradle, they are its companions through life, are borne with the full-grown person to the tomb, and grow upon the grave, shielding the dead in their death. They are the priests, the ministering angels, that preach 'peace on earth, good will to men'—the prophets that foretell of the good things in store for them that live in the hopes of coming enjoyments in the paradise of nature—the apostles that, 'in dewy splendour, weep without wo.' Men of sorrows may find sweet consolation in the beneficence which is showered in plenty upon the green sward, where the sweet melody is found

'Which tunes the lip to songs and sighs,
And makes the heart a haunted shrine.'

What the Apostles are said to have taught of old are taught in our day by the apostles of the roadside, of the flower-garden, or of the green fields. Did the one teach love?—so teach the other. Did those teach humility?—these teach it too. Did the men of Judea open the store-houses of human nature?—and have we not them opened by the floral apostles now? Can we not read more sterling truths in the books of nature than in the books of man? Do we seek variety?—we have it in abundance. Do we want recreation blended with instruction?—we have it at every step. Do we require maxims for our guidance?—they are to be found on the hill and in the valley, by the streamlet and in the wood. Youth may find amusement, maturity instruction, and old age consolation, in the storehouse of truth—the temple of nature.

'Floral apostles! that in dewy splendour
Weep without wo, and blush without a crime,
Oh! may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender
Your love sublime!'

THE COUNT ST PAUL.

[From the 'Diary of a Foreign Lady of Rank.']

THE Count St Paul was quite one of the *merveilleux* during the time of Louis XVIII. He was a tall, fine-looking man, prodigal in whisker and moustache, and silent and grave enough to interest the imagination. I have always observed that grave and silent people have always more imagination about them than the lively or the talkative; so much is supposed to lie beneath the dark still water. I have my doubts; vivacity is quite as often a mask as gravity, and either must be supposed to be a mask before it is at all interesting.

The count had only just returned from his travels, and was, therefore, expected to be very entertaining; this, however, appeared to be the farthest thing in the world from his intentions. He was rather inclined to look the hero, than to narrate the adventures of one. However, Byron was just coming into fashion in Paris, and it was suggested that the Count St Paul was no bad representative of Lara. Nothing like setting people's fancy to work; it at once does the *impossible*. During Mlle. de Staël's *engagement* for M——, the original of Lord Oswald, in Corinne, she reconciled all his real dullness by calling it *profondeur*. Every day when he sunk into his usual evening's silence—half sleep, half stupidity—she used to say, *Mais voilà comme il pense*. It was equally taken for granted with the Count St Paul; as he did not talk, he was supposed to think.

In the meantime he gave splendid *fêtes*, played high and lost, though not often; still his losses were the only subject on which he was ever eloquent. It must be confessed that he made the most of them. If not very flattering in his words, he was so in his actions to the ladies. He gave a ball, because the pretty Countess de C—— said he ought to do it, and he was prodigal in his presents. In his costume he was superb; he shone with 'barbaric pearl and gold.' There was one chain of singularly delicate workmanship, which he always wore. He had worn it from a boy, and there were mysterious hints of a miniature appended to its glittering links. About this time, all Paris was talking of some daring and unaccountable robberies that had lately taken place. These robberies

were entirely confined to gold and jewels; pearls, diamonds, and rubies disappeared at an awful rate. Mlle. de S——, a young lady whom it was said the Count de St Paul greatly admired, lost an emerald bracelet, of great value, one evening at a ball—the count, as well as others, remembered seeing it on her arm while she was waltzing with him; and the same evening he lost the gold chain he always wore. In short, 'who was robbed yesterday?' became a leading question in all fashionable conversation.

This had gone on for some time, when one morning there was a review. The Count St Paul was at the head of his troop; he was in a cavalry regiment, and excited great admiration by his splendid accoutrements, and his English horse. He was looking remarkably well. In plain clothes, some of his detractors said that he lacked the *air distingué*—that air so easy to feel, so impossible to describe. But, to-day, the judgment was dazzled by gold lace, plumes, and embroidery; and the Count St Paul was allowed to be the handsomest man on the ground. The King had just spoken to him, and he fell back a little in the royal circle, which was very much pressed upon by the crowd without. In those days, Louis courted popularity, and the multitude were permitted to come near enough to benefit by some melo-dramatic speech of 'Where can a king be better than surrounded by his people, or a Bourbon than among Frenchmen?' One man, dark, sullen, and ferocious-looking, pushed in very rudely before the Count St Paul, who ordered him away. Still the man remained, though in personal danger from the curvettings of the fiery charger, which its master rather excited than checked. This produced some confusion, and the count, rising in his stirrups, ordered two police officers near to turn out '*cet insolent*.' The men obeyed, but first he turned full round, and said, 'Robert, you shall repent this;' but as he spoke he was hurried off.

The count just caught the dark and fierce features, and started as if he had been struck by a thunderbolt. He turned deadly pale, and only recovered his self-possession by a desperate effort; and even then but imperfectly. I remember hearing some officers, who were on the ground, talking of the circumstance, and the singular effect which it produced. The general opinion was, that the man was a celebrated fortune-teller, who had warned the count of his approaching death. The next day all Paris was enjoying a most delightful state of excitement. Everybody was more astonished than anybody had ever been before. The Count St Paul had been arrested in an attempt to escape from Paris the preceding night. Before this wonder had time to grow familiar, another succeeded. It was confidently reported that the count had been concerned in all the late robberies. His house had been examined, and after a minute investigation, a sliding panel had been discovered, and in a recess were found many articles of great value, and among others the very bracelet of Mlle de S.

But the third wonder distanced all its competitors. The Count St Paul proved to be no count at all; he reversed the celebrated discovery in the Anti-Jacobin, 'he was no knight-templar, but a waiter.' He was, in reality, the confidential servant of the real count, who had died on his travels in an obscure village in Spain. The valet at once saw the advantage of his singular likeness to his master, and taking possession of his papers, clothes, money, &c., resolved on personating him. Robert Hermetty, which was, if I recollect right, his real name, had lived before on his wits. He had left Paris in a fright at a swindling transaction which had attracted the attention of the police. But no one remembered the obscure swindler in the Count St Paul; old habits were, however, too strong, and he gradually renewed his connexion with a gang of pickpockets, with whom he had formerly been on the best terms in the world. The secret was well kept, and was at last discovered by one excluded from it. The man who recognised him at the review was a former associate, with whom he had quarrelled, and who was aware that he had left France, as domestic to the real count. All the facts were brought completely

home to him; indeed, he did not even attempt a defence; and the career of the Count St Paul was terminated by being sent to the galleys.

WOOD-ENGRAVING.

THIS art which has only very recently attained to high respectability or great popularity, claims a very ancient origin. In the British Museum there are several wooden blocks which were cut into phonetic symbols, and used by the Egyptians to print their cloths, and these may be regarded as the oldest evidences extant of the antiquity of wood-engraving. It has been contended that it is to Asia we owe the invention of engraving on wood; and it is not improbable that this idea is correct. It is stated also, with some show of reason, that the art existed in Italy in the thirteenth century, while Cimabue lived. It is only, however, to between the years 1400 and 1430 that its introduction to Europe can be traced. Engraving upon blocks of wood was the precursor to the more important and useful discovery of printing by moveable types.

It was in Italy, during the earlier part of the fifteenth century, that the general taste of the people for pictorial designs called into operation an exclusive exercise of this art. Books, it must be remembered, were of the most costly and sacred character in those days; they were the work of the scribe, and one of them cost the labour of years in its production. They were carefully written upon vellum or parchment by the monks; the beginning of each chapter was illuminated by some fine pictorial cherubic letter, done in gold, and azure, and crimson, and these were shown by the priests to the vulgar, only at stated and high periods, such as saint days and holidays, and doubtless produced a desire to possess their like. The first wooden relief blocks cut in Italy were used in the printing of little devotional books, in which were represented the pictures of saints and angels. As may be supposed, the copies of the Bible initials, and of the illuminated missals, were very rude; they were divested of all colouring and ornament, and were, in fact, nothing more than the dark outlines of the figure, cut with a bold but at the same time unpractised hand. The principles of art were not at all observed in these incipient works; proportion was disregarded, and freedom and simplicity were not to be found until time had considerably developed the capacities of the graver and of the wooden material. These quaint, constrained, angular, stiff figures, which were presented to the people at a low rate, were highly popular, independent of their execution; and as each picture was generally accompanied by a verse of the Scriptures, they obtained the sacred character which some of our more devout ancestors attached to their breviaries. It is probable that the rendering of these pictures general, and the placing of letters before the eyes of the laity, encouraged a desire of knowledge, which eventually led to the spread of reading and writing amongst the people, and prepared the way for the reception of those works produced by moveable types. There is no art, however noble, useful, or beautiful, that cannot be perverted or abused. The origin of card-playing is generally attributed to Charles VI. of France, but it is well known that, for more than a century previous to the reign of this monarch, cards were used in Germany and Italy. The noble and wealthy, to whom life is a term of leisure, have undoubtedly the honour of originating the vice of gambling. For a century previous to the invention of the wooden blocks their chief amusement had been that of card-playing; but as these cards were hand-made, and finely coloured and ornamented, and consequently very expensive, while the means of indulging in such games were confined to the rich and great, so was the game itself, until the discovery of wood-engraving. The outlines of the cards were cut upon the wooden blocks, and the colours laid on with a pencil. The first impressions were taken by friction, and not by direct pressure or printing as is now the case.

One of the earliest prints known in England, was in the possession of the late Earl Spencer, and bore date 1423.

It was a design of St Christopher bearing the infant Saviour. The art of wood-engraving, at the early period mentioned, was applied generally to the production of Scriptural or sacred designs; and, in a very few years afterwards, it was used in the printing of a book of popular instruction, called 'Biblia Pauperum.' It is well known that the purchase of a complete manuscript Bible at this period would cost almost as much as a large estate; it was therefore thought that a selection from the Bible, illustrated with designs in wood, would be an immense boon to those who could not afford to buy a complete Bible, and so the 'Bible of the Poor' was printed about the years 1430 or 1450. It contained forty folio leaves, with a design in wood upon each leaf, and selections from the Scriptures, with other proverbial or illustrative sentences, made up the written matter. Gradually other works were produced, and improvements took place in the use of the graver and blocks, as superior artists applied themselves to the business.

On the discovery, or rather when printing came into general use, woodcuts became of merely secondary consideration in the art of typography; they ceased to be so attractive to the intelligent after people became cognisant of the phonetic symbols. The cuts were merely illustrations of every-day objects, exaggerated into some ideal person or thing, and calculated to draw the attention, and excite the wonder of more ignorant minds. It required no thought, no reflection, no mental labour to discover the idea represented by the picture, because it outlined the apparent parts of the thing intended to be illustrated, so that it became suddenly popular; but this very facility of knowing the object of the engraving, caused it soon to be discarded for the more complex and infinite media of knowledge, the moveable types. There was some honour, some exercise of the nobler faculties of the mind, in learning to read, so that the more childish print books were discarded from a sort of pride, and continued neglected, until in our days the arts of wood-engraving and typography have been happily and beautifully united in something like a condition of perfection. Wood-engraving was chiefly employed by the early printers in the forming of initial letters, and sometimes in running ornamental borders round the pages of their books. If a figure, or group of figures, was introduced into a work, it merely consisted of outlines without the least attempt at shadow; gradually, however, a few slight hatchings or white dots were employed; but these hatchings were only single parallel lines—nothing like the cross cutting employed in copper or steel being attempted, in consequence of the difficulty of the process.

In 1480, a German wood-engraver of the name of Wohlgemuth attempted, with tolerable success, to imitate, in the cuts of the 'Nuremberg Chronicle,' the bold cross hatchings of a pen drawing; and under the celebrated Albert Durer, a pupil of Wohlgemuth, and subsequently in the hands of the artist Holbein, wood-engraving attained to great perfection. For more than a century and a half after the introduction of printing into England by Caxton, illustrations from wood were profusely used in the production of books. The 'Breeches Bible,' printed by Baxter, London, in 1603, contains numerous wood-engravings of diverse subjects, which are as wonderful in some cases for correct and bold outline and design, as they are in others for extravagant want of proportion, and an almost total ignorance or neglect of perspective. It is easy to be seen that these engravings were employed by the early printers for the very purpose that calls them into extensive use now. They were employed to attract, to stimulate inquiry, and to assist in facilitating explanations of unaccustomed objects. The peasant or artisan, who had never looked on any nobler structure than his village church, and who had no more conception of a ship or the sea than of the astral system of animal constellations, could never form, from verbal description, so correct an idea of a city, monument, ship, or the general appearance of a country, as from a picture. The advantage of seeing an object does not wholly consist in giving a true sense of

that particular object, but in storing the mind with analogies. The man brought up in a barren desert would have no conception of the form of trees, even from the most vivid descriptions; but if an engraving or coloured picture was placed before him, he would at once be able to recognise the object of which it was the representative, if such was placed before him. It was because the early readers of printed books had almost no facilities for seeing anything beyond their own little spheres, that prints were plentifully introduced in letterpress printing, and another object was no doubt to create a desire to possess the books which explained these pictured wonders. During the sixteenth, and at the end of the seventeenth century, this art was in very great request; but, as the rich began to manifest a love for a higher character of art, engravings on copper plates began to appear in the pages of books. The wooden blocks with the lineal etchings were inserted in the form along with the moveable types, consequently the chief expense was that of cutting on the wood. There were no separate impressions, no other process of printing them, save that adopted in typography. With copper plates, however, the case was different, so that in their use a great additional expense was entailed upon the publisher, on account of each illustration requiring a separate impression. The first English work in which copperplate engravings appeared was Sir John Harrington's translation of 'Orlando Furioso,' in 1600, and these along with the finer and more durable process of engraving on steel, gradually superseded woodcuts. The earlier and simpler art declined from this date to the end of the eighteenth century, when it sank to such a condition that it produced nothing superior to such monstrosities as disgraced the title-pages of old ballads and primers, and may yet be seen illustrating modern song-slips. The art of wood-engraving might indeed be said to be lost in England until it was revived by a Newcastle-upon-Tyne artist named Bewick, who restored and rendered it again a high branch of art. Bewick was not only the reviver of wood-engraving, but, as might be anticipated, he was a bold and original designer. He employed his talent of woodcutting to multiply copies of quadrupeds and birds, which he drew with bold and beautiful accuracy, and to which, with the graver, he gave the utmost delicacy of outline and nicety of light and shadow; and the humorous vignettes which he executed were characterised by great ability and ease.

The success of Bewick called into existence many wood-engravers of great talent, whose works were used in the illustration of the most expensive works. In 1832, the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge began the publication of that spirited and excellent work, the 'Penny Magazine,' which was illustrated with wood-engravings of a very high order, but these have since been far exceeded in nicety and beauty. Perhaps the most successful efforts of this art are exhibited in the engravings to Tyas's Shakspeare and the Abbotsford Edition of the Scott novels.

The instruments employed in this art are few and very simple. Originally the block, while being wrought upon, was preserved in a steady position by the left hand of the artist, while he cut with the right; and perhaps the substitution of a flat circular leather cushion, filled with sand, is the only improvement that has been made in the method of retaining the wood for nearly two hundred years. The cushion upon which the block is now placed answers the purpose of holding it firmly in its position, and at the same time allows of its being readily shifted in every direction, according to the will or necessity of the engraver. The cutting tools are of three sorts, and are of the simplest form. The *graver* is a lozenge-shaped tool, which is used for cutting outlines, and for giving to the print its lighter tints; the *scauper*, which is a tool with a triangular point and edges, is used for deeper and bolder cutting than the more superficial graver is capable of accomplishing; and the *flat tool*, or chisel, is used for taking out those parts of the block which are intended to represent the lights of the print. The wood generally used is boxwood of the hardest, closest texture, which is capable of

taking on the smoothest surface, and receiving the nicest application of an edge-tool. The design is drawn upon this smooth block by an artist, who is generally distinct from the woodcutter. If one block is not sufficiently large for the print intended to be engraved, several are neatly joined together to form a whole, capable of presenting a very large surface. The design is drawn upon the wood with a black-lead pencil, and the business of the cutter consists in leaving upon the surface the lines which the draughtsman has made. All the parts of the wood which form the spaces between the lines, are taken out by the cutter, and the lines are thus left in relief. The means by which the wood-engravers contrive to give less decided tints to their pictures is by lowering the surface of the block; that is, by scooping it gently out, and cross-hatching the wood, until the touches are lost in the depth of the depression, or what may be termed the decided light. By this means wood has been rendered capable of representing not only the most beautiful lights and shadows, but also the nicest perspective. The boxwood used in this art is imported in large quantities, and now sells at a very high rate. The largest blocks, and those of finest quality, are shipped from Odessa. One tree will perhaps only furnish a few blocks capable of being engraved upon, the wood being cut directly across the grain, and of necessity of the best quality. The inferior parts of the boxwood logs are in great request, however, for articles of turnery, so that, independent of the great demand for it now for the purpose of engraving, it is much in request for general use.

Sixteen years ago this beautiful art was just being applied extensively to the embellishment and illustration of popular works. The proprietors of the 'Penny Magazine,' in 1833, supplied metal casts of their illustrations to publishers in France, Germany, and Russia, because at that period there were no woodcutters in these countries. At the present time, however, popular works in all of these nations would scarcely be received if they did not possess this element of illustration. Newspapers, magazines, literary journals, children's manuals, works of travel and science and art, would be looked upon as incomplete without these enlivening and interesting lineal representations of things. The great demand for wood-engraving has called into exercise high talent in its prosecution; so that this branch of art is not only extensively popular, but is deservedly regarded as a valuable auxiliary to the finer and more expensive systems of steel and copper-engraving.

The taste of the present time in book-making seems tending to the antique. Ornamental borders and illuminated title-pages of the most elaborate designs are appearing, in all the richness and beauty of Titian-like tints, in the new books which begin to meet our eyes, and these receive their beautiful and varied hues from an improvement upon or elaboration of the art of wood-engraving. With the improvements which have taken place in wood-engraving, a corresponding impetus has been given to steel-engraving, which for beauty of finish and regularity in the production of the impressions will continue to maintain the ascendancy in all works of standard merit. Wood-engraving will never supersede the process of engraving on steel; for in a state of society which exhibits a general high condition of taste, the former will only be the means of supplying to the poor man his cheap pictures, while the latter will ever maintain its artistic ascendancy with those who possess the means to encourage it; so that the rivalry which animates the artists in these two departments of art may be looked upon as an active agency in the elevation of both.

A man may be a heretic in the truth; and if he believe things only because his pastor says so, or the assembly so determines, without knowing other reason, though because his belief be true, yet the very truth he holds becomes his heresy.—*Milton*.

As sins proceed, they ever multiply, and, like figures in arithmetic, the last stands for more than all that went before it.—*Sir T. Brown*.



Portrait Gallery of Hogg's Weekly Instructor

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

VON HUMBOLDT.

THE author of 'Coningsby,' with a pardonable spirit of egotism, claims for the Hebrew mind the governance of this lower world. This talented mental physiologist, however, does not confine the Hebrew mind to the visible body of Judaism, but, by an expert process of metaphysical diffusion, causes it to pervade races whom the Levitical law excludes for ever from the courts of the Sanhedrim. Everybody has an idea that the Jewish mind seats the golden sceptre of the Bourse, but Mr D'Israeli seats it on political thrones, and causes it to straddle the war-horse which leads conquering armies. In the palace, in the divan, upon the quay, and in the counting-house of the money-changer, he finds the *idea* of his nation dominant in the person of some Esther or Mordecai, and he seeks to prove that that *mind* which hopelessly yearns for the city that stands on Zion, and yet cannot claim it, rules with moral omnipotence the whole world, of which Judea is only an insignificant atom. It may be disputed whether the Hebrew mind is the world's political one; it may be doubted if it is even the spirit of commerce; it may be stoutly denied that it is the death-dealing impulse which yields its fearful energy to war; but nobody will certainly believe that it has given birth to the master minds of science. It is not in the Hebrew national mind, as developed by the remnants of that ancient people, that the Hebrew novelist discovers the universal domination which he claims for it; it is in the Hebrew mind denationalised, and operating without distinctive form in men of all nations. The discussion of this question would be as difficult as the discovery of the ten tribes. If the Jewish body has been lost, except in the remnants to be seen in every land, by a process of natural absorption, we should like to know in what particular form the speculatist can discover the distinctive and dominant soul. The body has been lost indeed, but still we find the mind localised.

Germany has been said to be more fully charged with the electric element of the Hebrew intellect than any other nation; we will, however, be excused if we discard this Jewish assumption, while we, at the same time, particularly claim for the individual German mind supremacy over the arcana of nature. It is to the German mind that the natural sciences owe their development and illumination. For centuries the reflective, speculative, philosophic mind of Germany has been engaged in collecting and investigating all the treasures of exotic nature. It turned its eyes to heaven from Polish Thorn, in the person of Copernicus, and restored the true astronomic theory of the solar system which the ingenious and laborious Ptolemy had for many centuries subverted. From Denmark the investigations of Tycho Brache threw additional lustre on the majestic science of astronomy; and Kepler, from the plain of the Neckar, invested it with renewed splendour. Schiller and Goethe, whose souls were lighted up with the radiance of poetry, and who could dream of beauty and truth amidst despotism and social convulsion, could also turn their eyes, with the precision of material analysts, to the investigation of nature. Linne, from his Scandinavian retreat, sheds a halo of glory over natural history, which, however, does not eclipse the light of Scheele and Bergmanis's investigations. Chemistry and electro-magnetism were greatly evolved from theoretic obscurity by the acute and modest Berzelius and Oersted. There was Soemmering, who, with equal zeal, investigated the wonders of organic structure and the spots and *jacule* of the sun; and Blumenbach, who, by his works and immortal eloquence, inspired all Germany with a love for comparative anatomy, physiology, and the general history of nature; and, lastly, Von Humboldt, who, in his individual mind, combined the excellences of all his predecessors, in every department of physical science.

The name of Humboldt is the most illustrious in the annals of science; in some particular track of investigation he may be paralleled, or even surpassed in profundity

by a less popular philosopher; but in the universality and general range of his knowledge and investigation he stands unapproached. He is equally familiar with the architecture of the heavens above and with the geognosy of the earth beneath; the human frame, in its structure and nature, he comprehends as clearly as he does the delicate and beautiful physiology of plants; statistics, those incontrovertible witnesses of truth, and disciplined arguments of thoughtful men, he is as familiar with as with the science of political economics, of which statistics are the basis. A metaphysician, familiar with all the theories of mind and morals which have been propounded from the earliest ages, he is also an antiquarian, cognisant of the ancient forms and natures of things; he is a philologist deep read in diverse tongues, and at the same time blessed with the enlarged views, spirit, and tone of true philosophy. This enterprising man has climbed the rugged steep of the Andes higher than ever eagle soared, in his search after knowledge; he has torn open the alluvial breast of the Pampas, and discovered the hidden links in the chain of constructive anatomy between this and an antediluvian world; on the Ural Mountains, which stand like vertebrae to the czar's huge possessions, he has explored the gold bearing beds, from which riches are washed down by the mountain torrent; and he has gazed upon the splendid meteors of the sun-forsaken polar regions. He has looked upon nature in her aspect of the apparent, and he has investigated her in her essence. All her forms of beauty are to him familiar forms; all her combinations are to him distinguishable, although, to less analytical and less comprehensive minds, they are lost in a great and bewildering unity. Humboldt may indeed be termed nature's great dragoman—her interpreter, and the medium of an almost universal revelation of her states. From the woods and wilds of every continent, and almost every country of every continent, he has brought exotic treasures, and laid them at the feet of science. His has not perhaps been a boldly original mind to create a new form of science, and build up, from a self-conceived foundation, a system of the universe; but on the diadem which science wears he has placed more ordinately its jewel-system of stars; he has covered her bosom with the polished mineral treasures of mountain and mine, and her path he has strewn with the floral wonders of every clime. Nature, in all her moods and aspects, has been familiar to him; science, in all its painful and delightful phenomena, as illustrated in himself and declared by himself, he has known as a child knows his mother; and he has taught all nations, by his depositions concerning the phenomena and essence of this wondrous world, to admire and better know its Almighty and glorious Author.

Frederick Henry Alexander Humboldt was born at Berlin in the year 1769. He was the younger son of a wealthy and distinguished Prussian, who placed him at an early age under the tuition of M. Kunth, in whose house he saw and listened to the greatest philosophers in Prussia. Humboldt's intellect was aroused by the conversational influences daily operating upon it, and his sympathies very early received a decided bias towards science. He pursued and completed his academical studies at Gottingen and Frankfort-on-the-Oder; but prospects of high political distinction, and the certainty of great family interest, could not withdraw him from his love of nature; so that, instead of entering the arena of politics or the cabinet of diplomacy, he threw his partial eye round the whole arena of science and early began to employ himself in storing a cabinet for himself with its wonders. By diligent and ardent study he soon exhausted the stores of knowledge with which books, lectures, and museums could supply him, and then, leaving these re-scrip-tes of natural phenomena, he turned to the source from whence they were derived, and began at twenty-one years of age his practical survey of the universe.

In 1790 he traversed Germany, part of Holland, and England, with those enterprising naturalists, Forster and Geuns, and on his return to Prussia published his first book, the 'Results of the Rhine.' The early reputation he

thus acquired as a geologist seemed only to quicken his appetite for research; for he proceeded almost immediately to Freyburg, where he studied, under the celebrated Werner, the structure of the earth as exhibited in its minerals, ores, and fossils, and was here led to examine the botany of mines and caverns, an account of which observations he published in 1798, under the title of 'Specimens of the Subterranean Flora of Freyburg.' The Prussian government now sought to attach his expansive, inquiring, free mind to the chain of politics, lest perhaps it might dare to question the specific gravity of despotism as well as that of the earth; and in a philosophical attempt to destroy his mental independence by political association, he was nominated assessor to the Council of Mines at Berlin, and subsequently director-general of the mines of Anspach and Bayreuth. These employments were not for Humboldt, however. He could not be confined to the dry details of political business. He longed to be away to the woods, and wilds, and solitary places, which were, however, full of companionship for him; and however he might seem to brook the harness with which his partial monarch sought to saddle him to himself, he panted to throw it off as an incumbrance and insufferable burden. From studying the policy of Metternich, the votary of nature ardently turned to the experimental discoveries of Galvani. The Bolognese anatomist had just discovered the electric influence upon the muscular system by accidentally touching with a knife the limb of a dead frog; and Humboldt was only second to Volta in the depth and extent of his researches in this novel and exciting path of experimental philosophy. He subjected his body to excruciating pain in order to minister to his mental pleasure; he subjected the corporeal part of his nature to the dominion and ministry of the knowing or intellectual, making wounds in his body in order to apply more closely to his muscles the two metals of the galvanic circle; and in 1796 he published his 'Experiments on Galvanism, and in general on the Nervous and Muscular Irritation of Animals.'

With his frame still quivering under the effects of cantharides and the galvanic battery, he set out to form an intimate and personal acquaintanceship with several countries of Europe which he had not yet visited. He travelled through beautiful Italy, and then, with barometer and hammer, climbed the rugged steepes of the Swiss Alps. He returned to Germany from Switzerland, and was engaged in the study of a splendid collection of exotic plants at Vienna, when the passion for travel and original investigation drew him forth once more; but, on account of the war which then desolated Italy, Humboldt proceeded to Paris, where he formed an intimacy with Cuvier, Arago, and Gay Lussac, working with them in their observatories and laboratories, and perfecting himself in those exercises necessary to ensure accuracy in phenomenal observation.

Humboldt's procedure to the New World, the widest and most interesting field of his observation, may be reckoned another of those lucky accidents which most fortuitously occur to exercise a wonderful influence upon the weal or ill of the world. He became acquainted, while in Paris, with Aime Bonpland, who was to have accompanied Captain Baudin as naturalist upon an expedition to Egypt, and he had resolved to proceed upon the same expedition with his friend. The German war broke out, however, and the scientific portion of Baudin's expedition was dispensed with. This result to their expectations created great disappointment to the friends, but their hopes were again renewed in another quarter. M. Skjoldbrand, the Swedish consul, who was passing through Paris with presents to the Dey of Algiers, offered to procure for them facilities for visiting the Atlas chain in Africa, and promised to give them a passage on board of the frigate which was to convey him from Marseilles to Algiers in October. When at Marseilles the naturalists discovered, after two months' delay, that the frigate would not arrive till the spring. Determined not to tarry till that time, they engaged a passage in a small Ragusan vessel about to proceed to Tunis; but when on the eve of embarkation, they heard that a dungeon was the place they were most likely to

explore in Barbary, as the government of Tunis was barbarously maltreating every one who came from France. Again disappointed, they turned their footsteps towards Spain, travelling through Valencia and Catalonia, visiting the war-destroyed city of Saragossa and the ruins of ancient Saguntum, and lastly arrived in Madrid, where they were received by the Spanish savans and government with much distinction. From the Spanish sovereign they obtained permission to travel freely through all his American possessions, and also to visit the Marianne and Philippine Islands as (crossing the Pacific from the western shores of the New World) they returned to Europe by the Asiatic Archipelago and the Persian Gulf. This great privilege was gratefully received by the travellers, who immediately prepared themselves for entering on the extensive field of South American discovery. In the language of Sir David Brewster, 'Vast regions unvisited by science stretched beyond the Atlantic, teeming with organic and inorganic life—beautiful in their woods and their valleys—sublime in their rivers, their table-lands, and their mountains, and basking under an equatorial sun—crossing and re-crossing their zenith in its annual course, and summoning from their fertile soils all that can please the eye and satisfy the wants of man. For such a field of enterprise the genius of Humboldt was pre-eminently adapted; and he was led by a succession of disappointments, as fortunate for science as for himself, to explore that interesting portion of the New World—the Spanish territories of South America, which had hitherto been visited but for the purposes of commerce or war.'

There is a nobler and more exalted sovereignty than even political autocracy, there is a power whose emanation from and recognition by the Supreme *dare* not be disputed. This sovereignty has placed beneath the dominion of its ken the starry heavens and the stratified earth, the circumambient atmosphere and the boundless sea, with all the known phenomena that in them are. Autocrat, aristocrat, and democrat, coincide in yielding it voluntary homage, and respect it the more the more that it grasps within the compass of its power and reduces to the dominion of its knowledge. It is science, the daughter of the Infinite mind, whose curriculum is the universal cycle of nature, who probates on earth, illuminating to the mortal the mysteries and glories of God. Humboldt was high among the mind-sovereigns of science when he obtained from Maximilian the gracious privilege of translating to universal man the latent knowledge of the Selva and Llanos; so that courtly language in his case strikes us as an absurd and insulting incongruity. God granted to the earth for a season the privilege of possessing the grand and illuminative mind of the German naturalist, and the King of Spain was honoured in becoming the porter who should obsequiously open the gates of *his* dominions in order that the philosopher might freely find admission to God's.

From Corunna Bonpland and Humboldt set sail on the 5th of June, 1799, and proceeded to Cumana, where they arrived on the 16th of July. Having tested his instruments, the enterprising explorer boldly invaded the wilds of New Andalusia and Spanish Guiana, determining the geographical position of several important stations, studying the botany, mineralogy, and geology of these countries, and rendering himself familiar with the social and political character of the people who dwelt in them. Humboldt encountered the heats and vapours of the Selva in order to see that mighty wilderness of vegetable wonders. He climbed the rocky wilds of Cuchivano, and gazed into the volcanic caves, from which flames sometimes issue, and where nocturnal birds hide themselves from the eye of day. Encountering the most imminent dangers, and enduring the most laborious toil, this man, whom the busy millions in the eastern continents thought not of, but whose footsteps were watched with anxious solicitude by the savans of the republic of letters, travelled over the plains, swamps, and forest wildernesses of South America, now gazing on the broad savannahs of Cuba, now on the treeless plain of the pampas, now musing by the waters of the Oronoko, and again climbing the broken shoulders of Cotapaxi; at one moment watching the meteorological phenomena that

shone above him; at another tracing the devastations of the earthquakes which had convulsed nature around and beneath where he stood; examining with ardour the treasures that slumbered in the mines of Hualgayoc; and with equal zeal and more labour mounting the dangerous brow of Chimborazo to a height never before reached by the most daring traveller (18,000 feet). Leaving Brazil and the islands of the Mexican Gulf, Humboldt next explored the ancient kingdom of Montezuma; after which he returned to Cuba, where he resided for several months; then visited the United States; and finally returned to Europe in 1804.

For upwards of two years Humboldt entirely devoted himself to the arrangement and publication of the materials which he had collected in the New World, among which were 6300 species of plants; and in 1806 and 1807 he was closely engaged in studying at Berlin the solstices and equinoxes, with the oscillations of the magnetic needle. Humboldt's chief residence was now in Paris, however, where he delivered a course of lectures upon the physical history of the world. In 1818 the philosopher swelled the train of the King of Prussia when that sovereign visited London; and in November of the same year he obtained a pension, in order to enable him to prosecute anticipated researches in the Himalaya Mountains. After eighteen years' sojourn in the French metropolis, Humboldt returned to his native Berlin, where he was received with the highest honours, being elected President of the Congress of German Naturalists and Philosophers, who met in the Prussian capital in 1828.

In 1829, at the invitation of the Emperor of Russia, Humboldt left his home again, if aught save the world can be called the home of such a man, in order to make a survey of Asia. In company with M. Ehrenberg, the celebrated naturalist, and Gustavus Rose, the chemist, he visited Tartary, and then, passing on by Persia, they mounted the Uralian chain of mountains, where gold and diamonds, and numerous gems and metals, were discovered, as had been predicted by Engelhardt and Humboldt, from the similarity of the mountain ridges in formation to those of Brazil. Fossil elephants' teeth were also met with, surrounded with alluvium of gold. Proceeding along the Southern Ural, the expedition visited the quarries of Orsk and other great natural wonders, reaching at last the borders of the Caspian Sea. They were permitted to pursue their investigations in China, their only passport being a visit to the mandarin, to whom they applied for the privilege. From Astrakan they returned through the country of the Don Cossacks to Moscow; and in November, 1829, Humboldt delivered a discourse upon his recent observations in the Russian territory to an extraordinary convention of the Imperial Academy of Sciences. The grand result of Humboldt's favour with the Russian autocrat, however, was the establishment of magnetic observatories in different parts of his extensive empire. He even induced the government of China to erect similar institutions; and, placing the subject before the Royal Society of London, had the gratification of seeing Sir James Ross sent out from England to the Antarctic regions with the *Erebus* and *Terror*, in 1839, in order to extend the sphere of magnetic science, and to consummate a plan of simultaneous terrestrial magnetic observation.

In 1842 Humboldt accompanied the King of Prussia to England as chamberlain, and was received with much distinction by the scientific magnates of England; and in 1843 and 1844 he composed his last and greatest work, 'The Kosmos, or System of Physical Cosmography.'

Baron Humboldt still lives. The mind which, from his earliest youth, has been communing with nature in all her spheres, and the frame which has been subjected through the agency of that mind to the most stupendous of physical toils, are still, at the age of seventy-nine, in healthy action. That mind, which is perhaps the most cognisant of nature that ever was lent to mere humanity, still finds, as it reaches nearer and nearer to the source of its own life, and nature's source also, that knowledge is but a faint whisper of the mysteries of the universe, and the earth but an atom in the infinite system. The circumstances of Humboldt's

life and the success of his researches illustrate his perfect adaptation to his mission. Possessed of all the mental and physical powers and energies requisite for the accomplishment of the cosmographical campaign which has been the business of his life, he also, luckily for humanity, possessed the power of consecrating himself to that high mission. He was rich; and let it be remembered that his personal wealth was exhausted in the prosecution of his world-enriching labours. The scanty means doled out from the political treasury was but a feeble tributary to the stream of his expenses; and although the King of Prussia honoured him with the situation of 'flunkey,' and placed a golden key at his button-hole, the world beyond the republic of letters scarcely knows him, nor does homage to the purpose of his peaceful and glorious life.

The 'Kosmos' may be termed the synthesis and analysis of Humboldt's studies. It is his interpretations of nature's three great spheres, the celestial, terrestrial, and organic, in the particular order and language appropriate to each. In the first he resolves and individualises the astronomical, meteorological, æriform, and atmospheric elements, and reveals his experiences and knowledge drawn from his observations of each. From the heavens he descends to earth, spanning the huge terraqueous ball with the fingers of precise science, and weighing it by the wonderfully accurate laws of gravitation. He looks into its caverns, glittering with stalactites and beautiful encrusted flowers, and he lightens them up with the radiance of his genius, that future travellers may enter their yawning volcanic gates with knowledge, and tread their carbonated floors with safety. He plunges deep down into the series of geological strata, then, rising from the primary formation step by step, through Plutonic vents and fossiliferous beds, stands upon the superposed soil amongst the trees, and plants, and beasts, and birds, and creeping things which people it. He anatomises the great globe which we inherit, explaining the physiology of its mountain heights and the voracious force of its yawning earthquakes. He pursues its veins and arteries of subterranean streams, and feels, like a physician, the throbbings of its magnetic pulse, until the world, through his revelations, becomes instinct with a mysterious vitality, and seems to be personified in his own being. He looks upon the mighty circle of space, upon the boundless paths of countless systems of stars; and as the telescope reveals the magnitude and glory of the heavenly temple and its spheres, the insignificant earthly observatory upon which he stands, and from which he looks, becomes lost to the gaze. Again he looks inward, however; he distinguishes the elements of this great terrestrial essence, and as he does so, the magnificent whole which they compose reflects again the goodness of God. Hill, and valley, and wood, and plain, gushing stream and boundless ocean, swell out and unite in a universal hymn of magnificent praise to the great Creator, and rise in all the familiar aspects of love upon the soul of the philosopher and man. There is no known region of physics or speculation which this wonderful genius has not visited and mapped out in this wonderful book. He has rendered himself familiar with all the forms of things and all the mechanism of life, and he leaves the world his experiences as an undying legacy; and now, with a solemnising sense of the terminability of that life which he has so well employed in the service of rational science, he turns his bright eyes in faith to heaven, and calmly waits for the fiat which shall open to his soul an eternity of observation, a boundless field of wonder and of love.

Humboldt's large and comprehensive mind was fortunately wedded to a strong and muscular frame, and such was the nature of his employments that the exercise of the one happily entailed a corresponding action on the other. Both grew strong, without either infringing that beautiful equipoise of the corporeal and mental unity, perfect health, and each rendered the other more capable of its mission in consequence of its own unimpaired vitality. The features of this great president of the republic of science are distinguished by traces of keen observation and deep and powerful thought. His face is thoroughly German in its charac-

ter, and his head is of the highest order vouchsafed to the human race. This great philosopher has been distinguished almost as much for the benignity of his disposition and the amenity of his manners as for the splendour of his talents. He could indulge in the gambols of childhood with the simplicity of a child; govern, as chamberlain, the formalities of a royal ball with the éclat of a finished courtier; and hold converse with God in nature with almost more than human intelligence. In the first aspect the great philosopher seems beautiful; childhood is nature fresh and glowing from heaven, and even Humboldt's age is dignified when bending down to meet it. But we must confess that we feel sad to contemplate the man of mind, the philosopher, whose every moment was precious to the world through all posterity, arranging, with a golden key at his button-hole, the figure of a *contre danse*, or 'standing bare-headed on the walk of Tephitz beside the seat of the infant princess of Leignitz, performing the smallest offices of the courtly attendant, watching her every motion, and running, with *hat in hand*, to overtake her, if perchance she might move forward some steps unobserved.' We cannot smile at this, we can only feel grieved. And this is the patronage which despotism bestows upon genius; it transmutes a philosopher into a royal nursery-maid, and reckons the critical mind of a Humboldt well employed in the criticism of courtly etiquette; and it is to this that a mind trained to be free in the boundless regions of the upper and lower worlds could stoop. Alas for humanity! no matter how great and glorious it may be in the majority of its aspects, still there is something of the original Adam always left to recall human veneration to the shrine of its legitimate exercise, and to teach us that man, however great, and glorious, and mighty he may be, is still imperfect.

METROPOLITAN ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE state of luxurious refinement to which society has attained in the capital cities of Great Britain, and above all in its metropolis, is in many respects absolutely astounding, and cannot be more strikingly evidenced than by a glance at the advertisement-columns of such newspapers as the 'Times.' No contribution, help, or succedaneum to the comforts and elegancies of life, conceivable by the most extravagant or most finical of human imaginations, has escaped the notice of the multitudinous caterers for the public, or failed to be supplied by them, at least to the wealthy. These advertisements do indeed speak of a most singularly artificial mode of existence, and one which must be viewed by reflecting minds with various and mingled emotions. On the one hand, what other condition of things could reasonably be looked for in a land where inventive ingenuity has reached an unparalleled pitch of development, and where the means and the will to exercise its powers to the utmost are widely spread among the upper and more fortunate classes of the community? On the other hand, are not the tastes and habits engendered and fostered under such circumstances most perilous at once to the physical and moral health of those who adopt and indulge them to excess? It is true that, as regards the body, the increased calls for the aids of science are so far answered by a counterbalancing extension of its resources; and yet it is greatly to be doubted if the remedy be at all commensurate with the evil. And again, the enormous expenditure of money, labour, and material out of the national stock, upon wants wholly artificial even if not deleterious, must detract to a fearful amount from the means necessary to sustain the lives merely, not to speak of the comforts, of the vast majority of the people. This point, however, is one too serious and comprehensive to be treated of in detail here; and it is so far foreign, also, to our present direct purpose. It may only be observed, that the advertisement-columns of the metropolitan journals form assuredly no very satisfactory object of contemplation, when viewed in the light now mentioned.

Moreover, can any one without a feeling of uneasiness call to recollection the condition of society in all the great cities of the past, at the periods immediately preceding

the catastrophes which overwhelmed them, and left posterity to doubt even of the sites on which they stood? A true poet says—

'Ah! how all this hums,
In wakeful ears, like uproar past and gone,
Like thunder-clouds that spake to Babylon,
And set those old Chaldeans to their tasks.'

But a little consideration in part dispels such fears. Through a mighty convulsion of nature such a city as London might indeed become a wilderness of ruins; and, as has been seen before in its history, even the more common agencies of fire, and plague, and war, might go far to render it a desert; but the mighty invention of the press has so changed the face of human affairs, that the memory and the annals of the British capital and its people could only perish by an event which destroyed the world itself. A more real source of alarm lies in the stupendous and ever progressing magnitude of the city, which forces men to think with wonderment and doubt of what it must be in the future. But here also a material difference betwixt the state of the globe in ancient and modern times comes into view to furnish consolation. A new hemisphere has been discovered, ready to receive the surplus population of the old for ages to come, and to give them all the means of life in rich abundance. Let us hope, therefore, that not upon London is destined to descend the doom of Babylon or Nineveh, Persepolis or Tyre, or those other great cities which were once the wonders of the world, and of which but the names are now left behind.

It was our object here, however, rather to pick out some amusement for our readers from the columns of metropolitan advertisements than to found on them any such reflections as the preceding; but it is impossible not to be struck, in the first place, with their more serious bearing and significance. What a medley of subjects they display! A view of society at once panoramic, dioramic, and cosmoramic! Packet-ships and soap-packets; the houseless poor and strayed hounds; orphan asylums and cottages ornées; Italian Opera and Exeter Hall; child's cauls and patent wigs; organs on sight and organs of sight; Reform Club and Dispensary for Diseases of the Chest; *Soirées Dansantes* and Shillibeer's funerals; all these, and multitudes more of odd headings in juxtaposition, strike the eye in every paper, some of them half seeming as if put together in downright satire. The most curious and yet most decisive indications of character, moreover, are given in these same columns. Who can mistake the old hand at the advertising trade in the following? 'This evening—Crosby Hall—Birnie's Lecture. Only 1s. Come early. Commence at 8.' This is short and sweet indeed. Not one letter is put down beyond those quite indispensable, and small would the cost be accordingly. Look, again, at the decisive and point-blank style of what follows: 'Commercial Traveller.—An energetic man of business, of many years' experience on the road, who has recently terminated an engagement, is open to treat with any firm, to represent them in any part of the United Kingdom. He is active, zealous, and a pushing salesman, and uniformly successful. References to leading firms in London, and security to any amount.' This speaks of the English bagman in every line—self-confident, boasting, dashing, and no time-waster. We seem to see the man as plainly as if he had just done us out of an order, and we had accepted his invitation to a glass of brandy, cold-without or hot-within, in the travellers' room of his hotel. By the way, many advertisers of this class recommend themselves as 'well known upon the road.' This would have been an equivocal, Dick-Turpin sort of character in past days. How different from the above, generally speaking, are the wordy, roundabout advertisements of your classical teachers, often reverend ones, of country academies! It is not that these parties have one whit more of modesty than the commercial traveller in speaking of themselves, but they set about it in a far less open and manly way. Some of the governesses in quest of situations, however, carry self-praise to an extent far surpass-

ing what gentlemen of any class usually venture upon. Take an example: 'A young lady, of the highest respectability, whose education and manners fit her for *gentle* society, wishes for a situation of an active domestic kind. She would be a *delightful companion* to a lady, is clever at her needle, quick, and of obliging disposition. She would not object to superintend the domestic arrangements of a *single individual*.' With this young lady we would not willingly come into personal contact, being as yet but a 'single individual,' notwithstanding our use of the scribbler's privilege of pronominal plurality. The cloven foot is too broadly visible at the close. The quality of delightful companionship is not put forth for feminine eyes, it is very obvious. Greatly is it to be feared that any single individual, tempted to come to terms by this notice, would catch a *governess* in real earnest, and one for life. But really this advertiser has plenty of companions in her self-laudation. Almost the very next three appeals commence with—'A lady of high qualifications,' 'A highly accomplished lady,' and 'A lady of superior talent, style, and method of imparting accomplishments.' All these are written in the first person, and the fire of egotism is kept up throughout. It may be said that people in such circumstances must tell plainly what they can do, and that nothing but a strong dash of self-compliment attracts notice. We differ in opinion, and venture to say that the following more modest party will be the first employed: 'Daily instructress.—A lady, offering superior references, wishes an engagement. She is a good linguist, a sound musician (harp and piano). Can undertake drawing for the first four years, and is generally competent to the education of finishing pupils in the higher branches of English study. Separate lessons not an objection.' This notice seems to us almost a model one in such matters, and to record it thus may be of use.

Advertisements of the subjoined description are common, very common, in the London journals: 'A *douceur*, or an annuity, will be given by a gentleman, aged 22, to any lady or gentleman procuring for him a government or other permanent situation, legally saleable. The strictest secrecy will be observed and relied on.' It is plain that this sale of offices is illegal in the government service. One would think that if any offices do yet exist which are both held for life and are transferable, they must be very rare, and merely lingering relics of a former day. Such ought to be the case, at all events; and yet the reiteration of these '*douceur* notices' would almost lead one to suspect the contrary. It is scarcely possible that people should persist in so advertising unless they found the practice successful. The government has rendered it unlawful for the loser of any stolen article to promise a reward and immunity on its restoration, and yet they allow temptations to misconduct and fraud to be held out in this equally injurious form without interposing a check. The invariable promises of secrecy would alone prove the culpable nature of such transactions. There *must* be some of the abominable things called *sinécures* still to be found in public quarters, as the following notice proves: 'A gentleman about to retire from nearly a *sinécure* appointment, conferring many advantages, can nominate a successor.' This cautious 'gentleman' does not ask a *douceur*—what a pleasant word, meaning *sweetness* primarily in the French—but he gives an address, and his meaning is sufficiently plain. The place must be a public one, for a private business *sinécure* would be an anomaly.

The word '*caul*' has been mentioned. In one paper before us not less than three are advertised, in the succeeding terms: 'A child's *caul* to be disposed of. Price ten guineas.' One of the notices has the heading, 'To captains of ships and others;' and it brings to our mind the fact that the portion of natural covering called a *caul*, which some children are born with, was long regarded by superstitious seamen as a priceless article to carry with them on a voyage. But we had conceived the notion to be now among the exploded follies of the past. The case must stand very differently, however, since the article (of which, we own, we have but a very lame comprehension)

can yet fetch such handsome market prices. This is practically a grosser superstition than that of Mother Carey's chickens, or the Flying Dutchman.

In the 'Coach and Horse' columns of advertisements, there sometimes occurs a very odd concatenation of words. For instance, we have mention made of a 'Grey mare, that has done the work of a lady, and would do for any gentleman.' One cannot help fancying that this grey mare must be of the species which is found domestically to be the better horse. When we remember, again, how Lord Brougham stands with the political world, a minister once in collegueship with Lord John Russell, and a servant of King William IV., but not of his successor; and when we think how he is said to jump from seat to seat in the House of Lords, and to ogle at times the Mrs Harris of conservative journalism, we feel at a loss to determine positively whether such an advertisement as the subjoined refers merely to a species of carriage named after the learned peer, or has a lurking signification beyond. We find put forth for sale 'A Brougham, *second hand*, with *double seats*, lately the property of *Mrs Harris*. It cost double the present price to the *first proprietor*, and is not needed by his *executrix*. To be seen at the Mews off Russell Square.' All the points here appear to be studied of set purpose. But there are certain publications that say enough of this eminent and noble personage without our interference.

The most minute wants of the public, as already hinted, have been noticed by ingenious parties, and remedies for each deficiency tendered. There is often occasion for putting a few words of correct French into a letter shape: 'Mons. V., M.A., of the university of Paris, continues to give his Private Lessons at 1s. An exercise, a translation, or a *letter corrected* and returned free by post for seven postage stamps.' This supplies a small want. We wish we could conceive the following advertisements to refer to small wants; but, in reality, they are addressed to one of the greatest and most unfortunate which modern society labours under in Britain. The first notice is—'Profitable Employment.—Ladies desirous of employing their leisure time to profit may, in a few Lessons, acquire the knowledge of a novel and elegant Art, by which they may increase their income considerably. Terms one guinea;' and the second is on—'Gobelin Painting, a newly-introduced art, surpassing the most beautiful embroidery, equally durable, and not requiring a tenth part of the application (various articles of elegance and usefulness can be executed with pleasing facility), Taught in Four Lessons. To *understand drawing not needful*. Terms, two guineas.' We greatly fear the sterling quality of all such offers, however, as profess to teach arts in 'four lessons,' and are still less pleased when we find 'guinea' charges asked. Besides, it must be a curious style of figuring indeed, whether in such needle embroidery as the Bayeux tapestry, or by means of colours of any kind, where 'no knowledge of drawing' whatever is required. It may be reasonably anticipated, that any attempts at Gobelin painting on such principles would turn out a display of very *goblin-like* figures in strict reality, and would greatly resemble those fine specimens of the sampler-work of our grandmothers, where the men and women look down the chimney-pots of their houses, and the *soi-disants* lambs are like caméléopards, overtopping the trees, and rivaling the symmetry of four-legged stools.

Does the reader know what it is to be *shampooed*?—a process of eastern origin, consisting in the infliction on the body of a succession of gentle pinches and slaps for the cure of rheumatic affections? Well, there is an establishment for the practice of the art, male and female attendants being provided for the advantage of both sexes. Besides excelling the flesh-brush, and all such means as a curative, it is said to become so pleasant on repetition that Europeans in India get themselves tightly shampooed into sleep, which it seems is a consequence in hot climes.

We need not tell the majority of readers that we have the peculiar customs and advantages of arctic as well as hot climes brought to our doors in summer, as in the arti-

ficial ice-rooms in London for skating. We can enjoy that luxury just as well on a June day as if we were wintering with the Kamschatkadales. Again, look at our swimming facilities. 'Casino de Venise, High Holborn, is closed, and the Swimming Baths are open for the season, from 6 A.M. till 10 P.M., having been handsomely decorated and considerably improved. Swimming taught. Private baths always ready.'

But, in reality, it matters little whether we have the swimming luxuries of warm climates, and the skating enjoyments of cold ones, thus presented to us at our door-steps, since such are the facilities for actually going in person whither they are to be found in all their natural perfection, that the matter forms in itself one of the greatest wonders of the day. How few years have passed since Anson, Byron, Cook, and others were looked on as prodigies for turning the capes and circumnavigating the globe! How changed is the case now! People now-a-days propose little snug family parties to round the world, as coolly as they would once have arranged a trip to Margate! The immense stride made in knowledge within the last half century, rendering it out of all sight the most extraordinary epoch in the career of the human race, cannot be made more fully apparent than by such a fact as that now specially alluded to. The following voyage is in preparation; and though the vessel is to go and return by the Cape of Good Hope, to avoid the dangers of the Cape Horn transit, it will be seen that the isles of the Pacific, and indeed nearly all that a circumnavigatory voyage could exhibit, will be included by the adventurers in their round of spectacles: 'A Voyage to the Eastern Hemisphere, including India, China, Borneo, the most interesting islands of the Archipelago, and the Pacific Ocean, together with Australia and New Zealand. Under the patronage of several learned Societies in England and on the continent. A party of gentlemen having chartered a beautiful first-class armed yacht, of 400 tons register, eighteen months old, whose original cost and fittings were £100,000, will sail from London in June to visit Madeira, Rio de Janeiro, Cape of Good Hope, Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land, Sydney, New Zealand, the most interesting isles in the Pacific, China, Manilla, Borneo, &c.; and from thence return to England, *via* Mauritius, Cape of Good Hope, St Helena, &c. She will be commanded by an officer of her Majesty's navy, and replete with every comfort. The crew have been selected so as to combine with their nautical knowledge such other qualifications as will best increase the amusement of the passengers. Accommodations are provided for twenty first-class cabin passengers, with ten servants or attendants if required; also twelve second-class cabin passengers, &c. Several of the cabins are already engaged. A select number of young gentlemen intended for the naval or mercantile marine service can be taken; and a chaplain and a surgeon will accompany the expedition. This voyage offers peculiar advantages to gentlemen of science and research, the philanthropist, the friends of missions, and the capitalist, seeking new objects of commercial enterprise. The cost of the voyage will not exceed the ordinary expenses of living on shore.' Such a voyage as this is really a singular feature of the age. Half the wars and mishaps of mankind have arisen from the want of free intercourse, in a truly *peaceful form*, betwixt race and race, and an interchange of knowledge and commodities in a spirit of kindness and equality. Too often have civilised men visited the uncivilised in a different temper, commanding by force what might have been yielded to conciliation; and too apt have the uncivilised been to take alarm and umbrage in consequence. As the wild beast falls not more certainly before the merest human savage than he in his most advanced phase must do before more highly cultured fellow-beings, the result of all has been, too often, the almost total extermination of the least advantaged races. Their blinded though most natural resistance to necessity, we allow, has forced much of this extirpating work on the civilised man; and yet this apology cannot be made for him in all cases. What can be said for his visitations to

Africa—not to engage in mutually beneficial trade with the most naturally innocent of all God's children, but to traffic in their very flesh and blood—to buy them through a brutal mockery of purchase, to rend them from their homes, and send them to die in slave-bonds in distant lands!

Shall, will, or can such things be longer done or dared, when the enlightened of the world are courting for harmless enjoyment and research round its multitudinous shores? No; we think not. And accordingly we venture to hail such movements as harbingers of better days to mankind at large. We began this article with certain not very pleasant speculations, forced on us by one view of the advertisement columns of our metropolitan papers. Let us conclude while the agreeable thought is before us; that their indications are not confined to an advance in luxury alone, but also in much better things. Man is *on* the move; and though he may learn much of evil on his onward path, he must also learn much, we hope *more* of sterling good.

WILD FLOWERS OF THE MONTHS AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS.—JUNE.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

A wild wreath! a wild wreath! for the leafy month of June!
Pluck'd in the dewy morning, twined in the sultry noon,
In shady nook, on breezy hill, or in the vale below,
By mossy fount, or stream which glides with music in its flow!

A wild wreath! a wild wreath! of blossoms rainbow-hued,
That spring up all unnoted in the lonely solitude—
That deck the hedgerows, and the fields, where treads the foot of toll,
Of youthful hearts the treasure-stores, of tiny hands the spoil!

A wild wreath! a wild wreath! of bright and fragrant flowers,
That May hath foster'd with her smiles and nourish'd with her showers,

To twine amid the dark locks of her swarthy brother June,
As he resteth where the leafy trees 'sprout forth a shady boon.'

A wild wreath! a wild wreath! of blossoms, where the bee
Revels in plenty, amid halls bedeck'd right gorgeously;
Where the gauze-wing'd fly keeps festival, and the fairy folk, 'tis said,
Retire for rest and shelter when the eastern sky grows red.

A wild wreath! a wild wreath! of the perfume-laden bell,
Of trumpet shape, and every form where grace and beauty dwell;
Of every pure and mingled hue that's lovely to the sight,
With glowing sunshine floating round, like streams of liquid light.

A wild wreath! a wild wreath! for the lusty month of June!
You will hear the merry *rink-a-tink* of his rasping scythe the full soon;
The winds will send up fragrance of his grassy honours shorn;
Then let us twine a wild wreath, that may with pride be worn!

We have undertaken to say a few words to the readers of the INSTRUCTOR on the floral characteristics of the months, and their associations; and we hope to make our observations not only agreeable, but also profitable, both to the mind and to the intellect, by dwelling, as we turn over the several leaves of the great book of nature, and examine the bright-hued, gracefully-formed, and perfume-haunted characters inscribed thereon, for a brief space upon the beautiful and holy thoughts, the refined fancies, and the tender and pleasant memories associated therewith; and upon the wisdom and goodness of Him, who has scattered them so plentifully over the face of the earth for man's pleasure, and instruction also; for, as Mary Howitt sweetly sings—

'God might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small—
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all;
He might have made enough, enough
For every want of ours—
For luxury, medicine, and toll,
And yet have made no flowers.

... ..

Our outward life requires them not;
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth;
To comfort man—to whisper hope
If hence er his faith grows dim;
For whose careth for the flowers,
Will much more care for him!

If, as Keats says—and who shall doubt it?—‘a thing of beauty is a joy for ever,’ then, most assuredly, must

‘Queen lilies, and the painted poplance
That dwell in fields, and lead ambrosial lives,’

be sources of great and abiding, as they are of pure and innocent, enjoyment to the contemplative mind. Frail and perishable as they are, yet do they typify and foreshadow things which are imperishable, and give to those who look upon them aright, a foretaste, as it were, of a better state of existence. They speak a language, eloquent though mute to the outward sense, and tell of steadfast faith, and hope, and patient submission, and never-dying love, and praise, and adoration, and of all feelings, emotions, and passions, which are holiest and most sublime. But this is a branch of our subject on which volumes might be written—volumes which Horace Smith has compressed into his beautiful ‘Hymn to the Flowers’—that pure and perfect chrysolite of poetry, of which we can only quote a couple of verses:—

‘Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers;
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to the fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendour
‘Weep without we and blush without a crime,’
Oh! may I deeply learn, and ne’er surrender
Your lore sublime!’

‘Tis June—the sultry, golden, glowing, June; the month of haymaking, and sheep washing and shearing, and we know not what other picturesque country occupations, which seem like pastimes—and pastimes which appear like laborious occupations, so hot, and flushed, and flustered, is every one engaged in them. Coleridge has very appropriately called it ‘the leafy month of June,’ and it might with equal propriety be termed the *flowery* month; for at no period of the year is the earth so profusely decked and beautified with ‘the jewelry of nature:’

‘For now the mother of the rose,
Bright June, leads on the glowing hours,
And from her hand luxuriant throws
Her lovely groups of summer flowers.’

Let us collect a few of these—

Dwellers in the woodland depths, and hauntings of the stream,
That drink the heavy dew, and bask in summer’s golden beam;
That wave upon the breezy hill, and variegates the plain,
And glorify and beautify the earth, so true again
It almost seems that man doth walk in Eden’s garden-bowers,
In his primeval innocence, as sinless as the flowers;

and let us twine them into a wreath for the month, telling, as we proceed in our pleasant task, of the high and holy thoughts, the graceful images, and the memories and associations wherewith they are connected, bearing in mind, the while, the lesson taught by Wordsworth, that

‘God made the flowers to beautify
The earth, and cheer man’s careful mood;
And he is happiest who hath power
To gather wisdom from a flower,
And wake his heart in every hour
To pleasant gratitude.’

The Rose is generally considered, *par excellence*, the flower of June—the summer flower—as she is almost universally acknowledged to be the queen of flowers. Let us then take the Rose as the first and crowning glory of our perfumed coronal; but we will not go into the garden to pluck the hundred-leaved beauty, to whom, as Eastern poets feign, the nightingale pours out his sweetest songs of love; nor for us are any of the thousand and one varieties of this regal pride of the trim parterre and sheltered greenhouse, in which florists delight, and on which volumes have been written—no, for, according to Millhouse—

‘Oh! there’s a wild rose in yon rugged dell,
Fragrant as that which blooms the garden’s pride;
And there’s a sympathy no tongue can tell
Breathed from the linnet chanting by its side;’

and the sweet simplicity of the *dog* or *wild* rose, as it is very commonly called, has the greater charm for us. But not alone in the ‘rugged dell’ do we see the blushing petals, and inhale the delicious perfume of this loveliest of nature’s blossoms. On the hedge-row, by the

dusty roadside, above the bank where the traveller sits to rest, in the green lane, and on the grassy wold, it is found, with the scarcely less beautiful, and more freshly scented Sweet-Briar—the Eglantine of the poets—described by Delta as

‘The eglantine—the red rose of the wood—
Rich in its blossoms and sweet-scented leaves,’

and celebrated by many a poet—among others, by old Chaucer, who tells us that upon one occasion

‘The eglantine exhaled a breath,
Whose odours were of power to raise from death.’

Take we the Eglantine then, also, and the other two species of wild rose known to us—that termed the *burnet-leaved*, of a creamy tinge, and a perfume which seems as though it were wafted from afar upon the pinions of the viewless breeze, so faint is it; and that called the *trailing* dog-rose, whose purely white blossoms are supposed to be those worn by the members of the house of York in the desolating civil wars between them and those of the Lancaster faction. Alas! that men, as they often have done, should, in their unholy quarrels and contests with each other, ruthlessly tear the pure and gentle flowers from the bosom of kind nature, and stain them with blood, and make them the signs and emblems of rancorous hate, and savage fury, and all fierce and demoniacal passions! Truly, it is a desecration of things most holy, and an outrage against which the sweet flowers, if they could speak, would cry out with an exceeding pitiful and heaven-appealing cry! ‘I have seen,’ says the author of ‘*Le Bouquet des Souvenirs*,’ writing of the Forget-me-not—another June flower which we must have for our wreath—‘I have seen a root brought from the field of Waterloo cherished with all the care and tenderness the stirring recollections of that spot awakened.’ Cherished? because its roots have been nourished by human gore! because on the spot where it grew there had been done such deeds as angels weep to look upon! We, too, would cherish this plant, but not for the same reason. Let our readers judge between us!

‘The blue-eyed forget-me-not, beautiful flower,
Half-woo’d, and half-stolen, I brought from her bower,
By the bright river’s bank, where she nestled so low,
That the water o’er stem and o’er leaflet might flow—
As if, like Narcissus, she foolishly tried
To gaze on her own gentle face in the tide;’

sings Miss Twamley, alluding to the *true* Forget-me-not (*myosotis palustris*), whose home is on the moist verge of the stream or gently-flowing river, and not on the dry pasture land, like the lesser Scorpion-grass (*myosotis arvensis*); nor beneath the sheltering hedgerow, like the little germander Speedwell, of which we shall have more to say on another occasion. To all these the term forget-me-not has been somewhat indiscriminately applied; but the flower to which the German legend—no doubt known to most of our readers—relates, is the first named, the water scorpion-grass, so called by our forefathers because its young shoots were thought to resemble the scorpion; and hence, too, by a species of analogical reasoning too subtle for us to follow out, they esteemed it a certain remedy for the bite of that poisonous insect. Miss Strickland, however, has transplanted this flower from the dubious light of legendary song into the broad sunshine of veritable history. She says—‘This royal adventurer—the banished and aspiring (Henry of) Lancaster—appears to have been the person who gave the forget-me-not its emblematic and poetical meaning, by uniting it, at the period of his exile, with the initial letters of his watchword, *Souveigne vous de moy*; thus rendering it the symbol of remembrance, and, like the subsequent fatal roses of York, and Lancaster, and Stuart, the lily of Bourbon, and the violet of Napoleon, a historical flower.’ It is a beautiful and graceful little plant, with its slender stem, and oblong leaves of a pale semi-transparent green, and its clusters of cerulean blossoms, each with an eye like a tiny gold stud set round with turquoises. But not so much for its grace and beauty, as for the sentiment attached to its name, is it admired and praised by the poets, who address it in strains like these:—

'Tears that lover's eyes distill,
Thy sky-tinted blossoms fill;
And pensive sighs of fond regret
From hearts that know not to forget,
Are breathed around thy treasured flowers
By gentle nymphs in lonely bowers;
And many a trembling anxious prayer,
That turns to balm the cup of care.'—*The Wild Garland.*

We will now pluck for our wreath another of those flowers to which a historical interest is attached, 'the Broom, the bonny broom,' so celebrated in Scottish song. Listen to Burns:—

'Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume;
Far dearer to me is you glen o' lone breckan,
With the burn stealing down through the lang yellow broom.'

There is more than one version of the story which assigns the origin of the name *Plantagenet* to the Latin appellation of the common Broom, *genista*. 'The one most commonly believed,' says Miss Pratt, in her charming little work, the 'Wild Flowers of the Year,' 'is that the name was assumed by Geoffrey, earl of Anjou, the husband of Matilda, the haughty empress of Germany, who, having placed a sprig of the broom in his helmet on the day of battle, acquired the surname, and bequeathed it to his descendants. Perchance, before engaging in the contest, he had lain down among the fragrant broom, and had been struck by its beauty. Yet flowers seem ill suited to accompany the horrors of war.' Cowper, in the 'Task,' alluding to the broom, says—

'Yellow and bright, as bullion unalloy'd,
Her blossoms.'

And truly there is no plant to the flowers of which the term 'golden' does so well apply as to this, if we except the Furze, Whin, or Gorse, as it is variously called,

'Which offers to the waning year
The tribute of its golden bloom.'

and which gives to the wold, or common, where it grows profusely, an equally resplendent appearance. But let us now seek

'The Foxglove, in whose drooping bells the bee
Makes her sweet music.'

Where shall we find it? If you consult Dr Hall, in his description of Scotland, he will tell you that 'it is a well known herb that grows about rocks and by the wayside, and has a number of beautiful purple flowers like ladies' thimbles.' In the woods of Kent, it is not uncommon to see it lifting up its pyramid of 'freckled bells,' of a dusky violet, or orange tawny, or dingy white hue; and a noble object it is, tall and stately, rising above the grass and lesser plants, like a woodland queen surrounded by her courtiers and subjects, that nod and bow as the breeze sweeps over them, as though to do her reverence. In many parts of Wales, these beautifully speckled silken bells are called 'fairies' gloves,' and hence, some say, is derived the name foxglove, or 'folk's glove,' the fairies being designated as 'the good folk.' The old pastoral poet, William Browne, improves upon this idea, when he tells how

'To keep her slender fingers from the sun,
He through the pasture oftentimes would run,
To pluck the speckled foxglove from the stem,
And on her fingers neatly fitted them.'

As a poisonous plant, this is shunned and disliked by many, who do not know or consider that it possesses very useful medicinal properties, teaching us that God hath made nothing but for some wise end. Miss Pardoe has attached a fine moral to this plant. She says—'The foxglove, springing from amid the rocky masses by the wayside, is like virtue struggling with adversity, and seeming doubly beautiful from the contrast.'

Crabbe, that close observer of nature, has furnished us, in a few graphic and characteristic lines, with a description of several flowers, which we must certainly entwine in our June wreath:

'Here *thistles* stretch their prickly arms afar,
And to the ragged infant threaten war;

Here *poppies*, nodding, mock the hopes of toll;
Here the tall *bugloss* paints the sterile soil;
Hardy and high above the slender *sheaf*
The shining *mallow* waves her silky leaf;
O'er the young shoot the *charlock* throws a shade;
And clasping *tares* cling round the sickly blade.'

Then we have the greater and lesser Bind-weed, or *Convolvulus*; the one with its small trumpet-shaped blossoms, of a pinkish hue, delicately veined with a deeper colour, and the other purely white, contrasting finely with the dark glossy leaves of the privet-hedge, amid which it creeps and twines; or the bole of the rugged oak, which it clasps with its slender tendrils:

'Whose flowers, which, shrinking from the chilly night,
Droop and shut up; but with fair morning's touch
Rise on their stems all open and upright.'

Nor must we forget the little scarlet Pimpernel—'the poor man's weather-glass,' as it is frequently called, which closes its tiny corolla, not only at night, but whenever the face of the sun is obscured by clouds, and rain is threatened.

'When hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the glass is low.

... ..
Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel.'

says Dr Jenner, in his list of prognostics of rain; but too much dependence should not be placed on this floral indicator, for it invariably closes at about twelve o'clock, be the day ever so bright; and those who are unacquainted with this fact might be led to conclude, on seeing it folded up so early, that there was likely to be a wet evening.

But we have yet said nothing about the Honeysuckle—oh! we cannot do without *that*. Who has not wandered, like Charlotte Smith, by

'Hedgerows engarlanded with many a wreath,
Where the wild roses hang their blushing treasures,
And to the evening gale the *woodbine* breathes;

Woodbine being but another name for this well-known and fragrant creeper,

That is spreading seen,
Like a robe of glory,
Over hedgerows green,
Hard by forests hoary;
Where the linnet loveth
To indulge in song,
Where the wild-bee rovet
Sunny lanes among.

Then we have the yellow Iris, or flag-sedge, called in Scotland water-skeggs, and in France *la flambe aquatique*; and the purple *Fleur de Luce*, or, more properly *Fleur de Louis*, deriving its name from having been chosen as the heraldic emblem of Louis VII., king of France, when setting out for the Holy Land, to show the Saracens that Christianity—as he understood and practised it—was, like Mahomedanism, a religion of bloodshed and violence. Purple and gold! what a regal splendour will be thrown around our wreath by these two richly-tinted flowers! And we can bind it together with the Flowering-rush, whose brown velvety head may show itself here and there; and if we want to give grace and lightness to it, there are the

Flowering grasses, green and golden,
On their slender stems uphollen,
In the breezes waving, bending,
Beauty to the field-paths lending;
Banks and hedgerows glorifying,
In aerial lightness vying
With the gauze-winged fly, that sitteth
Or amid their tangles fitteth.

Then there is the Yellow Globe-flower, and the Butterwort, and the creeping Cinquefoil, and a hundred other lovely varieties, which we have not space so much as to name;

'For who would sing the flowers of June,
Though from grey morn to blinding noon,
From blazing noon to dewy eve,
The chaplet of his song he weave,
Would find his summer daylight fall,
And leave half-told the pleasing tale.'

ORIGINAL POETRY.

HEBREW MELODY.

'My God! My God! why hast thou me forsaken? Why art thou so far from helping me, and from My words of anguish now?—Psalm xxiii. 1.

'Lama sabachthani! Eloi, Eloi!'

The meek, and the lowly, and holy One cried,
When God gave his Son for the guilty to die,
And he, of free-will, with the measure complied.
Enshrined in mine heart is thy law even now,
For, lo! in thy book it is written of me,
I come, O my God! all thy will still to do,
And my meat, and my drink, and delight it shall be.

'Lama sabachthani! Eloi, Eloi!'

How awful the hour when the accents were spoke!
When the sackcloth of God clothed the sun in the sky,
And the pure golden bowl at the fountain was broke!
For the sins of all men interposed in that hour,
Their shadow immense, between Father and Son,
And he bore them alone till his own was the power,
And the mansions of life for the wayward were won.

'Lama sabachthani! Eloi, Eloi!'

Like the trifling array of a wanderer's tent
(Though of Babylon's linen, and holy, and high),
The veil of the Temple asunder was rent,
And shaken the pillars of nature, and torn
Apart the proud rocks on Mount Calvary's brow,
When the burden of sin by the sinless was borne
'Mid the pain of the nails of the cross even now.

'Lama sabachthani! Eloi, Eloi!'

Life's gateways, the heaven of heavens amid,
Were oped, and the doors of the homes of the sky,
And graves that gave back to the living the dead;
In sackcloth seem'd clothed all the leaves of the trees,
And lilies, though Solomon ne'er was array'd,
Even in all his glory yet, like one of these,
While they moisten'd the lips that the sentiment said.

'Lama sabachthani! Eloi, Eloi!'

The Lord of all lands and all life, unsubdued,
His spirit dismies'd with a majesty high,
Where the weeper alike and the blasphemous stood.
The warfare is o'er and the victory won,
And pure Love lies bleeding where friends are but few,
In the beauty of mercy immortal cut down,
Like the flow'r 'mong the grass and the morn's early dew.

'Lama sabachthani! Eloi, Eloi!'

More awful that voice than the trumpet's, which, loud,
Waxed louder and louder, when God on Sinai
Descended in thunder, and lightning, and cloud.
Nor now, oh, ye offspring of those that survey'd,
Had ye dared to this mount, more than they, to come near,
Unless for that meek One who Justice ally'd,
Whom ye tore with the nail and transfix'd with the spear.

'Lama sabachthani! Eloi, Eloi!'

The blood imprecated still rests on your head.
Then turn ye—oh, turn ye! for why will ye die,
With that which should wash, rend'ring red guilt more red?
The trail of the serpent is still o'er your path.
And the withes wove by Chasbac,* by Babel's far strands,
And laid on your joins by the fingers of death,
Can but be removed by the Lord of all lands.

HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL.

OLD MAIDS;

OR, KATE WILSON'S MORNING VISIT.

BY ENNA DUVAL.

'I HAVE just been visiting Miss Agnes Lincoln,' said my young friend Kate Wilson to me one morning. 'Truly, Miss Enna, she is the most charming woman I have ever known—always excepting, of course, your own dear self. Though no longer young she is still beautiful; intelligent,

clever, without the slightest tinge of pedantry; gentle and loveable. Why is it that she has never married? She has been a devoted daughter and sister; I have always felt surprise and regret that she should not have been a wife.'

The tone of voice told the regret which those words expressed, and caused me to smile as I looked at my bright-eyed friend, who, being on the eve of marriage herself with one she loved very dearly, thought, of course, the married state the only true vocation for a woman.

'But, Kate,' I replied, 'Agnes Lincoln has always had duties sufficient to employ her in her home circle; her heart has been too much occupied with providing for the comfort of her brothers and sisters, and nursing a poor invalid mother, to go out on voyages, in order to seek a fellow heart, or to attend to the said fellow heart, should it come wooing. Only unoccupied, free-from-care bodies, like your sweet self, can find time to fall in love and marry.'

'Nonsense!' said the blushing Kate, 'do not tease me with such badinage. I wish you would tell me Miss Lincoln's history; romantic I have already determined it is—for those deep, dark eyes of hers give evidences, by their bright flashings at times, of the existence of a fount of passion, which, I am sure, must have welled up and bubbled over at some period of her life. You have known her intimately from girlhood, Miss Duval, so do tell me the tale. See, it is the very time for a long story; we are certain of being alone, and those threatening, overhanging clouds are already beginning to let down their watery contents—the fire snaps and sparkles in a most social manner, and I will spend the whole day with you in this cheery little room of yours.'

Accordingly she threw aside her bonnet and shawl, pushed what she called 'the troublesome desk, and still more wearying work-basket' away from me, then throwing herself on the sofa beside me, looked most persuasively into my face for the web of romance she was determined I should weave, and with the air of one determined not to be denied.

'Do you deserve, Kate,' I said, 'that I should entertain you, when you seem to think so slightly of the mission of my sisterhood? Saucy girl! are old maids always to be regarded by such sparkling, merry witches like yourself as leading lives useless to both man and womankind?'

'No, no, dear Miss Enna,' exclaimed the lovely girl, gazing into my face with her bright dancing eyes, 'I have had need to bless the sisterhood, for what would I have been without such a dear, good, kind—' I stopped her rosy flattering lips with my hand, and yielded to her request. Kate Wilson promised to be lenient should my story have less of interest and romance in it than she expected—will you, my dear reader, be as merciful and indulgent?

As Kate said, I had known Agnes Lincoln from girlhood—yes, babyhood—for we had been introduced by our proud, happy mothers to each other, in our first long dresses, and had taken infinite delight, so our nurses had said, in tearing the blue and pink cockades off each other's caps. We were always warm friends—went to the same schools, and, as our parents were intimate, when we grew up visited in the same circles. Agnes's father was the senior member of one of the most opulent firms in the city; his wealth was said to be immense, and truly they lived in a style of princely magnificence. She was the eldest of several children. The three next to her died in infancy, which made a great difference between her and the other children in point of age. Her mother was a woman of exceedingly delicate frame, and sickness and the distress she had suffered on losing her children, weakened still more a mind never very strong. I always remember her as an invalid—surrounded by every luxury wealth could purchase, possessing a doting husband and a family of noble children, yet always repining and melancholy.

Agnes had been educated by her father with the greatest care; and as she grew up became a most agreeable companion for him. He accompanied her into society; thy

* 'Chasbac' is a Hebrew name given indiscriminately to the wicked one himself, and the angel of darkness.

studied, rode, drove, and walked together; indeed, one could rarely see them apart. How proud was he of her; and he lavished every costly gift upon her with an unsparring hand. She was beautiful—a tall, splendid-looking creature—a fine erect figure, with the bearing of a queen, and a head fitted for a Zenobia; but the classic severity of her features was softened by the most melting, lovely eyes, and the gentle melodious tones of her voice were bewitching. Beautiful, rich, and young, of course Agnes Lincoln was a belle. She had been full two years in society, and to the surprise of her friends she was still disengaged. 'I shall never marry, Enna,' she would say to me, in answer to my playful reproaches upon her want of susceptibility—'how could my poor mother or lonely father spare me?' and I began to think that Agnes was one of those born to a life of 'single blessedness,' when

'Lo! the troubled joy of life,
Love's lightning happiness.'

became known to her. Agnes's choice surprised us all. Evert Berkely was a young merchant reputed wealthy, but not at all agreeable or pleasing to my fancy. He was handsome and tolerably intelligent—had been well educated and had travelled abroad, bringing with him from his travels various 'foreign airs and graces,' which did not improve his agreeability to my taste. He was certainly much inferior to Agnes in point of intellect; but she loved him nevertheless. I always thought him a cold, calculating man, and the passionate love he expressed for my beautiful friend seemed so unnatural, falling from his cold unexpressive lips. Mr Lincoln was at first as much dissatisfied and surprised at Agnes's choice as the rest of her friends; but when he discovered how completely her whole heart was given up to this infatuation, as he could make no serious objection to the gentleman, he quickly quieted all expressions of disapprobation, and only stipulated that their engagement should be a long one, pleading his wife's health and his own lonely state as excuses. The lover, of course, was impatient at these obstacles, but Agnes, always alive to her father's happiness, steadily refused to shorten the period of two years, decided upon by her father. Evert was a devoted lover, and seemed to exist only in the presence of his mistress; and dear Agnes was so supremely happy, I fancifully imagined her beauty increased under this new influence of love.

She had been engaged to Evert Berkely about a year, when one evening we all met at Mr Lincoln's, on our way to a gay private ball. I had always gone into society with Agnes and Mr Lincoln; for my mother dying while I was quite a girl, my father had been so deeply affected by her death—as she had been to him companion, guide, and comforter—that he avoided all society, and sought consolation in close application to his profession. He had been from boyhood on the closest terms of intimacy with Mr Lincoln, and willingly consented that I should accompany Agnes on her entrance into society, under Mr Lincoln's care. Accordingly, on the night I allude to, I had been driven to Mr Lincoln's that I might be one of their party. I particularise this one evening, for it was the most eventful night of Agnes's life—the turning point in her existence. Events occurred on that night which gave the stamp and impress to her future. I remember thinking, as I looked upon her, after the completion of her toilette, that I had never seen her so magnificently beautiful. It was a grand ball we were going to, and after spending the accustomed half hour in Mr Lincoln's library, he gave us into Evert Berkely's charge. Agnes entreated her father to accompany her with more than her customary earnestness; but he pleaded indolence, and laughingly reminded her that her lover's presence should be sufficient. I could not account for the tinge of sadness that gloomed over her features; and when Evert and I rallied her on her absence of mind, during our drive to the ball, she frankly confessed her feelings were unaccountable, and said she had been suffering all day from a vague, indefinable sense of approaching evil. We cheered her, and attributed her feelings to nervousness; what evil could one so prosperous and happy have to fear?

As usual, she was the centre of attraction, and crowds followed her. Evert hovered around her incessantly, and her quiet, happy looks, as she received his attentions, so openly offered, were to me most fascinating. Her sadness and home-yearnings seemed to melt before the bright light of the ball-room, and the merry laughter and gay looks of her friends put to flight all gloomy thoughts. I thought I had never heard her voice so melodious, her laugh more buoyant, nor her dancing so graceful; she appeared as the embodiment of happiness. During the course of the evening, I was standing alone by a window, in a recess, that opened into a conservatory, almost, if not quite, hidden by the folds of the drapery, enjoying, in a sort of dreamy state, the rich odours of the flowers, and the bewitching strains of the music. The movements of the crowd brought two old gentlemen directly in front of me, in such a manner that I could not have moved if I had wished from my hiding-place.

'Hugh Lincoln's daughter is a beautiful creature,' said one to the other.

'She is, indeed,' replied the friend, 'and she dresses like a sultana—look at her magnificent gems and gorgeous clothing. Hugh Lincoln has been a fortunate man, and his daughter will be a rich wife for the one that marries her.'

'May be so, and may be not,' said the first speaker; 'one cannot tell how a man's estate may turn out while still engaged in business. Hugh Lincoln has been a bold, daring merchant; he always incurs fearful risks, and although he has hitherto been fortunate, one turning of luck may sweep all his grandeur from him—for he perils all on every great speculation.'

'She is engaged,' said the friend, 'to young Berkely, who is so constantly with her. He is a shrewd, calculating fellow; one might feel certain of Hugh Lincoln's wealth by the mere knowledge of that engagement.'

A movement of the crowd took place, and the two worldly old croakers, as I deemed them, passed away. I kept my place, and my thoughts were filled with Agnes and her future. Vague forebodings pressed upon me, and all my old dislike and distrust of Evert returned to me. Low passionate murmurings of love came next upon my ear. Evert and Agnes stood beside me with the heavy folds of the curtain between us, and I became again an unintentional listener. Evert poured out the most ardent expressions of love—he besought my friend to delay their wedding no longer. Then followed the most fervent declarations, which were interrupted by the approach of some friends, who came to seek their assistance in forming a favourite dance; and I escaped from my hiding-place. I was so intimate with Agnes—her second self, as she playfully called me—that I felt no annoyance at having been forced to play the listener to her love scene; on the contrary, congratulated myself that no stranger or mere acquaintance had been in my place. I descended from the steps of the window into the conservatory, and spent a full hour in examining the beautiful plants—imagining myself in fairyland. The pure, beautiful light shed from the alabaster vases, which, containing lamps, were placed in different parts of the conservatory, the bewitching tones of music that came sweeping from the ball-room, and the soft night air that poured in from the open, outer windows, all heightened the illusion, and I fancied I was listening to the divine spirit-melody of the flower-sylphs, and inhaling their balmy atmosphere. How every moment of that night is impressed upon my memory; every word, every change of feeling—all were treasured up.

I was roused from my delicious reveries by Agnes and Evert, who came to announce to me it was time to retire. 'As usual,' said Agnes, tenderly putting her arm around me, 'I find you dreaming waking visions among the flowers. I fear my sad thoughts, dear Enna, have flown to you. I was so full of vague forebodings when I left home, and now they have all vanished. I am as happy and light-hearted as I have ever been in my life; everything around me seems to wear a fairy, heavenly hue.'

Thus she chatted away during our drive home. We

bade her good night at Mr Lincoln's door, and the carriage drove away, bearing us to our own homes—one short half-hour after, and the same carriage bore me back again to that house in deep affliction. Agnes, after bidding us good night, entered the hall, and was proceeding up the staircase to her own room, when, as she passed the library, she saw the library light still burning, which was to her a notice of her father's waiting up for her return. She entered with a light heart and a merry song. Her father was seated in his chair, leaning his head forward on his reading-desk, apparently asleep. She bent over him to awaken him by gentle caresses, but ere her lips touched his brow, the expression of his face startled her. She gave one long, searching look, then uttered a piercing shriek of agony, which startled the whole house. He was dead. There, in that solitary room, his spirit had taken flight, alone, without daughter or friend beside him to receive his parting words of love. Poor Agnes! with what agony she leaned over him—vainly calling on him to speak to her—to look, if only once more, upon his own Agnes. It was a sad sight—this beautiful girl bending over her dead father. Her earnest, heart-rending appeals were terrifying; not a tear flowed from her dark eyes—they seemed distended with agony; and the physicians who had been hastily summoned feared that the shock would deprive her of reason, if not of life. I at last succeeded in leading her away from her father, and, exhausted by her intense grief, she lay for hours in a heavy stupor.

Every means were resorted to, to restore Mr Lincoln—but all in vain. The physicians, after an examination, decided that he had laboured under an affection of the heart, unconsciously, for some time; that he had been on the brink of the grave for many months, undoubtedly—he, who had seemed so healthy; and this it was which had caused his death, which they thought had taken place some time before Agnes's return, and with little or no suffering, possibly without a consciousness of the approaching fearful change. Poor Agnes! her sufferings were intense, but her naturally strong mind, and strict sense of duty, aided her, when in the morning, after the heavy stupor of exhaustion had passed away, the fearful consciousness of her great sorrow arose vividly before her. She recollected that there were others to suffer, who were weaker to bear—her poor invalid mother, and fatherless brothers and sisters. She wept long and bitterly, when her eyes opened upon my tearful, anxious face, as I bent over her. I blessed those tears, for I knew they would relieve her. She at last, however, bowed meekly to the burden imposed upon her, and hastened to soothe and comfort her almost heart-broken mother, and the poor startled, weeping children.

Everybody grieved for Mr Lincoln, for he was much beloved; 'but,' said the out-of-doors world, 'how fortunate are his family, possessing wealth in the midst of their sorrow. Mr Lincoln has left them an immense fortune to comfort them in their affliction;' as if money could compensate for the loss of loved ones. Agnes would have gladly toiled for their daily bread to have purchased one look from those eyes closed in death, one accent of love from those cold, livid lips. After the funeral, Mr Lincoln's will was opened. It was one made three or four years previous to his death; and my father was one of the executors, and sole guardian to the children. This will had been made previous to Agnes's engagement; but in it Mr Lincoln expressed a wish, almost a command, that, if ever Agnes married, my father should insist upon having the greater part of her immense fortune settled upon her.

A week or two passed by, when one evening my father returned home from his office, later than usual, and his face wore an anxious, troubled expression. Some case of more than ordinary misery and sadness, I thought, has come before him, in which fate has woven a darker web of trouble. I hastened to procure for him the soothing cup of tea, which he so much loved, and sat beside his chair as he silently dispatched his light meal, expecting

every moment to hear the new tale of human suffering—but I was disappointed; my father drank his tea quietly, and it was not until the tea-service was removed, and I seated at my sewing-table beside his large arm-chair, that the good, kind old man broke the silence.

'Enna, my child,' he said, in gloomy tones, 'poor Agnes Lincoln, her mother and those fatherless children are penniless.'

'Penniless—impossible!' I exclaimed. 'I thought Mr Hugh Lincoln was admitted to be immensely wealthy.'

'His immense wealth,' said my father, 'proves to be a magnificent dream—a shining bubble. He must have been lamentably ignorant of his own affairs, for things have evidently been going wrong for some months past. Such wild, mad-cap speculations as the house have engaged in, I am sure my sensible, prudent friend would never have countenanced.'

I now understood the allusions of the old gentleman, in the first conversation which I had overheard in the ball-room, the night of Mr Lincoln's fearful death, and I repeated them to my father.

'Yes, indeed,' he replied, 'daring indeed have been their operations, and not only that, but reckless and wild in the extreme. I remember now, although I gave but little heed at the time, noticing in Hugh Lincoln, for some months past, a heavy, growing indolence, as I deemed it. It must have proceeded from his fatal disease, and he has left the affairs of the concern in the hands of the junior partners, who have mismanaged not only wildly but wickedly. Poor fellow! he has been spared the sorrow; but what is to become of the poor invalid widow and orphans? Six little helpless creatures beside Agnes—Adel is not more than fourteen!'

'Scarcely thirteen,' I replied.

'Poor creatures!' exclaimed my father, brushing a tear aside. 'But we must do all that we can for them. I am a poor man, but what little I have shall be freely shared with Hugh Lincoln's children.'

'You forget, my dear father,' I said, 'that Agnes is engaged to Evart Berkely.'

'True,' replied my father; 'but, Enna, I have very little confidence in him; I only hope Agnes may not love him too dearly, for I very much fear that Evart's love is rather too weak to bear the present news.'

'Does he know of the insolvency of the firm?' I inquired.

'Oh, yes,' said my father, 'the mere suspicion of the insolvency of such a firm as Lincoln, Murray, & Co., would of course spread like wildfire. I never dreamed of such a thing myself, however, and heard this morning with great surprise, on going to my office, from an old merchant, that it had been rumoured for several days. You must break it to Agnes, poor girl.'

'You think Evart Berkely knows of it?' I said, after a long silence.

'Oh, yes,' replied my father; 'I met him in company with some other merchants this afternoon, and he spoke of Mr Lincoln only as he would of any other well-known merchant, and united in self congratulations with some others as to being unaffected, fortunately, by the failure—not at all in the tone of one interested in his family.'

The conversation between Agnes and Evart returned to my memory, and I contrasted his feelings with hers—how differently would she have acted had he been overtaken by poverty. 'But,' said I to myself in the morning, when preparing for my customary visit to Agnes, 'it may be but fancy after all—we may be wronging Evart; he did not choose to exhibit his feelings before a crowd of men,' and with this consolatory conclusion I set out on my walk.

I ascended the broad steps of Agnes's noble residence, and passed through the wide hall and up the spacious staircase, noting the magnificence of the furniture with a sigh. I entered the library, where I was told I would find Agnes. It was a grand, noble room, and in its adornments proved that immense wealth had been guided by the guiding hand of taste. It was lighted from above.

the brick-and-mortar world without was completely unknown in that stately room; only the blue sky by day, and the bright stars by night, could be seen. The soft, unworldly light gleamed down on beautiful works of art, rare and costly pieces of sculpture, medals, gems, and here and there alcoves filled with the productions of those whom the intellectual world call masters.

I paused at the threshold unheard by Agnes, who was writing at her desk—my eyes wandered over this intellectual paradise and then rested upon the Eve. I was struck with the impression of her face; it bore a more beaming, hopeful look than I had seen on it since the night of her father's death. 'Poor girl!' I sighed to myself, 'how soon is that brilliant expression to be dimmed by the care-clouds of life—not only heart trials, but poverty, privation, and, worse than all to your noble spirit, dependence.'

I moved forward, but the luxurious carpet told no tales of my foot-falls, and my hand rested on her shoulder ere she was aware of my entrance. She looked up, and her eyes were gleaming with tears—not tears of sadness—and a bright flush rested on her hitherto pale cheeks. I looked surprised, and she noting it said in trembling tones, 'Ah! dear Enna, I never valued the possession of wealth before. Read this letter, dearest, while I finish the answer.'

I took from her hands an open letter—it was from Evart, written the previous night, announcing anticipated severe and heavy losses, and freeing her from her engagement. He could not, he said, ask her to wed a penniless man—and after lamenting in a fine round period his unworthiness of her, his misery and wretchedness, concluded with a farewell for ever. After I had read the note, I felt that my father was right, my hands dropped before me, and for a few moments I felt as in a dream—a spell was over me—I could not tell my poor wronged friend the real truth—at last she broke the silence.

'Ah! Enna,' were her words, 'I bless Heaven I have enough for both. My share of my poor father's princely fortune will fully cover his losses, and again establish him in life. How unkind and yet how unnatural is his note! Poor Evart! I can fancy his wretchedness when releasing me from my engagement—and he must have known it was useless; but I cannot censure him—even thus would I have acted had the loss of fortune happened to me.'

'Would you, dear Agnes?' said I, throwing my arms over her beautiful neck caressingly.

'Indeed would I, Enna,' she replied sadly. 'It would have been a hard duty, but steadily would I have performed it.'

'Agnes,' I said, in low, earnest tones, inwardly imploring for assistance and strength in my painful task, 'that duty is required of you. You are the penniless one instead of Evart. He is as prosperous as ever, but you, my poor friend, are bereft of all—but friends.'

She gazed wildly at me, then with one low wailing cry of deep agony became insensible. She was laid on her couch, surrounded by all the appliances of wealth so soon to be taken from her, and the heavy stupor that hung over her spirit the bitter hours after her father's death ensued. But I knew her inward strength, and although I could scarcely pray for her recovery to such misery as would be hers, I felt that the helpless ones dependent on her for consolation would, as in former dark hours, sustain her. The heavy clouds passed over, and she at last aroused her suffering broken spirit.

'Where are the letters?' she murmured in low tones.

'One I destroyed, dearest,' I replied—'the other—'

'Destroy it likewise, Enna, and help me to forget. I have others to think of now,' and with a quiet look of repressed agony she hastily employed herself in preparing for their future change of circumstances. Evart was never alluded to by any one; and day after day she engaged herself in entering into the investigation of her father's affairs, with the firm, quiet air of a woman of business. The investigation proved only the painful truth—ruin, hopeless ruin, stared them in the face—everything was

swept from them. Poor Mrs Lincoln had seemed overwhelmed with sorrow at her husband's death, but this new grief appeared to her weak, indolent nature still harder to bear, and she helplessly implored to be taken from life.

'For myself, dear Mr Duval,' said my friend, addressing my father, in a calm voice, but the tones of which showed repressed suffering, 'I care not—I can endure hardships—but my poor mother, how can she bear the change?'

'You will all come to us, dear Agnes, and we will be as one family,' said my kind father, as they at last ended the careful examination of the affairs. 'You and Enna have always been as sisters; my poor dead wife loved your mother as a sister. The income my profession yields, you and Enna can manage so as to supply us all. We will live plainly but happily, I know. You are both sufficiently well informed to educate the girls, and Adel will soon be old enough to assist you. Horace and Frank will in a few years be able to help themselves, and supply my place when I grow too old to fill the purse.'

Agnes sat by the table quietly gazing as upon vacancy, when my dear, good father commenced his kind plan, and as he proceeded her dark eyes beamed with childlike fondness on the good old man.

'Surely heaven will bless you and yours, dear Mr Duval, for being thus kind to the widowed and fatherless,' she exclaimed, as he concluded. 'But I must not accept your kind offer. Your plan, however, has confirmed me in the scheme I have been forming for some days past. If I am sufficiently well fitted to take charge of my sisters' education, why not of others? If you will aid me I will open a school.'

The thought was a good one, and my father, finding Agnes steady in her determination, yielded, and used every endeavour to forward her in her project. The creditors had refused to accept the costly wardrobe and magnificent jewels belonging to Mrs Lincoln and Agnes. These were disposed of, and the money arising from their sale was appropriated by Agnes to the furnishing of her new establishment.

'I take this money only as a loan,' said Agnes to my father. 'If I am spared, and have health and strength, at some future time it shall be returned. I never shall feel light-hearted until my father's liabilities are all satisfied.'

A house was procured, everything arranged for the opening of the school; and it was announced in society, that the Miss Lincoln who had been 'the glass of fashion and the mould of form' a few short months before, was about to enter the work-day world as a teacher. Much is said and much written about summer-friends—those who hover around the favourites of fortune only to flee from them in the dark hour of sorrow—but truly I have seen but little of such heartlessness, long as I have lived in the world. People do not wish to desert those who are in trouble. There is more of kindness of heart and sympathy in the world than we are willing to give credit for. Circumstances and events press so quickly in this life of change, that when one amongst us is stricken down, although we grieve, we are urged on in the stream, and though we would gladly aid our sinking companion, we are hurried on unconsciously. But let the stricken one give signs of life—evidences of aiding itself, then all are ready to give a helping hand. 'The race must be completed—life's journey accomplished—but any one exhibiting a desire to unite in the struggle is willingly assisted. So was it with the friends of Agnes Lincoln. Had she weakly yielded to her troubles, and shown no disposition to aid herself, the world would have felt sorry for her, but they would have had no time to tarry by the wayside—but when she appeared amongst them prepared to take her part in life's great contest, they willingly united to help her forward.

Agnes Lincoln's accomplishments, her elegant manners, her strong mind, all her good qualities, were remembered; and mothers and fathers, who had admired the beautiful girl in society, hastened to place under her care their own daughters, asking that she might make them

like her own lovely self, and they would be satisfied. She entered heart and soul into her new vocation; and hers became the most popular establishment in the city. In the course of two or three years the small house had to be changed, and a residence as large as her father's princely mansion taken, in order to accommodate her large school. The luxurious comforts necessary to her mother's happiness were gratified; her brothers and sisters carefully attended to; but her own wants were few indeed. She was most carefully and studiously economical. Every year she deposited in my father's hands a sum of money, small at first but gradually increasing, which she, with a sad smile, called her father's fund; this was devoted to the settling of the remaining accounts against her father.

Noble creature! how every one revered her as she moved steadily on in the path of her duty. Hers was not an easy life; hard mental labour, from morning till night, she endured for many years. At day-dawn she was up, superintending her household and directing the studies of those pupils who resided with her. The influence she exercised over those entrusted to her care was a subject of remark. Her commands were insisted upon with words of love but looks of firmness. Her girls hovered around her, quietly watching every glance; and in that whole troop of young, thoughtless creatures, the most of them the indulged, spoiled children of fortune, not one but would have dreaded to disobey the simplest request of their gentle teacher.

We met daily, as formerly, and I still was to her the confidante and bosom friend I had been in the days of her wealth. She never spoke of Evart—we both avoided all allusion to him; and when, a few years after their separation, he married a wealthy woman from a neighbouring city, and his marriage was mentioned before her, by those who knew not of her former connection with him or else had forgotten it, a mere acquaintance could not have detected any trace or evidence of feeling. The marble paleness of her cheek, the firm closed mouth, and quiet but sad look, which told of inward suffering, betrayed to me, however, that her thoughts were with the past, and I noticed in her, for some time after, a closer attendance to her duties—not one moment, night or day, left unoccupied, and her brow bore a more serious expression that told of self-combatings and heart-struggles.

Year after year passed, and Agnes had the satisfaction of seeing her sisters growing up charming women, admired in society, and her two brothers displaying the good qualities and honourable, high spirits of their father. By her exertions they were educated; and ten years after her father's death she paid off his last debt, and had the pleasure of seeing her eldest brother, Horace, who had just completed his studies, enter his profession as a partner with my father. The little Frank, her father's darling, would be nothing but a merchant, as his father had been, and was dreaming seventeen-year-old visions of future grandeur, such as his father had probably dreamed at his age and realised. He would wreath his mother's fretful, complaining countenance with smiles, as he would describe the wealth he intended to accumulate, and the splendid things that should once more be hers. Two weddings were celebrated by Agnes—her two sisters, Adel and Mary, who married upright and warm-hearted men, prosperous in business; and Agnes felt almost a maternal pride as she furnished their houses and provided the wedding wardrobes. The world wondered she did not marry, for her beauty never left her, nor were opportunities wanting. Many a fond, widowed father would have gladly persuaded the idolised teacher of their daughters to share their fortunes; but she calmly and quietly refused all offers, and seemed at last to find real happiness in her business.

Fifteen years passed by, and found Agnes still at her post. One only of those little ones, bequeathed by a loving father to her care, remained under her roof—and she was soon to leave Agnes to become a wife. All were married, happy, and well. The poor old mother had at last ceased all waitings, and had lain down to her long

rest, when a new care devolved upon Agnes. Evart Berkely, who had appeared for years to be a prosperous man, and thought by many to possess great wealth, suddenly failed, and in a moment of despair put a violent end to his existence. His wife had died some five or six years before, many said of a broken heart; and his three children were left upon the world homeless orphans. Evart left a letter, commending his children to Agnes, who, he said, had promised to be a mother to his children should they ever need her care. Then was disclosed what Agnes had kept a secret. A year after his wife's death he had again sought Agnes, but his overtures were indignantly rejected by her; he continued his addresses by letters for some time, until Agnes refused to receive them, returning them unopened, saying, however, in her final note, that, should his children ever be left alone in life, she would be a mother to them; and to her home did she take those helpless ones, and devoted herself to her business with renewed energy to provide for their support and future establishment in life. People shrugged their shoulders and called her conduct Quixotic and absurd, but the good and kind-hearted applauded her.

When my young friend, Kate Wilson, requested me to relate the history of Agnes, forty-five years had stealthily crept over her, but even the bitter, bleak winters of her adversity had failed to whiten her dark locks or dim those beaming eyes—time had dealt gently with her beauty. Evart's children have proved as blessings to her, and by them, and by her brothers and sisters, and by their children, Agnes is revered almost as a saint.

'Ah, Kate, Kate!' I said, as I arrived at this part of my 'ower true tale,' 'has not Agnes Lincoln's lot, as an old maid, been quite as useful, and still more happy, than she would have been as Evart Berkely's broken-hearted wife?'

WINDING-SHEET FOR THE EARTH.

THE earth will one day come to an end. Many think it is already grown dim with age. Some are predicting its speedy dissolution. It has survived many such predictions, it is true; but still it is only a question of time, and the death-struggle must come at last. Under this conviction, we think it right to draw the attention of men to a point of duty, which, we fear is generally overlooked—we mean, the providing of a decent covering for their mother's remains. It has long been the practice, in Scotland at least, for provident wives to prepare winding-sheets for their husbands, if not for themselves; why should not this be done for the great mother of us all? The impracticability of the matter might have kept many a filial heart in former ages from speaking out; but this obstacle and objection are removed in these days of steam, and cotton yarn, and glutted markets. No doubt the effort would be a great one; but improvements in machinery, and the arts generally, are always making it less. The time may come when it shall comparatively be an easy task; but as delays are dangerous, and duty is binding, we mean to show, that even at present, and by the old system of hand-loom weaving, the thing could be accomplished by a strong pull, a long pull, and a pull altogether.

A king of Egypt clothed a pyramid with silk, and shall the whole world not be able to cover the earth with cotton? The sea gave her swaddling-bands; but where is her shroud? Here is the *ticket*, at any rate, if men will work the web. 'Let the galled jade winch, our wither is unwrung.'

Since the superficies of a sphere is found by multiplying the circumference into the diameter, a sheet equal to the

surface of the earth would be $24856\frac{3905}{10000}$ miles long and 7912 broad; or reckoning the length by the ell of 45 inches, and the breadth by that of 87 Scottish inches (weaving standards well understood in Scotland), these dimensions become $34997725\frac{2095}{10000}$ ells, by $13527085\frac{5}{10}$. Supposing the material to be cotton, and woven in a 10^{∞} reed, there would be 676354275 porters in the breadth; and allowing a thread of cotton to lose 4 inches in the processes of winding &c., it would require $84538790445846\frac{2}{10}$ spindles to warp the chain; and were the cloth to count 10 shots in the glass, the weft would be equal to the warp, making together $169077580891692\frac{4}{10}$ spindles. A spindle of cotton contains 10080 threads, each 54 inches, and is $8\frac{59}{100}$ miles in length. Were the yarn in these spindles let out in a continuous line, it would extend $1452376419859637\frac{716}{1000}$ miles; it would reach $72\frac{6}{10}$ times from the globe to Sirius; it would compass the earth's orbit $2433182\frac{99}{100}$ times, or that of Uranus $128417\frac{5}{10}$ times. The sheet would measure $196662695\frac{63}{100}$ square miles, $99805133083\frac{18}{100}$ Scottish acres, or $125684253331\frac{5}{10}$ imperial ones. The cloth, if sold at 3d. the imperial square yard, would cost £60:10s. the acre, and the price of the whole would be £7,814,767,326,537:12s.—a sum which would cover the national debt of Great Britain $9518\frac{49}{100}$ times. The number of imperial yards would amount to 606182986123008 ; which, estimating the population of the globe at 900 millions, and allowing every individual to consume 100 yards annually, would clothe the whole human race $6766\frac{7}{10}$ years. Were all the population weavers, and 3000 yards produced annually by every individual, old and young, they would be employed $225\frac{69}{100}$ years in weaving a winding-sheet for their venerable ancestor.

We have blinked no difficulty here, but have set down the calculation in its coldest and most startling light. We have called in no million-horse-power of steam, nor speculated on the probability of taking advantage of the earth's electricity for spinning and weaving purposes; nor have we had recourse to the triumphs which chemistry is destined yet to accomplish in converting saw-dust into meal, and water into fire, and thus eventually throwing the whole world idle: we leave the future to explain itself, and take our stand on the present, and on the darkest spot of the present, and from it, make our appeal to what is spontaneous in sympathy, and pure in gratitude, and unselfish in affection, that what is done may be well done, and what is begun may be continued.

We put the motion; who seconds it? We pause for a reply.

THE OSTRICH.

THE ostrich is one of the largest of birds; and it is even disputed whether the condor or great eagle of the Andes is as large as this powerful and swift pedestrian bird of the African plains and deserts. The ostrich roams over all the African plains, from the plain of Ghiris and the valley of the Nile, on the northern borders of the continent to the plains of Caffraria on the south. Indeed, it seems to be a native of Africa exclusively, preferring the dry and sandy deserts and gravelly flats of that continent for its home, to the richer alluvial valleys of Asia and America, where a creature of its species, called the emu, is found. The ostrich has been stigmatised by some naturalists as a very stupid bird, which, when pursued, very naturally takes

to flight, but very foolishly supposes, when it has concealed its head, that it is safe from the eyes of the hunter. This charge of stupidity is particular not general, however. The ostrich in the valley of the Nile may exhibit such an excess of simplicity in its terror, but the ostrich of South Africa is not only a bold but very wary and fierce bird. At the breeding season, the male, in the plains of Cape Colony, generally attaches himself to from two to six females, which live in the greatest harmony, and deposit their eggs in the same nest. The nest of the ostrich, which is formed in the sand or gravel of the desert, amidst the scanty withered brush that generally constitutes its stunted vegetation, is merely a depression, scooped out by the feet of the bird, in which the eggs are placed. The arrangement of these eggs, however, exemplifies even something like reason in the birds; they are deposited with the narrow end placed in the sand, and closely packed, so as to allow of the largest convenient surface being covered during incubation, and at the same time saving as much space as possible. The sand which has been displaced in the formation of the nest, surrounds it like a facade, keeping the eggs in their positions. During the process of incubation, the hens relieve each other during the day-time, and at night the male takes up his position upon the nest, in order to defend the eggs and callow young from the nocturnal visits of tiger-cats, jackals, and other animals, which it frequently kills with a stroke of its powerful wing or foot. The number of eggs laid by each female is computed to be from twelve to sixteen, and as many as sixty or seventy have been frequently found in and around a nest. By a beautiful arrangement of Providence, the female continues to lay during the period of incubation, and even after the brood has been hatched, and these later eggs are laid on the outside of the nest, in order that they may supply to the young ostriches food during their more tender period of life. These birds, upon being hatched, are as large as pullets, but still they are not sufficiently strong in the digestive organs to live upon the dry and almost sapless portions of plants, which are the only aliment of the more advanced ostriches. The digestive powers of the ostrich are of the most remarkable and active order, and their ability to exist independent of water is another proof of their complete adaptation by nature to the circumstances of the plains which they inhabit. It is possible that the frequency and constancy with which they are pursued has superinduced in the ostriches of Southern Africa that high degree of wary sagacity which they display in providing for their own safety or that of their young; but they are an object of chase throughout the whole continent, and this therefore cannot be the only cause. The Tibboo, Tuarick, and Arab, hunt them upon the sandy Sahara, and the negro of Soodan and the Saracen of Egypt follow them upon their fleet steeds over their more fertile plains. The kalifas, or caravans from Soodan to Morocco or Fez, purchase the tail feathers of the male, in order to sell them to the European merchants who visit the ports of Barbary; and the Caffre and half savage Boer shoot them down in order to exchange these same feathers with the European and Indian merchants who come to trade at the south; so that the ostrich is an universal object of chase, although it is not universally sagacious and bold. The difference of character is attributable more to the difference of circumstances in locality and method of living than in being hunted, although this, as is well known, develops that innate caution which the Creator has implanted in all the inferior animals, in order that they may be possessed of some protection from the destructiveness of their enemy, man.

The ostrich of the south is very careful to conceal its nest, and when there is a plurality of females connected with one process of incubation, they take care never to be seen together where their maternal treasures are deposited, so that when they approach the nest they do so in the most seemingly careless and erratic manner, and by the most devious and secret routes. The period

of incubation is from thirty-six to forty days, and as the process is that of more than one bird, it is not calculated to reduce the females engaged in hatching to the extent that incubation does the hen, duck, or any bird whose duty in this respect is singular. The female ostrich continues to lay after she has begun to sit, because she is scarcely denied her regular exercise. A bird which sits for a fortnight or three weeks without relief, as do our domestic fowls, loses all its fat during that period, and begins its maternal cares in a very lean condition of body. If the ostrich discovers its nest to have been visited, it immediately destroys all its eggs, and abandons it. It is not necessary that it should observe persons following it to the place round which its affections gravitate; the footprint of a man observed near to its nest is sufficient to cause it to destroy its eggs, and desert the spot. The egg of the ostrich is computed to be equal in contents to twenty-four hen's eggs, and, when found fresh, the former are very palatable and nutritious, though somewhat heavy food. The general method of cooking them is somewhat analogous to the method employed by Davie Gellatly, namely, to place one end amongst hot sand and ashes, and breaking the shell from the other end, continue to stir the whole until it is sufficiently cooked. A little pepper and salt, mixed with the contents of the egg, form a very agreeable omelette. The ostrich does not appear as if it could surpass the horse in swiftness, and yet such is the fact. The muscular strength and endurance of the bird are wonderful. With outstretched neck, and its body apparently hanging forward, ready to fall, it sweeps across the desert like a wild goose on the wing, leaving the hunter behind it, unless circumvented by means of human cunning. Two or three hunters, combining to turn and weary them, generally succeed in running them down, but even then great caution must be observed in approaching them, as a stroke of the wing or foot of this bird is perfectly capable of breaking the thigh bone of the strongest man, or seriously wounding a horse.

When the season of incubation is past, the ostrich is gregarious in its habits, and very friendly with the other denizens of the plains. Flocks of twenty or thirty of them keep generally together, and move quite unconcernedly amongst the wild antelopes and zebras, which share with them the scanty herbage that the plain supplies. The Hottentots are very fond of the eggs of the ostrich as food; and some of the curiosity-venders at the Cape of Good Hope make a sort of trade in disposing of the shells to the sailors, who purchase them as presents to their friends, and as memorials of their voyages.

The flesh of the ostrich, which is dry and rancid, is not at all esteemed as food; two or three white feathers on the tail of the male bird alone give it its value. The influence of European fashion is thus felt even in the most distant and desert places. The streams of the Ural Mountains and those of Brazil are searched for gems to enhance female beauty and enrich aristocratic attire. The goats of Tibet and the silkworms of Bengal pay tribute to the elaborate tastes of civilised nations. The cotton-trees of Virginia and of Assam yield the downy beds of their seeds to clothe those who dwell thousands of miles from the place of their growth. The wool of the merino sheep, the skin of the tiger, the tusk of the mighty elephant that browses on the luxuriant herbage of Ceylon and Bornea, and the very tail of the desert bird, must be brought to minister to the necessities and luxuries of humanity. Truly there is no spot on the earth too distant, no creature too mean to escape the absolute dominion of man.

THE HUNTSMAN'S CHORUS IN DER FREYSCHUTZ.

On one stormy night at Vienna, a young man stumbled over a corpse which lay in the kennel. He shuddered, for he fancied that he had trodden upon the victim of some misfortune or some murder; but on stooping to assist a fellow-creature, he soon ascertained that his foot had only

touched a man who had taken too much wine. 'Thou drunkard,' exclaimed he. At these words, the brute, wallowing in the mire, raised his head, wiped the mud off his forehead with the back of his hand, and, with a faltering voice, said, 'Don't go, I pray you, M. Weber. I am a drunkard; but it's no reason I should be left to die here. Take me home; I live close by, in the new staad. Have no fear—you are already soaked enough with rain not to dread being wetted by me.'

Weber, moved by compassion, took the drunkard by the arm, and proceeded with him towards the quarter he had mentioned. Being put on his legs and in motion, the tippler recovered some strength, and some small share of his senses. In the struggle between mind and wine various incoherent sentences escaped his lips.

'What a storm,' said he—'a splendid storm, indeed! and yet I beheld one much more magnificent, fifty years ago, in the environs of Torre del Greco, in Italy. Then, M. Weber, I was young, handsome, and, like you, had talent. I composed operas, as you do. Brute that I am, I then dreamt of fame, glory, and wealth, whilst doomed, in the pursuit of art, to fall into an abyss of gross intemperance and drunkenness. Once plunged into such infamy, it is as well to fall dead drunk into some kennel, and forget all for some hours.' Here he had a fit of laughter so loud and bitter that the howling of three or four terrified dogs responded to it. 'Let me see,' continued he, 'what was I just now saying? Ah! I recollect. I was wandering about Torre del Greco in a horrible weather as this. I repeatedly knocked at the door of an isolated house. At length a 'Who's there?' was uttered by a feeble voice. 'A stranger, who has lost his way, and wants shelter,' cried I. The door was opened, and I beheld before me a pale-looking young man, who had just left his bed, whither he was suffering, to afford me a refuge. Shelter was all he could give, for I found in the room neither a morsel of bread nor a drop of wine. When we had made some little acquaintance, I could not help expressing to my host my surprise at his loneliness. 'I have come hither,' said he, 'to conceal my shame, and die unknown.' 'Unknown!' exclaimed I. 'Yet I see here musical manuscripts, with numerous corrections, which seem to denote that you are engaged in composition. It is a singular chance that brings us together. I also dream of a *maestro's* glory, and am seeking through poverty access to the sanctuary of art. I have fled the shop of my father, a respectable and rich tradesman of Vienna, and am travelling in Italy with a purse which never was a very round one, and which is daily flattening. But what care I? I have glory before me, and, guided by it, I walk on merrily.' 'You have a family, a father, and friends, and you have deserted them to run after a treacherous and lying phantom! Ah, I should not have done so! Listen to me, and the narrative of my life may save you from the fate that awaits you, and that has already befallen me.' The poor fellow then related the events of his life. What a life it was! A foundling of Cosaria, brought up by the charity of a tailor, admitted through charity also, in the 'Conservatory of the Poor of Jesus Christ' at Naples, he had laboured with fanatic fervour to obtain access to the scientific secrets of the musical art. His master, Gaetano Graeco, had carefully promoted his marvellous disposition and persevering patience, and on reaching manhood he had proceeded to Rome, and courted public notice. None had condescended to listen to his operas. Such as he had succeeded in bringing out, at an immense cost, had met with a complete *fiasco*, and the unhappy musician, repulsed, baffled, and derided, had sought his own powers, fled to the foot of Vesuvius, and, 'tired at the humble roof where I had found him. 'Come, come,' said I, when he had told his mournful tale, 'you must not despair thus. Success often waits us when no longer hoped for. I am sure the music you have just written will yield more glory than your preceding works.' I now took up the music, sat myself down to a wretched spinnet that stood there, and began to play. It was a sublime melody, that you well know, M. Weber. It was

the *Stabat Mater* of Pergoleze. By degrees a voice, at first feeble, but afterwards powerful and expressive, mingled with mine. Angels must sing in heaven as Pergoleze sung. The voice suddenly became more splendid—and then I heard it no more! I stopped. Behind me lay a corpse which had softly dropped upon the floor. Pergoleze was ending in heaven the notes he had begun uttering on earth! I spent the night by him in prayer, for I then prayed. Next day I expended my remaining cash upon the burial of the poor, great composer, and left for Rome with his immortal *Stabat Mater*. All proclaimed that unrivalled work sublime. Pergoleze's operas were revived at the theatres, and he whom the obscurity of his name had killed became renowned after his death. This is a melancholy tale, M. Weber, and yet I know one more woful still: it is that of a man who has relinquished the life of a respectable tradesman to go in pursuit of fame, and who has found but misery and opprobrium. In short, M. Weber, it is my own history. When, overwhelmed with want and humiliations, I saw that I had mistaken my course, and that Heaven had not gifted me with the sacred fire of genius, I remembered poor Pergoleze's advice, and would return to my father's shop. Alas! I could no longer breathe it; it was unto me a narrow cage, wherein I felt as if I was dying, for having rashly attempted to spread my wings towards the broad heavens. To quell my despair, to forget all, I took to drinking. Such is the reason why the boys daily pursue me in the streets, shouting out, 'There goes the drunkard!' Such is the reason you have just found me rolling in the mire!

As he was uttering this he had reached the door of a wretched dwelling. His voice was no longer affected by his potations; his step had become firm and steady. Weber was touched with compassion on beholding his pale countenance expressive of deep despair.

'Master,' said the unknown, 'your voice, and the recollections it has revived, have destroyed in me the welcome effects of wine. This is the first time for ten years past that I re-enter this den not dead drunk. Heaven has doubtless ordained it to put an end to my miseries.'

'Yes,' exclaimed Weber, whose heart melted with pity, and who had mistook his meaning; 'yes, to-morrow I shall come and see you. Yes, I shall assist you with my advice and the interest of my friends.'

The unknown shook his head, raised his eyes to heaven, and took leave of Weber.

Next day, when the latter, faithful to his promise, approached the unfortunate man's house, he perceived a large crowd gathered about it. He drew near a party of police-officers: they were conveying away the corpse of a man who had hanged himself in the night, and in whose room, according to a neighbour's statement, nothing had been found but a wretched trundle-bed and a large heap of burned papers. None knew the name of the man who, for two years past, had gone out drunk every morning, and returned drunk every night. Weber recognised the dead body. Impelled by a sorrowful curiosity, he followed into the suicide's room a host of people, who amused themselves in exploring it, and he happened to pick up a fragment of music-paper. As he perused it a tear ran down his cheeks. The half-burned fragment was an admirable chorus of hunters. From a pious recollection of the poor unknown musician who had thus destroyed himself, Carl Maria Von Weber inserted the piece into the opera he was then composing—the immortal *Der Freyschutz*.

HASSE'S 'TE DEUM.'

THE beautiful *Te Deum* of Giovanni Adolfo Hasse, surnamed Il Sassonia, a native of Bergedorf, near Hamburg, born 1699, had the following singular origin:—He had been commissioned by King Augustus III. to compose a new *Te Deum*, but having been for some time very ill, he was not disposed to study, and was unable to please himself. Meantime, the day it was to be delivered was near at hand; almost despairing of success, he took a walk, on a fine Sunday morning, in the royal park. A lusty peasant

from Gruna, who was going to take the sacrament at a neighbouring church, overtook him near the palace, addressed him cordially, and kept close to him, notwithstanding the cool answers he received. Vexed at being thus interrupted in his meditations, he was about to turn into a side path, when suddenly a ray of invention was kindled in his soul, and the leading idea of the *Te Deum* flashed across his mind. Not to lose it, he impetuously desired the peasant to stand still, ran into the gardener's lodge for a piece of chalk, and was about to draw a stave across the broad shoulders of the peasant, when the latter, already amazed at the command to stand still, grew quite angry at the chalk marks on his Sunday coat, and supposing Hasse to be mad, ran full speed towards the city, followed by Hasse chalk in hand; who luckily caught him, and begged him for heaven's sake to stop, wrote his leading theme upon the black coat, and drove its owner before him (humming the notes as he went along) to the park gate, where he obtained pen, ink, and paper, and copied the whole. With this treasure Hasse hastened home, and the principal parts of the *Te Deum* were completed. On the following day he went to Gruna, carrying a present of a dozen of wine for the obliging peasant whose black coat had been of such essential service to him.

THE DYING STUDENT.

A sick'ning weight is on my heart; I feel
The current of my life is ebbing fast.
Hark! from the minster comes the midnight peal—
When next it sounds my sorrows shall have pass'd!
The chillness of the grave already clings
About my limbs—and uncouth shapes of fear
Throng up around me—and, on ebon wings,
Death's dull-eyed king himself is hovering near.

Was it for this I curb'd the lightsome play
Of youth's high passions—its unburden'd mind?
Was it for this I flung its joys away?
And when the throes of wild ambition pined,
Why did I learning's volumed stores unclasp,
Why with rack'd brow pursue the chase for truth,
To see it ever fly my tollsome grasp,
Myself grown old amidst the wreck of youth?

A creeping stillness fills my lonely room,
No voice, no hand its palm in mine to place!
Vainly I strive amid the deep'ning gloom
To catch the light of one familiar face.
Visions there are that hover by my side,
Strewing my restless pillow with annoy:
My father weeping for his hope, his pride—
My mother wailing for her dark-hair'd boy.

My sister—my sweet sister's clear, glad voice,
As last I heard it fill the sunny air,
Is sounding near; and she, my bosom's choice,
The hallow'd idol of my soul, is there;
And yet mayhap, this very hour, her heart
Bounds to the music of its own delight,
Framing new joys, in which I bear a part—
Joys all, alas, too fair and overbright!

Oh, might I dream away into my rest,
Might lay my fever'd temple, all thrown bare,
To sleep upon her gently heaving breast,
And shade them with her folds of clust'ring hair—
To feel her arms about my neck—her kiss
Warming my clay-cold cheek—to catch her breath
Whispering kind words, meet for a time like this,
Might scare the horror of this drowsy death!

But I am here alone—all, all alone;
None near that loves me, none that I can prize;
Strange voices o'er my tuneless sleep shall moan,
And strangers' loveless hands shall close mine eyes.
How drear and dark it grows! My faithful lamp,
Burn yet a little while—'twill soon be o'er.
What means this shudd'ring dread—these dews so damp—
This chill all here about my heart?—No more!

LETTERS AND LETTER-WRITERS OF THE DAY.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

'He was no dolt,' said once a wearied personage we knew, laying his bulky length on its usual nocturnal receptacle, 'who first invented a bed' (this thought, however, we have since found in Don Quixote), so the first idea of a letter was unquestionably a flash of genuine genius. The idea of extracting the private passages of one's life—recording, and rolling up, and sealing down into compact unity, and sending off by trusty transmission little fragments of his soul—of circulating one's tiny griefs and fainter joys, and more evanescent emotions, as well as the larger incidents and deeper passions of existence—of adding wings to conversation, and by the soft soundless touch of a paper wand, and the wave of a rod of feather, annihilating time and space, 'was a delicate thought and softly bedded forth.' Once launched, this little ark of a letter bore, of course, various and motley cargoes. It suited itself easily and speedily to all the possible purposes of the human mind. It accommodated itself especially to the wants, the character, the feelings, the intellect, and the domestic life of the female sex; by a mere necessity of the case, its finer and more remarkable specimens floated up into the light of publication, and became a distinct and attractive part of literature; and, after the revolution of many ages, there is no species of composition which, whether printed or not, is so generally or deservedly dear as the letter. Such is its brief history.

What, it may be inquired, is the ideal of a letter? And here a great amount of nonsense has been spoken. A letter, say some, must be easily written, with no cramp words, no high-flown raptures, no elaborate discussions. And if by ease be meant the absence of stiff and set forms of phraseology, of the proud flesh and flummery of rhetoric, of the technicalities and involved terminology of a scientific style, this is true, not only of the letter, but of all lighter kinds of composition—the essay, tale, &c. This, then, is not to define a letter, but merely to describe one of these properties which it possesses, and possesses not alone. Nay, if a letter be a true thing—a mirror of the writer's heart—a miniature-mirror, if you will—and if across that heart be driven—and why not?—abrupt, vehement, profound, tempestuous emotion, like sudden and terrible storms, why should not these also find a reflection there? Why should not a letter unite to ease the far higher qualities of earnestness, enthusiasm, philosophic reflection, or poetic feeling? Why should it not suit the subject, the state of the writer's mind, the character of the correspondent, the circumstances amid which he writes? Who, called on to read the letter of a patriot, written on the morning of his execution—or a poet's, written after the commencement, or in one of the deep lulls, or at the close of some heroic work—or of a martyr, penned an hour ere ascending to receive the eternal crown—could dare to blame them for the lack of a certain slipshod ease, and not rather rejoice that in their hands the thing had become a trumpet, and that, under their noble management, the rocking-horse had been sublimed into a fiery Pegasus? And, accordingly, in the best collections of epistolary writing extant, we find that ease, their delightful charm in general, is at one time rounded into elegance, at another strengthened into vigour; now sharpens into sarcasm, and now intensifies into invective; is perpetually exploding into eloquence, or effervescing into wit; can at one time sink into the depths of the metaphysical, and at another spring up into the sevenfold hallelujahs of the poetical. Indeed, the absurd expectation of perpetual ease in letters, has led to the very opposite artificial carelessness, no more resembling genuine ease than a harlot's affection does a milkmaid's artlessness.

Others maintain that all letters should be short; but we can hardly admit size to enter into our deliberate judgment of any artistic composition especially, as, though we did, the questions would recur, What is the particular size requisite? Into how many pages or lines must a letter be

condensed? How many penny stamps will it require? Surely these are questions for the post-office clerk, not for the critic. To close this trifling, a letter being just talk, written and winged, may, like talk, be short or long, trifling or serious, wise or witty, flighty or fervid, discursive or deep, homely or magnificent, provided it be sincere, natural, and excellent in its kind.

It were a pleasing task to take a retrospective look at the fine field of epistolary writing, as it stretches from the earliest times, inclusive of Cicero and Pliny among the ancients—of Madame de Sévigné, Babet, Racine, and Voltaire, among the French—of the Italian, Ludovico Dolce, Bernardo Tasso, Pietro Aretino, and Gassparo Gozzi—of the German, Lessing, Winckelmann, Jacobi, Wassa, Glan, Burger, Schiller, Goethe, &c.—and of Howel, Temple, Addison, Pope, Swift, Gay, Bolingbroke, Walpole, Lady Montague, and Lord Chesterfield among the English. But this, even were we capable of embracing it, our limits would forbid. A similar cause prevents our dilating on the application of the epistolary form to didactic purposes by Bolingbroke, Mendelssohn, Schiller, and Foster; to poetical purposes by Horace, Pope, Swift, and Akenside; to political purposes by Junius, Burke, Sidney Smith, and Bulwer; to controversial and critical purposes by Wesley, Fuller, Porson, and Priestley, &c.; or to scientific purposes by Professor Nichol, &c. All such, besides, are not letters properly so called; they are expressly written for publication. The selection of the epistolary form is almost arbitrary. They are, in fact, moral, or political, or religious treatises, broken down into letters; and of such qualities as familiarity, unguardedness, delicious recumbency of mind, free and fearless indulgence of every emotion, and expression of every sentiment, they are entirely and elaborately destitute. Nor must we stop to criticise those imitations of real correspondence which we find in the novels of Richardson, Madame D'Arblay, Mackenzie, the author of 'Selwyn in Search of a Daughter,' Madame de Staël, and Sir Walter Scott. Our business is with the *bona fide* letter-writing of the present day.

And yet, in spite of our previous determination, we must say a word or two on three of the principal writers in the past—Gray, Cowper, and Burns. Gray was a cloistered scholar, with just poetry enough to impregnate the mass of his learning, to stiffen his odes into splendour, and to make his correspondence the most instructive in the world. There is about it all a rich, oily flow of recondite learning, a gentle glow of poetic feeling, a scholar-like tone of thought, and a fine enthusiastic warmth in descriptions of scenery. He reminds you, when he steps abroad, of a school-boy let loose in vacation time amid a wilderness of picturesque and novel scenes. He wanders about rocky Cumberland, carrying a classical atmosphere about with him, seeing all things, from Skiddaw to Crossfell, in a golden haze of antique associations; little aware that there was then alive in England a little boy, who, by the daring use of his own eyes and his own imagination, was destined to crown the scene with a new diadem, and to render Rydal Mount ground as holy and haunted as Vallambrosa or Tempe's Vale. Honour, however, to the old bard, who first indicated in the Lake country the presence of transcendent beauties, and painted them with a fine and tender pencil. It is as a letter-writer that Gray will survive. His hoard of useless learning was buried with him; and though it had, like the knowledge of many great scholars, such as Bentley and Warburton, enshrined itself in some huge controversy, or piled up mountain of paradox, it had been much the same in the end. His odes, hovering between excellence and absurdity, sublimity and bombast, darkness and barbaric lustre, will at last rest beside all other modern Pindarics in the shadow of solid oblivion. His 'Elegy,' and his 'Eton College,' though elegant, pathetic, tender, and true, are but two tiny wings for bearing down the weight of such a reputation as his; but the erudition, the purity of style, the compactness of size, and the simplicity and picturesqueness distinguishing his letters, have secured at once their reputation and his name. It is curious to notice how men are often remembered for that

which they themselves least value. Thus Petrarch's sonnets live while his 'Africa' is forgotten; Tasso's first version of the 'Jerusalem Delivered' remains, while his darling second rots; Cowley's careless prose eclipses the 'Davideis'; Milton's 'Lycidas' has more admirers than the 'Paradise Regained'; Dryden's 'Fables' are more read than his 'Virgil'; Pope's 'Rape of the Lock' is thought worth a gross of his 'Homer'; Johnson's 'Table-Talk' is likely to outlive his 'Irene'; Thomas Brown's lectures are immeasurably superior to his poetry; and Coleridge's 'Love' is read by thousands who never heard of his 'Biographia Literaria,' or 'Friend.'

Cowper, like Gray, was a recluse, but shut in by what different walls! While the one was encircled by the proud pile of an ancient college, and by a deep hedge of aged tomes, the other dwelt, wild-eyed and pale, in the dungeon of his own soul, a darkened dome above, and a weltering gulph below. And yet, through the chinks in that prison-house, what gleams now of beauty, and now of wild, wrinkled, distorted mirth found their way! In his correspondence he has faithfully chronicled all the sad and merry experiences of his soul. Indeed, his letter-writing is more true to the general current of his feelings, and the common habitudes of his life, than even his poetry. The latter was the product always of his studious, and often of his sadder hours; whereas the former shows him in the dishabille of his mind, feeding his hares, making his bird-cages, watching with quiet twinkling eye the humours of Olney; and, in the society of his Mary, and in the light of her shining needles, almost forgetting the hateful delusion that he was subject to perdition, by the special decree of one whose name is Love! It is this which gives the letters of Cowper their peculiar charm, not merely their ease, nor their simplicity, nor their humour, nor their enthusiasm, nor their holiness, nor their sincerity, as transcripts of his feelings and pursuits; but it is the contrast between their airy buoyancy and the fixed morbid misery of their author, and the view this gives you of the irrepressible spring of enjoyment originally possessed by the mind, which not even the misery of madness could entirely choke up, and of the power of that sense of the ridiculous which could wreath the grim features of despair into contagious smiles. And yet, when you reflect that this mirth, after all, was only sunshine on a sepulchre—hollow, galvanic laughter, or like that which the laughing-gas would force from the cheek of the criminal on the very scaffold, furnishing hardly a momentary relief to the poor riven heart within, and ending in an aggravated dreariness and a blacker gloom, you feel it to be a dreadful gaiety—you shut the book in sorrow; and, while admitting some dark original distemper in the blood, and while blaming no particular system of theology, you yet breathe a wish that the remedy of religion had been more mildly and tenderly applied to the sore, and assumed less the form of a cauterising and consuming fire, and more that of the balm of Gilead.

How great the contrast between the two timid and scholarly recluses, Gray and Cowper, and the brawny, bustling, fierce, and passionate ploughman, Robert Burns! Not less the difference between their styles of correspondence—the one simple, natural, quietly humorous, sustained, in some cases finely polished, the legitimate product of the 'cups which cheer but not inebriate,' and drunk, too, under elegant curtains, beside blazing fires, and amid the smiles of the fair; the other abrupt, wild, coarse, extravagant, roaring in their style like a spate, evidently written on the top of deal tables, or on chests of drawers, in wayside inns, and in the fire of pottledeep potations—in short, the very rinsings of a great soul. And, in thus describing the letters of Burns, we are *ipso facto* wiping away much stupid and worthless criticism which has been expended upon them. Men—yea, learned men—have set to work upon them, armed with line and rule, flanked with dictionary and grammar, and sought to prove them imperfect, stilted, bombastic, and so forth. In the name of wonder, how could they be sought else? Who would have been more ready than Burns himself to admit

all their faults, while heaving them by chestfuls into the fire? But it is nevertheless the glory of these letters and a feather in Burns's cap, that, written in the course of a wandering, uncertain, laborious, and dissipated life—in snatches of time, sometimes in excitement, and by a half-educated man, they contain—while, as a whole, inferior to Cowper's and Gray's—passages superior to anything in their's, nay, equal to anything in the whole range of epistolary composition; passages soaring into eloquence and absolute poetry; and that, besides, even the fulsome flattery, the fustian, the ribaldry, and the outrageous nonsense of the worst of them, are redeemed by the touches of beauty which are lavishly interspersed, and by the insane energy in which all swim. The everyday Burns, we imagine, is seen more to the life in the letters than in any part of the poems; and to them we tell those to repair who would form an idea of the 'rattling roving Robin' in his wilder, madder, fiercer, more absurd, more capricious moods.

We lately, in a Glasgow newspaper, made an assertion in reference to the obscenity of Burns's unpublished letters, which was fiercely contested. Our authority was Byron; and we have since found a passage in one of his papers giving more at large the character of these letters: 'I have myself seen a collection of letters of another eminent nay, pre-eminent, deceased poet, so abominably gross, and elaborately coarse, that I do not believe they could be paralleled in our language. What is more strange, is that some of these are couched as postscripts to his serious and sentimental letters, to which are tacked either a piece of prose, or some verses of the most hyperbolical indecency. He himself says, that if 'obscenity [using a much coarser word] be the sin against the Holy Ghost, he most certainly cannot be saved.' These letters are in existence, and have been seen by many besides myself.' That Byron alludes here to Burns is certain, from another passage where he expressly names him, as the author of obscene letters, and more briefly, though to the same purpose, characterises them.

Let Byron's own name stand first in the catalogue of the letter-writers of our own century. And in this department, as in others, he was spurred and stung into power. Byron's earlier letters are amazingly stiff, cramped, cold, heartless, worse than even Dr Johnson's, because then he was a young dissipated coxcomb; as light, but not so pure as a butterfly, and had neither fully found his intellect nor his heart. But from the date of his expulsion from England, not only did his genius rush into red and terrible blossom, but his passions also—all that he had—his pride, his lust, his wrath, his scorn, his despair, were moved from their lowest depths; and, standing under the shadow of the Alps, or at bay by the waters of the Adriatic, he became a more exact impersonation of Lucifer than the earth ever saw before, or shall ever, we hope, see again. He was at length fairly in earnest, and from that hour there opened up in him an epistolary vein, like the minor mouth of a volcano. His letters from Italy are the fierce splashings of a desperate man. They are full of nerve, fire, fiendish scorn, angry eloquence, wild fun, dying away into wilder sobs and inarticulate shudderings. Careless in the extreme, dashed down evidently in the sullen intervals of indulgence, they resemble lampoons rather than letters. Written alongside of the wonderful poems he was then pouring out, they form the best commentary on them; and it is interesting, while these great cataracts are heaving on, to mark this attendant spray-sweat of their agony—while those great guns are opening, one after another, at society and man, to watch this deadly small-shot which he keeps up in company. They contain, besides, the germ of some of his finest passages. They are not devoid of softening touches, like green sunshine upon lava; they are specimens of his excited talk; they cast a light far down into the depth of his godless and hopeless nature; and they tell tales as to the character of that London society, who met regularly in Murray's backshop, to laugh at the ribaldry, smile gravely at the blasphemy, and chuckle over the obscene jokes contained in those missives of Venetian lewdness, infamy, and despair.

The letters of Shelley differ as widely from Byron's as do the characters of the two men, who, utterly dissimilar, were thrown together by misfortune, as might an antelope and a hyena be driven into one cavern by a thunder-storm. A great deal has been written about Shelley—we have written much ourselves—but the truth lies in a nutshell. He was a monomaniac—on one subject, alas! the most important of all, he was mad; and this furnishes the key to his correspondence. In style it is simple, clear, yet stately; in sentiment, heroic, enthusiastic; in purpose and spirit, soft and pure; in descriptions of scenery, rich and graphic; in pictures of art, transparent as painting itself; and in reflections on human life, minute and profound. But let the subject of Christianity cross the page; poison distils upon it, fury rages along the line, and under a damp dew of disgust and horror you are tempted, shuddering, to shut the book for ever. We call upon the sane of Shelley's friends to blot out from his correspondence and his poetry those miserable ravings of frenzy which they seem absurdly to mistake for the oracular dictates of inspiration. We say the *sane* of Shelley's friends, for that all are not deserving of this title is, we fear, but too manifest from Captain Medwyn's recent 'Life of Shelley.' That this gentleman means well to the memory of his friend we are ready to admit. For his politeness to ourselves we thank him. With his estimate of Byron and Hobhouse we, on the whole, agree; but a worse judged and a worse executed book we never read. It is neither a full and faithful life, nor is it a satisfactory apology for Shelley. It is rather a mean, waspish resuscitation of forgotten feuds and grudges of the author's own, about which the world cares precisely nothing. It shows little real insight either into Shelley's character or genius. By not frankly acknowledging his faults and errors, it loses all claim to the character of a genuine biography. What with the wretched blunders in grammar, punctuation, and taste, with which it abounds, and with the fact that it is half made up of extracts from others, we feel justified in pronouncing it a piece of bad and unblushing book-making, enough to make Shelley's dust shiver in its urn, although his *bones* cannot turn in their grave.

Robert Hall has left a few letters, which do not reach, much less surpass, mediocrity, and the publication of which is to us a mystery, unless it were to prove that his ornate, elaborate, and refined genius was unable or unwilling to dispend its collected strength, and to unloose its golden couplets into the elegant disarrangement of a letter. Linked to a wheel of pain, besides, how could he ever be sufficiently at ease to recline on the couch of epistolary luxury?

Coleridge has left behind him some fine letters—fine, however, rather as specimens of his general power of writing, than as answering to our letter-writing ideal. Witness his epistles to Cottle, conceived and written in the most awful plenitude of the spirit of a kind of composition which is exceeding rare, self-invective, in which the conscience seems to spring out of the man, to perch itself over against, and to scream out accusation to his face. Call them not letters, call them prose penitential psalms. Never were the horrors of a spirit wailing over spiritual sin, and swimming in a spiritual fire of its own kindling, more fearfully portrayed. But the real letters of Coleridge are his precious deposits on the margins and fly-leaves of volumes. These supply as yet the best notion of his magical talk. They are in fact epistles to himself or to the dead. They show the lazy leviathan weltering on the calm sunset waters of meditation; while around him, from the dim caves of the ocean stream of the past, gather up the kindred giant forms of Plato, Plotinus, Roger Bacon, Jacob Behmen, Sir Thomas Browne, Dr Donne, and Jeremy Taylor, and the soul of the slumberer is glad.

Sidney Smith must be a rare letter-writer, if incessant smartness, springy motion, terse energy, witticisms, panting at each other's heels, and a delightful mannerism, can contribute to the perfection of the art. Yet who could have borne an incessant pelting of such letters as Peter Plymley's? It had been death without benefit of clergy. Have our readers ever heard the redoubted Sidney's joke

anent Rogers? 'When Rogers wishes to be safely delivered of a *couplet*, he takes to bed, gets sawdust sprinkled before his door, and orders the servant to say to all callers that his master is *as well as can be expected*.' How like both parties!

We have seen some specimens of Brougham's and Carlyle's style. Both were highly characteristic of the parties: the former rough, rapid, sketchy, setting polish and particularity at defiance, the skimmings of his speechification; the latter elegant miniatures of the man, equally powerful and more finished than his works, genuine *seed-pearl*.

'Conversation Sharp' has left some morsels in the shape of letters—short, simple, and sententious—extracts from the rich volume of his talk. He had what we beg leave to call a *creaming* intellect, not very powerful, but highly cultivated and chastened down to a certain simplicity. He slips out the nicest little things imaginable. Gentle concentration is his forte. 'Do but just go on,' he says to one pursuing the journey of life, 'and *some unseen path will open among the hills*.' His poetry is the last faint reflection of the age of Queen Anne, and amid the excited verse of the present day looks as strange and awkward as would a gentleman with bag, big wig, and sword, in a modern club-house or conversation. His essays are delectable tid-bits, and are interesting, too, as the last flutterings, we fear, of that elegant but departing form of composition.

Sir James Mackintosh was too elaborate, too scholastic, too much of a lecturer, too little of an artless man, to be a good letter-writer. Even in conversation we are told that his long-windedness was intolerable. 'You could see a sentence of his a quarter of an hour before he crept to it, and you knew his conclusion before he conceived it himself. He had the most extraordinary formality of phrase, yet was an amiable, courteous-mannered man, blameless, except when he began to prose; then all his virtues were expunged at once, and sentence of perpetual exile or sudden death was felt to be the only safety for the social order of the table.' And yet he has left two of the noblest letters ever penned. We refer to the two addressed to Robert Hall on his recovery from derangement, which we have elsewhere characterised as rather resembling offerings on a shrine than ordinary letters, and as forming the sublimest memorials which genius has ever consecrated to friendship.

Charles Lamb—blessings on his kind heart!—could write nothing but what was full of himself and worthy of his quaint and exquisite genius. Seldom has there been such a unique being as Lamb; seldom has there been one whose mannerism was so intense, so incessant, and so delightful withal; and seldom was an author so completely seen in and identified with his works. They remind us of the Hermitage of Dunkeld, where the image of one's self is reflected at once in a hundred mirrors. Lamb could write nothing ill, simply because he could never write out of character, or travel out of himself. Every scratch of his pen was characteristic—'Love me, love my dog.' Love Lamb, you were compelled to love everything about him—his very errors, absurdities, nonsense, and follies; and his letters, accordingly, you must like, since they are bits of himself, *peppings* of his character, as when the blue sky looks down by stealth and in snatches through the riven clouds.

Walter Scott was a plain, sensible, business-like letter-writer. Down upon the point he comes at once; with all the weight of his manly understanding. There is no *emtusymusy*, no bravuras, no playful dallying, no fond, reluctant, amorous delay to leave a favourite topic, or to cease indulging a peculiar whim. All is plain sailing. His letters are intensely Scotch. Here and there, too, kindles up the irrepressible fire of the Border minstrel, and a single sentence, or the member of a sentence, or a stray figure, or one winged word, reminds you that this shrewd, clear-headed lawyer is at the same time the creator of 'Ivanhoe,' and the poet of 'Marmion.' Still, as in Boswell's Johnson, the letters are the only parts of Scott's life you are sometimes tempted to skip. Many of them

are cold, dry, and naked, like boughs in winter, wanting all that 'soft luxury of foliage which makes a perfect tree, or a perfect letter.

Foster's letters always appear to us like the attempts of a Scandinavian giant to write English. They are rude, first copies, but done with a vast, though straggling and uneven fist. They are the curdlings of that system of which his after essays are the creation. As of his essays, so of his letters—the strongest stimulus is that of austere and holy hatred; and if Foster had been (with his peculiar tendencies) in a place where sin and evil were not, he had been a greyhound in a hareless world—an eagle reduced to prey on rock instead of roe. As it is, we are credibly informed that he has left behind him many letters of the most unsparing satire and uproarious fun, which his friends have not the courage or sense to publish.

Ere describing some of the *dû minorum gentium* in this department, we may observe what a feast is reserved for the public in the letters of our living or recently dead men of genius, such as Southey, Wordsworth, Wilson, Chalmers (if they can be deciphered), De Quincey, Lord Jeffrey, Leigh Hunt, &c.

The females of the age ought to shine in this department. De Quincey somewhere says that the letters of ladies are the best standard and furnish the best specimens of the literary style of this age. We agree with this sentiment—holding it, however, as part of a more general truth, that the finest wit, eloquence, elegance, purity, simplicity, and naïveté of any age, are to be found in those artless, earnest things which are silently exchanging between its private or palace homes. To a lady, a letter is a very important affair. It is her whole literature. It is a paper receptacle for her private thoughts, ingenuous affections, 'virgin fancies,' playful gossip, and amiable spite. If it does not always dip down into her inmost nature, and bring up those lofty disinterested emotions which, more than curling locks, or beaming eyes, or noble forms, are the glory of the sex, it catches and preserves her quieter charms, her every-day life, the elegant undress of her spirit. Unfortunately, however, almost all female letter-writers, whose letters have been published, have been blue—deeply, darkly, beautifully blue; and this has rendered their letters colder, or more affectedly warm—statelier, or more elaborately negligent—wittier, or wiser, or more learned, or more evidently intended for publication, than we could have desired. There is less, too, of the genuine female character discovered in them than in the far humbler and much less clever effusions of every-day life. Their authors write too like the correspondents of a novel. Their eloquence is apt to flutter up into that romantic falsetto, which may be endured as it issues from their 'most sweet voices,' but which is intolerable in print. Their proverbial keenness of personal observation often degenerates into caricature; their wit is frequently forced and uneasy; their gossip, inuendo, scandal, &c., are generally destitute of that naïveté and naturalness which, in conversation and letters really private, carry off the sting, and afford us a titillating stimulus. These remarks apply in part to the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, otherwise so lively, graphic, and instructive withal. They are still more strongly exemplified in those of Mrs Montague, of which we remember a sarcastic and ponderous critique from the pen of John Foster, in the 'Eclectic Review.' It reminds us of a butterfly broken on a wheel.—But at the head of affected, sickly, sentimental, and would-be-smart female letter-writers, stands far and *facile princeps* Anna Seward. It is amusing to see how the solitary grain of cleverness given to this lady seems to perk and prim itself up into attitudes and airs which would be ludicrous in the most stupendous genius. Finding herself inserted, somehow or other, in the centre of a ring of giants, she too must ape at least their grimaces and copy their faults.—The letters of Hannah More, though not quite free from the twaddle of the time, are to us the most pleasing, because natural, of all her productions. We find in them no stiff embroideries of style, no desperate attempts at the elephantine swagger of Dr Johnson, as ludicrous as though a lady

made thin by vinegar were to mimic the roll of a portly bishop—no unmitigated and unfeminine antithesis, such as her other works abound in to repletion: her letters are, for the most part, easy and spirited—the outpourings of a young fresh mind, with an eager eye for the lofty, and a still keener eye for the ludicrous aspects of the splendid scene amid which she had been dropped down, as if from the clouds.—The same character might be repeated, *totidem verbis*, of Madame D'Arblay's correspondence—only she seems to have been more spoiled by the gay circle in which she moved, and to have relished with a deeper glee the absurdities which she knew how well to caricature, and which, even previous to observation, she had, in 'Revelina,' as her natural game, run down.—Mrs Grant is one of the best letter-writers of those times. Her 'Letters from the Mountains' are fresh as breezes from the land of the heather; they are redolent of joy and youth. By her brief, lively touches, she brings before us the country of the grey mist, the glittering lake, the bold peak, the red clump of heath, the solitary cairn, the eagle rising from his eyrie over the arch of the rainbow, the cataract pealing forth his everlasting plaint amid the brush of the wilderness, the ocean speaking in thunder up the cliff-bound coasts of the unconquered and unconquerable land. The slight shade of affectation which she here and there exhibits, somehow becomes her, and you forgive it as readily as you do the air with which a Highland maiden folds round her her tartan shawl, or lets it float in picturesque confusion, to attract the eye of a stray Sassenach among her native hills. Manifestly she was, when she wrote these letters, a fine enthusiast; her spirit as well as her person dwelt among the moors, mountains, and wildernesses of her country; her step caught fire from the heather, she was even a half-believer in the superstitions of the traditional land; distance and seclusion secured to her an independent habit of thought, and you love her for fearlessly expressing every idea and emotion which crossed her soul in its solitude.

The religious letter-writers of this and the age immediately preceding have been exceedingly numerous. Hervey's are better than his 'Meditations'; the tendency of his taste to the vulgar florid, which misled him often, is here subdued, and that heart and holiness which were his principal qualities come transparently out. We think we still see our own venerable father (himself the author of a volume of 'Letters to Afflicted Friends,' remarkable for pathos, dignified simplicity, and a natural flow of eloquence) self-propped on his pillow, the day before his death, and reading with eager look the letters of Hervey.—Newton's epistles are all faithful echoes of the strange, romantic, ingenuous, yet one-sided man, whose 'Narrative' is, next to Bunyan's 'Grace Abounding,' the most intensely true and personally characteristic perhaps ever written. 'Cardiphonia' is no misnomer—a real voice from the heart.—Mrs Huntingdon, Miss Woodbury, Miss and Mrs Grahame, have all left examples of a style of writing which, in scriptural simplicity and the majesty of naked godliness, rises far above literary criticism.—Cecil's letters are quaint but rich.—Foster, besides his general correspondence, has left one consolatory letter (to Caroline) which reaches the sublime. Death seems to dwindle as the majestic reasoning goes on, and is at last 'swallowed up in victory.' It reminds us of that lone, armless hand in the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' stretched down to comfort Christian after his fight with Apollyon. So does this letter, as with the touch of Eternity, dry up the tears of Time.—Jay, James, Hawkins, Belfrage, &c., have all written beautiful condoling epistles; but perhaps the finest volume of this nature we have read is a little duodecimo by the late Rev. Mr Jameson, of Methven. To feel their merit fully, indeed, we should have known the man, who, in a very different way, was as unique as Elia; and how would Lamb have rejoiced over some of them! Even the reader least prepared by acquaintance and sympathy for the perusal of this unpretending volume, cannot lay it down without admiration for the piety, originality, quaint turns of expression, searching pathos, and large-heartedness of the being who felt for a friend's loss quite

as keenly as for his own—who dipped his pen of consolation in the gashes of his own heart—and who, at length, when his own 'post' came, dropped off his chair into the arms of death so softly, and lay in them so smilingly, having died in a moment and without a pang, that some one who saw him said, 'Surely the angels have straitkit him.'

CHIPS FROM MY LOG.

No. II.

OLD NOTIONS ABOUT A VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA—ARRIVAL AT SYDNEY—PORT JACKSON—COUNTRY AROUND—WEATHER—LEAVE FOR BATAVIA—KING'S ISLAND.

A WRITER in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for September 1786, expresses himself thus:—'It has been seen in the public prints, that a plan for forming a settlement at Botany Bay for the restriction of transported felons, is actually to be carried into execution; but the plan is so wild and extravagant, that we can hardly believe it could be countenanced by any professional man after a moment's reflection. Not the distance only, but the almost impracticability of crossing the line with a number of male and female felons, who, in their cleanliest state, and as much at large as can with safety be allowed them in jail, and with frost, are scarcely to be kept from putrid disorders, must for ever render such a plan abortive. The rains, tornadoes, and heats that accompany these tempests near and under the line, are often fatal to the hardest navigator; besides the mountainous seas that are almost always to be encountered in passing the Cape, and in the latitudes in which the transports must pursue their course to Botany Bay, no man surely who had a life to lose, or a relative or friend that he wished ever again to see, would engage in so hazardous an undertaking. We may therefore venture to foretell, that if any such desperado should be found, his fate, like that of Lunardi's* late expedition, will for ever date a second repetition. . . . Add to these objections, that the natives are the most savage and ferocious of any that Captain Cook met with in exploring the eastern coast of New Holland.' How mistaken were their prophecies and forebodings, and how little did they dream in those days of what Australia was to become!

After a pleasant passage of five days from Port Philip, we reached Sydney on the 8th November. The view while sailing up the noble harbour of Port Jackson is as fine as one could wish to see. The shores are very tortuous; now jutting out into bold rocky promontories, and again receding to form quiet, sunny bays, with beaches of smooth white sand. Cottages and villas, with their surrounding gardens, enliven the dark native forests, while the surface of the water is studded with rocky and wooded islets, and glancing with white sails. Advancing up the harbour, the fine country houses get more numerous; a few wind-mills and a village called Woolloomooloo become visible; then the government house and gardens; and lastly, after sailing about six miles from the 'Heads,' or entrance of the harbour, we drop anchor in Sydney Cove, having Port Macquarie on one side of us, and part of the town built on a rocky peninsula on the other.

Sydney is a passable enough town, but scarcely fulfils the promise which it holds out from a distance. The chief attractions about it are the government domains, with the public parks and gardens, which are deservedly very much frequented. A cool, quiet nook of the botanical garden I shall ever bear in affectionate remembrance. In the midst of a small pond, thickly surrounded by drooping willows, is a monument 'to the memory of Allen Cunningham, botanist,' and close by it there is a rustic seat overshadowed by a clump of tall bamboos, where in the heat of the day I often spent a solitary hour. Decidedly the greatest ornament of Sydney is its harbour; and not only is it the

finest feature of the landscape, but it furnishes the inhabitants with two of their most favourite amusements, namely, bathing and boating. Its shores and islands are mostly formed of sandstone, at some places representing upright faces, worn and scooped out by the water; at others, piled up in huge picturesque masses, whose crevices afford lodgment to a great variety of shrubs and flowers. The winding arms of the bay, bordered by pure white sand, and fringed by dark forests dotted over with cottages and gardens, I have already noticed.

During our stay I had many botanising excursions to the surrounding districts, but the country is less attractive than that about Port Philip. The forests are here more extensive and continuous, and the open lands more sterile, being for the most part either swampy or sandy, and covered with stunted shrubs. Paramatta, a village about sixteen miles inland from Sydney, is a very pleasant place, and proceeding from this in the direction of Windsor on the Hawkesbury, the country becomes more open and fertile, and is largely under cultivation. In the direction of the sea, and towards Botany Bay (which is about seven miles from Sydney), the land is almost useless in an agricultural point of view; but as botanising ground it is very rich; the profusion of flowering plants and shrubs is astonishing.

Notwithstanding that the neighbourhood of Sydney affords about the worst specimen of the colony, the situation of the capital is perfectly well chosen; its harbour being unrivalled, and communication with the other and more fertile parts of the colony being comparatively easy.

Our stay extended to nearly six weeks, and although it was the summer season, the thermometer never stood higher than 78 deg., and it ranged as low as 58 deg.; the usual temperature being about 70 deg. or a little lower. It gets hotter, however, in January and February, and the changes of temperature are sometimes very great and sudden.

During the above period we had nine rainy days, the rain being often preceded by thunder and lightning, or by lightning alone. Lightning of a very peculiar appearance was common in the evenings, from clouds hanging in the direction of the sea. The thunder-storms were generally preceded by hot weather and light northerly wind, and followed by a southerly wind and a considerable fall of temperature. On one occasion I noticed the thermometer to fall 10 deg., and on another 15 deg., on such a change of weather. I mention these facts about rain and temperature because they were considerably different from what I had been led to expect, and from what I believe to be the common notions about Australian weather in general; of course other parts of the colony and other seasons may present great differences.

On the 19th December, we left Sydney for Batavia; and on the evening of the same day saw a bright comet which we watched night after night for about a month, as it passed through the southern part of the constellation Sagittarius, and ultimately faded away among the fixed stars.

The nearest way from Sydney to Batavia is through Torres' Strait, but during a few months in the end and beginning of the year that route is not very safe, owing to the prevalence of westerly winds and cloudy weather; so we had to return through Bass' Strait and round Cape Leeuwin.

The chief incident of the passage was a visit to King's Island, situated at the western extremity of Bass' Strait, between Van Diemen's Land and the mainland of Australia. For two days we had been tacking between King's Island and Cape Otway, under double-reefed topsails and reefed courses; but as the sea was running very high, and we found ourselves gradually losing ground, we determined on taking shelter under the lee of the island, until the westerly gale should blow over. On nearing the land, the anchor was *cockbilled*, the cable cleared out, and a man placed in the main chains to take soundings. When about three miles from the shore, 'deep nine,' sung out the man in the chains, meaning there was bottom at nine fathoms. The wind then shifted a little, and we had to

* This was a celebrated aeronaut of the time, who had several narrow escapes in the course of his aerial voyaging. A description of his grand ascent from Edinburgh, and a sketch of his life, will be found in the *letterpress* to 'Key's Portraits.'

make a tack to get at what seemed good anchorage. On approaching the shore a second time the lead was kept constantly going, and when it came to 'the mark seven,' the sails were clewed up, and the anchor let go about a mile from the beach. After dinner a party of us went ashore for a little exploration. At that time the island was uninhabited, but it was occasionally visited by sealers and whalers, and was said also to be a resort of runaway convicts, so that, not knowing what sort of company we might fall amongst, we thought it prudent to arm ourselves with muskets and boarding-pikes. We landed on a sandy beach strewn with sponges, shells, and cuttlefish bones, with an occasional mass of granite rock rising above the general level. Behind the beach was a ridge of sandy ground covered with very dense brushwood, which we made several abortive attempts to penetrate. We got at length upon an eminence, whence we had a view a short distance into the interior; but, with the exception of a small lake about half-a-mile inland, we saw nothing but the thick bush, and a few patches of tall trees, dead and leafless. With some difficulty we reached the lake, and found the water of a red colour and tasting strongly of iron. Some wild-ducks were swimming and flying about, and parrots and other birds were seen among the trees. In an open space beside the lake we came upon two or three animals like young kangaroos, which stood upon their hind legs looking at us, while we tried in vain to get our old pieces to go off, in order to shoot them. After witnessing for a little our fruitless endeavours they retreated quietly into the woods. Failing to find any inlet or outlet to the lake, or anything else to excite our curiosity, we formed ourselves into a line, and began to force our way through the tangled branches, intending to return by a different route. At first we steered by the sun, but as we got farther into the bush we lost sight of it, and with it all idea of the proper direction. Coming to a small space comparatively clear we stopped to take breath and consider our bearings, while one of the party was sent up a tree to reconnoitre. From that elevated position he caught sight of the ship's masts, and, although he reported nothing but dense forest all round us, we shaped our course afresh, and pushed on with renewed vigour. Very soon, however, we were completely at fault; it was impossible to move in a straight line, and after a few turnings some said we should go one way and others another; but there was no help for it, as the bushes were so closely interwoven that it was impossible to get up any tree; so, after relieving the pioneer, we again advanced almost at random. In a little we came to another small clearing, and, while stopping to consult, we heard the noise of the surf close at hand. Once more, then, we boldly plunged in, but in vain. The brushwood presented an impenetrable wall, and we might as well have tried to walk through a haystack. After a careful examination, we at length found a spot that seemed pervious; and our leader, shutting his eyes, set his shoulder to it and forced his way, the rest following close. In a few minutes we suddenly emerged upon the top of a sandbank close to the beach, and our labours were over.

Next morning, the wind having changed, we got under weigh, and sailed round the east side of the island, with a light breeze from N.N.E., keeping a bright look-out, and *feeling* our way with the lead, as several rocks and reefs were appearing above water. At night we rounded the south end of the island, and next day we were hove to under close-reefed topsails, with another strong gale from the west. The day following (New-Year's Day) rose bright and sunny: the wind died gently away, and the thermometer stood at 60 deg.

LITTLE DAVID.

[By Miss MERRON, in the 'English Journal']

THE spot with which we are concerned is a district of Oxfordshire, divided from the gay and populous county of Berks, and the busy, thriving town of Belford Regis, by one of the most beautiful boundaries in her Majesty's do-

minions, the broad translucent Thames. It is not the lover of nature only who delights in this wild district. The sportsman, baffled by the garden-like cultivation and lawn enclosures of this swarming Berkshire of ours, whose villas and villages and village-greens some irreverent fox-hunter was once pleased to designate by the name of Clapham Common, luxuriates in the distant coverts of turf hills to the north of the great river. Dear above all to the courser was that wild open country, becoming wilder and more open with every mile: the absence of hedgerows enchanted his eye, and the bleak wind, as having surmounted the Lanton Ridges, he looked fairly across the valley to Hatherton Hill, never failed to gladden his heart: Hatherton Hill being next, perhaps, to Compton Bottom, the best place for trying a greyhound in England, the very Newmarket of coursers.

No wonder that the finding themselves on the road to this place of delight, some four years ago, should exhilarate the spirits of two young country lads, who, driving a spirited horse in a light open carriage, and having charge of two or three brace of dogs belonging to a master who had gone on, an hour or two before, to enjoy a few days' coursing with an intimate friend, conceived themselves amongst the happiest and most important of all human beings. The happiness was pretty equally shared; the importance by no means so; one of the pair, by name Master Ben, being the real groom, valet, man of all work, factotum, and what not, to whom was delegated the charge of the carriage, horse, and dog; whilst his comrade, who boasted the euphonious appellation of Tom, was only a deputy's deputy, hired for the nonce; moreover, Ben was eighteen, and thought himself a man—a mistake into which Tom, younger by two years and shorter by two inches, could hardly fall; Ben had a new jacket, Tom an old one; Ben had half-a-sovereign in his pocket, Tom half-a-crown: Ben was a courser, and had been at Hatherton, whilst Tom had not only never visited that classic ground of all sportsmen, but had actually never seen a greyhound run in his life.

To do Ben justice, he did all he could to enlighten Tom's ignorance, at which he thought himself much scandalised, though whether, like many a greater man, he might not find some consolation in so fair an opportunity of laying down the law upon the subject without risk of question, may be doubted; at all events, whatever could be done by talking of coursing, from the traditions of the late Lord Rivers's kennel, the some time monarch of that princely sport, to descriptions of Mr Goodlake's, his successor in skill, in spirit, and in success, Ben performed *con amore*; and between eulogiums upon all the principal dogs, with historical accounts of their different matches, and biographies of their several trainers, mixed with certain prophecies respecting the success of 'their own stud,' to follow literally the grandiose phrase of the lecturer, especially a yellow bitch called Marigold. In talk like this, diversified with occasional digressions respecting the good cheer of the house to which they were bound, and a few hints respecting a black-eyed dairymaid, who seemed to rival Marigold in Ben's regards, the time sped pleasantly along.

Ben had talking to keep him warm, and Tom had novelty and anticipation, and the indomitable spirit of enjoyment of a country boy upon his first journey, sitting in a gentleman's carriage, and behind a gentleman's horse; less happily engrossed, they might have begun to find that the December's night was closing in raw and cold, and that when, after climbing up a steep ascent, they again got into the phaeton, the wind, which met them on the top, blew so fiercely as to render walking, if the less dignified, by very far the pleasantest mode of progress. Matters were not mended when the shelving craggy banks, picturesquely clothed with wood, which had hitherto skirted the road, disappeared, and they found themselves on a wide open common, of a very irregular surface, with a young moon just showing her slender face in a dreary-looking piece of water at some distance, and no shelter of any sort visible, so far as they could see. The wind blew colder and colder;

the very dogs, instead of keeping, as they had hitherto done, at the side of the carriage, seemed shrieking behind.

'Marigold!' cried Ben, 'Myrtle! Maytie! Marigold! Whew! Marigold, then. Whew-ew-ew!' And Ben uttered a shrill prolonged whistle, peculiar and individual as an autograph, with which he had been wont to summon his favourite.

'Whew-ew-ew!' resounded from the bottom of the hill.

Ben was no coward, and the days of ghosts were over (besides, who ever heard of a ghost whistling?), nevertheless he was a little startled; and when Tom, professing to believe it an echo, dryly desired him to try again, an injunction which he mechanically obeyed, the whistle had, so to say, a shake, which, if it could have been executed at will, would have had considerable value in a musical point of view. It's a great pity that mere letterpress can give no idea of the sound; but, although we must fail in the delineation, yet a most exact copy did arise this time from midway up the hill, continuing at intervals, mixed with slight variations, until at length a small figure, with the whole pack of missing dogs scampering around him, appeared at the top of the ascent; and Tom (for the hero of the whistle had stopped the horse from more motives, probably, than he could easily have enumerated) exclaimed, in a tone between amazement and disappointment, 'Why, it's only little David after all!'

'Only David!' rejoined Ben, giving vent to another half whistle, checked pretty hastily, as the effect of the last glanced over his recollection; 'David! why it really is that little rascal, and the wretched pigmy of an animal that Marigold is tossing over and over can be nothing but his dog Spider. I knew that he was dying to come; but to see him here, twenty miles from home, with eight good miles before us before we get to a house, and he all in rags, and without a farthing in his pocket—poor tatterdemallion!—to pay for a bed or a supper when we do get to Hatherton; hang it. Tom, there's spunk in the little creature—is not there? Suppose we take him on with us—eh? Master likes his pluck, and he'll be useful to help to hold the dogs. Here, you sir! jump up here, can't you? How came you to bring that dwarfish cur of yours with you? do you think we are going to course rats and mice, or to run against spaniels and terriers; or, for the matter of that, how came you here yourself? Get in, I say—jump!'

And with a sly whistle, ostensibly addressed to the greyhounds in general, and to Spider and Marigold in particular, but into which, in spite of his gratitude for Ben's condescension, he could not resist the temptation of infusing some slight reminiscence of the above-mentioned shake, little David did jump into the phaeton; and, animated by their past adventure (nothing is pleasanter than a brief puzzle, with the least dash in the world of a fright, when once it is happily over), the three drove on in tenfold glee.

Little David, dwarf and tatterdemallion as Ben had justly called him, was a well-known, and, to say the truth, a popular inhabitant of our good village of Aberleigh. The poor boy was an orphan, and how old he was, who were his parents, or to whom (they being dead) he might be said to belong, were questions which nobody gave themselves the trouble to ask. Whether he had such a superfluity as a surname was doubtful. I question whether he knew it himself, or whether it had ever occurred to him to make the inquiry. 'Little David' was distinction enough to him. All that was known of his history was, that he had been placed by some long-past overseer with an old parish nurse, and that when the vestry claimed him as a denizen of the workhouse, Dame Butler, a lonely and childless woman, had become so strongly attached to the friendless boy that she refused to part with him, and in spite of the remonstrances of the parish authorities, and the still more urgent pinchings of poverty and age, had contrived to support him until he could earn his own living. Wonderfully soon did that happen. David vindicated the affection of his protectress by his industry and good conduct. When our children are hardly trusted to take care of their

own limbs, he began to be useful in their little *menage*; and whilst the other brats of the village were thinking of nothing but getting into mischief and out of scrapes, he was already watching sheep, driving pigs, and keeping birds from the corn, for the farmers; milking cows, feeding poultry, and churning butter, for their wives; helping, now in the wheelwright's shop, now in the rope-yard, now at the forge; tending the curate's flowers, holding the vicar's horse, and running errands for everybody. Never was so trusty or so alert an assistant. Never, since the time of *Puck* (and really David was not much bigger than the popular notion of that *esprit follet*), was so vivacious or so diligent a little messenger. No opportunity of turning a penny in an honest way came amiss to him; and by the time he was as high, to use Ben's mode of mensuration, as Marigold's shoulder, at which time he might, by a rough computation, be about eleven years old, had fairly repaid Dame Butler's kindness by earning nearly enough, not merely for his own subsistence, but for hers.

Of all his ways of winning money, however, that in which David most delighted was the hard work called sporting, which, to that half of the world which calls itself the wiser sex, has a fascination so universal that it must in them, as in the nobler races of animals who minister to the passions, be inborn and intuitive. When still in feminine habiliments, and little bigger than a full-grown infant, it occurred to David, then exerting himself as aide-de-camp to a tall scarecrow in frightening the birds from a field of wheat, to see in a water-furrow a hare on her form. The field was by the roadside; Ben, already known to the urchin by sight and name, happened to pass; the boy pointed to the hare; Ben galloped off to fetch his master and the dogs; a fine run was the consequence; and the love of the sport from that hour never flagged or dwindled in David's bosom. As soon as he was old enough to keep up with the party, he was employed to lead the dogs, to help the spaniels in beating hedges, to find hares sitting—in short, to form one of the busy, joyous train called a coursing party; and he soon became as well acquainted with the greyhounds, and nearly as good a judge of their various merits, as Ben himself.

By accident he had even become possessed of a greyhound in his own person. One evening in the spring preceding the date of our story, a poor, scared, half-starved creature, apparently only two or three months old, was driven by some idle boys into the small court in front of Dame Butler's cottage. David, tender-hearted to all animals, rated the children, and called the frightened, trembling puppy in a tone which, with the remarkable instinct by which dogs recognise friends, the poor little thing immediately obeyed. The remains of a basket were about her neck; she had evidently escaped from some coach or railway, and wandered about probably for days. After having satisfied his conscience by making enquiries at Bedford, David, attached to his foundling—the first living thing he had ever called his own—from the sense of benefit conferred, and the poor creature's fond gratitude, prevailed with some difficulty on his good old grumbling nurse to receive Spider (by which exceedingly plebeian name he chose to designate her) as an inmate.

Never were dog and master better proportioned to each other. Spider was far more like an Italian than an English greyhound, and dwarfed probably by her early misadventure, did really seem fitter, as Ben said, to pursue after 'rats and mice, and such small deer,' than to run after a full-grown hare; and as to permitting him to try her speed against Marigold, a presumptuous wish which David had been rash enough to hint at, the thing was too derogatory to be thought of. It would be like matching a Shetland pony against a race-horse.

It was not even without many rebukes for bringing such a lap-dog, and many injunctions to remember that he must make everybody understand that Spider did not belong to 'our stud,' that Ben suffered David to bring his lap-dog (the most injurious name that he could think of) along with them. He even snubbed Tom for venturing to assert that she would be prettier if she were rather bigger. To all

such contumelies little David, who had received many kindnesses from Ben, to say nothing of the present cast, made no worse answer than a whistle.

Brightly shone the sun on Hatherton Hill, when, on the second morning after their journey, horse, and dog, and man, properly rested and refreshed, sallied forth for a long day's diversion. It was a gay and gallant sight: the hospitable host, surrounded by his own fine family, his troops of friends, and train of grooms and keepers, upon that magnificent eminence, forming a panorama, for extent and for historical interest, such as shall hardly be paragoned in the south of England. And the sport was worthy of the scene. Never were such hares; never such dogs! Marigold beat Nestor; and Ben was beside himself. And little David, who had never before seen coursing upon the Downs, David was crazy! It seemed incredible that so much noise—for, to the honour of coursing be it said, there is no noisier pastime—could come from so small a body.

At last, after host and guest had been alternately victor and vanquished in the friendly strife, and after some half-dozen of the neighbouring gentlemen had also breathed their greyhounds, an event occurred which put an unexpected and most unintentional check to the gaiety of the meeting. Sir John Harewood, one of the greatest coursers in England, who was known to be on a visit to a neighbouring nobleman, suddenly appeared, attended by a vast retinue of trainers, and grooms, and dog-boys, and a stud of some twenty brace of greyhounds, and, advancing most courteously to the party, hoped that he should not be considered an intruder if he preferred a request to try the speed of one or two of his dogs against some of those present. There was one which he particularly wished to try against the fleetest that could be found, as he intended to run him the next week for the cup at Deptford Inn, and another that had just won the goblets at Swaffham. If any gentleman would favour him with slipping a good dog against one of these, he should think himself much honoured.

'Whew!' quoth Ben. Ben was dumfounded; and, to say the truth, his betters were rather taken aback. Something one muttered about Marigold having cut herself, and another about Nestor having already run two courses; and the lord of the manor was about to couple a most courteous refusal of the challenge with a request that Sir John would run as many of his own dogs upon the hill as he chose, when, to the unutterable astonishment of the whole field, little David led Spider up to the training groom, and boldly proposed to run her against the dog who was about to be entered at Deptford Inn.

'Whew—ew—ew!' quoth Ben, with redoubled energy.

The groom, a tall man, mounted upon a tall horse, looked down upon David with the sort of scornful astonishment with which the giant may be supposed to have eyed the noted 'Jack' of the nursery legend, and vouchsafed no reply; but his master, a thoroughly well-tempered and kindly person, after enquiring to whom the pretty little creature belonged, and hearing from David's chief patron and protector the story of the boy and his dog, ordered Harebrain—between whom and Spider there was nearly the same disproportion as between the groom and her master—to be put into the slips.

'Whew!' said Ben again. 'She's really pretty. If she should beat now! David and she belong to our party. It's only right to back 'em up. Hark ye, you sir, upon the great horse, I'll beat you half-a-crown upon the little 'un, shouted he, as a hare being found, they were led to a bottom, which, as the hare was sure to make for the steep ascent, was peculiarly favourable to the smaller dog.

'Done!' responded the tall groom, grinning. 'Has any one else a mind for a bet? or will you venture another half-crown, comrade?'

'No,' said Ben, who indeed had only made this bet in a spirit of good fellowship, by way of encouragement to David and protection to a dog who came with his party. 'No more beats, thank ye! Ah, she's off! Now, Spider!'

'Now, Harebrain!' shouted the grooms and dog-boys. But not long did they shout. Harebrain, used to the slips

and eager for the sport, had been nearly a yard a-head at first starting. But the bitch had passed him like lightning, strained up the hill-side, gained upon the dog at every stride, and had finally turned and killed her hare without Harebrain's coming in for turn.

'Whew—ew—ew!' quoth Ben. 'I beg your pardon, David, for doubting the bitch. She's a good 'un, sure enough, and I'm half-a-crown richer than I thought I was. Don't go mad about it, though, David, nor don't eat Spider up.'

'It must be all accident,' cried the training groom, after honourably disbursing Ben's money. 'Have you a mind to run her again, my little man? Double or quits, sir?'

'Ay, ay!' cried David.

'Ay, ay!' said Ben.

The latter worthy was however about to demur a little, when, instead of the candidate for the cup at Deptford Inn, he found them slipping the winner of the Swaffham goblet. But David stopped him. 'Let them run their best,' said he; 'you'll see she'll beat them.'

And beat them she did, after a longer course and a more decided triumph. And Sir John won the cup after all, not indeed with Harebrain, but with Spider, alias Helen, whom he purchased of her master at so high a rate that little David returned to Aberleigh a monied man, with a fortune in the Savings Bank, a new suit for himself, and a new gown for Dame Butler.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO A BALLAD-SINGER.

'How dear is thy strain! yet how deep is the feeling
Of sorrow its melody brings to this heart!
How sad is the truth which each note is revealing—
'With fondest delusions time dooms us to part.'

In the days of my childhood that lay I oft chanted,
With faith which ne'er falter'd in all that it told;
No cares, in my day-dreams, my spirit then haunted,
Life's green was unfaded—all glitter was gold.

But gay thoughts are gone with the careless intentions
Which prompted each act of my earlier years;
I sigh when pure past joys fond memory mentions,
And sing but to hide or to stifle my tears.

And, perhaps, thy employment, though once thy chief pleasure,
Is harder for thee than the heaviest toil;
For sorrow seems link'd with each note thou dost measure—
Each note which was once of a sorrow the foil.

Receive, then, thy pittance, and leave me, I pray thee,
Thy tremulous tones but ill suit a gay song;
Thy feelings, in spite of thy efforts, betray thee—
Mine tell me that I have been list'ning too long.

NEWTON GOODRICH.

LIFE OF SAMUEL CLUGSTON, THE SLUGGARD.

A laazy loord, for nothing good to donne,
But stretched forth in ydenesse always,
No ever cast his mind to covert prayse,
Nor ply himself to any honest trade;
But all the day before the sunny rayes
He us'd to slug, or sleepe in slothful shade.—*Spenser.*

CHAPTER I.

THE father of the subject of these memoirs belonged to a class of artisans that are fast wearing out in these days of steam-power and cotton-wool. He was a customer weaver of the old school, when hoddan-grey and linsey-woolsey were in fashion, and every rural bride spun her own blankets. He was a tall, clumsy man, with big square bones and oxen eyes; but no man stood higher for a firm fabric and fair returns; and as he was a sober-living man and had plenty to do, and was late and early at his work, he became in the natural course of things a man of some means by the time he reached forty;—about which time he began to slip down very often after nightfall, by a back road, to see Lizzy Proudfoot, who kept her uncle's house,

who was the dyer in the place. Lizzy was a clippy, clever, saving body, always bustling about from morning till night, and putting every thing in locomotion about her; and as she had reached her thirty-seventh year without having had one admirer or offer of marriage, it is possible she had dismissed all idea of the matter: but some have fortune forced upon them after failing to force fortune, and so it was with Lizzy.

In due time she was Mrs Clugston, and in due time a mother, and in due time, also, her son Samuel reached his seventh year. He was the very picture of his father—the same unmeaning eye, with the same gaunt bones and muscles in embryo. Young as he was, his mother found work for him, and made him rise in the summer time with the first streak of light, and it was seldom he got to bed till she went herself. Andrew sometimes interposed on behalf of his son, but Lizzy had one set of arguments, which, on account of their soundness, no doubt, she always used, and never thought of altering. 'Is it not written,' she would argue, 'that if ye train up a child in the way he should go, when he is old he will not depart from it?—and is it not the case that, if ye learn young, ye'll learn fair?—and, worst of a', is it not proven by several awful instances around us, that thrifty parents often make thriftless bairns, by indulging them in laziness and ill gait?'

As these three points were incontrovertible, they generally carried the day, and poor Samuel had to keep his eyes open and do what he was bidden do till his industrious mother chose to lie down beside her hard-working good-man. The consequence was, that three sounder sleepers, during the time it lasted, were not to be found in three parishes. It is true that little Samuel often sulked and rebelled and made much noise and many struggles to keep the bed, but as his mother was a woman of great decision of character, and had always a great deal to do, and few hands to do it with, his laudable efforts were uniformly unavailing; and as he was in a state peculiarly exposed to the ends of justice, he very early had the opportunity of connecting cause and effect in the moral world. To have heard Mrs Clugston in one of these spulzies, one would have thought that no woman born had so much reason to be broken-hearted as she had, and that Absalom was a perfect pattern of filial obedience as compared with her refractory son. There was another item in her maternal discipline which did not go well down with Samuel—and that was shortness of rations. She had three points of argument for this too. The first was, that gluttony was a sin; the second was, that it led to kicking and rebellion, as in the case of Jeshurun; and the third was—(really I forget what it was, though I was brought up next door to them)—but at any rate, she determined that her son should not fall a sacrifice to surfeiting and debauchery so long as she had the reins in her hands. Now it so happened (for what will perverse human nature not do?) that the things Mrs Clugston strove to keep from Samuel were the very things he set his heart on, as was shown one Sabbath evening when she was descanting upon the joys of heaven that little Samuel stopped her and asked, 'if they would get eating and sleeping there as much as they liked?' It had been better for him he had not put the question, for it showed Mrs Clugston the tendencies of his mind and the necessity of curbing his carnal inclinations;—and how could that be done but by shortening the allowances and starving out the evil appetites? Whether it arose out of mere stubbornness, or whether nature had any hand in it, it would perhaps be difficult to say, but certain it is that Samuel began to nod when he walked, and was down in a dead sleep whenever his mother's back was turned; and, worst of all, the neighbours began to accuse him of appropriating turnips and bannocks, and every eatable thing he could lay his hands on. He had now the satisfaction to hear his mother do full justice to his character: 'There was never a better conditioned boy born than he was, and she would sooner believe that the minister of the parish had stolen their bread than her son.' Of course Samuel backed her as well as he could by sundry tears and grimaces, and by stoutly

asserting that he never touched their bannocks, and that they were liars every one of them. The tables, however, were soon turned upon Samuel. He had got access one day into the milk-house of Mrs Donald, and as she discovered the larceny almost as soon as it was committed, she posted over to Mrs Clugston's, and directly charged Samuel with it.

'It's a lee,' said Samuel, in a very determined tone; 'I never touched your cream.'

'But you did,' insisted Mrs Donald.

'You're a great liar,' responded Samuel.

'I'm surprised,' said Mrs Clugston, 'that you can persist in charging the laddie wi' what he's innocent o'!'

'Innocent!—how would ye like if ane o' my callants were coming and taking the cream aff ane o' your best dishes?'

'Doesn't he tell ye, woman, that he never touched them?'

'But he did,' reiterated Mrs Donald.

'It's a lee,' maintained Samuel, getting his head into a putting position and his fists into boxing order.

'What's that on your nose, then?'

Samuel drew his hand across that organ, and bringing down with it what he felt to be incontrovertible evidence of his guilt, only said, 'Eh, ay! so it is!'

The cream affair was a standing witness against Mrs Clugston and her son, who was not many days together out of the box about one thing or another. It had this good effect, however, in Samuel's favour, along with the other charges brought against him, that it thickened his porridge and deepened his broth.

The school days began, and this was a delightful era in Samuel's life. He obeyed the calls of nature, instead of the calls of learning, and many a delicious nap he got whilst the young idea was shooting all around him. The boys would cry out that 'Sammie Clugston was sleeping,' but after a while this lost its effect, and Samuel was left to his repose in a corner at the top of the form where he sat. He must have had good talents, and paid strict attention to his lesson while at it, for he kept up with the rest, and in fact became rather a favourite with the master, who used to say, if Sammie would keep his eyes open, he would soon open a book with the best of them; but Samuel had more pleasure in keeping them shut, and so he shut them. It could hardly escape that so marked a feature should remain disconnected with Samuel's name, and so he came to be called 'Sleepie Sammie' by universal consent; and as boys will turn things into rhyme without reason, they gave an agreeable and poetical turn to the sobriquet by converting it occasionally into 'Sluggie Cluggie,' which was particularly distasteful to Samuel from the very first, so much so indeed that he fought twice about it, and would have gained in both cases, had he not given in on the ground that he was tired. I was one of the boys he fought with, and never was I so happy in my life as when he cried out, 'he was tired.' The marks of his blows did not leave me for weeks; for, though he was younger than myself, he was as tall and much stronger, and while the thunder-fit was on him he did great damage, as many a boy had reason to know, who had the temerity to break his slumbers. The opinion soon forced itself through the school that it was best to 'let sleeping dogs lie,' and so Samuel got his own will at last, and held on the noiseless tenor of his way, without let or interruption.

CHAPTER II.

Time has many attributes in common with death. Like death, it has great decision and perseverance; can march in the dark as well as in the light; works by night and by day, and in all places—at the bottom of the sea as well as on the surface of the earth; will neither bribe nor flatter; is repelled neither by plainness nor attracted by beauty; knocks at the gates of princes as well as at the doors of peasants; never takes a step backwards nor retracts its own deeds; seems always to be moving slowly and to be a great way off; overtakes men in the midst of ripening plans and unfinished purposes; will listen to no arguments, and passes on while the orator is speaking and the crowd

applauding. They both give rise to and see strange sights—the building up and the crumbling down of empires, the dead march of generations, and the hastening on of the final catastrophe, in which both shall expire. And this same time, inexorable and callous, which will take an archin from school or a star from the firmament, as coolly as death will kill a fly or strangle a giant, took little Samuel from his beloved nook in the village seminary, by the time he reached his eleventh year, and set him down on a loom beside his father, with a shuttle in the one hand and a lay in the other. This was by no means a pleasant change to Samuel, and many a sigh, and tear, and fruitless wish it cost him, but Mrs Clugston was made of other stuff than to be moved by such things. It was in vain that Samuel pretended awkwardness, and pled indisposition, and declared his willingness to go to any other trade. His trade was fixed for him and he was fixed to his trade as firmly as a nail in a jail-door. When he saw there was nothing for it but to make the shuttle wheeze and the lay clank from early morning till late night, he got into a kind of desponding state; and, as despondency is well known for its narcotic qualities, he would sometimes sink down in a profound sleep upon the breast-beam, and take by stealth what he could not get by fair means. His father rather winked at this, for he had long felt that Lizzy was driving matters with rather a high hand over them both; but Lizzy was not the woman to be balked in this way. As the shop was under the same roof with the house, and as Lizzy gave one of her ears to the shop, she soon detected Samuel at his stolen sweets and put a very unceremonious end to them, and gave his father to understand, by a round of reasoning and plain speaking, that he was worse than the laddie, and answerable for his shortcomings, and carelessness, and misdemeanours. But as we have said before, there is no stopping of the wheels of time, and the heaviest inflictions as well as the highest pleasures soon come to an end; and so it was in the experience of Andrew Clugston and his only-born, who saw Mrs Clugston wheeled off one morning, after a short illness, to take her place among a long line of grandfathers and great-grandmothers in the churchyard of a neighbouring parish.

Samuel was fifteen years old at this time, and one might have thought he would have had sense enough to conceal his joy on the occasion, which, I am sorry to say, he did not. He remarked, for example, to a neighbour, that 'folk would get their mouthful o' meat and their natural rest now, at any rate;' and on the morning of the funeral it was with difficulty he was got out of his bed and dressed before the people assembled, and, as he was always falling behind in the procession, they had to put him into the cart beside the corpse, where he was scarcely seated when he toppled over and fell fast asleep. The rumbling of the vehicle and the soporific effect of grief on some constitutions, and having nothing else to do, might perhaps account for his being overcome; but there were many there not disposed to take so favourable a view of the question, but attributed it to indifference, and some to the excess of joy, and others to a spirit of malignant triumph, and insult to the departed, whose virtues did not fail to shine all the brighter against the dark background of her son's insensibility and ingratitude.

'Waken him,' said James Strang, a little ill-natured mannie with a red face and buck teeth, 'it'll affront the hale parish if we gang into the town that way. Feint matter though it should prove his last sleep, the lazy lout,' and James reached up his stick as he spoke, and poked Samuel very savagely about the ribs.

Samuel started up and cried out, ere he got through the dark confused passage which leads from the sleeping into the waking state. 'Mercy!—is she come to again?'

The wright that made the coffin groaned, and some shook their heads to themselves, and some looked into each other's faces, and others put their hands to their mouths, and James Strang stood still as if he had really raised the dead, and first looked angry, and then got a glimpse of the ludicrous and fell a laughing even out, and said, 'it

cowed every green thing—the like o't was ne'er heard tell o'.

As for Andrew, the chief mourner, he behaved as well as man could do under the circumstances. He uttered no rebuke, but with a serious air reached out his hand and said to his son, 'Come away out Samuel, we'll soon be at the place, and ye'll get a hurl back.'

Samuel offered no resistance and went very demurely all the rest of the way, and, to his honour be it said, he slept none on the road going home.

CHAPTER III.

As there was little doing for a day or two after the burial, and a kind of Sabbath stillness pervaded the house, Samuel occupied his time chiefly in eating up the fragments of bread and cheese which had survived the 'dredgy,' and in nodding at the fireside, and looking out occasionally as a neighbour passed by or a noise got up among the dogs or children. His father gave him his own way for a time, letting him eat and sleep as much as he liked, with the view perhaps of bringing on a surfeit and consequent distaste; or it might be that he considered the boy had been unfairly treated by his mother, and that it was but right to let him have back what he had been unjustly deprived of. But instead of a disrelish appearing, the two master appetites seemed to increase; and instead of showing distaste in the matter and a proper sense of the indulgence granted him, he carried the thing to the last bounds of excess and abuse. A reaction on the part of his father soon took place, who forced him to rise when he rose (two hours later, it is true, than when his wife lived), and who kept him at his work till a reasonable time at night.

It was plain to every one that Samuel was not cured of his passion for sleep and food, and that whenever he should become his own master, he would enter upon a course of unbridled indulgence.

A wearisome time indeed did Andrew Clugston continue to work and step about after his son had given vent to feelings of dissatisfaction respecting his longevity; but at last he did go, and Samuel entered at thirty-four into the full possession of all that his father and mother had saved by their industry and economy.

There was now a general curiosity felt as to the course which Samuel would take, for many had risked their reputation on his head. Conceive the dismay then that fell into the ranks of the foreseers, when Samuel, instead of laying his head into the laps of his Delilahs, resigned himself and his energies to a career of exemplary and even extraordinary labour. The discomfited prophets could hardly keep their fingers, and certainly their wives did not keep their tongues, off Samuel when they met him, but treated him to a panoramic view of his past life, with a lucid commentary on some of its more interesting passages.

As every effect has its cause, the revolution we have mentioned had its cause too. A wag in the village had apprised Samuel of the predictions that were pending upon him, and as he did not like to become the subject of prophecy, he determined to upset the soothsayers; and so he did—but it was only for a time. The tension was too violent to last, and the seat which pride and a spirit of contradiction had usurped was soon vacated, and the old prescriptive occupant sat down with a deeper seat and a firmer hold than ever. The relapse was dreadful. It is true that Samuel assigned sickness as the cause for keeping his bed, but his looks and the quantity of food he took belied the statement. Human nature, after all, is not so bad; for several of the men whose reputations as prophets had been damaged by Samuel's spurious attempt at industry, looked in upon him now, and spoke to him in the kindest manner, and even offered to send some dainty thing or other which they considered good for the nature of his complaint. At the end of six days, he rose and began to do a little again; but it was like the working of a piece of machinery through which a winter flood had passed. The virtue had left his limbs, and the mainspring seemed to have been broken within him. He was fusionless and fangless, and looked like one whose spinal marrow is injured, and whose mind

and affections are off finally for some other world. His very voice had the thrum of a paralytic Jew's harp, and his whole appearance indeed was one of extreme indifference and insensibility. No one who saw him for the first time but was impressed with the man. He was not quite six feet two but very near it. His hands were broad and squatty like the mole's, and his legs had an endless look about them like the ostrich's, for they were long and small in proportion to his body, and he had a peculiar drawing way of using them, as if one joint had to put the other in motion, and each had to wait its turn, like some serpents seen in toy shops. The trunk, again, was lumpy and burdensome, and seemed more to be carried about by the legs, than to form with them a part of the same system. The arms hung down like spokes, and a long heron-like neck held up his head as on the top of a pole. The head was of a piece with the body, as the arms and neck were with the legs. It was large, and thinly clad with black lanky hair. The face was flabby, and had a sallow green expression about it, and the slow still eyes stood in their sockets with the lids half over them, as if their possessor were toiling on in the last stage of exhaustion through a tropical desert. It could not be said that his face was ugly; but it was so utterly phlegmatic and destitute of expression that it seemed a lump of half-informed clay, which was neither animate nor inanimate. His dress was the dress of his time and station—a substantial suit of home-made blue. The large deep vest had rounded pocket-lids like coat-tails, and his coat-tails would have made a decent suit for a citizen now-a-days. To be sure I am describing Samuel rather in his Sunday dress than in his every-day apparel. He usually wore through the week a huge jacket like a beggar's great-coat cut in two, and a roomy waistcoat made out of the fag end of a piece of druggot or blanketing.

'That man is physically lazy,' or 'lethargic to the backbone,' or 'constitutionally a sluggard,' were remarks that were frequently applied to him by intelligent strangers who saw him for the first time. Now, there might have been much truth in this; but I believe also that the course which his mother took with him, had a great hand in fostering and confirming the native tendencies of his constitution to indolence. But however this may have been, I have never known, read, or heard, of one who sunk so completely and hopelessly under the dominion of sloth. The person who has never felt the insidious approach of this passion, and the vampire-like way in which it works, till it paralyses every energy of soul and body, can form no idea of its power, and will hardly credit the extent to which it may be carried and indulged in. The Hottentots furnish an example on a large scale of what it can do when left to itself; and occasional instances are to be met in all countries of its absorbing nature and lamentable consequences;—depriving its victims of the power of resistance, and laying them down more vegetable than animal masses, and tormenting them with nervous irritations, broken and disturbed slumbers, nightmare, irresolution of purpose and confusion of thought, checkings of conscience, and fearful forebodings of coming labour, and penury, and wretchedness. How surely will any passion, if not resisted, obtain the mastery—but none more surely than this. Every vice indeed has a beginning but no end. It grows insensibly but certainly; and consequently there is little hope of the man who is under the power of chronic and abandoned habits. In our subsequent chapters on the history of Samuel, this will become apparent.

COMMERCE.

FIRST ARTICLE.

SOCIETY has no legitimate employment that is not conservative. The very principle of social communion was implanted in human nature in order that men might assist each other in the production and economisation of the necessities of life, and other products of labour. Labour is the only truly noble employment of human kind—that is, labour in all the aspects which tend to make up the

great sum of productive thought and action; and whatever tends to distract or destroy, is not legitimate for humanity, and ought therefore to be deplored and discarded.

The two great divisions of human employment may be termed agriculture and manufactures. Involved in these two grand branches of labour, are many employments which do not properly belong to either manufacture or agriculture, but which may be still termed collateral employments, having been educed in connection with these fundamental sources of national wealth and greatness. Commerce is the exchange of either agricultural or manufactured products for money or goods. In the latter case the trade is called barter. Commerce is the employment of peaceful nations, and is the means by which men render common those particular products which belong to peculiar climates. Commercial cities have been the great theatres of human enterprise; the greatest minds that have ever illuminated the world in science or art were developed in them; all the world's real benefactors in art and knowledge have flowed from the conservative principle of labour, and the diffusive humanising principles of exchange. Trade is only now beginning to take its true position in the ideas of men. This is said to be the dawn of a new era, of which trade is becoming the chivalry. We shall only give a glance at the history of commerce in the meantime, however, leaving it to take its own place in the shifting position of this transition era of ideas.

Commerce undoubtedly grew out of man's necessities. At first it must have been very limited amongst those tribes who lived upon venison, and clothed themselves with wild animals' skins. From Scripture, it appears that, in the period succeeding the flood, the system of commercial exchanges was hardly begun amongst the people of Nimrod and the other post-diluvian predecessors of Abraham, who lived upon wild animals which they hunted, and the flocks which they tended. The Greeks, previous to the immigration of Cadmus and other wise people from the east, who taught them handicrafts as well as letters, also lived, as did the Asiatic descendants of Canaan, upon the produce of the chase. When the Romans invaded Britain, fifty-five years before Christ, they found our fathers in the same truly primitive condition of life; and when the British again, in the sixteenth century, invaded the continent of North America, they found the tribes to form a complete historic parallel to their ancestors of that early period. As the savage peoples became acquainted with the civilised invaders, and saw that they had something that skins would purchase, hunting not only became a necessary employment, but one of gain; and so, bringing their furs to traders, in order to obtain the implements of warfare or agriculture, commerce was begun.

The next stage of advance upon the condition of hunting is that of pasturage. Above and beyond pasturage is agriculture, and wedded to it is handicraft. In the pastoral state, men could supply themselves with primitive garments and nutritious food from the skins, flesh, and milk of animals; but still there would be a retardation of population, and the absence of high civilisation. The agricultural state induced a fixture of residence, a division of employment, the foundation of villages and cities, and the extensive interchange of commodities, civilisation and commerce both being dependent upon the density of a population. The first trading transactions of which we are cognisant are those carried on between the Ishmaelites and Egyptians. The latter people were very numerous, dwelt in cities, and produced in their fields more than enough of grain for their own wants. This they could exchange with the Ishmaelites (Arabs) for spices, and slaves, and the other articles which the Arabs had to give and they required. Seventeen centuries before the Christian era a caravan of Arab merchants, carrying spices to the south, bought Joseph of his brethren, and sold him unto Potiphar, who was a captain of the guard, an office implying a highly artificial condition of society, and a considerable advance in social disparities.

In the early history of commerce, the means of transit

and exchange were inland, goods being carried upon the backs of animals, just as the Arabs of the Sahara carry on their traffic with the Barbary states and the nations of south-western Africa to this day, the more advanced system of wheel-carriages and made roads having never superseded the more primitive and simpler plan. In the provinces of Brazil, Peru, Buenos Ayres, and Columbia, commercial transit is the work of the llama, or other beasts of burden; and in Thibet, and the other Asiatic nations adjacent to the Himalayan range, animals carry all the articles of transmontane commerce. In Mexico, which is a vast and fertile country, and which for three hundred years has been peopled by a Spanish American race, there are only three or four roads fit to be traversed by wheel-carriages; so that almost all the goods imported or exported are taken from and to the coast on the backs of mules and horses. The earliest attempts to convey goods by water was in canoes and rafts across mere straits or inlets of the sea. Before there could be an extensive and distant sea communication, there must have been very great advancement in shipbuilding and in navigation. Another cause to intermit the progress of intercourse amongst nations by sea was the want of that important instrument, the mariner's compass. With the nations of antiquity, water communication was slow in beginning, and, when it did begin, its progress in advancement was very tardy. Vessels never lost sight of land in their voyages, but crawled, in little coasting expeditions, from town to town, or creek to creek, watching the least indication of storm, and seeking shelter in the land. The limited knowledge of geography which the ancients possessed confined their efforts of trade within very narrow limits; and their ships being open and chiefly propelled by oars, were not adapted for heavy seas. Summer was the only season in which these clumsy mariners dared venture to sea, and he who was foolhardy enough to launch his bark in winter, was reckoned a bold man indeed.

Navigation seems to have early reached a very high state of excellence in the Red Sea. We know that a great traffic was carried on there between Arabia and Cosseir, or the port which served as an entrepôt for the trade of the Red Sea with Thebes in Upper Egypt. The merchandise landed at Cosseir is commonly considered to have been the produce of India, imported in the first instance to several parts of Arabia, near the mouth of the Red Sea. The traffic was considerable, however, from whatever sources it sprang; and this is yet evident from the magnitude of the ruins of magnificent Thebes. The Arabs, it is well known, were considerable adepts in astrology, and had early employed instruments in making nautico-astronomical observations. When Vasco da Gama, in 1497, was at Melinda, near to the ancient Tarshish of Scripture, the King of Melinda presented the Portuguese mariner with a seaman slave. This Malemo Cana, a native of Guzerat, was the most experienced of all the mariners in the Indian seas. When he saw the astrolabe, and other instruments used by De Gama in nautico-astronomical observation, he evinced not the least surprise, declaring that the pilots of the Red Sea, from time immemorial, had used instruments of nearly the same construction for the same purpose. There is no doubt that the science of navigation was considerably advanced upon the Red Sea, as agriculture and its kindred arts were in Upper Egypt. The flying sands from the Lybian Desert, however, eventually covered a great portion of the cultivated valley of the Nile, and caused the seat of Egyptian government to be removed from Thebes to Memphis, which is situated nearly where Cairo now stands. This removal, of course, led the trade more Levant-wards, and ships from Tyre and Sidon, the two chief cities of the Phœnicians, began to come from Syria to Memphis.

The Egyptians were never a great commercial nation, however, neither did they ever evince any predilection for the sea. Their religion was of a water-hating kind, and their government was almost as restrictive towards foreigners as is that of modern China. The Phœnicians, on the other hand, were quite a trading nation, and Sidon,

their chief city, is the first commercial one of consequence mentioned in history. It was situated only about one hundred and fifty miles distant from the mouths of the Nile, and all the foreign trade of Egypt was in the hands of the Sidonese mariners. It has often been asserted of warlike nations like Greece and Rome, that they carried civilisation and the arts, with their arms, into conquered countries. For this civilisation they were themselves dependent upon commercial nations. Situated in the centre of the then most active nations of the world, Phœnicia sent her ships to Egypt, Cyprus, and Cilicia, and then, becoming bolder and wider in her range of visitation, she planted colonies in Crete, Greece, Lybia, and Sicily, into all which barbarian countries her mariners peacefully introduced the rudiments of knowledge and the useful arts. Independent of this her Mediterranean trade, Phœnicia had a regular traffic with the southern part of Africa; goods being conveyed by land between Phœnicia and Elath, a port in the northern part of the Red Sea, and then by ships on that sea. Commercial Phœnicia fell, however, before the stride of homicidal Alexander. Warlike Greece, after a dreadful struggle, trampled down with pride and scorn the people who had given them letters, and had taught them the arts.

Next to Phœnicia as a trading nation comes Judea. For seven centuries after their settlement in Egypt to their greatest glory under the reigns of David and Solomon, they had been progressing in numbers and power. Under these kings they made the conquest of Idumea, a province which extended along the north-eastern shore of the Red Sea, and, perceiving the wealth that flowed into their neighbours of Phœnicia from trade, they became desirous of engaging also in foreign commerce. The friendly relations of David and Solomon with the city of Tyre rendered this desire easy of accomplishment; so that corn and oil were sent from Judea, while gold, and silver, and foreign merchandise returned to the Jews from Tarshish and Ophir, and the other distant ports of south-eastern Africa and India. Unaccustomed themselves to working ships, the Jews bought the vessels and had them manned with Phœnician sailors. They then, as at this day, could perform all the counting-house and land-work departments of trade; the seafaring part was left to harder and more physically energetic men. The trade of Judea, however, only existed for a very short period. When the dismemberment of the kingdom took place, after the death of Solomon, the foreign trade almost at once ceased, or fell into the hands of Phœnician merchants.

Phœnicia and Egypt imparted their own vitality of civilisation and trade to Greece, and they declined as she rose. The early annals of few countries tell tales of peace. War and rapine are the most fruitful themes of almost every historian; yet the earliest records of Grecian history bear ample and honourable testimony of these foreigners, who came in peace from the East, bringing the useful arts and letters, and founding cities, and instructing the rude peoples with whom they mingled in agriculture, navigation, and the forms of regular government. Greek civilisation dawned eleven centuries before the Christian era; and long before this time Egypt had been possessed of a great population, and an elaborate political system, which the Greeks improved upon. It was under the influence of labour and trade that Argos, Mycenae, Athens, Thebes, Sparta, and Corinth rose to that state of magnificence attributed to them, and assuredly not without cause, by Homer. About eight centuries before the Christian era Greece was in the zenith of her greatness, and she would doubtless have improved still more, but baneful intestine wars intermitted her peaceful labours and destroyed her trade, so that she too began to decline. The Dorian invasion of the Peloponnesus, called in history the 'Return of the Heraclidae,' and considered to have taken place eighty years after the Trojan war, was the beginning of her decay. The Dorians took the Morea, and caused the expatriated descendants of Pelops to move northward to Thrace and Phrygia; while the

Athenic chiefs, on the other hand, led colonies to the east, founding Ephesus, and other towns in Asia Minor and Syria. Rhodes, one of the most famous of ancient commercial cities, was founded on the island of that name by the Greeks; Cyrene, on the north coast of Africa, was another of their colonies; while Cyprus was settled partly by Greeks, partly by Phœnicians. The principal colonies of the Greeks, however, were those in Italy and Sicily. They founded all the commercial towns of note in the south of Italy, and almost all the principal ones on the coast of Sicily. These settlements were peopled from the same causes and upon the same inducements as were the British settlements of North America. A limited territory and increasing population, together with the facilities of settlement offered in the colonies, caused extensive migrations to Italy, which, in its turn, rose as its parent nation declined.

Greece is admirably adapted for commerce. She maintains an almost central situation amongst the trading nations of Europe and India, and her shores are indented with inlets, offering every facility for harbourage. Yet it was not upon her physical capacities that her ancient greatness depended, as is now manifest. In her most prosperous days Greece was a system of petty republics, each having its city and its plain. The government of each of these little states was the government of the citizens, who paid all the taxes, did military service, cultivated the fields, and carried on trade. Each state did all that was necessary to supply its wants and exigencies, and the surplus it exchanged with its neighbours for something of their production. It was while her subjects were in the condition of greatest freedom that Greece was most prosperous; absolutism destroyed her, for it changed the reaping-hook of the husbandman into a spear, and the peaceful bark into a ship of war. The navigation and commerce of Greece, however, were never very great. Her own colonies in Italy and Sicily, Ionian and Thrace, were her chief customers, and the more distant voyages of her traders were undertaken southward to Egypt. When Alexander conquered Tyre, the wealth and strength displayed by this maritime city induced him to look to the securing of her trade. He accordingly founded, on the western mouth of the Nile, the naval city of Alexandria, which became for several centuries the chief commercial city in the east of the Mediterranean, and, after the ruin of Carthage, the greatest in the world.

If Greece was never what may be termed a great commercial nation, Carthage, on the other hand, her rival, and the rival of Rome, was altogether a commercial state. She was founded by a colony from Tyre, and she eventually surpassed the parent state in wealth and enterprise. The sphere of her commerce was in the west. Her ships crowded the ports of Spain, the south of Gaul, and Sardinia; and her seamen were well known in Sicily and Libya. They passed the Pillars of Hercules, visiting the coasts of Morocco and Portugal; and even trading to the western coast of France and the English Channel, where tin was found and eagerly sought after by the Carthaginian merchants. There is a tradition that expeditions of discovery were fitted out by the Carthaginians at the public expense, and that they penetrated to the most remote parts of Africa on the south, and to the Baltic Sea on the north. The accounts of the expeditions were lost, however, and their whole history is consequently involved in obscurity. It was to her commerce that Carthage owed all her power, and her true glory. Her industrial powers were very great, and her enterprise was commensurate with them. Indeed her commercial speculations might have led her in peace to explore all the continents of the Old World, and some mind might have conceived a mariner's compass and dreamed of a new world many centuries before such things were done; but war inflamed the hearts of her people, perverted their energies, and laid her homes in ruins, over which the world as well as Marius might truly have wept.

The Romans of themselves, again, were not a naval people; they never manifested much love for the sea, and

only increased their shipping in order to meet the exigencies of an extensive colonial system, or to fight with the maritime Carthaginians. They were deprived of a great number of vessels in their first wars with the African republic, tempests destroyed many more, while not a few were lost through unskillful seamanship; so that they were averse to increasing their navy. When the Punic War had ceased, however, and Carthage was reduced to weakness, Rome became mistress of Sicily, Greece, Asia Minor, and Syria, and consequently of the navies of these countries. The whole of the maritime cities of the Mediterranean were thus reduced under one power; piracy ceased, and peace prevailed for several centuries, which was an era fruitful of commercial enterprise and prosperity. During this period commercial intercourse was established between the Mediterranean Sea and the south of England, carried on partly overland through France, and partly direct by sea. The Romans also traded to the Indian Ocean by the Red Sea, watching the Etesian winds or monsoons, so as to make a voyage to the Chersonesus and back again in a year. In the Indian trade about a hundred vessels were employed; and, as the Europeans produced few articles useful to the Indians, the former were required to export silver in order to purchase their home cargoes. In this way Pliny computes the yearly export of specie extended to £400,000 sterling.

After the invasion and dismemberment of Rome, navigation declined, together with every other branch of industry. The rude and lawless invaders from Germany plundered wherever and whatever they pleased, and tradesmen and artisans were constrained to flee for safety with their wives and families. Many of these industrious fugitives took refuge on the small islands to the north of the Adriatic, where they built their homes. These islands were separated from the mainland by lagunes, which protected them from attack by land; and they could only be approached by vessels of certain size, as the channels leading to them were very shallow. This was then the origin of Venice, which became one of the wealthiest and most powerful of the Italian republics, and defied all attempts at subjugation until a very late period in history. She never had a foreign foe in her streets until within this age, and now she has just driven that foe from her town and towers.

Constantinople, also a commercial city, survived the attack of the barbarians longer than did the empire itself. She maintained a traffic with Venice, with Malabar, the countries of the Indus, and Alexandria, long after the Saracens, who overran the countries of the Nile, had prevented a Red Sea communication with Asia to the south. She continued to bring to the European market silks, cottons, and spices, by a most circuitous route, it is true, but yet with a courage that was stronger than that of conquest, and more nobly heroic than the retreat of Xenophon.

ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON.

DURING the rapid sojourn that he made in Belgium, in 1810, Napoleon, according to his habit, went one morning, very plainly dressed, to walk in the gardens of the Laken Palace, accompanied by an aide-de-camp, where he met a young man who was occupied in arranging some flowers. He was pleased with the frank and prepossessing features of the young botanist, and began a conversation with him. The young man was the son of the head-gardener—he had studied with great care and economy the history of the vegetable world—he could name, without hesitation, the foreign and complicated names that the over-learned have given, often in so ridiculous a manner, to the most graceful productions of nature. He spoke of the Sedo-santhé, the Aristoloché, the Rahoa, the Sceroxilion, the Hydrochardee, and thousands of plants with difficult names, as another would have talked of spinach and parsley. He knew the nature and property of each plant—in short, it was botany personified, in a young man of twenty-two.

'Are you comfortable in your situation here?' says the

Emperor, speaking with interest. 'Yes, Sir,' replied the young artist, who was far from supposing the rank of the person who interrogated him. 'I live in the midst of what I love, but I am only an assistant to the head gardener.' Napoleon never disapproved of ambitious ideas. He had remarked in the young florist his profound study, and the interest he took in his profession. 'What would you like?' says he. 'Oh,' said the young Belgian, 'what I would like is madness.' 'But still let me know,' says the Emperor. 'It would require a fairy to realise the dream that has often occupied my mind.' 'I am not a fairy,' replied Napoleon, smiling in his turn, 'but I am about the person of the Emperor, and he could, if he knew them, realise your wishes.' 'You are too good, sir,' said the young man. 'It is certain that the Emperor could be the fairy that I wish for, for it all depends on him. During a journey that I made for my instruction, I saw in France the gardens of Malmaison, with its eleven bridges and Turkish Kioskes. The Emperor, I understand, has given this charming place to Josephine—if a fairy were here, I would ask for nothing more than to be head gardener to Josephine. You see how modest I am.' 'I will think of it,' says the Emperor, almost betraying his incognito, 'but do not despair of fairy lore,' and after some further conversation with the young botanist, Napoleon withdrew. He left Brussels on the morrow.

During the two months that followed this conversation, the young gardener could scarcely think of anything but the wand of a fairy and the place of head gardener, when one day he received a sealed packet with the arms of the Empress Josephine upon it; it contained his nomination to the post he had so much wished for; he hastened to the spot, and was very soon introduced to the fairy of Lacken—that man who forgot nothing, and in whom he only recognised the Emperor, to express to him almost a species of adoration.

He still occupied the place of first botanist at Malmaison when the Empress Josephine died.—*L'Impartial*.

WHERE'S PLEASURE FOUND?

'Where's pleasure found?' I ask'd a maid,
Who, in a garden fair,
Had chosen from the private shade
Moss roses for her hair.
'Tis found within the palace-walls'—
Thus said the blooming girl;
'In masquerades, and full-dress balls,
And in the waltz's twirl.'
And as she spoke a crimson hue
Suffused her lovely cheek:
Oh, may thou ever happy be—
None other transports seek!
'Where's pleasure found?' I ask'd the youth
Who met in joyful glee,
While yet their tiny voices rung
In mirths of infancy.
They paused awhile, as if to ask
What other joys there were,
Than in the noon-day sun to bask
Or sport in open air?
Oh, happy be thine infant years,
While yet they know no guile,
And never may life's restless fears
E'er damp thy childish smile!
'Where's pleasure found?' I ask'd the old
Whose limbs with palsy shook,
And cheeks, with many a wrinkled fold,
Their length of days bespoke.
'Oh, seek not in this world that joy,
Lest thou be led astray,—
The only pleasures we enjoy,
Is when to God we pray.'
Oh, blessed be your hoary heads,
For grace to you was given!
And may you rest in pleasure's beds
Where they are found—in heaven!

DIRGE.

They laid her where earliest flowers were bending,
With lives like her own, so fair and so frail;
They laid her where showers of sweet leaves were descending,
Like tears when the branches are stirred by a gale.
They laid her where constant the south winds awaken,
The echo that dwells in that lone myrtle grove,
That the place of her rest might be never forsaken
By murmurs of sorrow, and murmurs of love.
They raised the white marble, a shrine for her slumbers,
Whose memories remain when the summers depart;
There a lute was engraven, and more than its numbers,
The strings that were broken appealed to the heart.
The bride brought her wreath of the orange-flowers hither,
And cast the sweet buds from her tresses of gold;
Like her in their earliest beauty to wither,
Like her in their sunshine of hope to grow cold.
The wild winds and waters together bewailing,
Perpetual mourners, lamented her doom;
Still sadness 'mid nature's sounds is prevailing,
Ah! what's all nature but one general tomb?
But vainly the spring's gentle children were dying,
And the tears of the morning amid the long grass,
And vain, valner still was the human heart's sighing,
That one so beloved, and so lovely, should pass.
The grave is an altar, whereon the heart offers
Its feverish pleasures, its troubles, its woes;
Stern, silent, and cold, the dark sanctuary proffers
Its gloomy return of unbroken repose.
How much of the sorrow that life may inherit,
That early departure to slumber will save!
The hope that drags onward the world-weary spirit,
Rests but when its fever is quenched in the grave.
Weep not for the dead with a fruitless recalling—
Their soul on the wings of the morning hath fled;
Mourn rather for those whom yet life is entralling,
Ah! weep for the living—weep not for the dead. L. E. L.

THE UPAS-TREE.

THE word upas, perhaps, revives one of the most awe-inspiring recollections of youth, and it has entered into the English vocabulary with a very decided and withering signification. We used to be told regarding the Dead Sea, which lies directly to the east of Jerusalem, calm as a baby asleep, in its deep depression, that birds could not fly over its surface without being dragged by a mysterious gravitation into its bosom; that men might not attempt to sail over it or swim in it, for death was in, and above, and below it; that the cities of the plain lay beneath it, sealed till the judgment-day; and that mortality had written its superscription over the dull, immobile, stagnant, sickened waters that bore heavily upon the foundations of Sodom and Gomorrah. Impressions parallel to those produced by the fables recorded of the Dead Sea were those which arose from the descriptions of a supposed poison-tree in Java, named the upas. It arose like some fell assassin on the young mind, producing fear, and trembling, and vague ideas of the dangers to which mariners were exposed, because in its assumed nature it was a most deadly vampire and destroyer. Nobody dared to approach it lest its pestilential breath might wither them up; no bird or beast might come within the influence of its shade and live. The fabulous account of this tree was likely introduced into Europe by some Dutch mariner at a period when people were prone to believe all sorts of wonderful stories; and that it was generally received is very probable from the circumstance that in nursery circles the belief of its deadly nature is not yet extinct. In the year 1788, however, what purported to be a description of this same tree was published by a Dutch surgeon named Foersch; and this description having found its way into the 'London Magazine,' became the standard by which the collaborators of nursery literature measured their accounts of the upas. Foersch was

originally only third surgeon to the Dutch forces at Samarang, a settlement on the coast of Java; but having, in 1776, obtained the rank of surgeon, he determined to visit the interior of the island and satisfy himself from observation of many things which he had been accustomed to hear regarding the productions of Java, and the upas-tree among the rest. He accordingly visited the hitherto almost unexplored interior, and the result was, according to his own statement, that everything which he had heard concerning this strange tree was more than amply verified.

According to the account which he published, the dreadful poison-tree was situated about twenty-seven leagues from Batavia, and only fourteen leagues from the residence of the emperor at Soura Charta. In a deep and lonely valley, around which towered high and barren mountains, grew this pestilential hermit tree. Determined to satisfy himself of the character and nature of the upas, he obtained permission from the Javanese potentate to visit it. He travelled round the mountains which circumvallated the Upas Valley, taking care, however, to keep at the distance of eighteen miles from its centre. Wonderful Dr Foersch! who could determine centres by instinct, and appreciate the nature and character of a plant at eighteen miles' distance, and on the other side of high and rugged hills! This learned, voracious, and particular doctor had obtained from a Malay priest a letter of introduction to another priest, who resided at fifteen or sixteen miles from the valley, whose duty it was to prepare for death those criminals whom the emperor condemned to gather the poison-fruit. This priest kindly received the philosopher, and informed him that he had stood janitor to that valley of death for thirty years, and in the course of that time had given his benediction to upwards of seven hundred individuals, who had been condemned for capital offences, and that two in twenty had not returned. Capital criminals in Java were allowed the privilege of choosing between this death and one more certain and immediate. When they had chosen the perilous journey to the upas-tree valley, they were instructed how to proceed with the greater chance of safety, and each individual had a silver or tortoise-shell box presented to him, in order that he might deposit the poison therein. They then dressed themselves, according to Foersch, in their best apparel, and, accompanied by their friends and relatives, set out upon their pilgrimage. When they reached the residence of the priest, the company stopped, and he then furnished each criminal with a pair of leathern gloves, with a long leather cap descending as far as the breast, having two eye-holes with glasses, in order that the wearer might see. When these garments were properly arranged, they then took farewell of their weeping friends and relatives, and ascended a particular mountain pointed out to them by the priest. After this ascent they were then to descend on the other side of the valley, where, meeting a rivulet, they should follow its course, and they would then reach the upas-tree. The Dutch savant declared, in his account of this romantic valley, that he saw criminals depart for it, and that he had such close communion with the victims as to give them some silken threads with which to measure the tree, and that he earnestly besought them to bring him some pieces of the wood—a small branch, or some of its leaves.

The result of this secondary method of acquiring knowledge was, that he obtained two dried, withered leaves, and was informed that the tree was only of middling size, having five or six young ones growing round it. It exhaled, he was told, a vapour, which steamed from it like the putrid breath of some sun-warmed marsh, and whoever and whatever was touched by this subtle poison was killed, so that neither bush, nor tree, nor blade of grass, save the upas and its progeny, was to be found in the valley or on the surrounding mountains for miles round. All animal life was also extinct: no beast was seen to roam in the lonely valley, in which lay jagged rocks, splintered from the mountain-tops by fierce lightning; the goat did not sport among the cliffs, nor the sheep bleat by the stream; the eagle never stretched his wing over this valley of death, nor did his young brood hail the sunrise from their eyrie

in the cliffs. Bird, nor beast, nor plant, nor creeping thing dared to come near unto this vampire plant that for centuries had cursed the soil, and had rendered that deep glen a golgotha in truth. It filled the air with pestilence, and it sucked the strength from the ground. It lived alone, within a circuit of many miles, and the bones of hundreds of men and beasts that had been constrained to approach it, or which had done so unwittingly, attested with what jealousy and power it maintained its dominion over the elements of life which were proximate to it. The poison, which the people of Java used artificially, however, was the gum of the upas, gathered by lucky criminals who had returned, mixed with citron-water and other drugs, and administered to any one that had fallen under the emperor's displeasure. Its effect was almost instantaneous, producing horrible agonies, distortions, and death. The doctor, according to his own statement, had been at the execution of thirteen persons condemned by the emperor, and thus described the administration of the poison: The person was slightly wounded by a kris, or Malayan dagger, and, the point having been previously impregnated with the poison, produced inoculation, dreadful torture, and death, in the course of about sixteen minutes. Of this fact the voracious Foersch was positive, having, he said, held his watch in his hand all the time, to observe its effects.

At last, however, the mendacious falsehoods thus propounded were met by a direct contradiction. Lambert Nolst, a Dutchman, whose memoir was translated into English in 1794, completely overturned all the pretended facts of his countryman. Nolst was a physician, and member of the Batavian Experimental Society at Rotterdam, and, upon the authority of one John Matthew, who had been in Java at the time Foersch pretended to have made such wonderful discoveries, proved them to be barefaced inventions. Shortly after Foersch's forgeries, a Swedish naturalist gave an account, at the University of Upsal, of the Bohan upas, or poison-tree of Macassar. This tree grows in many of the warmer parts of India, Java, Sumatra, Boli, and the Celebes Islands. There are two species of the plant, male and female. Aejmelceus described its trunk as thick, its branches spreading, its bark dark brown, and its wood solid, yellow, and variegated with black spots. He, too, inclined to the fanciful stories relative to its poisoning powers, although, of course, they were not nearly so exaggerated as those of Foersch.

The wonders and mysteries of the Upas Valley were at length completely dispelled, and the falsehoods of the celebrated Foersch were dissipated—much, no doubt, to the grief of nursery-maids and tale-tellers—when the British occupied Batavia. Dr Horsfield simply told the truth regarding this tree, and the romance of the Dutch surgeon vanished in air. That gentleman, writing about the poison-tree, says there is in Java a tree continent of poison, but there is no such extravagant death-producing monstrosity as that which was so particularly described by Foersch. There is a fatal poison prepared from a tree called anchar, which grows in greatest abundance at the eastern extremity of the island. It belongs to the twenty-first class of Linneus, *Monocotyledon*, and the male and female flowers are produced on the same branch near to each other, the females being generally above the males. The seed vessel is an oblong drupe, covered by the calyx, and the seed is an egg-shaped nut with cell. The top of the stem sends off a few stout branches, which, spreading nearly horizontally, with several irregular curves, divide into smaller branches, and form a tufted clumpy crown. The stem of the tree is cylindrical, and rises straight and naked to the height of nearly sixty, seventy, or eighty feet, when it throws off its branches. The bark is of a white colour, and is sometimes broken up into longitudinal furrows. Near the ground, in old trees, the bark is perhaps more than half an inch thick, and, when punctured, yields copiously the white milk-like substance from which the poison is extracted. This liquid is of a yellowish, creamy hue, and is of a frothy nature, becoming brown on the surface when exposed to the open air. Altogether this substance is much like milk, only

thicker and more viscid. This sap is found in the true bark, or *cortex*; the inner bark being of a close, fibrous texture, like that of linen, when separated from the other bark and cleansed. This the natives of Java formed into coarse ropes, and even into a cloth, which was adapted for habiliments to the poor. This cloth being worn in the fields is subject to saturation from rain, and then the wearers become affected with an intolerable itching. This property of the prepared inner bark is a fact well known wherever the tree grows; the preparation of the poison is a secret, however, exclusively confined to the inhabitants of the eastern extremity of Java.

Dr Horsfield had some difficulty with his native labourers in making his experiments; they, however, only feared an irruption of the skin, and nothing more.

Instead of standing like a centre of death in a lonely sterile valley, amidst black, splintered hills and the undisturbed bones of dead animals and men, as Foersch declared, the anchar is one of the largest of the trees that grow in Java, and is found in the midst of the densest forests, being surrounded on all sides by shrubs and plants, and in no instance standing alone in a lonely, sterile spot. The largest specimen which Dr Horsfield saw was so embosomed in common trees and shrubs that he could hardly approach it. Wild vines clung luxuriantly to its trunk, and climbing shrubs, verdant and healthy, wound round its stem. The poison prepared from the juice of this tree is very subtle, and its effects very powerful. On quadrupeds it exercised a rapid and certain destructiveness, proportionate in some degree to their strength and size—nice falling victims to its power in a few minutes, while a buffalo resisted its effects for two hours and ten minutes.

In 1830 the effects of this poison were terribly felt by the Dutch soldiers when they were attacked at Anboyna by the Macassars, who used arrows dipped in this or a similar preparation. The virus, when injected into the frame by means of the arrows of the natives, immediately mingled with the blood, producing an excessive burning, especially in the head, followed by sickness and death. Punctured by these poison-tipped arrows, and inevitably doomed to death by a process of extreme agony from their effects, the Dutch soldiers trembled at the very name of the Bohan upas; and perhaps this dread may have been the nucleus round which revolved all those supposed horrors of the valley, and barren mountain, and the tainted stream, and dead men's bones, on which there were no wolves nor wild beasts to batten, and whose very flesh dissolved and vanished away without the aid of slimy worms. Eventually, however, the terrified soldiers discovered an almost infallible antidote in a root, which, by its violently emetic properties, counteracted the force of the poison. So that the deadly upas, which stood in a lonely valley, breathing out death and devastation to man, beast, and plant, was at last found to be a handsome, beautiful tree, standing in the midst of forests and groves, and, instead of destroying, nourishing and supporting kindred plants beneath the shelter of its leaves and on its stem; and the effects of its poison were found, instead of being inevitable, to be subject to the essence of a root more subtle and powerful still than the liquid of the anchar. Truth has dissolved many such great stories as that of the upas-tree.

ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.

A CERTAIN abbot, talking one day with Archbishop Anselm of the affairs of the monastery (Canterbury is very likely to have been the scene), asked him what could be done with the boys who were bred up there. 'They are perverse,' he said, 'and incorrigible; we never cease beating them day and night, and yet they are always worse than they were before.'—'What,' replied Anselm, 'do you never cease beating them? and what sort of persons do they turn out to be when they are grown up?'—'Stupid and brutal,' said the abbot.—'Then,' answered Anselm, 'how well have you bestowed all your pains in education when you have educated human beings so as to make brutes of them?'—

'But what else can we do?' said the abbot, abashed at the rebuke, and yet not made sensible that he had proceeded upon a wrong system; 'we use all means for compelling them to learn, and yet they make no proficiency.'—'For compelling them?' repeated Anselm. 'Tell me, I pray you, Sir Abbot, if you planted a young tree in your garden, and were presently to shut it up so closely on every side that it could no where push out its branches, what sort of a sapling would it prove to be, when, at a year's end, you came to set it free?—truly a worthless one, with crooked and intertangled boughs; and this from no fault except your own, in having so unreasonably cramped it. Certes it is just that ye are doing with your school-boys. They have been planted as an oblation in the garden of the church, that they may grow there and bring forth fruit unto God; but you keep them under a perpetual restraint by fear, by threats and stripes, so that they are not allowed to enjoy any liberty; and, therefore, they who suffer under this injudicious oppression acquire evil thoughts and desires, which grow up like thorns in their minds, and these they feed and cherish, till they have acquired such strength as to resist obstinately every means which you can possibly administer for correcting them. Hence it results that, because they never perceived in you anything of love, anything of compassion, anything of benevolence or kindness towards them, they can have no belief afterward of anything good in you, but are persuaded that whatever you did proceeded from hatred and malice; and the miserable consequence is that, as they grow in years, their dispositions being thus contorted and rendered prone to evil, suspicion and hatred grow with their growth. Having themselves never been trained by any one in true charity, they can never look upon others but with a downcast brow and an eye askant. Tell me why it is that you treat them in the spirit of annoyance? Are they not human beings? Are they not your fellow-creatures? Would you that they should do unto you as ye do unto them, if your relative situations were changed, and ye were what they are? But admit that your intention is to form them to good manners by blows and stripes; did you ever know a goldsmith form a plate of gold or silver into a goodly shape only by hammering it? I think not, indeed. But how then? To the end that he may bring his plate into the form desired, he, with his instrument, gently presses it, and taps it gently and carefully, and with gentle touches smoothes and shapes it; and so must ye, if ye desire to accomplish your boys in good learning, bestow upon them the alleviation and the aid of paternal compassion and kindness, as well as the use of stripes.' The abbot was not yet convinced, but maintained his cause like a sturdy disciplinarian. 'What alleviation?' he asked, 'what aid? We endeavour to force grave and good manners upon them.'—'*Bene quidem*,' answered Anselm; 'bread and any kind of solid food, is good and wholesome for those who are able to eat it; but take an infant from the breast, and give it him instead of his natural food, and you will see him choked by it, rather than comforted and delighted, and I need not tell you why. But hold you this for a truth, that as there is for the weak body and the strong their appropriate food, so is there for the weak and the strong mind. The strong mind delighteth in, and is nourished by solid meat—to wit, by patience in tribulation, by not coveting other men's goods, by turning one cheek to him that smites the other, by praying for his enemies, by loving those that hate him; but he that is yet feeble in the service of God needs to be fed with milk as a suckling—that is to say, with gentleness, with benignity, with pity, with cheerful encouragement, with charitable forbearance, and so forth. Adapt ye yourselves thus to the strong and to the weak, and by God's grace ye will, as far as in you lies, bring them all to the service of God.' It is to the credit of the abbot, that he no longer resisted the force of this unanswerable reasoning, but groaned and said, 'Verily we have erred, and the light of discretion hath not shone in us!' and falling at Anselm's feet, he confessed his fault, and entreated pardon for the past, and promised amendment for the future.—*Southey.*

CHRONOLOGY IMPROVED.

THE improvements of the nineteenth century are yet neither numbered nor finished. Though almost every science in learning's calendar, from mathematics to magnetism, has participated in them, the *onomies*, the *ologies*, and the *ographies*, as a condensing friend was wont to term those branches of general knowledge, have been enlarged in range and increased in number, thanks to the genius of discovery, which seems to have taken our age under its special patronage. Astronomers have widened the circle of their acquaintance with the starry worlds; politicians on earth have learned new phrases, and, they say, new principles also; mechanism has concluded alliances offensive and defensive with the mighty old agencies of nature, that were feared and worshipped as gods among primeval nations; in short, advances have been made in every region of moral and material philosophy;—but the science by which time is measured, on which history hangs, and the landmarks of the past stand forth to national and individual memory, it alone remains unprogressing: in the midst of a progress which is certainly not voiceless, the chronology of Europe has continued to stand still and changeless since 1750. At that period, the mode of reckoning, popularly called the new style, was introduced, and crowds of the operative classes used to pursue the then prime minister's carriage through the streets of London, loudly demanding the eleven days of which they said he had robbed them. We suspect the greater part had robbed themselves of more days than these. An observant moralist has remarked that 'most men spend time more carelessly than money, though the one it is possible to win back' (he was right in not saying easy), 'and the other has no returning.' How far had those noisy complainants fallen short of the wisdom of the old Hungarian who told Bonaparte that he 'never counted his years, because he could not lose one of them!' Yet years and days are lost. Titus the Roman emperor is said to have lamented over a lost day in which he remembered no good action done; we wonder what account the imperial Roman took of those spent in the destruction of Jerusalem? Men are apt to differ in their estimates of both days and actions. There was an eastern caliph who, out of a long and prosperous reign, great treasures, and domestic good fortune, could reckon only ten white days in the calendar of his memory, and left the sum total on parchment for the edification of his successor. The worthy caliph also believed it would furnish his subjects with a lesson against envy; and the anecdote of Titus seems to suggest an improvement in the modern computation of time which might be serviceable both in a public and private capacity. Eras are useful things as well as great; the ancient world had them of its own, few and far between, and dim with old uncertainty, by the fountains of its early story: the expulsion of the shepherd kings, the building of Thebes, and the destruction of Troy, were the memorial points of ancient annalists, from which they traced their lines of history.

Periods of still nearer and mightier events have served a similar purpose in later chronicles. Europe reckons almost eighteen centuries and a half since the proclamation of peace on earth, which so many feuds and battles have blasphemed; but the ciphers multiply—and why should later generations link their years to so long a chain—their over whom eras in public faith and practice pass as swiftly and sovereign-like as the shadows of Banquo's line before Macbeth? How many such monarchs have ruled within the memory of some still reckoned among the living! Those comprehended in the bounds of the present century equal at least in number the governments of France during the same period; and history presents us with no succession more rapid, except that of the sultanas in the 'Arabian Nights,' and the authorities in the 'City of Wisdom,' where, according to the rabbins, no man was permitted to retain power longer than two days, it being generally understood that he would certainly do evil on the third. The reigns to which we have referred, besides being somewhat more lengthened than the above,

have also the additional advantage of greater variety in their duration. On an average, their birth, coronation, and unattended funerals, will be found included within the space of from five to two years; and it is worthy of note that the latest are always the shortest too. It were indeed strange if the revolutions of thought did not partake of the increased velocity of all our latter-day movements. When America was a six months' sail, and London and Paris required a fortnight to communicate, changes in public opinion might be proportionally slow; but the world has learned the value of time and the insignificance of distance. Life is short—we are therefore in haste; and when men travel and toil, write and read fast, is it not natural that they should think fast also? Old ideas kept longer in fashion, as the dresses of our grandmothers continued to be the mode throughout an entire reign, while ours are superannuated in a month. It has been said that views of hills and rivers were obtained from the forgotten waggon or stage-coach, which the locked-up express, and the 'congregation of the upright,' as some call the unsentenced class, alike lose in the railway, and slow men believe that our modern manufactures could never wear with the damasks and camlets of former times. It may be so; but our journeys are swifter, our manufactures cheaper; and we know not which comparative would best describe our systems.

Astronomers tell us that as planets approach the sun their motion is accelerated. Might the rule be applicable to our thinking world, in its approximation to that age of light so promised, hoped in, and waited for, by every reformer from Zoroaster downward? Perhaps it will come at last, with the 'coming man,' whoever he may be; for many have come in his name, and many a glare has flashed over the public mind, which dreamy watchers took for its dawn, but the blaze went out, and another succeeded it. The first years of our nineteenth hundred found freedom and free-thinking enthroned in popular worship; from the learned professor to the country schoolboy, every body was an unbeliever in every thing but the sins of churches and thrones. Tailors formed brotherhoods for the regeneration of the world; green-grocers clamoured for liberty or death; and chimney-sweepers' apprentices declaimed against the trammels which crafty priests and politicians had forged to degrade the dignity of man. The impulse was given from France, and it passed away with the Consulate; but Byron caught the echoes of the time long after, with other themes which gave his poems a relish to the multitude. Next came the reign of Conservative patriotism, in which every respectable man was expected to adore the Holy Alliance and hate Bonaparte; volunteers, anti-Gallican clubs, and illuminations, were its witnesses, and numerous were the trumpeters, of whom Southey led the van.

We will not enlarge on what may be called the historical accompaniments of these eras; they were played by war and fortune on nations and great names, the subordinate performers being kings, statesmen, and generals, and occasionally mobs also. The last-mentioned epoch was much the longest, but it passed, and Greece came in fashion, not without the help of Byron, though some said he uttered but the voice of the time; so does every poet who grows great in his generation, and there are songs that mingle with the voices of all times. But, to return to the Grecian era, what zeal exploded, what speeches were made, and what paper was 'used up,' as a stationer would say, in denouncing the Othman tyrant and lamenting over the land of heroes! Young poets made a point of introducing the 'Arnaout' and the 'Sulioté' on all occasions to any who would read; ladies dressed their hair *à la Grecque*, and it was generally agreed that no London soiree could go off well without a Greek exile. The liberation of Greece was at last effected, in spite of cautious ministers in Europe and the Turk's death-grasp of power, a consummation to be rejoiced over for the sake of old fame, and still more for that of new civilisation; but, after the battle of Navarino, public enthusiasm gradually cooled, and, before the assassination of Capo D'Istria, the most ardent devotee of Grecian glory had discovered what Childe Harold seems to

have found out sooner, when he said, 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more,' namely, that the 'clime of the forgotten brave' was a hotbed of turbulent knaves and ruffianly robbers.

Time and enlightened institutions have wrought better changes by the banks of Eurotas and the ruins of the Piræus, and other reigning topics have ruled over the popular mind of Britain. Greece was followed by another ferment for liberty in general, whose limits might be defined as those of Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Bill, with a French Revolution in the midst, to make things memorable. When Parisian barricades first came into notice, they made a king then, and have unmade him since; but who does not recollect, of all that saw and heard them, the newspaper commotion, the opposing dinners, and all the processions from Birmingham to London threatened by the Trades' Unions? The excitement subsided soon after the passing of the bill *par excellence*, and then commenced the philosophic times of moral force, in which we still exist, notwithstanding continental revolutions and rumours of wars from Ireland. These eras, though of a less demonstrative and more intellectual character, passed not without sensible signs. First in the series came the phrenological, wherein every man, woman, and child were provided with casts of the cranium and charts of the brain, and nothing but bumps was talked of. Was there a petty Barwell to be transported, a boy to be apprenticed, or a matrimonial partner to be selected, the inequalities of the skull were taken into immediate consideration, and consulted as so many oracles. It has never been accurately ascertained how many professions were chosen, sentences commuted, or matches broken off in consequence, but there were sanguine disciples, who predicted that thenceforth parents would be spared the possibility of mistake in mapping out the future courses of their children—friendship, the danger of deceit in placing its confidence—love, the peril of utter loss in laying up its trust; and no wonder that such regarded Gall and Spurzheim as the Newtons & Co. of our moral *Principia*. But even phrenology found a rival of still loftier promise. Mesmerism came, with its crowded exhibitions and uncertain miracles, an agent between the visible and invisible worlds. To do it justice, it has kept its hold longer than any of the family, though much of the glory has departed, and the empire was never fully established, most of the marvels being greater than popular faith. We believe its last form, phreno-mesmerism, has accompanied every succeeding reign, as they merged into each other. That of universal benevolence, in which everybody overflowed with sympathy, and spoke of no one that was not worse off than themselves; tongues and needles, pens and presses laboured for the poor, as if propelled by the very steam of philanthropy; and, strange to say, it has been remarked that the world was nothing the better. Transcendentalism was then imported from Germany, and though it is believed never to have descended farther than boarding-school girls and very young students, having a depth beyond that of the masses, a considerable amount of mysticism regarding the pure reason and individual consciousness has filled the pages of magazines and the atmosphere of drawing-rooms.

What is the predominant power at the present moment it is difficult to determine; our course is through drifting wrecks and falling fabrics. Phrenology, mesmerism, and sundry other *isms* of great and little note, mingle and clash together, like the floating fragments of great ships on a stormy sea. Some say the generation has grown keenly inquisitive—some that it is critically captious—and some, taking their watchword once again from France, insist that we are now in the era of fraternity. There was an alchemist, in olden times, who searched for the elixir of life and the philosopher's stone, till he lost faith in both, and spent a princely fortune. The man extinguished his furnace, broke his crucible, and said it was terrible to think how much might be true, and how little man could certify. Alchemy has long since become obsolete in the world's wisdom, but the words of that disappointed searcher are still emphatic in their boundless application. How much

may be true time alone can answer; and, having traced the eras of our century's mental history, it seems to us an improvement worthy of the age that they should be appropriately commemorated. The old landmarks of time, which our fathers have set up and reckoned from, let them still remain for the historian, the man of law, and—if he will—the divine; but our current literature, whose mission is of and for the day, should not its date be given from the reigning idea? The first year of phrenology; the second month of philanthropy (that reign could not be reckoned by years); but how edifying would such dates appear on old magazines and newspapers, when drawn forth from lumber corners—those holds of the thrown-by which no human domicile is without, and of which some entirely consist! Still more instructive would they look on letters, which one should have burned, but did not, till many things were altered besides their era. Some epistles, written to dear friends in the third quarter of transcendentalism, would read strangely even now; but it is to the novelists that the advantages of our proposed mode are particularly obvious. By means of it, the banner of every tale, so to speak, might be displayed in the opening sentences, thus handsomely supplying the place of the antiquated preface in declaring the author's intentions. For example, a tale of high-wrought excitement might commence with—'It was a December night, in the fifth year of free-thinking, when Wolfried Windham sat alone in a room of the king's bench-prison; or, to take a specimen of gentler character—'It was on a glorious midsummer evening, in the second year of mesmeric influence, that Julia and her friend stood *en rapport* gazing on the splendid though daily-recurring miracle of sunset.' There is a *tableaux vivant* which renders any introductory remarks unnecessary, and a method by which every author might pay homage to the chosen monarch of his mind, for these are the kings of modern life. Mortal sovereigns are still said to reign; but, at a period when those sceptred gentlemen are bundled out of their palaces with as much noise and as little ceremony as are wont to attend on the dismissal of an unsatisfactory butler, why should the magnates of fiction recognise their reigns? An exception occurs in the case of historical novel: but, as their prescribed range is now bounded by Queen Elizabeth on the one side and Oliver Cromwell on the other, it lies among the old world's reckoning. To poet, also, the proposed plan recommends itself. 'Life's Revelings, a Poem, or World Wandering Lyrics, published by Somebody & Co., in the first year of Fraternity,' would appeal to every heart through the medium of an advertisement; the very idea makes even ourselves for the time poetical. With a good-will to sing of progress, could we but hope for listeners, as era after era noted in these pages rises to remind us how many a forward step the world has made in their passing, let those who doubt look back, and see, and believe, and hope, as we do, that in process of time most matters, including Chronology, and the few minutes spent in perusing this article, will be improved.

LIFE OF SAMUEL CLUGSTON, THE SLUGGARD.

CHAPTER IV.

Every outward pressure being now removed except what arose from public opinion, the ruling passion made rapid encroachment on Samuel, and first manifested its progress to the general public in church. His father, while he lived, had managed to keep him tolerably awake while there, and Samuel himself, for a time, made extraordinary efforts to preserve a show of decency; but it was observed that every Sabbath he was losing ground, and that his naps were becoming longer and deeper, until at last they became an unbroken series of nods, from the time that the second psalm ceased, till the minister added no more. All this was very disgraceful. He was remonstrated with, and the minister one day went out of his way, it was thought, to attack him, by saying some strong things about sluggards;

but if he meant them for Samuel personally, he might have saved himself the trouble, for Samuel nodded on.

Now it so happened, that the seat which had been vacated by the death of Andrew Clugston, fell into the hands of one James Draffin, a shoemaker, who lived a few miles out of the village, at a place called Powbridge. He was a slender, choleric, hard-working man, with a small family, and noted for his belief in witches. As he had unfortunately the habit of nodding too, the seat got a very bad name, and one after another slipped away to some other part of the church, till Samuel and James got the seat almost wholly to themselves. Now, as ill fortune would have it, it chanced to be a part of the sacramental seat, which, in many old-fashioned country churches, runs along the entire breadth, or rather length, of the building in front of the pulpit; and is divided, except at communion times, into different pews, in which the sitters are placed with their faces right opposite to each other, with a narrow table or book-board between them. By the law of chances, James and Samuel sometimes sat on the same side, and sometimes on opposite sides, and like the planets with the sun, to compare small things with great, they were sometimes aphelion and sometimes perihelion in their nodding. When the declination was such as to promise a conjunction, there was an intense interest felt, and the turning of hundreds of eyes to the scene of expectation.

It was a sultry day in July—I remember it well, for I happened to be there that day—that Samuel and James were seated precisely opposite to each other, and as the sermon began, they began to dip together, pull up, and duck down again, lengthening the stroke as the power increased, and Samuel's was no ordinary stroke when his prodigious neck got into full play. Wicked wishes were rife and on tiptoe, and some were standing up in the back galleries to see the expected collision take place. It was amazing how long it was deferred; for sometimes Samuel was going up while James was coming down; and sometimes James was hanging fire, while Samuel was loading and discharging with great regularity; and then, again, Samuel would take it into his head to send the shot sideways, while James was firing backwards; but at last they came into a sort of regular understanding and went off with astonishing precision. They approached within an inch of each other one time, then down came the two twelve-pounders the next fire, and rebounded with a smash and a deep groan from both parties. There was a suppressed titting throughout the whole church, and several boys laughed right out. The minister looked round, and saw Samuel and James at each other's throats, and staring like wild cats. It was some time ere peace was restored; and in fact it would have been better to have dismissed the meeting, for not one in a hundred, I am sure, got any more good of the services that day. Heads were constantly going down, and rising up in a little while from beneath the book-boards as red as fire; and looks were interchanging, especially among the young, which showed plainly how their minds were occupied; and rows of teeth were now and then appearing in the more remote and secluded quarters, as white and naked as if they had not had a lip to cover them. It is only justice to say, however, that neither Samuel nor James slept any more that day.

Some time elapsed ere Samuel made his appearance again in the church; and as for James he betook himself to the back settlements in the gallery, where he was completely out of danger; for instead of compromising the matter as formerly, he laid his head down, and adhered to the book-board. It was observed that neither he nor Samuel ever spoke of each other afterwards but in the most disrespectful and bitter terms. About this time, I think, it was that Samuel had an attack upon his heart, which proved worse than James Draffin's assault upon his head; but as this is a matter of some importance I will take a new chapter to it.

CHAPTER V.

I have said that Samuel was by no means lovely to look upon, and, being lazy, he did not pay that attention to his

dress and person he ought to have done; and the consequence was that any moiety of good looks he had was buried beneath dirt, and slovenly clothes, and a long beard. But as Cupid is sometimes not over nice about outward appearances, if he can only kindle a good fire for himself, and have the pleasure of watching its progress, he one day took the opportunity of stepping across to Samuel, out of Jenny Airly's eyes, which were standing wide open at the time. Jenny was the doctor's maid, and had lately returned from service in the county town. She had acquired some town airs, and new-fangled words, and dashing dresses, so that she became quite the toast among the young men, and a target among the women. She was not to be put down by malice and detraction, however, so she continued to dress as gay and talk as fine at the end of the month as ever. There might have been little danger in these attractions, had she not had a cheek as red and plump as a cherry, and a pair of eyes that twinkled and danced like stars, and a waist that run in like a greyhound's, and a pair of ankles that came tapering into sight like those of a fallow-deer. She was not unaware of the powers she possessed, and, like many other great commanders, she took care that her forces should not suffer by inaction. It mattered little to her whether she barricaded a widower, or blew up an old bachelor; set fire to a miser, or laid mines for half a dozen young scamps, who had the vanity to suppose they could get her any day for the asking. No wonder, then, that Samuel surrendered almost at discretion, and at first sight. He did not know, it is true, that he had surrendered, but it was not the less certain for all that, and to none more certain than to Jenny herself. Samuel began to dress a great deal better, and even to shave his beard twice a-week, and to wash his face as often, and change his shirt every eight days, which were great changes for him, and to stand about the door very much, and pretend to be looking down the street, while in reality he was keeping his eye on the doctor's kitchen window, where Jenny made her appearance pretty often, and sometimes deigned to cast a glance over to Samuel, which some people said made him shake all over and grow red in the face.

Samuel watched his opportunity, and by and by had the felicity to see the doctor and his wife go out one day to walk or visit. Samuel drew a wet towel across his face, combed his hair rapidly, and put about a showy neckerchief, and, after having looked himself in the glass once or twice, he took his march across the street with a beating heart and a sheepish look. He went directly into the doctor's shop, and Jenny promptly appeared behind the counter to know what was wanted. Samuel stammered a little, gave a hem or two, and then said, 'There's a fine day.'

'O, yes!—Fine weather, Mr Clugston,' said Jenny, in a soft deferential tone.

This was the first time he had ever been addressed, as Mr Clugston, and there was a charm in it he had never felt before, and the words altogether sounded so musically that he was completely captivated by the blandishments of Jenny's tongue.

'Is the doctor in?'—continued Samuel in rather a higher style of enunciation than he was wont to assume.

'No, sir,' replied Jenny; 'but he'll no be unco long, I think. Will you just take a seat, sir?'

'If it's the same thing,' said Samuel, the cunning rogue, 'I'll just step ben beside the kitchen-fire till he come; for although it's grand weather, I've gotten a wee glisk o' the cauld, I think, at any rate.'

'It's quite the same thing, Mr Clugston,' said Jenny, with a sweet smile; 'but the kitchen's a' in confusion the day, and you maun just excuse it.'

The kitchen was as clean and orderly as kitchen could be, but it was Jenny's way of expressing herself, and she had many strange ways besides that. No rural coquette knew better how to plant her words, or sow her smiles, and the short and the long of it was, that there was scarcely a corner in Samuel's heart but she broke up and laid under crop. When she had done all she desired at the

time, she began to wonder whether she could not serve Samuel herself with what he wanted out of the shop.

'I've nae doubts ye can, Jenny, my woman,' said Samuel, rising from his seat; 'it's just a wee bit black sugar I want, for that cauld and kechling in my throat.'

'O, yes,' said Jenny; 'I can gie you that, Mr Clugston. What a pity I didna spier at first; but I didna think o't.'

'Nae pity that,' replied Samuel, very gallantly; 'the time's no tint that's spent in your company at any rate.'

Jenny held down her head, and affected to blush at the compliment, and said something about the flattering and deceit of young men.

Samuel got his pennyworth of black sugar, and, after pressing the half of it on Jenny's acceptance, he stepped across the street scarcely able to lift his feet or feel them on the ground; for he knew Jenny would be looking after and admiring him, and it is difficult for a lover to believe the contrary. He was right in the first part of his conjecture, but sadly out in the second; for Jenny was giggling and laughing in her sleeve at the increased awkwardness of the stricken swain, and knew as well as if she had been in his heart what was the cause of it, and what was going on there, and what would be the consequences of the interview that had just taken place.

Samuel felt that night when he lay down as if a honey-comb was dripping upon his heart. A new life had come into him, and he saw delectable visions, and Jenny was always in the foreground of them; but nature at last gave way among some of the short hours, and he fell into a profound slumber, from which he did not awaken till the sun was far advanced upon his next day's journey. His first thought was Jenny; and the first thing he did when he rose was to steal a look over the way, and the next thing was to dress himself with some care and make his appearance at the door, with as much of the air of having been up for some hours as possible. Samuel's loom was as peaceable a neighbour as loom could be, but it became more taciturn than ever, for love they say is

'Like a dizziness;
It winna let a pair body
Gang about his bizziness.'

Samuel got restless now, and fell into reveries, and would sit for hours at his window, looking over to the doctor's house, as if he were solving on its walls some intricate and interminable problem, which Euclid never thought of, and Newton had not the faculty to pursue. But what is concealed from the philosopher is often revealed to the simple; and so it was with Jenny. There needed no apple to fall to break the shell of her genius. She saw everything as plain as clockwork, and others began to see it too, and then the whole village saw it, and next the whole countryside. But it is easy to discover America after it is discovered—though every man is not a Columbus, nor every woman a Jenny Airly. Sly hints and significant winks began to come in Samuel's way, and some praised Jenny, and others shook their heads and drew their mouths in; and some very honest and kind-intentioned people gave Samuel to understand that if she took him at all it would be for his siller, but they rather thought she was making game of him, as she had a number of young men going after her, and it was understood she was engaged to one of them; and besides all, they alleged that she took a dram and liked strong tea.

This was sowing dragon's teeth in Samuel's mind, and giving him serpents with green eyes for his bedfellows. He was now more awake than he had been for years, for jealousy is as good a sleep-dispeller as green tea. He would jerk his arms occasionally, and turn about abruptly for nothing, and mutter words between his teeth, and show the upper halves of his eyes, and do many quick and difficult things he never thought of before. It was some time ere he got an opportunity of unburdening his mind; but he might as well have let it alone, for Jenny gave him no satisfaction, but smirked and giggled and looked provokingly saucy and most insufferably pretty. Samuel resolved to give her up, and wondered he had ever thought of her at all, as it was clear he was better than her any

day. To show, however, that he harboured no malice, and that he had got above the thing, he eventually took a seat in the gallery of the church near where she sat. Now, as James Druffin had an ill-will at Samuel, and did not by any means relish his appearance there, he took the trouble to observe Samuel's motions for some time, and declared that 'he never took his een off Jenny Airly from the moment she came in till the kirk skailed.'

Whether any advantage, morally, was gained, is very problematical, but certain it is that Jenny kept Samuel, and Samuel kept James awake for a considerable number of Sabbaths—but how many I never exactly ascertained. James, however, tired of his overseership, and yielded to the entreaties of nature, and Samuel occasionally began to go off too, for James's snore was most seductively infectious; it had a depth and richness about it which intimated the entire abandonment of the inner man to the delicious influence of sleep. Jenny was piqued at this; for though she did not care a straw for Samuel, she could not bear that any thing should have greater power over him than herself; so she got some of her hangers-on to sit near Samuel and hold snuff to his nose when he fell over, or give a loud hem in his ear, or prick him with pins till he awoke. She took occasion also to tell Samuel how ill she took it, and that if he had any regard for her he would not do it; and as she closed up the affair with a few tears which she modestly concealed with her apron, the thing was cured for a time, and Samuel kept his eyes open till the kirk closed. His vows to forget Jenny were forgotten, and the short struggle he had made but entangled him the more, and Jenny knew this would be the case.

It may always be regarded, I think, as a sure sign that a question has taken thorough possession of the public mind when the boys come to use it as a catchword, write it on the walls, or enact it in their plays. I was a drum-major, I can recollect, in the great war that went on in my school days, and killed I don't know how many Frenchmen with my drumsticks, and made a vast number of prisoners and miraculous escapes. Bonaparte again, after my time, brought out large squads of patriots, and gallant infantry, and invincible cavalry, mounted on old broomshafts and rushing to the charge, driving down their colonels and captains by the dozen, and leaving them to scrape their soiled breeches, or come up again and officer their troops as they had a mind. These were but the reflections—a sort of moral mirage—of what was going on elsewhere; the holding up of the mirror to let the form and pressure of the age be seen. Now to reason from the greater to the less, and to illustrate local by national affairs, it will at once be felt how deep was the hold which the question between Samuel and Jenny had taken of the general heart, when I mention that it became a stock article among the boys, and that one of their set practices, when passing Samuel's house, was to cry out with all their might, and then scamper off—'Samuel, here's Jenny!'—'Yonder's Jenny, Samuel!'—'She's no gaun to tak' ye, Sluggie!'—'Cluggie, look out, man!—here she's!'

They did not stop at this, the little villains, but wrote insulting things on his door-checks, and at the sides of his window; and one night, after he had fallen asleep, some chemical stuff with an abominable smell was thrust in beneath his door, and the house was almost intolerable for several days afterwards. It was surmised by some, and believed by others, that Jenny Airly was at the bottom of this trick, for it was a doctor's stuff that had been used, and some of her lads had been seen that night lounging about Samuel's door at a late hour.

Samuel's peace was now entirely broken, for the drunkard as he went by at night, and the boy as he passed during the day, was sure to utter some offensive language, or give a kick at his door or a rattle to his window, and then shirk off, as if he had done some very clever or very commendable thing. He therefore wisely resolved to bring matters to a crisis, and put an end to these annoyances by marrying Jenny at once. So he mustered courage one night, and said, 'As sure's a gun, Jenny, I like ye. Will ye tak' me at any rate?' and she, in the midst of many

blushes, and much simpering and working with her apron-strings, wondered he could think of her, and so many laases with tochers he might get for the asking. But Samuel very courteously parried this feint by saying, that 'there was mair gowd in her wee finger than in their hale buik; and that he would not gie ae glint o' her e'e for the clink o' a' their siller.' So what could Jenny do, but refer him to her parents, to whose counsels she always listened, and by whose decision, she professed, she would be guided.

Now, it happened to be about Hansel Monday (the first Monday after the new year, old style), which was a merry-making time in that part of the country, and Jenny's father—or rather Jenny herself, it was said—got her father to invite a large party to his house, which consisted chiefly of her lads, and a few elderly laases, with small means and less charms, to give the appearance of decency to the thing, and at the same time incur as little risk as possible from a dangerous competition. Well, Samuel was invited, of course, and got a hint from Jenny that it would be a favourable opportunity for opening his mind to her dear parents; and Samuel thought so too, and accordingly sisted proceedings till that time. It was no doubt delightful, now, for Samuel to think inside, that Jenny 'was a' his ain; whilst his tormentors outside would cry, that 'She didna care a button for him, and that she was gaun to be cried on Spruce Pate on Sabbath eight days.'

But Hansel Monday came, and a fluttering about Samuel's heart came with it, as if a bird had got inside. He could not rest, but went out and in about the neighbours' houses, asking the hour every now and then, and remarking 'that there was a great odds at only rate on the length o' the days already.' But the longest day comes to an end, for Samuel was seen issuing from his own door that evening about half-past five, in his side-tailed coat and Sunday breeches, rig-and-fur stockings and clear shoe-buckles. A split-new red plush vest was on for the first time, and a new scarlet neckerchief full of clusters of white diamonds, which was a very fashionable wear at that time among the bien and better sort of folk. Samuel was almost smart, as he went down the town in the direction of James Airly's, making his long legs fly like tails before him, and every now and then feeling about his neck and giving a pull down to his vest, and peeping out from beneath the corners of his eyes at the windows as he passed, and giving short hems there was no earthly need for, except as indications of what was going on within, and symptomatic of the nature of the enterprise on which he had started. As he entered his future father-in-law's an unusual hilarity broke out, and winks, and nods, and tittering commenced; but Samuel consoled himself by the thought of the success of his courtship, and of the envy with which he would be regarded when Jenny Airly became Mrs Clugston. This was but the beginning of Samuel's trials for the night. Not to mention the ill usage he got while playing at 'blind man's buff,' and the unmannerly way they treated him in a dance which followed, they contrived to get him fairly intoxicated long before the party broke up. He had managed to get a word of the old folks at an early part of the evening, and as his proposal was well received, he was perhaps the easier imposed on; for excessive joy throws a man off his guard, and particularly inclines him to take an extra glass if it happen to be in his way. As the evening advanced, his attentions to Jenny grew warmer and more decided, till at last he spoke right out and called her, 'His bonny lamb,' 'His ain breast-beam,' and would not let any one sit beside her or speak to her but himself. But the liquor eventually got the mastery, and Samuel's tongue lay down in his mouth and refused to rise, and his eyes became all but shut, and his legs, when he rose, twined and shuffled in a most extraordinary manner to the infinite mirth of the company; and so James Airly got two of the stoutest and soberest to see Samuel safe home, which they undertook to do, but did not perform. He was got lying in a ditch with both skirts of his coat torn away, and otherwise in a most deplorable condition, by a man who happened to be passing with an empty cart about midnight,

and who kindly took him home, and got in some of the neighbours to attend to him. The first ideas that began to come up to the surface, after an hour's rubbing and swathing, were some maudlin things about Jenny Airly and the kirkling. These soon disappeared, and a deep steady snore succeeded, which intimated that nature had resumed her functions, and was on full work again. So Samuel was left to sleep off his debauch, which took no small time, for at two o'clock next day, he was still snoring and blowing away like an asthmatical engine at an old drop-sial coal-pit. He did awake, however, after a sleep of sixteen hours, but it was with a bitter conscience. There lay his Sunday breeches, plastered with mud, and wanting a leg; there, his best coat deprived of both tails, and his plush waistcoat nowhere to be seen; and one of his eyes nearly closed up with some blow he had received, and his mouth sticking together like one piece, and his tongue as dry as a brick, and his head and breast smouldering within like a lime-kiln. To add to the disgrace of the whole affair, the tails of his coat were found tied with strings and dangling over the hindlegs of an old superannuated pony belonging to a maiden lady in the neighbourhood, who, in consideration of past services and total inability, allowed it to dose all winter in an old foggy piece of plantation; and, to crown all, the new red plush vest was got buttoned round the belly of a pig belonging to the same lady; and the leg of the breeches was got a few days after in a locomotive state behind a dyke firmly tied at both ends and a kitten inside nearly starved to death. And this was not the end of the matter, for Jenny Airly was 'cried' next Sabbath to Spruce Pate (one of the men who engaged to see Samuel home), and married shortly thereafter.

This was shameful treatment; but what could Samuel do? The very boldness and suddenness of the movement deprived him of the power of retaliating, or expostulating, or doing anything. Indeed, he could not believe it till it was all past, and scarcely believed it then. But flirting women do strange things, for they are a strange people, and delight in strange ways.

PROSE ABOUT POETRY.

WHAT is poetry? is a question to which it is difficult to give an explicit reply, for, like some other things, it is to be 'felt rather than defined.' One would be inclined to smile at an offer to explain a subject with which every one is supposed to be so familiar in the general; yet, as many confess themselves strangers to its influences, and unacquainted with its finer elements and distinctions, an effort to illustrate it may not be out of place, though even here we must borrow from antiquity.

In the olden time men were wont to give to each object in creation, to mother earth and to old chaos himself, as well as to every shade of thought, a 'rational existence and a soul;' nay, more, a divinity. With them

'All was enchanted ground—each trace
The footstep of a God.'

The soul is sufficient for our purpose, and a little consideration will serve to convince most of us that that soul has a voice, which makes itself heard in our inmost heart, whether we have or have not hitherto given to it the proper title. This vocal soul of nature and of the events of life we call poetry. We are accustomed to speak of inanimate nature, but where does it exist to the intelligent being? Does not the mind that goes forth upon the natural objects spread around, and traces the circumstances affecting every created being, whether sentient or senseless, experience a certain influence, or endow all with a kind of vitality, drawing from them a spirit, an essence? The woods, fields, mountains, streams, and wilds, the life-giving sunlight, the tempest, the whirlwind, and the 'soft still summer air'—do not one or other, if not all, of these speak to every child of man at times, be those intervals ever so thinly scattered and brief, in a language which thrills to the soul? It may be with a transport of awe or kindred joy, and, alas! too well do many know it

may be with such a mournful weight of anguish as an exile feels, when some tone, some passing odour, stirs to fresh wakefulness the memories of home. This influence is the voice, the essence, which we call the poetry of *nature*—that which springs from the social relations of life, and our moral being is only another modification of the same thing. Of course all do not hear the wood-nymph's song or the shriek of the storm-demon with equal distinctness; to all the 'quivering' of the celestial orbs is not audible; but as the imperfection or total absence of one sense is no proof that *life* is extinct, so those diversities afford no argument against the presence of poetic elements where they are observed. We sometimes meet with those who declare that there is not a spark of poetry or poetic sympathy within them, and whose listlessness when some of its finest productions are presented plainly confirms their assertion, that *numbers* have no charm for them, while yet we may mark in the recital of a simple tale of everyday life by these individuals a pathos and power of feeling, along with a graphic touch, which, by their *plain prose*, thrills through the hearts of hearers with a sympathy mysterious indeed, if poetry's electric chain be veritably wanting. Such mistakes appear to arise from a limited notion of what true poetry comprehends; for its range is bounded only by the circle of the universe, and every object and circumstance within that limit may give it birth:

'The wind before it woos the harp
Is but the wild and tuneless air.
Yet as it passes through the chords
Changes to music rare.

And so the poet's soul converts
The common things that round him lie
Into a gentle voice of song,
Divinest harmony.

Sweet harp and poet framed alike
By God as his Interpreters,
To breathe aloud the silent thoughts
Of everything that stirs."—T. Powell.

So sings a poet; and shall we not agree that there is no chain of circumstances so commonplace, no object or pursuit so humble, as not to contain within it the elements of poetry to the eye that seeks the springs of thought and action or the soul flowing with the 'milk of human kindness,' or alive to the painful and dreary, though what is usually understood as poetic *taste* may be wanting? But then, poetry is so intimately connected with music and painting—this music of the mind finds, so generally, its freest medium in soft flowing *verse*, that when this fails to give pleasure, it is very *naturally*, though, we think, not always justly, concluded, that there are no poetic sensibilities in the mind. It requires a *musical ear* and an *eye* for grace and beauty to render poetry's finest *rhythm* and imagery welcome, where yet the *spirit* of poetry may dwell. Then, too, the muse's flights are so uncontrollable and various, her sorceries so mysterious, and her wanderings so wild and wayward, that those who may catch the clue that links them with her one minute may drop it in despair ere another be flown. In one her patriot song may wake a passionate tempest that her softest lullabies cannot still, nor would her pensive or contemplative lays find one responsive chord where yet the moisture on the rugged cheek will confess the power of her *pathetic* tones. For one the 'wheels of verse' must needs roll along the beaten path of life; for another the 'earth's wild places' and regions of terror must be explored. One finds in the cloud and storm the only true sublime, the spirit of poetry to him being the 'gloomy spirit of night;' while the simple flowers scattered so lavishly through the waste and wilderness are the fairy links that connect another's dreams with all that is boundless and glorious. It must, therefore, be want of thought that leads many to argue the absence of poetic sensibilities, either from their own breasts or those of others, merely because much poetry (standard poetry, too) may be read by the individuals without pleasure; true, it would be ridiculous to *distinguish* such as *poetic spirits*, since to deserve such a designation there must be a general perception of and delight in true poetry, however clothed; still

we see there may be many of its sympathies in spirits so apparently insensible.

The diversities in dispositions and circumstances also cause differences in the age at which poetry is most appreciated by various individuals, which do not appear to be always taken into account. For instance, a sanguine disposition, under *some* circumstances, will naturally give such an imaginative cast to the youthful mind as will render 'fancy's fairy frost-work' peculiarly congenial; while another warm, cheerful, young heart, surrounded with everything to contribute to present happiness, can find no room for 'unreal' delights. With the latter the age of poetry can scarcely with reason be expected to commence until a few passing years have given something to look back upon, regret, and long for—something to connect the mind more palpably with the past, the future, the unseen; and so on through life—different circumstances will be found to open the flood-gates to a tide of poetic feeling in hearts where old age or care had been supposed to have dried up every such spring, or where long insensibility had rendered its existence, at any period, doubtful.

These remarks, while certainly intended to bring in view the very general diffusion of the elements of poetry among mankind, will, it is hoped, tend equally, if not in a greater degree, to prove the folly of the *host of vers scribblers*; their attempts at rhyming so evidently proceed from ignorance of the fact that almost every human being is equally *gifted* with themselves, and that it is a far superior taste to their own which restrains numbers from staining paper with their effusions. We are tempted to conclude, from the swarms of self-elected poets in the present day, that *readiness to write more frequently arises from the want of many of the principal qualifications than from their redundancy*. Those who have the finest perception and richest enjoyment of the works of real genius are least apt to imagine anything brilliant or lofty, as attaching to their own inferior fancies; they know too well how in attractive the same image must become if drawn with a coarse pencil, which, traced by a delicate hand, would move a 'form ethereal,' to place even their own equally luminous *thoughts* in an attitude of comparison with the productions of the muse's inspired ones. They know, too, that though a tasteful eye and ear and feeling heart, all combined, do make a poet *in feeling*, it requires a high degree of inborn eloquence—a large development of language, as some would say—to make a poet *in expression*.

Poetry is often proudly disclaimed from being unjustly classed with its morbidly sensitive counterfeit, sentimentalism; but how wide is the distinction! Poetry extracts the genuine essences of things—the pure otter from the rose; while sentimentalism squeezes the already exhausted flower, and murmurs because it receives from it only a rank exhalation instead of a fragrant odour. Poetry looks on the 'countless ills that flesh is heir to,' and, if it probe, pours balm into the wound; sentimentalism exposes and inflames the torturing gash, but weeps and turns away, too *sensitive* to seek the power to heal. How indignation swells at the thought, that some of the muse's most gifted children have stooped to mingle her 'vast harmonies' with the mawkish whinings of the puerile caricature. But such are fallen man's greatest and his best! We may calm our ruffled temper, and, taking things as they are, not expecting to find them what they once were, content ourselves with unmasking the puppet rival whenever this lies in our power.

It sounds poetic to talk of rambling in woods and by streams consecrated by the memories of departed friends; nor could there be, in truth, a much more congenial atmosphere for the soul of song; but may there not be as much soul, as much linked association and depth of tender thought, in the spirit that keeps the hearth 'nicely sand-ed' because a mother or sister absent or lost 'always liked to see it so'—that hoards the decaying staff that a faint or declining friend 'could never come without'—that keeps the needle-book sacred whose loved owner is 'gone away?' Nay, is there not more that the muse may find

to cradle herself in in the heart-warm feeling that would detain the footsteps within doors, when the sunny or moonlit landscape might allure to converse with creation, because the home comforts of a toil-worn relative would be curtailed, even in fancy, by such indulgence? We think there is, and that we may see through life's loop-holes, such as these, that poetry is a delighted sojourner, even in the homeliest paths. Hence we find some of the most powerful poets using the simplest language and most domestic similes. Great and little are words understood by them in a sense very different from their interpretation by the crowd; they reckon those things great and worthy of their powers which appeal to the commonest feeling of the human family, and investigating these we shall find them the noblest that fallen nature owns. Like the *common blessings* of life, consideration shows them replete with good indispensable to the existence of society. Cowper and Wordsworth, perhaps, afford more numerous illustrations of this remark than any others of our poets; and may we not venture to name Dickens on the same page, though he only *affects* prose?

The ideas of grandeur and sublimity are often arbitrarily misapplied, distant and vast or terrible objects of uncommon attributes, in mind or morals, often being esteemed worthy such appellations, while the million little things, which resemble the grains of sand that are made barriers to the ocean, or the rain-drops, without which the earth could neither 'bring forth nor bud,' are lightly thought of. Should this always be? Are such really less important, because they make no pretensions to solitary majesty, or because their very deficiencies lead the contemplative mind directly to 'high aspirings' after their incomprehensible Author?

On the subject of rhythms and metre, we would only remark generally, that as poetry is the voice of nature, any art that is employed in composition must be entirely subservient to, indeed drawn from it. To take a figure from the watery worlds, like the stream, the song may flow in faint and gentle murmurings—like the torrent, it may rush, bearing impetuously along all the powers of heart and mind—like the placid lake, may lie, reflecting soft fair visions of earth's loveliest images of tranquillity—or, like ocean, it may shake with its tumultuous swellings the human fabric; fathom the mysterious dreary depths of crime, rage, and despair, lashing with uncontrollable fury the restraining bounds of reason; but in whatever form or course revealed, it must still be the voice of *nature*. Nature it must, alas! often be, clouded and marred by man's declension, but never deformed by the shackles of art. Not that rule and rhyme are to be disregarded; on the contrary, here, as in everything else, order is liberty. Only the *rule* must be such as the modulations of nature's voice, speaking throughout the universe, prescribe the rhyme, meet chorus to her gushing harmonies—the measure, fitting accompaniment to her step of grace.

How can it be accounted for, that 'virtue' should have met 'many a rhyming friend,' and 'many a compliment politely penned,' while, comparatively, so few poets have laid their wreath of bay at the foot of the Cross? There is perhaps but one way of answering such queries satisfactorily: Man is fallen; his noblest powers are now perverted to the service of sin. 'They are corrupt, they have all gone out of the way.' 'The imagination of man's heart is only evil, and that continually.' 'Not many wise men, not many mighty are called; but God hath chosen the weak things of this world to confound those that are mighty, and things that are not, to bring to nought things that are.' 'There is none righteous, none that seeketh after God.'

A noble intellect, though depraved, naturally seeks some occupation that may be deemed worthy. It finds abundance in the objects of creation and the events of life to employ its powers of contemplation and reflection, and, with much to confound and baffle its scrutiny, so much discoverable, by industrious research, as to encourage, in a mind proud in conscious strength, something like a sus-

more delicate are the perceptions of such a mind, the more refined will be its enjoyments, and, of course, the more exquisite its sufferings. Hence we perceive how the tendency of a sensitive and poetic, but un sanctified mind of the highest order must be to an increasing alienation from God, the maker and ruler, and perhaps to misanthropy also; for though beauty affords to such the highest delight, deformity is to them the most revolting—the fair traits of humanity being fondly cherished, its many hideous phases are the more forbidding; the pleasures of life being sweetest, its pains are proportionably insufferable. Thus the Supreme Governor, if acknowledged at all, may be expected to become daily more the object of hatred, as the *apparent* disorders permitted in His dominions are discerned and felt; and, while man's crimes and failings are increasingly detested and despised, every symptom of renewed resemblance to a hated Divinity, as made known in Revelation, will arouse fresh opposition in such a heart; for while the intellect is bowing in adoration before natural beauty, the moral principle is rampant against everything spiritually lovely.

But the very powers that in this wreck of humanity are turned into weapons of impious warfare against the 'great first cause,' are those best fitted for the fulfilling of the noblest ends of being. In a sinless state, we may reasonably conclude poetry to be the 'native air.' We are taught to think of the seraphs as 'harping with their harps;' we know that *harmony* is perfect in heaven.

Where can we find poetry embodied as in the Apocalypse—nay, in the whole of Scripture? The heavenly city, with its centre of ineffable glory—its river, ever flowing from the Fountain of Light, and Life, and Love; the throne of God and of the Lamb—its wing-veiled throngs in ecstasy adoring—their songs of rapt devotion; the Lamb leading to the living fountains of waters; God wiping away all tears from all eyes. And in its most stupendous announcements of an awful future, a certain coming judgment, the language still the same: the trumpet's blast; the dead, small and great, standing before the great white throne; the judgment set—the books opened; 'all the long past made present; the curtain of mystery uplifted—apparent deformity transformed into perfection—what had been dark illumined with the light of God's countenance—what had been mute, through doubt or mistrust, made vocal with his praise. And, again, the earnest appeals of compassionate majesty to a present consideration of these realities; the call of the Spirit and the bride, and of him that heareth, to come and drink of the water of life freely. All, while they point to 'what was, and is, and shall be,' tell us, in letters of light, that though poetry is a *sojourner everywhere*, her home is heaven!

Do we not find in considerations such as these, a solemn reproof for the linking of poetry with impiety so common among men? Poetry is not, in her own nature, allied to anything impure or base. She is one of those best things, which, when perverted, are unquestionably the most pernicious; it is evident that alluring graces, such as hers, cannot be otherwise than fatally enchanting when enlisted in the service of pollution. Often, alas! her song has proved a syren song indeed, chaining to destruction mortals of intellect almost cherubic; but, as we have seen, they were in truth only *almost* so; a perfect mind could only draw from her strains that must allure 'higher and higher still,' till the heaven of heavens were surmounted, till the bosom of God were reached.

As the tide of salvation rolls along on its mission to cover the earth, poetry, with every other form of thought, shall gradually recover its elevation of tone and sentiment, its subjects becoming every day more varied, as light breaks in upon a darkened world. The hitherto shadowed recesses penetrated by the 'Sun of righteousness,' and 'flashing forth into day,' shall reveal unthought-of wreaths for her unfading chaplet—a chaplet that may perhaps fitly, though in a *peculiar* sense, *figuratively* be spoken of, as mingling with the crowns that shall do homage to

NAPLES.

RECENT events which have occurred in this city have conduced to attach an additional interest to that which already belonged to its history. Few cities in Europe were so famous as Naples either in a political, artistic, or scenic point of view, and now treachery, and fanaticism, and fell butchery have drawn the eyes of Europe more particularly to it again. Naples stands upon the sites of the ancient Greek colonies of both Palæopolis and Neapolis, from the latter of which it takes its modern name. It rises from the shores of a most magnificent and picturesque bay, which is about thirty miles in circumference, and stretches in a beautiful and regular curve for a considerable distance round its borders. The view of Naples from the bay is described by travellers to be almost unrivalled by that of any city on all the coasts of the Mediterranean. The streets rise upwards on beautiful vine and tree-clad hills, the summits of which are crowned by splendid villas and monasteries. On one is the great palace of Capodi Monte; on another, the magnificent monastery of San Martino and the castle of St Elmo; and beyond these heights, and high above them, stretches the wooded Mount Camaldoli, upon whose brow stands another of those monastic institutions so common in Italy. Many beautiful villages are built upon the ridges of the heights beyond Naples, and seem to be embowered amongst fine groves of Italian pine-trees. Four miles to the right of the city rises the cone of Vesuvius, at whose base stand Resina and Portici, two villages built over Herculaneum, which was buried by lava during the first century. These villages seem almost to form a wing of the city, being joined to it by a nearly continuous chain of suburbs and little hamlets. Away to the left, and rising from the outskirts of the city, stretches the promontory of Posillippo, whose gentle slope is studded completely over with groves, gardens, and pine-clumps, villages, castles, country-seats, and towers; and far in the background rise the blue distant peaks of the Apennines. The scenery of the coast and adjacent country loses nothing of its picturesqueness when viewed from the land. Islands, capes, and the broken tree-clad shores, present a most charming appearance from the inland heights. This city which, at a little distance, is apparently so beautiful, and which is surrounded by the finest scenic features in nature, and by the most fertile slopes and fields, is, however, when viewed more intimately, less pleasant to contemplate. Its streets present all those indications of squalor, and neglect, and poverty to be found so generally in Spain and Italy; and its population, although lively and seemingly intelligent, contains hordes of debased beings, who scrape a scanty and precarious subsistence from beggary, and who have lately illustrated the lowest moral sentiments in combination with the most frenzied religious bigotry. The greatest length of Naples along the shore is three miles (with Resina and Portici it is nine miles), and its greatest breadth from the shore inland is about two miles. Within this area is contained the old city, of whose walls and ditches there are still traces to be found.

The population of Naples is very great, being between three and four hundred thousand in number, and consequently constituting this city one of the great European capitals. It possesses those characteristics of all European cities—new and old, or rich and poor quarters. In and towards the former reside the nobles, professionalists, and more wealthy tradesmen; and in ‘Napoli senza sole’ or ‘sunless Naples,’ a dark and densely populated division, dwell, in ignorance, poverty, and wretchedness, those lazzaroni who have been so famous for liveliness and mimicry, and for being easily moved to rebellion, and who so lately slaughtered the best and noblest of Naples’ citizens from the basest of motives. In many of the streets of this quarter a man can stand and touch the houses on each side of him. This is no novelty, however; for there are about two hundred such streets or closes in the old city of Edinburgh. Naples, like the last-named city, stands upon hills; which circumstance, while it yields something

to the appearance, also conduces to the inconvenience of both. The buildings of Naples are very lofty, and the streets even of the wealthier quarter are narrow. The general character of the architecture is fantastic, and the fountains are not held in much estimation by persons of taste; but there are several palaces in the celebrated Strada Toledo which possess high architectural beauties.

Throughout the city there are three hundred churches, and about two hundred convents; and it possesses one academy of arts and sciences, and a museum. The proportion of idlers to the industrial portion of the citizens is enormous; and pauperism prevails to a most disproportionate extent. The lazzaroni lie basking about the piers and on the roads leading to Herculaneum and Pompeii, and besiege travellers, with the liveliest, laughing sallies, for alms; many sell little articles of reliquary, but a fearful mass of the Neapolitan population have no profitable employment. Those who do obtain a livelihood from their industry are employed in the manufacture of silks, velvets, handkerchiefs, and stockings, and in the making of macaroni and strings for musical instruments. A considerable trade is also carried on in polished lava and marble slabs. The Neapolitans have always been famed for their wit and lightness of spirit. Even in the days when the country was a Spanish vice-royalty, and the people were subjected to all the exactions and arbitrary tyranny of foreign domination, the gaiety of a Neapolitan was proverbial, and the cheerful songs of the women were to be heard daily, as they spun in the streets before their doors. The Neapolitans have always possessed sufficient physical force and daring to successfully assert their nationality, and to overthrow their governments; but unhappily they have never possessed moral power sufficient to maintain for even the shortest period an appearance of national liberty. Volatile and mobile, they have risen up under the impulse of sudden fury, and overthrown dynasties and tyrannical systems; but, destitute of a common political idea, that grand principle of cohesion, they have always quickly sunk down into their submissive wretchedness, again perhaps to collect force, like their own Vesuvius, for another inordinate irruption.

In no city in the world is there such a number of vehicles as in this generally impoverished capital. Every Neapolitan with any pretensions to gentility must ride; and, as there are no taxes on horses or carriages, the facilities for doing so are considerable. The carriages of the nobles are said to be amongst the most handsome in the world; while the vehicles of the lowest grade of riders are as miserable as are the horses and harness to which they are generally attached. So fond are these people of this mode of obtaining pleasure, that it is often specially stipulated in marriage-contracts that the bridegroom shall take the bride in a calesso to so many fetes in the country during the year. One of these frail carriages filled with a bawling, yelling crew of rejoicers, who have clubbed their pence in order to enjoy a day’s ride in the country, may be seen driving along the road with fearful rapidity; while their loud screams seem to rise into the air as if to distract attention from the dire catastrophe which every moment appears about to happen. Naples has sometimes been called the land of song; and the high state of musical culture and taste amongst the better educated classes warrants the application of the name; but the lazzaroni generally have not the least idea of music; theirs are the barbarous yells of the rudest throats. In the thoroughfares of Naples, vehicles, hawkers, pedestrians, and importunate beggars, keep up a constant bustle and noise, which might be supposed to characterise a busy commercial city, but which only illustrates the pride, poverty, and volubility of a benighted people. The Strada Toledo, in which the late sanguinary massacre and battle took place, with the soldiery and lazzaroni on the one hand, and the enlightened and more respectable portion of the citizens and nobles on the other, runs almost direct north and south. It is eleven hundred and seventy yards long, is more spacious than Italian streets generally are, and at its southern extremity stands the king’s palace, while the

palaces of the nobility constitute a considerable part of its buildings.

During the last thirty years, the progress of the Neapolitans in knowledge and art has been very considerable. They are a lively, intelligent people; and, wherever they have been fairly tried, have excelled all other Europeans in aptitude for the mechanical arts. The nobles and middle class have become extensively and ardently imbued with ideas of constitutional liberty, and they have wrung from their despotic monarch reluctant concessions in that direction. His total disregard of his promises, and his indurated love of irresponsible power, however, have rendered him conspicuously contemptible among men, and the late awful carnage which deluged the Strada Toledo with blood, and rendered the city of Naples a place of sadness and mourning, was the result of his cruel disregard of truth. Naples has filled once more a bloody page in the annals of cities, and has obtained, a few weeks ago, a deeper and more melancholy interest in the thoughts of men.

THE OLD CLOCK.

Clock of the household! few creatures would trace
Aught worthy a song in thy dust-covered face;
The sight of thy hands and the sound of thy bell,
Tell the hour, and to many 'tis all thou canst tell.
But to me thou canst preach with the tongue of a sage;
Thou canst tell me old tales from life's earliest page;
The long night of sorrow, the short span of glee,
All my chequers of fate have been witnessed by thee

They say, my first breathings of infant delight
Were bestowed on the 'dickiey birds,' gilded and bright,
Which shone forth on thy case—that the cake or the toy
Ne'er illumined my eyes with such beaming of joy.
Full well I remember my wonder profound,
What caused thee to tick, and thy hands to move round,
Till I watched a safe moment, and mounted the chair,
Intent to discover the why and the where.

I revelled in ruin, 'mid wheels, weights, and springs;
What sport for the fingers, what glorious things!
No doubt, I gained something of knowledge; but lo!
Full soon 'twas declared the old clock didn't go.
The culprit was seized; but all punishment vain,
I was caught at such doings again and again.
'Twas the favourite mischief, and nothing would cure,
Till a lock kept the pendulum sacred and sure.

The corner thou stood'st in was always my place,
When 'I shall,' or 'I shan't,' had insured my disgrace;
Where my storm of defiance might wear itself out,
Till the happy laugh banished the frown and the pout.
When a playmate was coming, how often my eye
Would greet thee, to see if the moment were nigh;
And impatiently fancied I never had found
Thy hand such a laggard in travelling round.

Thou bringest back visions of heart-bounding times,
When thy midnight hour chorussed the rude carol rhymes;
When our Christmas was noted for festival mirth,
And the merry new-year had a bolsterous birth.
I remember the station thou hadst in the hall,
Where the holly and mistletoe decked the rough wall;
Where we mock'd at thy voice, till the herald of day
Peeped over the hills, in his mantle of gray.

And thou bringest back sorrow; for, oh! thou hast been
The companion of many a gloomier scene:
In the dead of the night, I have heard thy loud tick,
Till my ear has recoiled, and my heart has turned sick
I have sighed back to thee, as I noiselessly crept
To the close-curtained bed where a dying one slept;
When thy echoing stroke, and a mother's faint breath,
Seem'd the sepulchre tidings that whispered of death.

Clock of the household! thou ne'er hast been thrust
From thy station, to dwell amid lumber and dust.
Let fashion prevail, and rare changes betide,
Thou wert always preserved with a cherishing pride.

Thou hast ever been nigh, thou hast looked upon all—
On the birth, on the bridal, the cradle and pall;
To the infant at play, and the sire turning grey,
Thou hast spoken the warning of 'passing away.'

Clock of the household! I gaze on thee now,
With the shadow of thought growing deep on my brow
For I feel and I know, that 'the future' has hours
Which will not be marked by a dial of flowers.
My race may be run, when thy musical chime
Will be still ringing out in the service of time;
And the clock of the household will shine in the room,
When I, the forgotten one, sleep in the tomb. K. COOK.

LIMNINGS OF SOCIAL LIFE.

THE SMITHS SPEND A DAY IN PARIS.

'Let's be thankful! we're within four w's again, e'en though
they be French hotel anes; but catch me, Dauvid, quittin'
the Candleriggs in life again to piease son or dochter,
sevin' for the saut-water at Rothays in summer. Na!
na! them that fin' a pleasure in sic' wark as this are wel-
come till't wi' a guidwill; but commend me to Glasgow
an' Glasgow folk, wi' Scotch tongues and honest bearings.'
'Come, come na, gudewife, noo that we're here let's
enjoy't as we best can. We've got a' the clamjamfray by;
the custom-house passed, our passports vizied, luggage a'
safe, an' twa clear days to spend in this place they ca'
Paris; see let's mak' the best o't. Ye ken the proverb
says, a bad beginnin'—'

'Bad enough,' grumbled the helpmate of the Bailie, de-
termined not to be appeased. 'My peach-blossom satin
an' best lace cap a' crumpled, a gude new Dunstable com-
pletely ruined, every rag o' Menie and Maggie's there
tumbled tapselteeerie, wi' the bit bottle o' brandy I had slip-
ped in the trunk, in case o' sickness, skailed through't. I
wish I was at the side o' the head o' the custom-house
rascals five minutes, I'd let them ken what it is to treat
folks' luggage in sic a way.'

'We'll get ower a' that in time, Bessy. Meanwhile, I
reckon, we maun hae something till eat. This daudin'
about gies ane an appetite at least. Hey, Menie lass!' pur-
sued the Bailie, turning to the eldest of his two daughters,
who sat a little apart, perusing 'Murray's Hand-Book'
with a view to next day's sight-seeing—'hey, Menie lass,
pu' the bell.'

The order was obeyed, and a waiter of the hotel made
prompt appearance, smirkingly inquiring 'Que vous plait
il, monsieur.'

'Gorsong nooz—' but the Bailie's acquirements failed
him, and, after rubbing hard at his chin, but unsuccessfully
for a continuation, he turned to Menie: 'Speak till him,
dochter. Hang me if I can get my tongue round the words,
for a' I was twa days learnin't.'

'Apportez du thé sur la table, garçon, et quelque
rôtis,' stammered Menie, with a strong boarding-school
accent and an inward suspicion of her grammar.

The fellow appeared a little puzzled, but with true
French politeness did not venture to smile or inquire for
a repetition of the order. Merely uttering *au plus vite
mademoiselle*, and comprehending, doubtless, the order to
be a culinary one, he departed.

Meanwhile, during preparation of tea, the Misses Smith
canvassed the Hand-Book very hard. Mamma grumbled
and fumed, and the Bailie sat abstractedly staring at some
ormolu on a cabinet in a condition of helpless torpidity,
from which he came slowly round, on Miss Margaret
shouting—'Oh! papa, you must send off the letter of in-
troduction to M. Lucien to-night. It will perhaps get us
an invitation for to-morrow. How the Browns will envy
us then! They never got introduced to any family while
here. Wont we see the fashions there, Menie? I'm sure
M. Lucien will get up a few friends to meet us; and that
to think if he should—how nice!'

'I had maist forgotten the letter; it's weel minded
We'll get some callan to carry't for tippence. I reckon M.
Lucien canna do less than ask us to dinner, seein' its frae

a very staunch freen' o' his faither's, auld Provost Goudie, wha keepit his faither the feck o' twa months whan they cam' to Sootland aboot some revolution time.'

M. Lucien, we may parenthetically notice, was one of the ministry of the day—a man of some standing, of considerable acquirements, and the leader of a strong party. To him the Bailie had obtained a letter of introduction, as we have seen, which he hoped to turn to profitable account in some way; for though the Goodman had been actually forced by wife and daughters to Paris on a pleasure trip, he had duly calculated on making the pleasure subservient to profit. Railways were the rage in France. 'Bailie Smith, provisional director, with five hundred shares, at fifty per cent. premium—how would that sound?'

By some fortuitous circumstance the waiter did bring in tea as ordered, the effects whereof were mollifying on Mrs Smith, and contributed to the comfort of the party generally. Thereafter, the letter of introduction was with a little difficulty got conveyed to its destination.

Even magisterial dignity is not proof against the yearnings of half-satisfied nature; the cocked hat or gold chain cannot supply an internal vacuum. The tea had been to the Bailie unsatisfactory in one point of view, and two hours later he experienced a strong visitation of a certain supper-time-wish for a Welsh-rabbit. Stealthily he surveyed the bill of fare, obtained personally from the landlord, but this afforded not the slightest satisfaction. He dared not even smack his lips over any of the unpronounceable dishes; a dismal quail lest the name, however seductive, might prove frogs in English, kept gastronomic anticipation in abeyance; but the Bailie or the Bailie's inner man got obstreperous at last.

'Menie,' whispered he, 'what's the French for Welsh?'

Gallois, replied the accomplished one.

'And rabbit?' inquired the father with a glistening eye.

'Lapin, papa,' was answered by a reference to the manual.

'*Gorsong donny mo umg Galloy lapin et portero poor scooper*,' demanded the Bailie, on the first appearance of the waiter.

'*Je ne vous comprend, monsieur*,' replied the waiter, in a fix.

'Weel a weel, as sune's ye can, then.'

'He does not understand you papa,' suggested Menie.

'They call a welsh-rabbit *ramequin*.'

'Oh, the stupid goose, disna he ken a welsh-rabbit. Try him, Menie.'

Menie made an effort at explanation, and ultimately succeeded in enlightening the fellow's faculties, and in due season in gratifying the magistrate, who, thereafter, with his family retired to bed—the one to dream of provisional directorship, and the other of loves of shawls and Brussels lace.

Early next day a note arrived inviting the tourists to dinner at M. Lucien's. On the different feelings with which each welcomed it, and the diversity of speculation indulged in, we need not dwell. On the matter of acceptance, they were at least unanimous, and duly signified that in answer. Till then we leave them perambulating the Boulevards, the Champs Elysees, &c., all which having been already more than amply described by others, we need not enlarge on, observing merely, that to all but the Bailie was the visit to the shop-windows gratifying. He, honest man, could by no means be induced to an enthusiastic admiration of fine shawls, charming lace, and such nice little caps and sweet pairs of gloves, though mercilessly compelled to listen to their praises, just to inquire the price, and just to buy them, like a dear papa. If, reader, you are a father of two grown-up daughters, and ever take them out to walk, passing through a street of shops, you will understand the martyrdom the Bailie endured. If you are doubtful, pray try the experiment with twenty pounds in your pocket.

Rather before than anyway after the time, the Smiths drew up in a cab at M. Lucien's residence. They were warmly welcomed by that gentleman and his lady, and introduced to the few visitors who had arrived. The

Bailie was delighted to find that his host could speak the mother tongue almost as well as a native; and, had he but anointed it with the northern accent, would have hailed him as a brother. The worthy dignitary, after making his best bow to the ladies, with a *commang woo porty too, madame*, to each of them, by way of exhibiting his acquirements, was led off by M. Lucien, with the view of being entertained till dinner-time, the host rightly supposing that his guest would find the society of ladies rather tiresome. But it so happened that M. Lucien little understood the peculiarities of his guest, whose mental qualifications were not of a very high order in other than business respects—literature and science being regions as unvisited as the surface of the planet Mercury. By way of a treat M. Lucien led him through a very fine gallery, the expensive collection of many years. Here the Bailie's remarks were rather unique: he stared at the paintings, because he saw their owner did so, and echoed duly any observations thereon.

'Isn't that a beautiful life-like landscape of Claude Lorraine's?'

'Ay, a braw pictur'—a braw pictur', man! 'Twad cost twa or three bawbees I see warrant.'

'And what do you think of this group—a genuine Salvatore Rosa?'

'Grand, grand, man! Jist min's me o' a pack o' tinkers.'

'See here a beautiful little gem of Guido's.'

'A Guido, ca' ye't. It's unco like a wean sleepin.'

'That cost four hundred guineas.'

'Four hunner! preserve us a'!' ('That would buy a hail house,' thought the Bailie—'sic extravagance!')

'An' what's the use o' thae, na—thae auld mouldy heads high up on the wa'?'

'One of these is a Rubens, very valuable.'

'Jist so na, jist so! Ruben. I didna ken the auld Jews keepit pictures o' the patriarchs.'

The minister with difficulty smothered a laugh.

'This cheil in the poutered wig, what ca' ye him?'

'Oh! that's the portrait of an ancestor, by a countryman of yours, Reynolds, whom you must have heard of.'

'Reynolds, did ye say? Let me see,' pursued the Bailie, meditating; 'was he ony way connect wi' the drysalter o' that name in Blackfriars Wynd? Na, it couldna be him: he died without heirs male, an' his siller gade till a Forsyth in Cummoek. It disna odds though. He's been a braw man that ancestor o' yours. Sie a gran' goud chain he has on! He's been provost belike, when the portraik was ta'en!'

Next to the library the two adjourned; the Bailie criticising the carpets and furniture by the way.

'You are probably not an amateur of painting?' observed M. Lucien; 'but most of you Glasgow men are literary in your tastes. See here, I rather pride myself upon my library. Tell me if you have ever seen this matched!' So saying, the Frenchman threw open the folding cases of a department, containing a large collection of rare old illuminated missals, red and black letter tomes curiously bound in fashion of the sixteenth century.

The Bailie appeared rather nonplussed. From the derogatory curl at length gathering in his nose, he was evidently disappointed, having expected something very different.

'Man,' said he, patronisingly, 'thae's auld-fashioned; thae auld clamps o' brass an' airm, skin-boards, an' red edgings, were put on books langsyne. We could show ye far better than that in Glasgow. Ye're unco far behin' here.'

'Yes, I believe they are rather old-fashioned,' observed the host with a smile; 'but, perhaps, as your taste is modern, you may find something to interest you here. See.' He opened the cases covering a long array of modern works of all countries and languages.

'Ay, ay, man, that's something like the thing noo—that's something to brag o'.'

'Doubtless you recognise some acquaintance amongst the bards? There's Milton; you'll know something of that.'

'Milton, did ye say?' inquired the Bailie, hastily and rather anxiously.

'Yes.'

'Bless ye, I knew Milton well, to my cost tae. Hoo cam' ye till hear o' it?'

'Knew Milton!' ejaculated the minister, 'indeed! Pray tell me how.'

That gentleman certainly felt a little surprised at such a piece of information; he took a second look at the Bailie; but comparing his preconception of the era of the poet's history, and the by no means very antique identity of the bard's acquaintance, began to fear his own knowledge of English literature was by no means correct.

'Ay, man, 'twas a bad business for me that,' pursued our hero.

'Your recollections must be very interesting. Pray do tell me about the connection.'

'Weel, your haun' on't that ye winna mention't till leevin' flesh, or I'd ne'er hear the end o't. There noo. Ye see when the Glasgow an' Benlomond came oot, I took up heavily in't, as it promised fair. Stock rose weel, till the directors entered that confounded contract for Milton Junction. Those behind the curtain then, seeing hoo matters were like to gang, selt out, which raised a panic; an' in three days I lost a round five hunner. Sae Milton, ye see, was a bad acquaintance to me.'

'Stock—Milton—sold out,' mumbled the host in a bewildering perplexity, partly produced by the doric of the Bailie being only half intelligible, and the unexpected nature of the revelations regarding England's hero poet. 'Ah, bien,' muttered he. 'There's a countryman of yours close by Milton—Campbell; do you know anything of him?'

'Cammell! My sang, I kent him tae. That's an auld story—a shabby business on his part.'

The minister was by this time beginning to hesitate between one of two opinions—the aberration of his guest or the moral character of the British bards. With every wish for additional information, however, he insisted on a continuation of the Bailie's reminiscences.

'Oh, 'twas muckle the same way as I cam' connectit wi' Milton. At the time the Dunchattan started, he an' I bocht pretty considerable in't; but stock unfortunately began to fa', an' the look-oot was decidedly black. Sae, to gie things a lift, an' get as cannily rid as micht be, I spak't to Cammell ae day thereanent, and we agreed to bear the market—to buy up, in fact, as hard's we could, till shares got scarce, and then in nat'ral coorse they'd rise. This was a settied paction atween us. Weel I bocht and better bocht, but somehow the sellers got aye the plentier, an' it seemed I wad soon hae a' the stock in my ain hauns. Jalousin' that Cammell wasna' doin' his part fairly, I gaed till his broker, an' speert what quantity o' shares he had bocht in. 'Bocht!' quo Transfer; 'feint a ne; the last was selt oot a week syne!' My certy, thinks I, here's a pretty piece o' wark. Get a' his shares an' maist a' the ithers. I'll be doonricht ruined. Directly I wrote off till him, demanding an explanation, but, wad ye think it? he had the bald effrontery to tell me it was a mistake o' his broker's, wha had selt when he should hae bocht. What think ye o' Cammell noo?'

'But pray, Mr Smith,' inquired M. Lucien, a light at length dawning on him, 'is it Milton and Campbell the poets ye speak o'?'

'Hoot no, nonsense! Milton's a place—the Milton Junction, man; and Cammell is maybe a poet, but a confounded deep ane for a' that.'

A burst of uncontrollable laughter echoed through the hall as the truth fairly opened to M. Lucien's mind, in which the Bailie, supposing it to proceed from a very different cause, heartily joined.

'Come away, Monsieur Smith, dinner awaits us,' said the host after the explosion had subsided, as the sound of a gong reached their ears.

On arrival in the drawing-room a considerable number of guests were assembled, with all of whom the Bailie shook hands, and then marched off, leading the hostess to dinner. Quite a lion did our worthy become during the afternoon—not a very ferocious, or awe-inspiring, or su-

blime one, but a familiar, jocose, never-to-be-taken-amiss animal, doing awful clumsy feats and blunders with the utmost good nature and *bonhomie*. Prejudice and a blissful ignorance of French cookery kept him watchful during dinner, but afterwards, when the ladies removed and the wine began to circulate, he got fairly into his element, sung songs, told stories, laughed at them himself—for, unfortunately, few of the company could comprehend much of his English—and then, by way of doing a stroke of business, introduced the subject of railways.

Meanwhile, in the drawing-room, the mamma and Misses Smith did their best to enjoy themselves, but found, with all their efforts at it, the time hanging dreary enough with them. Mamma was an anachronism to the strangers, and they in conversation an enigma to her. Menie did her best to get at facts of fashions and furniture, and by very slowly-put questions and oft-repeated answers, managed at times to make herself understood and to understand; while Maggie sat completely blank, sighing for the company of the Blacks of the Gallowgate, and would have been glad of even her bitterest foe—and young ladies are often bitter foes, in a small way, to one another—for half-an-hour's chat. The most dismal penance, however, must come to a conclusion; and after Mrs Smith had nigh yawned herself asleep, Menie rendered herself hoarse, and Maggie pulled some tassels at her dress, thread by thread, to destruction, the gentlemen made their appearance. Thereafter time was killed in a much more satisfactory style by our travellers; for M. Lucien exerted himself to the utmost to amuse his guests, and with the aid of his lady, who had hitherto been much at a loss to know what to do with them, succeeded tolerably well, with the exception of the Bailie's helpmate, who afterwards 'woner't how sic playbacks as bookfu's o' wee pictures, auld bits o' prentit paper, a jingle o' music, an' sangs naeboddy could understan', an' sic fallals, could please any sensible folk.' At supper, however, she got rather better reconciled to French manners and customs—indeed, too well reconciled. It happened thus: Being unfortunately placed in rather close proximity to the wag of the company, who, in common with the recognised order of jokers, anxious to gratify themselves at any hazard, saw the ignorance of the honest woman shining through the thin mask of mannerism she attempted to assume; he became peculiarly attentive to her, conversationally and otherwise, helping her to every delicacy within reach, and replenishing her glass with sparkling champagne as often as possible. In blissful, or rather unfortunate, ignorance—for we doubt if that state can ever be, poetically or prosaically, bliss—Mrs Smith helped herself freely to the wine, deeming it a very pleasant beverage, and unsuspecting of its qualities. Gradually she got confidential to her neighbour, on the best of terms with herself, and ultimately communicative to the whole company, sometimes lachrymose, but oftener jocular in her strain. Menie painfully observed her mamma beginning a history of her family trials and pleasures to an elderly French lady across the table, who could not comprehend one word of the speech, and vainly endeavoured to catch her eye. By and by one after another of the guests had their attention drawn by the eloquence of Mrs Smith, and eventually the Bailie himself was startled by some intelligence 'of the time that Dauvit an' me were married.'

'Gudewife,' quoth the Bailie, rising and proceeding down to his noisy half, 'it's time we were thinkin' o' gaun hame noo.'

'Ay, 'deed ay, Dauvit!—the Trongate!—no safe after ten! But I was jist sayin' to Mrs Gray that the shawl was a Parish ane, nane o' your trashy Spittlefields, and I'm not to be imposed on—so I'm not! Wha said I was auldlike? Ye're lookin', mem; yes, it's my husband ye see, and ye know it, Dauvit?'

'Yes, yes, come away;' and he helped the honest but imprudent goodwoman off.

M. Lucien, seeing at a glance how matters stood—David carrying off his spouse with as little oscillation as possible, and Menie and Maggie red, and nigh bursting with shame and confusion—kindly and unassumingly saw them en-

sconced in a private room, and had a vehicle ordered to convey them home.

Next morning Mrs Smith awoke from a slumber, deep enough; to a consciousness, perplexing and painful enough. Gradually recollections of the past dimly revived, though over much of the previous night's proceedings a shadow of mystery hung. Nobody seemed inclined to answer her questions regarding it. Menie and Maggie blushed, and avowed they could not tell aught about it; and the Bailie, who urged their return home that day, characteristically, and, though coarsely perhaps, yet not the least noteworthy, remarked, as they found themselves again within the steamer's cabin, 'Beasy, lass, I think the auld saying has wisdom in't'—'LET EVERY HERRING HING BY ITS AIN HEAD.'

CIRCULATION OF PAPER MONEY.

THE subjects of finance and currency are at the present moment attracting much of the attention of thinking men, and causing considerable discussion; the former in relation to new political arrangements and financial embarrassments, the latter in connection with the derangements and fluctuations of home trade. These subjects are of grave importance, and deservedly claim the attention and examination of political economists. Perhaps the following history of the famous paper money schemes which were tried in France in 1716-20, under the regency of the Duke of Orleans, by our daring countryman Law, written in a most lucid and popular manner, which we extract from the 'Bankers' Magazine,' may give our readers a better idea than the most elaborate arguments, of the extent of the influence which legislators possess over the condition of a people, when they have the unregulated power of increasing a convertible circulating medium. We do not hazard any opinion upon systems of currency, but we wish to show what unscrupulous and interested theorists have done in their irresponsible tampering with the circulating medium, that our readers may perceive that this subject, daily becoming more popular, is one of great importance:—

'A curious and instructive treatise might be written on the influence of *prodigality* on the progress and the happiness of mankind, and especially on the progress and happiness of the nations of modern Europe, since the invention of printing. It may be laid down as an almost universal maxim, that it is the inevitable tendency of all governments, and above all of arbitrary governments, to run into debt—to spend more year by year than they have the means of paying—and to continue this improvident career, until the force of circumstances compels them to seek relief by the most disgraceful and pernicious expedients of subterfuge and confiscation. The course of events which introduces the final catastrophe is nearly always the same. There is first an enormous accumulation of public debt; there is then a continuous deficit in the ordinary revenue, because the dividends claimed by the state creditor absorb so large a portion of the receipts of the exchequer, as to leave only a sum quite inadequate to defray the expenses of the civil and military establishments of the state; there is then an attempt to surmount the difficulty by the means of a circulation of paper, either convertible or compulsory; if convertible, it is presently discovered that the device is transitory and insufficient; if compulsory, it becomes equally plain, after a certain interval, that the form of the difficulty has been changed, but its magnitude in no degree diminished; and then the inevitable issue of the delusion is not far distant—the government turns boldly round upon the holders of its inconvertible promises to pay, and gives them the option of a partial or a complete repudiation.

The lapse of time brings with it a tardy cure for the evils thus introduced and thus inflicted; but it would be a most egregious omission to overlook the havoc and the decrepitude which devour every public interest, and intercept every public improvement, during the long and gloomy interval of distrust and jeopardy which intervenes between the destruction of the old and the creation of

the new system of public confidence. It is to the recurrence of fatal visitations like this, in the history of nearly all the continental nations, as much as to natural infelicities and impediments, that we must ascribe, as a main cause, their comparatively feeble progress in the arts of civilisation and the conveniences of competence. The same lesson, concluded by the same moral, is to be gathered from the narrative of every attempt which has been made to sustain an extent of transactions and prosperity out of proportion to the *capital* and *industry* of a nation. Errors of this kind have not been so frequent or calamitous as those which have grown out of the extravagance and the necessities of states, because the command over the machine of legislation possessed by the merchant has hardly ever been so paramount as that possessed by the prince. To each, however, alike, the same law has applied, and the same consequence has resulted; and it fairly admits of question whether the utter inefficacy of arbitrary and unnatural abuses of credit, and its exponents, banking and paper circulation, are more vividly exemplified in the catastrophes of a national exchequer, or in the collapses of an unsound and deceptive commerce.

The public debts of France at the death of Louis XIV. amounted to 3,111 millions *livres tournois*, and the annual interest (*rentes*) to about 86 millions. Of this enormous amount of debt a very large part was due within a short period—so much, it is said, as 700 millions, or one-fourth of the whole. The resources of the exchequer wherewith to meet these liabilities were lamentably insufficient. They were confined to an excess of about eight or nine millions of annual revenue over the annual expenditure. The case, therefore, was one of the most desperate character. Several of the friends of the regent advised him to summon the states-general, and, under the cloak of their authority, promulgate a decree of national bankruptcy. This, however, was deemed somewhat too flagrant a profligacy, and succour was sought by less potent but not less fatal measures; and out of a host of projects the scheme of Law was honoured by the chief selection. At this time of day, the world has very generally forgotten everything concerning this notorious man except his name, and the ignominious failure of his grand innovations. In many respects this is unfortunate; for while we do not believe that we have among us any man of mature intellect who could desire for a moment to revive the scenes of the South-Sea bubble, it is not the less certain that the *principles* adopted by Law are still entertained by many educated persons, apparently without the smallest suspicion of that nature, and their historical antecedents. The substance of Law's philosophy has been so well epitomised, and so admirably exposed by Storch, that we shall not hesitate to present a translation of the passages in point:

'“Currency,” said Law, and so say his disciples to this day, ‘is but a sign which represents the riches in circulation. Gold, silver, bronze, leather, notes, shells, and all other substances in use, for valuing or measuring real riches, are simply riches of confidence or of opinion, which form what is called *credit*. A louis d’or, a crown, are *billets*, of which the effigy of the prince is the signature. And as things only receive their value from the purposes to which they are applied, it is indifferent whether we employ a louis d’or or a paper note of the same sum, or even shells, to represent all other values.’ Is it needful to refute this sophism? It is plain that Law placed in the same class metallic currency and currency of convention; but there is this essential difference between them, that the one has a value direct and necessary, and that the other has not. Thus the first is not a sign, but real riches; the other, on the contrary, is merely a sign. The metallic currency has no need of confidence or of credit to preserve its value, because it is itself a species of riches, while the fictitious currency exists only by credit, that is to say, by the persuasion that it may be exchanged for metallic currency, or for other real riches. Without question, things receive their value only in accordance with the uses to which they are destined; but metallic

currency has a double use—it is used as money, and it is employed as a useful and valuable commodity; but fictitious currency is useful merely as currency. Further, gold and silver can only be obtained by long and difficult labour, which implies great cost, or very considerable expenses of production. The material of a fictitious currency, on the contrary, requires almost no labour, and consequently its quantity may be augmented at will. Again, the value of gold and silver is stable as far as any value can well be; the value of paper varies in accordance with popular opinion. It is *not* then indifferent whether we employ a coin or a note to represent all other values. Law having based his system upon this false principle, he was led into consequences the most absurd. 'In a country,' said he, 'where there exists no other currency but gold and silver, its riches may be *really* augmented by introducing paper money.' This consequence then, up to a certain point, Law employed in an indeterminate sense. It is certain that paper money only so far increases the national riches as it replaces a metallic currency, which, disengaged from its employment as money, is applicable to other uses, or to be exchanged against other commodities. Law, on the contrary, supposed that the metallic currency increased by the paper money would continue to circulate as money. He never entertained the apprehension that it was possible there could ever be too much currency in a country; that this superabundance might lead to the exportation or the hoarding of coin, and that the paper increased beyond the wants of the circulation might lose its value. He conceived that the increase of the currency would have no other effect than that of lowering the rate of interest, and that it was absorbed by the prosperity of industry, and according to this view he saw in the abundance of paper money only a means of public prosperity. But the rate of interest, as we all know, does not depend at all on the quantity of money in circulation: and the abundance of *currency* advances industry in the degree only that it is changed into capital. 'In a state,' said Law, 'where the people are not yet accustomed to credit (as was the case in France at the time in question), it is needful to be content at first to double the mass of currency, by adding to the coin an equal value in notes. The credit must not exceed the amount of the coin, in order that the notes may be always convertible into coin at the will of the holders.' Now, it is hardly needful to point out, that in doubling the currency by the emission of paper money, its value does not become doubled, and that by such a measure the coin is simply expelled from the circulation. But supposing for a moment that the coin could circulate concurrently with the paper money, and that it lost none of its value, it does not follow as a consequence that the notes would be always convertible into coin at the will of the bearer. On what funds are they charged? On all the metallic currency of the nation. But is all the currency in the possession of the prince or of the bank which issues the notes? No; and even the revenues of the prince, which are destined to other purposes, are only a small part of the currency. Does each person consent that his money shall be pledged for the credit of the bank, and be required to pay its notes whenever required? No; certainly not. The credit then is without a foundation—without solvency. That is to say, the credit does not exist. The currency of a nation cannot form the guarantee for the notes which a sovereign or a bank may emit. This guarantee must be found in the treasury of the prince or in the coffers of the bank, otherwise it is altogether a delusion. 'Such credit, however,' said Law, 'would be rather a multiplication of the coin than credit, for credit consists in the *excess of the notes over the coin*, and the advantage which is sought consists only in this excess.' The absurdity of this doctrine is more palpable than any of the former. We have seen that Law regarded an entire nation in the light of a Banking Company, and that his reasoning was nearly as follows:—As a bank is able to extend the issue of its notes beyond the amount of its metallic funds, without the risk of compromising its sol-

veny, a nation is able to do the same. It is only needful, for this purpose, to establish a bank, and to place in it all the currency of the nation, replacing such currency by notes. This project, gigantic and chimerical as it was, did not appear so to Law and the Regent. They believed the execution of the thing to be possible, and they tried it.'

The facts we have now to narrate will abundantly prove the accuracy and truth of these admirable reflections of Storch. Law commenced his career in 1716, by the establishment of a *Bank of Circulation* at Paris, for the issue of notes payable at sight in coin of the same weight and fineness at that time actually in circulation, and by virtue of this clause he was able to place in circulation a considerable quantity of notes. On the 1st January, 1719, when the concern became the *Banque Royale*, the issues with the public had reached 59 millions of livres. Since 1689, the French coinage has been disgraced by several degradations of the standard, and the comparative fixity of value conferred by the phraseology of these new paper notes was so well appreciated, that for some time they bore a premium of 1 per cent. compared with the metallic part of the circulation. The success of this first adventure obtained great credit for its founder, and in the following year, 1717, Law was entrusted with the exclusive patents granted under the administration of Cardinal Richelieu to a society styled *La Compagnie d'Occident* (the Western Company). The capital of this company was immediately enlarged by the creation of 200,000 shares of 500 livres each (equal to about 100,000,000 livres), to be paid for in a species of government security, called *Billets d'Etat*, bearing 4 per cent. interest. The irregularity with which the dividends on these securities had been for some time paid had gradually reduced the market value of a *billot* of 500 livres down to between 160 and 170 livres. The company, however, disregarded this depreciation, and received them at their par value. By some arrangement with the Regent the title to the dividends on these 100,000,000 of *billets* acquired by the company, through the sale of its shares, was paid with great punctuality, and hence the company were enabled to observe a similar promptitude of payment to their own shareholders; and, marvellous as it may appear, out of this simple and apparently transparent circumstance, most of the subsequent hallucination seems to have arisen. The public saw that a species of property, worth only 160 livres, had been suddenly rendered worth 500 livres, and they appear to have concluded that this very desirable consequence had been brought about by some occult dexterity of Law and his *Compagnie d'Occident*. Suddenly, therefore, the market price of *all the rest of the Billets d'Etat* rose from 160 to 500 livres, and the French public became impatient for some further manifestation of the Scotchman's ingenuity. Law's next step would seem to have been to represent to the Regent the success of his Bank of Circulation—to point out that in exchange for his mere promise to pay he had acquired a very respectable quantity of the precious metals, and to suggest to him that it would be quite easy, by modifications of the same scheme, to release the state from the greater part of its debts, by substituting paper for coin as a medium of exchange. The project was listened to with favour, and on the 1st of January, 1719, the whole interest of the Bank of Circulation was taken into the hands of the king, and the title changed to that of *Banque Royale*.

It is important to mark the first step in the series of direct frauds which now began to succeed each other so rapidly. Hitherto the notes of the bank had been convertible at will into coin of a *certain specified* weight and fineness. This phraseology was now so modified as to bind the issuing party not to pay *livres* of an expressed value, but to pay simply *livres*, leaving open an intentional facility by which the stipulation of cash-payment might be virtually annulled; for it was any day in the power of the government to degrade the mint value of the livre to any conceivable point of insignificance. It is probable, however, that less in consequence of the discredit arising from this fraudulent alteration, than from the fact of the channels

of circulation being already saturated with as much paper as the wants of the country required, the demand for the notes of the *Banque Royale* was exceedingly small. Then it was Law devised his notorious and gigantic plan of finance. It was concocted between himself and the regent, that the creditors of the state should be paid off in notes of the Royal Bank, and that a tempting scheme of investment should be opened to the public, so as to absorb all the excessive portion of these monstrous emissions of paper, and prevent a demand upon the bank of specie in exchange for its own notes. In other words, as Storch has well expressed it, the regent bought the shares of this new company with the notes of his own bank; he then borrowed these notes of the company, in order to pay off the national creditors; and finally sold the shares as a means of repaying for the loan of the notes. This precious scheme was fairly set on foot in May, 1719, by the consolidation of various trading associations, under the management of Law, and the issue of a new patent to him as chief of the *Compagnie des Indes* (the Indian Company.) This concern immediately issued 50,000 shares of 500 livres each, payable in specie, but sold to the public at a premium of 10 per cent., or at 550 livres, and realising of course a sum of 27,500,000 livres. These 50,000 shares were sought after with the greatest alacrity, and presently rose to a price very greatly beyond their first cost. The company then created 50,000 more shares of 500 livres each, and took care to profit by the rising market, for this time they fixed the price at 1,000 livres, or 100 per cent. prem.

The mania was now advancing rapidly to its climax. As a pretext for the creation of more shares, the company undertook the most extravagant enterprises. They purchased from government the farm of the tobacco revenue. They then undertook the coinage of money, and finally they became the sole farmers-general of the kingdom, upon the condition of lending to the state 1,600 millions of livres, at 3 per cent. per annum. It was then announced that the company would forthwith pay a dividend of 200 livres upon each of these 500 livres shares—in other words, they declared a dividend of 40 per cent. per annum. The shares then mounted rapidly to 5,000 livres each, and that was the moment when the fury of the delusion attained its highest pitch. All France was possessed with the demon of *Pagiotago*. Crowds of people from the remotest provinces rushed to Paris, to devote themselves to this new pursuit, and probably the excitement, the chicanery, the charlatanism, the delusion, the extravagance, and the debauchery, of which that capital was the focus during the autumn of 1719, have never been equalled in any other place, nor at any other conjuncture. By two further creations, making four creations in all, the number of shares was increased to 624,000; and then it was judged that the proper moment had arrived for the payment of the national debts by notes of the *Banque Royale*. The issue nearly in a mass of so prodigious a volume of paper money, conspiring with the insanity of the public mind, drove up the price of the shares representing merely a capital of 500 livres in an untried company to the astounding price of 10,000 livres each. Under such circumstances the position of the public creditors thus paid off was unfortunate in the highest degree. A capital of 10,000 livres at 4 per cent. was equal to an annual dividend of 400 livres. This 10,000 livres they suddenly found themselves in a manner compelled to transfer from the form of a state debt, worth 400 livres a year, into the form of a trading adventure, intrinsically worth only 500 livres, and, upon the most extravagant computation, yielding only 200 livres per annum—or just one-half of their former income.

The reaction now set in. The point had been fully gained beyond which the demand for shares could not be extended. The market had exhausted every impetus which could be given to it by the influx of new classes of purchasers, and henceforward the price of these imaginary riches began to decline rapidly, and, as a natural result, excited a corresponding run upon the bank for coin in exchange for notes. The entire system was in imminent

peril of exposure, and Law had again recourse to his unscrupulous expedients. The government, by a series of decrees, affected to entertain the most profound contempt for metallic money, and exhorted all good Frenchmen to avoid it as a needless and costly contrivance. These exhortations not succeeding, they adopted a more stringent policy. All payments in silver above 10 livres, and in gold above 300, were prohibited; and, by a volley of most arbitrary and capricious edicts, the whole system of the coinage was purposely involved in the most perplexing confusion. The *livre*, for example, was altered first to a 28th, then to a 40th, then to a 60th, then a 80th, then a 120th, then a 70th, and finally to a 65th part of a mark of fine silver. By these flagitious means the government hoped to drive the people into the use of their paper money. The success, however, was partial; and at last the decree of the 27th February and 11th March, 1724, prohibited the use of metallic money in all cases.

Between the 1st January, 1719, and the 1st May, 1720, the bank had issued notes to the extent of 2,235 millions of livres. Of this enormous sum no less than 1,925 millions were issued in the last four months of 1719. The consequences were of course inevitable; coin had totally disappeared from the country, and the prices of all other articles of subsistence, luxury, and possession increased day by day with a frightful rapidity. Law now discovered that at last there was too much of what he called credit; but as he had no means of lessening the quantity of paper by the redemption of it, he again resorted to the Regent, and on the 21st May, 1720, appeared the famous *arrêt*, diminishing the nominal value of the paper by one-half. This was the fatal consummation. The world were then entirely undeceived as to the terrible drama which for a twelvemonth had filled all Europe with amazement, and converted almost a majority of the French nation into a fraternity of gamblers.

This portentous *arrêt* was recalled six days afterwards, but it was too late. The alarm had become general, and beggary and despair had already taken possession of the crowds hitherto the victims of a frantic intoxication. Government offered to redeem the notes by the creation of *rentes*, and so frightful was the depreciation, that the conversion of the paper money under this offer took place at between 50 and 100 per cent. under the nominal amount. When all was settled, it was found that by these nefarious and scandalous confiscations the capital of the national debt had been reduced by 844 millions of livres, and its annual interest by 44 millions. This was the extent of the direct loss to the creditors of the state. What was the amount and the diffusion of the indirect and positive forfeitures of property, position, happiness, and honour, over the rest of the community, it is utterly impossible to describe. Specie there was none; it was buried or exported. Confidence there was none. Industry, as a habit and as an art, was despised and almost forgotten. The national treasury was drained of its final farthing; and as far, probably, as a civilised state can ever descend in one year towards a condition of helpless infancy, France had undergone such a declension.

This then is an outline of this gigantic delusion of paper-money. We have been the more elaborate in our detail of its progress, because its real history is so little known, the authentic sources of that history are not very accessible, and because, at this moment, it is every way desirable that mankind should not forget lessons that have been bought so dearly.

GLEANINGS IN ZOOLOGY.

THERE are few circumstances more striking than the intense solicitude which parent animals show for the protection of their young. 'We well remember,' says Mr Jenyns,* 'once seeing a naturalist involuntarily shed tears on the occasion of a hen partridge practising its well-

* Observations on Natural History. By the Rev. Leonard Jenyns, M.A., &c. London, 1846.

known stratagem to divert attention from its young. She came running out of a ditch towards him, and threw herself at his feet, at the same time feigning herself hurt, and uttering a shrieking note as of the most poignant distress. He was touchingly affected by this artful device on the part of the poor bird, serving to show her maternal affection and anxiety for the safety of her brood.' Every one must have observed the unusual courage which the domestic hen acquires when she becomes the mother of a brood of chickens, her otherwise mild and timid disposition being changed into fierceness and an almost reckless exposure of her own person. It is the same in all animals; and a similar instinctive change in the human being is thus forcibly described by the great metaphysician Reid: 'How common it is to see a young woman in the gayest period of life, who has spent her days in mirth and her nights in profound sleep, without solitude or care, all at once transformed into the careful, the solicitous, the watchful nurse of her dear infant, doing nothing by day but gazing upon it and serving it in the meanest offices, by night depriving herself of sound sleep for months, that it may be safe in her arms. Forgetful of herself, her whole care is centred in this little object.'

In a cold, frosty day in winter we often see a poor robin or other bird, perched on a tree, ruffle out its feathers all around, so as to appear twice its ordinary bulk, and in this state sit for hours together. This is a resource which birds employ to keep themselves warm in intense cold. By ruffling up their feathers they admit the air between them, which is a worse conductor of heat than the feathers themselves, at the same time that it removes further from their bodies the conducting surface by which their natural heat would be carried off, just as a loose cloak about the person is warmer than one which fits closely to it. The conducting surface itself, also, is less effective when the feathers partially stand up than when they are smoothed down, though the feathers radiate more freely under the former condition than under the latter.

House-martens have a singular practice throughout the breeding season, and particularly towards the latter part of it, of flying up against the walls of buildings, just below the eaves, and daubing them with mud, apparently without any intention of constructing a nest. The birds seem more inclined to this practice in some states of the weather than in others. A damp, cloudy day, especially if also warm, seems to call them most to this employment, during which they appear actuated by some feeling or excitement which it is difficult to explain. Mr Jenyns shrewdly supposes that it may be the young broods of birds but lately fledged whose innate building instincts thus begin to operate before they are actually wanted.

Bees, and especially the 'humble bee,' in the latter end of autumn, are frequently found lying in a state of stupor upon the blossoms of some plants. Is this in consequence of the diminished temperature of that season benumbing their energies, or from the narcotic nature of the plants? It is said that the dahlia's blossom contains a narcotic principle fatal to bees. Mr Jenyns says that he has watched bees entering the flowers of these plants, for the purpose of sucking the nectarium, or collecting the pollen, when they were obviously soon seized with a sort of torpor, in which state, if not speedily removed, they often died. Where hive-bees are kept, therefore, dahlias should not be cultivated. A writer in the 'Gardener's Chronicle' says that for many years he was very successful with his bees, hiving upwards of twenty hives; but from the time that he commenced growing dahlias the bees declined, and he had at last to give them up altogether. They became intoxicated by feeding on the flower, and many of them were found dead on the blossoms, or lying on the ground below.

It has always appeared to us one of the most singular things in nature that animals (parasites) should be found living, and dwelling, and feeding on the bodies of other animals. From the highest to almost the lowest, or least, this is the case. Thus every animal has its own specific louse, with which its skin is infested; yet the size of the parasite is not always proportioned to the size of the ani-

mal on which it is located. The louse of the swine is as large as the louse of the ox; the louse of the eagle is not larger than that of the rook, while the louse of the great snowy owl scarcely exceeds that of the tiny gold-crested wren; the louse of the sparrow-hawk does not measure more than three-quarters of a line in length, while that of the hobby is among the most gigantic of its race, and exceeds a quarter of an inch. While animals are in good health, they can afford a certain portion of their juices to their parasites, and the number of them, too, seems to be generally, by various means, kept within due bounds, and perhaps they serve some good purpose in the animal's economy; but should the animal's health fail in any way, then the parasites increase prodigiously, in many cases appearing the cause of death. Birds are particularly liable to be infested with lice; the common crow and buzzard especially so. According to Mr Jenyns, the heron is remarkably free from these animals; and he attributes this to the mealy dust with which the feathers and skin of that bird are always covered. Our common domestic poultry are much infested by parasites, and, to destroy these, resort to the practice of rolling in the dust.

Not only do parasites infest the skin of animals, but certain kinds are found in the internal parts of their bodies—in the stomach, intestines, liver, brain, and even in the blood-vessels. Thus the *liver-fluke* is an intestinal worm found sometimes in great numbers in the liver of the sheep, and gives rise to the disease called *rot* in that animal. Wet seasons, and especially wet grass in marshy pastures, are found to bring on this disease; and it has been conjectured that the *liver-fluke* may be bred in the water, and adhering, in the egg or larva state, to aquatic grasses, may thus be swallowed by sheep feeding on such. The following circumstance, recorded by Dr Watson, in 'Reports on the Progress of Zoology and Botany,' would seem to sanction this opinion: 'A healthy flock of sheep were driven through a considerable tract of country, and one of them on the way broke its leg, and had to be carried on horseback. For one night the flock, with the exception of the maimed one, rested in a marshy meadow, and every individual was seized with the rot but itself—it escaped the disease, and had no liver-fluke. May it not be assumed,' adds Dr Watson, 'that the flock swallowed the eggs of the fluke with the fodder they cropped from the moist meadow?'

It has been long taken for granted that all our so-called varieties of dogs have been produced from one species, and the same with our domestic cats, poultry, &c.; but more stringent investigations, and new facts daily occurring, rather tend to prove that several species of animals very nearly allied in physical constitution may intermingle and produce hybrids, or mixed progeny. With regard to domestic poultry, Dr Morton, of Philadelphia, remarks, 'The variation of size, form, and plumage, so remarkable among the different breeds of domestic fowls, has been usually attributed to the action of physical agents (food, climate, &c.) on a single original species. This supposition, however, is now found to be untenable; for the best ornithologists have succeeded in tracing this family of birds to at least ten different species. The tailless fowl has been triumphantly quoted as an evidence of the power of climate and locality to produce changes, not only of plumage, but of anatomical conformation. This bird is deficient in the last dorsal vertebrae, and consequently has no tail. But it was asserted, even by some naturalists, that this fowl was originally possessed of a tail, but lost it on being sent from England to Virginia, and domesticated in the latter country. More recent investigations, however, have proved that this is a wild native species of Ceylon. The fowl with rumped or inverted feathers, which was long regarded as a mere accidental variety, is now believed to be a distinct species, and a native of Guiana. It breeds with all the other domestic fowls, and the offspring is prolific without end.' The same author mentions hybrids between the domestic fowl and the

Guinea fowl, the pheasant and domestic fowl, the wild and tame goose, the swan and goose, and several others. Mr Charles Waterton thus describes hybrids between the Canada goose and wild Barnacle goose: 'They are elegantly shaped, but are not so large as the Canada mother, nor so small as the father—their plumage partaking in colour with that of both parents.' Mr St John, in his very amusing and interesting 'Wild Sports in the Highlands,' mentions that his domestic ducks are now all of a hybrid breed between the wild and domestic ducks. He took the eggs of the wild species and placed them under the domestic duck, by whom they were hatched. The first brood partook of the wild and rambling nature of their progenitors, but the subsequent crosses in the poultry-yard produced a tame and elegant-looking race of birds, and of superior flavour for the table.

The following is an interesting account of a tame owl, given by Mr Jenyns in his amusing volume already quoted: 'A friend of mine has sent me the following particulars respecting a tame white owl, which was taken when young from a nest in the woods of Dilstone, near Hexham, in Northumberland, and given by a lady to her children, who brought it up. Great pains appear to have been taken to domesticate this owl, in consequence of which it became very familiar. In imitation of its own call, it received the name of *Keewie*, to which it would readily answer when within hearing, following the sound from whatever part of the premises it might happen to be in. Its usual place of repose during the day was under the branches of an old Scotch fir, which grew down a steep inaccessible bank, where it would sit, apparently asleep, but sufficiently awake to endeavour to attract the notice of any one who passed, by its usual cry of *Keewie keewie*. If the passenger stopped and aroused it, it immediately scrambled up the boughs of the fir, till it brought itself to a level with the walk above, in hopes of being fed; but if he went on again, unheeding its solicitations, it returned to its former place and resumed its slumbers. One of the most striking peculiarities in this tame owl is said to have been its fondness for music. It would often come into the drawing-room of an evening, on the shoulder of one of the children, and, on hearing the tones of the piano, would stand with its eyes fixed on the instrument, and its head on one side, in an attitude of attention, when, suddenly spreading his wings, he would alight on the keys, and, making a dart at the performer's fingers with its beak, would continue hopping about, as if pleased with the execution. After a while, the flights of this owl into the woods became longer, and he only returned at dark to receive his usual supper from the person who was in the habit of feeding him, and whom he readily permitted at such times to take him up, and carry him into the house for this purpose. By and by, it was observed that he did not devour his meal in the kitchen as formerly, but fled along the passage, dragging the meat after him, till he reached the garden-door, when he flew with it to a part of the shrubbery. On being followed, it was discovered that he had brought with him a companion, who, not having courage to accompany him the whole way, remained at a respectful distance to receive his bounty. After having served his visitor in this manner, he returned to the kitchen, and leisurely devoured his own. This practice was continued for some months, till at length one evening he was missed, and nowhere to be found. His companion, it is said, continued to visit the spot alone for several weeks, uttering doleful cries, but could never be persuaded to come nearer to be fed. It proved in the end that the favourite had been killed, and its stuffed skin was one day, alas! recognised in a woodman's hut by the children who had so assiduously nurtured and brought it up.'

If birds delight in music, why may they not 'trip it on the light fantastic toe?' That very beautiful bird, the cock-of-the-rock, or rock-manakin (*Rupicola elegans*), so common in British Guiana, often indulges in the amusement of dancing. It is generally the male birds that thus exhibit, in order to excite the admiration and win the affections of the females. 'Hearing,' says M. Schomburgk, 'the twittering noise so peculiar to this bird, I cautiously stole

near, with two of my guides, towards a small spot, secluded from the path, which appeared to have been cleared of every blade of grass, and smoothed as by human hands. There we saw a cock-of-the-rock capering, to the apparent delight of several others—now spreading its wings, throwing up its head, or opening its tail like a fan—now strutting about and scratching the ground; all accompanied by a hopping gait, until tired, when it gabbled some kind of note, and another relieved him. Thus three of them successively took the field, and then, with self-approbation, withdrew to rest on one of the low branches near the scene of action. We had counted ten cocks and two hens of the party, when the crackling of some wood, on which I had unfortunately placed my foot, alarmed and dispersed the company. The Indian, in order to obtain their beautiful skins, looks out for these places of diversion, which are very common. There he hides himself, and, armed with his blow-pipe and poisoned arrows, awaits the arrival of the dancing party. He does not fire till they are so eagerly engaged in their sport as to allow him to bring down four or five successively before the rest take alarm and disperse.'

THE ONLY TRUE AND ENDURING OPINION.

We have histories of almost everything that the earth contains, or ever has contained—of kings, and bloody battles (almost inseparable from kings); of republics, and domestic anarchy (inseparable from republics); of laws, rents, prices (Tooke has despatched prices); of churches, sects, religions; of society—that grand, strange, unaccountable compound of evil and good, where men's vices and virtues, ever at war, are made mutually to counteract each other, and bring about an equilibrium balanced on a hair—always vibrating, sometimes terribly deranged, but ever returning to its poise. But, thank Heaven! we have not absolutely histories of everything; and, amongst others, we have not a history of opinion. The world, however, is a strange place; the men and women in it strange creatures; and the man who would sit down to write a true history of opinions, showing how baseless are those most fondly clung to, how absurd are those most reverently followed, how wicked are some of those esteemed most holy, would, in any country, and in any age, be pursued and persecuted till he were as dead as the carrion on which the crow feeds, nay, long after his miserable bones were as white as an egg-shell. I am even afraid of the very assertion; for the world is too vain, and too cowardly, to hear that any of its opinions are wrong; and we must swim with the stream, if we would swim at all. There is one thing, indeed, to be said which justifies the world, although it is not the ground on which the world acts—that he who would upset the opinions established, were he ten times wiser than Solon, or Solomon either, would produce a thousand evils where he removed one. It is an old coat that will not bear mending; and the wearer is, perhaps, right to fly at every one who would peck at it. Moreover, there is, *prima facie*, very little cause to suppose that he who would overthrow the notions which have been entertained, with slight modifications, by thousands of human beings through thousands of years, is a bit more wise, enlightened, true, or virtuous than the rest; and I will fairly confess, that I have never yet seen one of these moral knights-errant who did not replace error by error, folly by folly, contradiction by contradiction, the absurdities of others by absurdities of his own. Nay, more; amongst all who have started up to work a radical change in the opinions of mankind, I have never heard of but one, the universal adoption of whose views, in their entirety, would have made the whole race wiser, better, and happier. Men crucified him; and, lest the imperishable truth should condemn them, set to work to corrupt his words and pervert his doctrines, within a century after he had passed from earth. Gnostics, monks, priests, saints, fathers, all added or took away; and then they closed the book, and sealed it with a brass clasp.—*A Whim and its Consequences.*

SOCIAL REVOLUTIONS.

We confess ourselves to be lovers of revolutions. We have always admired them since we first awoke to a consciousness of the dignity of our grandmother's spinning-wheel, and listened to the whirr of a 'jenny.' The concurrent hands of the electric clock have indicated to our mind high conditions of revolutionary capacity, and the electric telegraph has written upon our consciousness noble corroborations of revolutionary glory. We love your soft, quiet, almost unseen revolutions that take place beneath the surface of nations, which, although not visible, are nevertheless real—which, although latent, are notwithstanding efficacious—which you can sit in your parlour and digest with your muffins—and which, like healthy food to a healthy constitution, add to the strength and progress of the world, without filling its veins with the fever and its head with the delirium attendant upon revolutions of a more ostensible, terrible, and dangerously experimental kind. The last thirty years have been continent of revolutions—revolutions of opinions, ideas, governments, nationalities, steam-paddles, clocks, machines of new creation, and screws of old mechanical celebrity. Velocipedes and rotund coach-drivers have revolved with their vehicles into the shade; and those diligences so famous in the memoirs of Jonathan Oldbuck and in the travels of the sage Mr Yorick, are likely to be soon forgotten even in genus. Superseded by the light and spanking stage, the stage itself has been exorcised from the stage of action by the snort and scream of the terrible iron-horse, which mocks the pigeon in its flight, and laughs at the name of toil. Nothing, we think, can illustrate the certain progress of healthy revolutionary influences more than the frequent invasions which are now taking place in England and Scotland. Five hundred years ago the reciprocal invasions of these countries were terrible things; and the application of the word 'invasion' to the visits of hosts of men from either country anterior to a very recent period, means something very serious. But revolutions in ideas revolutionise vocabularies, and we hope soon to see the word *invasion* enjoying a fame as extensive, gentle, and pleasant as its literal synonym *visit*. We believe the signification of the term to be in revolution, as we know the fact to be so; and if we could detract from its warlike and add to its peaceful fame, we would esteem ourselves as conducting in some respects to a universally and devoutly-to-be-wished-for, though somewhat wordy, revolution. People quarrel with one another generally because they do not know each other. The more that people know of one another they are the less inclined to fall out; and we believe that all the wars and hatreds that have disgraced and destroyed mankind have been the result of isolation. There are jealousies and despites existing now, not only between the peoples of the countries of the British empire, but they are active in counties to this day; and it is only by the extension of knowledge and a more general intercommunication of people that these little jealousies will be obliterated. The great iron hexaped is being and will be the most active and untiring agent in this noble work of friendly fusion, and we wish him speed in his proud and inspiring mission.

We had the pleasure of meeting a party of English invaders on the 6th of June in our good city, through the revolutionary medium of the rails; and as the circumstances and character of the invasion and invaders present rather a novel feature in our social economy, and are worthy of recapitulation and general imitation, we shall succinctly present them to our readers.

The visitors were J. D. Carr, Esq., of Carlisle, and the workmen and other individuals connected with his baking establishment, which, for extent as a bread manufactory, and in regard to other collateral arrangements, is perhaps not to be paralleled in Great Britain. Mr Carr, the enlightened proprietor of this great bakery, which employs about one hundred men and boys, saw that, in addition to the mere relation of employer and employed, there might be other and nobler relations established between himself

and his workmen. He felt that one hundred men and boys, brought together by unity of profession, and connected to him by the mere accidents of trade, might, through his agency, become elevated to a higher social, moral, and intellectual status, and united to him not only by a bond of trade but by a bond of brotherhood, and he determined to make the experiment. He began and accomplished in his own sphere, without difficulty and with abundant success, what has engaged the hopes and aspirations of moral reformers for ages. As the basis of all profitable action, he rendered it imperative that the workmen should abstain, as he did, from all intoxicating drinks. Sobriety in the workmen was a positive assurance *a priori* that there would be success in his endeavours for their improvement; it inspired the experimentalist with confidence, and it ensured the self-respect of the labourers. As a guarantee of their capacity for intellectual improvement, it was necessary that the men should be able to read and write—no matter if they did so imperfectly. It was deemed indispensable that they should, as well as being sober, possess the rudimentary means of intellectual improvement, and upon these bases Mr Carr began his plans of melioration. 'You must not force a man to be sober,' says Mr Carr, 'you must persuade him to be so; and you must not persuade him theoretically but practically. You must not only convince his reason that it is good for him to abstain, but you must supply the void caused by this abstinence.' In order to do so, this philanthropic gentleman established a school, a reading-room, and baths; and offered facilities for those frequent social reunions so likely to conduce to the harmony and kindly feeling of all engaged in his establishment. For fifteen years there has existed the best of relations between this gentleman and his work-people; all the pecuniary sacrifices which he has made for their comfort and improvement have, he is assured, been to his advantage. His men labour with a cheerful alacrity not to be met with in the ignorant and drunken, and he can place implicit confidence in their attention to business. They obtain a high name in the city of Carlisle for morality and respectability; and as a remarkable instance of their general frugality and spirit, not one of them for fifteen years has applied for parish relief. While other workmen have been draining the treasury of the workhouse during periods of sickness or destitution, the prudence and mutual benevolence of his men have preserved them from this necessity. In addition to the facilities offered to them for improvement at home, Mr Carr gives all his people an annual summer's jaunt to some remarkable place, interesting from its scenic beauty or grandeur, and its historical associations.

Railway extension is daily offering a wider field of observation for such visitors, so that this year Edinburgh was determined upon as the point of attraction. The large Calton Convening Room had been previously engaged as a place in which all might breakfast, and from which the members of the party might go forth to visit the city, and to which they might return at any time for refreshments, which they had brought abundantly with them. Upwards of a hundred visitors—men, women, and children—sat down to breakfast at ten o'clock, and afterwards breaking up into parties, they proceeded, under the direction of leaders, to explore the beauties and antiquated wonders of our own romantic town, leaving Edinburgh by the Caledonian Railway, after having enjoyed twelve hours' sojourn in the city.

Blithe be the hearts of such merry English invaders, say we; and hopeful be their returning! May the youths of Sherwood Forest don their holiday suits of Lincoln green, and come cheerily over the border to the north country! We give them joyful greeting, and a thousand welcomes. These intercommunions are pleasing illustrations of the spirit of the times. Under the apparent aspect of national convulsions and storms, the social tide is flowing unswervingly onward. While systems and empires are being torn and dashed asunder, cities and towns are being welded and linked together; and while legislators are debating and

quarrelling about systems of social improvement, the spontaneous efforts of Mr Carr and men of a kindred spirit are certainly inducing a higher social, mental, and moral status for individuals, and presenting a national example. Such efficient, elevating, and earnest revolutions in national antipathies and the condition of the operative are worthy of the sympathies of all men, no matter how much these men may be artificially divided into classes: and to our mind they shine in healthful lustre amidst the darkness of national commotions and strifes. They are indeed something more than eruptions—they are revolutions, in fact.

· QUOTATION ·

WHEN we first began to dip into general literature, it was a matter of some surprise to us to find the page occasionally studded over with little tailed dots. On curiously inquiring into the reason, we were informed that these said dots were what was called 'marks of quotation,' and intended to indicate that certain passages were not the author's, but taken from somebody else. In our then state of ignorance regarding literary matters this seemed very strange. 'What!' we exclaimed, 'do authors borrow from each other as they choose, and does nobody complain? Here is a whole essay made up of bits from somebody or other; and is there no law to protect the property of these people, and prevent it being eaten up at pleasure by any one who chooses?'—'Oh! you must know,' replied our mentor, 'when a writer becomes celebrated by saying good things, these sayings are looked upon as a sort of common property—they become what we call 'household words'—and we make no scruple of using them as we think fit in our own productions. Why,' continued our friend, 'so far from it being thought improper to make use of these expressions, you will find as you continue to read that some writers acquire considerable celebrity as learned men by the facility of being good quoters.' Well, thought we, this must be one of those odd ways of the world of which we have been told so much. If a man produce a certain article by the labour either of hands or head, he is surely entitled to call it his own; and any one who borrows it from him without his leave, seems to be no better than a common pilferer. We began to ask ourselves—Would the plea of acknowledgment be accepted in the ordinary affairs of life? If a person purloined, say a book or a tea-kettle from his neighbour, and put it to his own use, would he be excused for the theft on the plea that he made it no secret to his friends who the articles really belonged to? But as we widened the circle of our reading we discovered what we took to be an explanation of the anomaly, and it was this: That the practice of stealing had become so universal amongst authors, that, like other practices extensively indulged in, it had ceased to be disreputable, and was even reckoned respectable. The alarming fact thus dawned upon us, that authors generally were no better than a set of cannibals, who were perpetually engaged in devouring each other.

But surely there was a time when a better system was acknowledged—when authors were virtuous, and behaved themselves like decent people? We know not. If there was, it must have been in the Golden Age—which was not (and, if we may believe ourselves, never was) the age of authors! According to our theory, the process of cannibalism would begin as soon as scope existed for its exercise. We cannot speak for ancient times or for other countries, but in our own we date the beginning of the savage period particularly from the time of Shakspeare. 'Gentle Will' (who himself set a bad example in this way) was no sooner in his grave than his brethren of the quill began the tearing of his body to pieces—a process which has been continued, we are sorry to observe, up even to our own times. Authors steal his plots, his characters, his expressions—everything that is his. Not to speak of the more heinous sin of copying plot or character, have we not been bored to death with—'Curse, not loud, but deep,' 'the equivocation of the fiend that lies like truth,'

'a custom more honoured in the breach than the observance,' 'a countenance more in sorrow than in anger,' 'golden opinions from all sorts of people,' 'the vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself,'—and so on! The novelist, in sketching his hero, must some time or other make him 'chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancies,' and represent him as possessing 'Hyperion curls, the front of Jove himself,' and as being, besides, 'the glass of fashion and the mould of form.' In the incidental reflections it is impossible to avoid such lines as—

'There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them then how we will.'

'Oh! what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!'

'My way of life
Has fallen into the sere and yellow leaf.'

For the last two centuries certain things are said to 'come like shadows, so depart;' and on every doubtful appearance the following comes up as a matter of course:

'Thou comest in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee.'

For the same period, every celebrated person who has visited 'that bourne from whence no traveller returns,' has had pronounced over him—

'He was a man, take him for all and all,
I shall not look upon his like again!'

and if said to be noted for more than ordinary goodness, another motto is ready for his tombstone—

'His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him, that nature might stand up
And say to all the world—This was a man.'

Every book containing matter not easily credited must soften the dose by informing its readers that

'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'

Every violent comparison is necessarily 'Hyperion to a satyr;' somebody or other is snuffed out, and must 'pale his uneffectual fires;' if a man's hair stands on end (a phenomenon we should like to see), it must do so 'like quills upon the fretful porcupine.' No author can institute a comparison between *funds* and *good fame* but he must introduce, 'Who steals my purse, steals trash,' &c.; or make a person perform a mean action without pleading, 'My poverty, but not my will, consents.' Was there ever a poet spoken of who did not 'give to airy nothings a local habitation and a name'—who had not 'thick-coming fancies'—or whose eye was not 'occasionally in a fine frenzy rolling?'

A class of newspaper censors advise a minister of state to 'assume a virtue, if you have it not;' insinuate that, but for being forbid 'to tell the secrets of his prison-house,' he 'could a tale unfold,' &c.; caution him oracularly not 'to lay that flattering unction to his soul;' and hint his resemblance to those 'juggling fiends' that

'Keep the word of promise to the ear,
And break it to the hope.'

We might extend the list (to use another favourite quotation from Shakspeare) 'to the crack o' doom;' but our purpose being simply to furnish some indication of the extensive nature of the pilferings from 'our great dramatist,' and by no means to make up a complete catalogue, we pass on to notice a few other matters of a like nature.

While we wonder at the variety and richness of some minds, there is as much reason to feel annoyed at the poverty of others, and these, we fear, the greater portion of the author class. They are imitators, appropriators—anything but inventors. They live within a circle of cast and hackneyed phrases. For example, anything supposed to be irrevocable has from time immemorial been likened to the 'laws of the Medes and Persians;' a person more than usually distinguished by benevolence is said to possess much of 'the milk of human kindness;' the expres-

* A quotation almost invariably misunderstood. It is taken in the sense of an *equivocal* appearance, whereas the reverse is expressly meant by Shakspeare: 'Thou comest in such a *conceivable*, or *familiar*, style, that I will speak,' &c.

sion 'Thick as leaves in Vallombrosa' answers for all sorts of things—for leaves, or rain, or hail, or fluency of expression; 'a heavy blow and great discouragement' falls sometimes on a 'single captive,' sometimes 'over the length and breadth of the land.' We have it incessantly dunned into us by all sorts of writers that

'Where ignorance is bliss
Tis folly to be wise,'—

along with another 'great fact,' namely, that

'Facts are chiefs that winna ding,
And downa be disputed:'

the latter a sentiment which cuts a great figure in newspaper controversy, but the appearance of which has always the effect of frightening us from proceeding any farther in the said learned discussions.

This practice of writers studding their pages so thickly with the sentences and expressions of others that it is sometimes difficult to discover the real web amongst the wilderness of commas and turn-commas, has now reached such a height that the time seems arriving when there will be no original writing at all—when, to save the trouble of thought, authors may find it convenient to make up their productions wholly of choice morsels selected from the writings of others. If we live to see this period, we may then find an entire essay or poem not one line of which is original. In the meanwhile, in anticipation of this millennium of authorship, we have ventured to try our hand at the patchwork style in poetry, and beg to lay before our readers, as a first specimen, a piece which we have entitled

REFLECTIONS.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To gaze on nature with a poet's eye,
To scorn delights and live laborious days—
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound;
▲ breath can make them as a breath has made
(Rependent less, but of an ampler round).

Procrastination is the thief of time,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way,
And Swift expresses a driveller and a show
And o'er inform'd the tennement of clay.

In wit a man, simplicity a child,
He stoop'd to truth and moralised his song;
And all went merry as a marriage-bell
Was everything by turns and nothing long.

Ah! little think the gray licentious proud
A saint in cloth is twice a saint in lawn,
To point a moral or adorn a tale,
With golden exhalations from the dawn.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole;
Like angel-visits, few and far between,
Where other suns and other systems roll.

Sermons in stones, and good in everything,
Fears of the brave and follies of the wise?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And what is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes?

Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease,
Man never is, but always to be, blest.
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,
And kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

We grant at once that there is no very obvious meaning in this. Like all poetry of the class—all profound poetry, indeed—to be appreciated properly it requires to be studied. By superficial readers the next specimen will probably not be found a whit more intelligible, though it seems to us to embody fully as much good sense as the majority of pieces headed

SONNET.

It must be so, Plato, thou reasonest well.
(I knew him once, and every truant knew)
Far in the wilds, unknown to public view,
And freedom shriek'd when Kookiuseo fell
When churchyards yawn, and graves give up their dead,
So deeply, darkly, beautifully blue,
The distance lends enchantment to the view,
And all the charms of youth and hope are fled.
But, ah! who knows how hard it is to climb,
Like pensive beauty smiling through her tears,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by,
Dark-heaving, boundless, endless, and sublime—
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly,
And fester through the infancy of years!

LIFE OF SAMUEL CLUGSTON, THE SLUGGARD.

CHAPTER VI.

When the astounding fact did force itself into Samuel's mind, deep was the gloom that settled down upon him. If any one ventured to disturb him by a reference to its cause, he would turn upon them like a bear roughly poked, and give them such a look as ensured silence at once. Many a one called on him out of curiosity, but they got no encouragement to prolong or repeat their visit. A sullen 'yes' or 'no' was all they could get from him, for he had a guess what they came about. His temper soured rapidly, and he would snarl even at a child if it smiled to him, or strike a dog if it fawned upon him, and peevishly tell a neighbour to buy anything they wanted to borrow. Now, Samuel, though he had a peculiar temper before, could not be said to have a bad one, and he was always ready to oblige a neighbour in any little way: but to be flung from the very steeple-head of hope by a heartless jilt, and without a moment's warning, was enough to break any man's temper and try any man's philosophy. As usual, too, in such cases, Samuel got no sympathy, but plenty of laughter, which is not the best anodyne in the world for a sore breast.

In process of time, the people ceased to talk so much, or Samuel to feel so acutely as at first. He gradually returned to what he was, with the exception that he wrought less and slept more than formerly, and gave up going to church. Whether it was to be out of the way of objects associated with Jenny, I cannot say, but at any rate he removed about this time to a small house and garden which belonged to his father, and which stood at a little distance out of the village. It was here that the master passion of his soul fully developed itself. People had more and more difficulty in getting their cloth out of his hands, and his most solemn assurances came to be regarded as rotten straw.

In common with all sluggards and most evil-doers, Samuel was constantly promising himself to do better. About the middle of a week he would sometimes say to a neighbour, 'It's no worth while beginning now at any rate, but, if Monday were come, I'll set till' in earnest.' And sometimes he did set to in earnest, and work almost night and day for a few days—but the reaction was frightful. He lay down like a gorged boa-constrictor, and nothing but excessive hunger would stir him up again.

A Matthew Waddel used to go about him, and remind him of his sins; but, though he was a great thorn in Samuel's side, he did him no good. It was generally thought that not the purest motives led Matthew there, and many a where else. He was a kind of religious wiseacre, and sanctimonious blue-bottle; always meddling with people's affairs when they went wrong, and obtruding his advice where it was not wanted. It was hinted he had an eye after the eldership, and took this method of bringing himself into notice, and showing his fitness for the office to which he aspired. Be this as it may, he had thoroughly studied Samuel's case, so far as texts of Scripture were concerned. I happened to be there one day when Matthew came in. After some remarks on the weather, and the state of the crops, and the kindness of Providence, he began to diverge into the subject which was gall and wormwood to Samuel, by saying—'I was just reading this morning at worship in the wise man—'

'As I was saying,' interrupted Samuel, who saw what was coming, 'yon crap o' corn o' James Brown's is the best in a' the howe, at any rate.'

'James is an industrious man,' remarked Matthew, 'and the hand of the industrious maketh rich, and his fields are known among his neighbours. But, as the wise man saith, Proverbs twenty-fourth and thirtieth, I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding, and, lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down.'

'We've heard that often enough already,' said Samuel,

with an ill-natured hem; but Matthew went on with great solemnity, as if he had been speaking to a thousand.

'Then I saw and considered it well. I looked upon it and received instruction'—

'Bonny instruction!' observed Samuel, sarcastically.

'So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth,' continued Matthew, with a sterner and more solemn voice, 'and thy want as an armed man; for by much slothfulness the building decayeth, and through idleness of the hands the house droppeth through.'

This was a sore thrust to Samuel, for a part of the plaster of his roof had lately fallen down upon him while in bed, and it was well known that he had just heaved the rough of it off and lain still.

'Some folk drop in where they're not wanted,' observed Samuel, rallying a little from the shock; 'and it's better that a house should gang wrang than a body's health.'

'As the wise man saith, The way of the slothful man is an hedge of thorns. The slothful man saith, There is a lion in the way, a lion is in the streets.'

'Better than a wolf in the house at any rate.'

'And as the wise man further saith'—

'Let your further stand, man,' interrupted Samuel, getting very angry, and speaking with extraordinary rapidity; for anger is a quickener of the speech, sometimes a sharpener of the wits; and it was both on this occasion.

'As the wise man saith,' continued Matthew, with great doggedness, 'As the door turneth upon his hinges'—

'I'll turn you out to the door, ye blethering blockhead, if ye dinna be quiet.'

'As the door turneth upon his hinges,' persisted Matthew, keeping a sharp look-out on Samuel's movements, 'so doth the slothful on his bed. The slothful hideth his hand in his bosom, and—and'—

'There's a hole in the ballant, at any rate,' exclaimed Samuel, with great glee.

'And it grieveth him to bring it again to his mouth,' added Matthew, recollecting the passage.

'It was a while out o' your mouth,' observed Samuel, giving a chuckle and a triumphant shake to his head. 'It's my opinion, man, ye just learn thine verses like a laddie at his carritches, to say to me, and mak' a show aff.'

There was evidently much truth in this remark, for Matthew seemed to feel it keenly, and cleared his throat two or three times before he added—'As vinegar to the teeth, and as smoke to the eyes, so is the sluggard to them that send him, as the wise man saith.'

'I'm no saying ought against the wise man, as ye ca' him,' said Samuel, stung in turn by the passage just quoted; 'but this I will say, that a fool may gie a wise man a counsel, and fools shouldna hae chappin' sticks, at any rate.'

'The sluggard is wiser in his own conceit,' rejoined Matthew, with increasing bitterness, 'than seven men that can render a reason.'

I had sat quiet till now, in perfect amazement at the strange conversation which was going on, and somewhat struck at Samuel's adroitness in parrying the thrusts that were made at him, for I had never seen him exert himself in the manner before, and there was something excessively ludicrous in the whole affair; but I thought it had gone far enough, and was afraid of what might follow, so I interposed, and said, 'That the person quoting that passage was not necessarily one of the seven that could render a reason.'

'But he thinks himself a' the seven, at any rate; and that wisdom 'll die wi' him,' said Samuel, brightening up at his own remark.

'Whether men will hear or forbear,' continued Matthew, with difficulty suppressing his ire, 'we are bidden to speak the truth.'

'There's a time for a' things,' said Samuel, very pertinently.

'Yes,' said Matthew, 'but the sluggard will not plough by reason of the cold; therefore shall he beg in harvest and have nothing.'

I was going to speak, but Samuel anticipated me by

saying in a very significant manner, 'Better beg than steal at any rate.'

This stroke went deep, for Matthew's wife had the name of being light-fingered; but Matthew was roused, and he immediately added, 'Better neither beg nor steal; and, as the wise man saith, Go to the ant, thou sluggard;—and he looked fiercely at Samuel as he spoke,—'consider her ways and be wise; which, having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest. How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? When wilt thou arise out of thy sleep? Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep. So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man.'

'We had that before, man,' cried Samuel.

'But with a different connection.'

'I see nae connection, man, in ought ye say.'

'It's my desire,' added Matthew, lowering his voice, and assuming a more solemn air, 'to connect the truth with the cases to which it is applicable. And, as the wise man saith, The way of a fool is right in his own eyes; he hath no delight in understanding, but rageth and is confident.'

'It is also said,' I remarked, 'for I really felt nettled at the man, that every fool will be meddling. But, not to bandy Scripture in this way, which is only to abuse it, I would advise you, friend, to cultivate good sense and good manners more; and when you have an advice to give, let it be done with discretion, and at a proper time. An unreasonable advice does more harm than good, and an injudicious use of Scripture is fitted only to bring it into disrepute.'

He was going to speak, and evidently about to repeat some passage from the Bible again, when Samuel got up, and, taking him by the shoulder, conducted him somewhat forcibly to the door, and closed it after him, crying, 'Come back when ye're sent for, at any rate.'

'Did ever any body see such a sleekit, impudent body as that?' said Samuel, as he sat down. 'It's maybe true I'm lazy whiles—I'll no deny't; but what business has he wi't? What made me no put his head aneath his feet, the sneakit body? And he'll gang and tell as mony less about it, tae. I think I was daft no to gie him something to speak about at any rate.'

'It was best not,' I said.

'Best! I'm no sure o' that.'

'O, yea,' I insisted; 'you would have regretted it afterwards; and, besides, we must forget and forgive, if we hope to be forgiven.'

'Forgive! maybe I will; but it'll be a while before I forget it, at any rate.'

As I saw Samuel was not in a state to be reasoned with, and as I had been detained longer than I wished, I rose and took my departure.

It was impossible not to reflect on what I had seen and heard: the degree of ability displayed by Samuel, and his quitting his usual thrum and drawl of speech; the disgusting impudence and ostentation, and, I fear, impiety, of his tormentor, whose ill-timed and impertinent remonstrances were fitted to irritate rather than reclaim; his unhallowed use of Scripture to gratify an inordinate vanity, and probably serve other sinister ends; and, last of all, the graphic descriptions of the sluggard which he had quoted from Proverbs occasionally recurred, and occupied my thoughts for some time after. How steadfast, thought I, are the laws of mind—stable as those of matter! The picture drawn by Solomon was realised in Samuel three thousand years afterwards. His garden was overgrown with weeds and nettles, and whatever had been begun, had been begun at a wrong time, and left unfinished. Nothing came to his season, and when it did come it was useless. He would be digging potatoes in December, and pulling rotten turnips in May. Everything inside and outside of his house had a dirty, desolate aspect. The very walls had a chilling and repulsive look; the thatched roof had sunk in in many places, and knots of toadstools, and tufts of grass, and clumps of moss, and herbs that haunt decayed buildings, were seen here and there; the only signs of life about

it being a number of clamorous sparrows that roosted in the dilapidated chimney-top and perforated eaves. The glass which remained in the windows was dark with dirt and spider-thread, and the open panes were stuffed with rags, and old thrums, and heddles. The floor inside was much broken and coated with mud; the stools and chairs were black and decayed; and the wooden bed-shutters were moth-eaten and overrun with tangled cobwebs, full of dust and dead flies. And this was at once the throneroom and chamber of sleep!—Not sleep; but morbid slumber—the monstrous issue of sloth. How grovelling and unclean do the vices, in their last stages, become! The titled gamester and coroneted drunkard will consort with lacqueys and thieves, and the licentious prince will herd with lewdness in its vilest receptacles. And yet I felt, from what I had just witnessed, that all this was hardly so disgusting as hypocrisy, when it puts on the sacred garb of religion. It ordinarily, however, and happily, overplays its part. It is noisy, overbearing, and uncharitable. Under guise of zeal, it gives play to the worst passions, and sometimes perpetrates the most revolting crimes—whetting the dagger and setting fire to the stake. True religion, on the other hand, is gentle and easy to be entreated; and, instead of coming out into the open day to proclaim its sorrows and conflicts to passers by, it goes down, like the wounded dove, into the depths of the forest to mourn and commune alone. It affects the shade and not the sun; whilst false religion is seen on the tops of pillars, and standing in the places of public resort; it dispenses its alms by trumpet, and arranges its prayers to fall due in the streets. The spurious, indeed, and the genuine, are to be met in all things, and the best things may be turned to the worst account. The hypocrite is hence seen standing in the shadow of Zion along with the saint: and the mountains are the haunt of the robber, as well as the retreat of the patriot—the fastnesses of violence, as well as the bulwarks of liberty.

CHAPTER VII.

The small earnings of Samuel, and the rent and interest of money and property left him, did not meet his expenditure, for, though he fared meanly, he ate largely. He was consequently eating in upon his capital, and the process of reduction was going on at an increasing ratio. It was easy to foresee what the end would be; but this end was hastened and precipitated by the plotting and villany of the writer in the place, who had marked him out as one of his victims. He had already been successful in turning several families to the door and possessing himself of their substance. Bit by bit, he had risen to be the chief laird in the town. He had a house here, and a strip of land there, a claim on this property and a bond on that; and it was observed that he was never hasty in calling in debts where property was concerned, but was always willing to lie out, and to make new advances. He wormed himself into the chief management of the different Friendly Societies and Public Mortifications, and took a copy of all the wills and deeds, contracts, and leases, he could lay his hands on in the district: and there were few of them, it was thought, but what, at one time or other, had passed through his hands, for, under various pretexts, he made his clients and others cater for him, and put them on plans to accomplish his purposes. The consequence was that he knew how every person of any note stood, and how each one was affected towards his neighbour. The old men remarked 'that in their younger days there was scarcely such a thing heard tell o' as a lawsuit; but everybody now was lying and fechtin', and taking one another before the shirra.' Mr Purdie, meanwhile, appeared to have nothing to do in these brawls beyond the strictest professional interference, and few suspected him of being the stirrer up of strife; for he was a quiet man and an elder, and occasionally did very charitable things; was very bland in his manner, and easily made laugh; and seldom made any remark upon anything that was going on; and was scarcely ever known to get into a passion, or say an angry word, except to his associates and the officers that served him.

writes and summonses; and what was more, he was of a forgiving temper, and never resented any harsh words which a ruined client would use, but took every means to conciliate him and regain his favour.

Now, it so happened that Matthew Waddel took occasion to mention, and also to misrepresent, the treatment which he had received from Samuel Clingston. Mr Purdie happening to look in one night to inquire after Mrs Waddel, whom he had heard was unwell, Matthew took the opportunity to mention the circumstances to him. Mr Purdie professed to be greatly shocked, extolled Matthew for his good intentions, and highly commended him for his patience, but advised him to call back on Samuel in the spirit of forgiveness and the Gospel, and try if he could do him any good, by a fresh exhibition of the truth to his mind.

Matthew did call, and began to repeat from the Proverbs as before, when Samuel got exasperated, and, laying violent hands on him, thrust him out at the door. Unfortunately he fell upon a stone and was hurt to the effusion of his blood. He went straight down to Mr Purdie; an action was immediately commenced; and one thing rose out of another for the space of two years; and all finally went against Samuel, and he was a ruined man, and his property and the remainder of his money passed into the hands of Mr Purdie—for Matthew got none of it. Out of pity, however, Mr Purdie gave Samuel his loom, and the privilege of sitting in the house till the next term.

I may anticipate here, and state that the ill-gotten wealth of Mr Purdie (for it was wet with the widow's tears, and mixed with the orphan's curse, and the mumble of the defrauded idiot) did not turn out well in the end. He set up a high style of living, sent his sons to college and his daughters to boarding-schools. The elder daughter went astray, one of the sons enlisted, and the other died a drunkard. He himself had a shock of paralysis, and, in a fit of insanity or despair, took away his own life. Our vicious pleasures may thus be said to grow on precipices, and thousands in the end are lost in the act of reaching down for them. I am happy to say, however, that his remaining daughter got respectably married, and became an ornament and a blessing to the neighbourhood she was in. As to Matthew Waddel, he died without reaching the object of his ambition.

There was nothing now for Samuel but to work or starve. A neighbour managed to get a web for him, and he began to it with some show of earnestness, but it was soon evident to all that he had become more heartless and apathetic than ever, and clear to every one that the 'wallet' would be the upshot of it, and so it was.

He left one night no one knew whither. He had toiled on to a distant part of the country where he was unknown, and there made his first appeal to public charity; it was successful, and this encouraged him. Before night, he was master of thirtypence, and had fared abundantly. He had met with but few repulses, and no taunts, except one from a cadger, who told him to 'go and work for his bread like other honest folk.'

There is little doubt that his great height and apparent strength contributed to his success in sequestered places, and that his singularly awkward, but as yet unsophisticated manner, and seemingly heartbroken look, had a favourable effect upon many. At any rate, he made more that day than he had done any day since his mother's death. He no doubt felt a sense of degradation, but this soon wore off. His feelings and self-respect had long been blunted and almost destroyed, by the vitiating and degrading influence of the passion in which he indulged. A vicious habit soon debases the most honourable mind, and forces its victim to have recourse to the meanest shifts and expedients for its gratification. It becomes an incarnate demon and clamours night and day for its food, and the more it gets the more voracious it becomes.

The first night, Samuel slept in an outhouse among straw. It was to him a luxurious couch; and he occupied it so long, that the farmer came in to see whether he had gone away, or was dead or alive. Samuel asked to eat, being still as

he was not well—which was a lie. He was fatigued, but not indisposed. How impossible is it to indulge in one vice without contracting others! There is a secret affinity between them. One unclean spirit brings other seven with it. The farmer sympathised with him, and brought out his son, a medical student, to examine him. The young man thought there were symptoms of incipient inflammation, and recommended bleeding. Samuel thought he would be doing as he was, and try a few more hours of rest; but the young man insisted on letting blood, as the only means of giving relief and preventing bad consequences, and enlarged on several cases, precisely similar, which he had treated in the same way with the best effect. Samuel still insisted on letting things stand for a little, as 'he thought he was getting somewhat better, and he knew that his constitution would not stand bleeding,' for he was 'come o' thin-blooded folks, wha needed to keep a' that they had, at any rate.' It was in vain that the young man contended that this was the very strongest of all reasons for bleeding; for, in the very midst of his argument, which was somewhat technical, and whilst in the act of opening his lancet-case, Samuel got up, and, stretching himself out, said 'he had reason to be thankful, at any rate, that he was a great deal better;' and, after thanking the farmer for his night's lodgings, and the young man for his kindness, he bade them good morning, and wished that every blessing might attend them.

CHAPTER VIII.

Samuel was now fairly started as a public mendicant; and he soon found that success in his profession was very various and uncertain. At one time he would make as much in a day as at other times in a week, and at all times his gettings were greatly curtailed by his slow movements and short hours. In thinly-inhabited districts he would sometimes do little more in a day than pass from one farmhouse to another; but it was seldom that he suffered much from hunger, for he got into the way of taking as much at a meal as served him for twenty-four hours, and the farmers at that time were much more hospitable than now. As Samuel got habituated to his new career, and acquired the confidence which springs from habit, he indulged more and more in his favourite propensity. His rests by the way became more frequent, and he would look out for convenient places to dose away the warmer hours of the day in. In the hay season, instead of going into barns and outhouses, where he was subject to unpleasant interruptions in the morning, he would get into a hay-field as night advanced, and, putting two or three heaps together, he would thrust himself into the midst of them and lie very comfortably. Occasionally, however, this expedient was attended with disadvantages. The farmer or his servants, attracted by the unusual appearance, would sometimes come and examine the pile, and discover Samuel in the process. In such cases he would say he was a stranger, and had been benighted, or had been taken unwell, and could not proceed further; for he came to lose all scruple as to truth, and did not hesitate to make any explanation which offered itself to his mind. These apologies did not always serve him, for now and then it happened that the farmer got ill-natured, and threatened to punish him. Samuel would do his best to soothe him and get off quietly; but when this was impracticable he would suddenly rouse himself up and dare the man to do his worst. The change was so great and unexpected that the opposing party usually made his retreat as quickly as possible.

Once, however, he was like to have been seriously damaged. As the grain harvest came in, he would put two shocks together, close up the further end, thrust in sheaves below for a mattress, and have others ready to pull up at his head when he entered. One morning he was lying fast asleep in one of these chambers, when some Highland shearers happened to pass to their work. Samuel was snoring and heaving like some great beast that had got a bad wound. The Highlanders were arrested, most of them alarmed, and some of the more superstitious concluded it was a ghost, or something worse. The women fled with

precipitation, but two of the men, more hardy than the rest, made a rush forward, and struck their hooks into the place where they thought the bulk of the creature lay. One of the instruments hit Samuel, but happily not in a vital part. He uttered a roar and sprang up, dashing the sheaves all around him. The unearthly appearance of the man scattered his assailants; they ran off amidst a volley of Gaelic oaths and prayers. It was some time before Samuel could form a correct idea of his position, or the extent of his wounds. As soon as he came to something like consciousness and the power of reason, he made his escape as fast as he could, in a very unpleasant state both of mind and body. The wound was only a flesh one, and healed up in a week or two; but the affair drove him from the corn-fields at night, and obliged him to have recourse to the barns and stables as before.

LUCIFER MATCHES:

THEIR PREPARATION, AND DISEASES OF THE WORKMEN EMPLOYED IN THEIR MANUFACTURE.

WITHIN the last three or four years (says the editor of the 'Pharmaceutical Journal'), the attention of the medical profession has been directed to a remarkable disease observed in some of the workmen employed in lucifer match manufactories. The disease alluded to is *marasmus* (or death) of the jaw-bone. Several notices of this malady have appeared in the British and Foreign medical journals, and the subject is incidentally alluded to in Mr Alfred Taylor's very valuable work on 'Poisons.' But the only separate publication on the subject, is that of Messrs Von Bibra and Geist, printed last year in Germany, the chemico-physiological part of which is by Dr Von Bibra, the medico-chirurgical and forensic part by Dr Geist. In the number for April, 1848, of the 'British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review,' is a very interesting review of the above work, containing some additional details relating to the manufacture, &c., of lucifer matches, by the reviewer. From this review we extract the following details:—

The manufacture of the common sulphur match, which is now exploded, might occasionally have produced bronchial affections by the disengagement of sulphurous-acid fumes; but the quantity consumed was so small, compared to the present consumption of lucifer matches, and the manufacture itself is so much simpler than that of the latter, that for both reasons the number of workpeople employed in the two instances differed very much. The processes necessary for the preparation of lucifers, include those for the manufacture of sulphur matches, as the first stages; and the account we shall give applies as well to the method adopted in Germany as to that pursued in England, which we have been at considerable pains to investigate, in order, if possible, to satisfy our readers as to the reality both of the causes and of the effects. It appears that the invention was originally made in Germany, and thence imported into England. Dr Geist states that his countryman commenced the manufacture between sixteen and twenty years ago; whereas the proprietor of an extensive manufactory in London, who assumed for himself the priority of the invention, or of its introduction into England, stated that he had only been engaged in the business for about ten years. However, we have received conflicting accounts with regard to this point, and would not, therefore, insist upon the absolute correctness of the information.

The first stage in the manufacture of lucifer matches is the cutting of the wood, which is done, according to the extent of the manufactory, either by hand or by machinery. This, as well as the subsequent process of counting and placing the matches in frames, is in itself necessarily free from any inconvenience or evil consequences; nor does it appear that the third stage, which consists in melting the sulphur and dipping the heads of the matches in it, produces any inconvenience. The fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh stages comprise the grinding, mulling, and mixing of the explosive compound, the

process of dipping the matches in it, the counting and boxing. The dipping, counting, and packing, appear to be, according to Dr Geist, the only departments in which the workpeople are in any way affected with peculiar complaints; we would even limit the appearance of the jaw-disease to those engaged in dipping, at least all that we have examined on the subject were unanimous as to the fact that dippers only were attacked. There is a certain degree of secrecy observed relative to the proportions of the composition; and the mixture of the materials is generally performed by the proprietor of the manufactory, or by a confidential workman. Chlorate of potash is considered an essential ingredient in England, but in the manufactories at Nürnberg it has not been employed for a number of years, as its explosive properties much endangered the safety of the buildings and the limbs of the workmen.

The composition used in Nürnberg consists of one-third of phosphorus, of gum arabic (which is eschewed by English manufacturers on account of its hygrometric property), of water, and of colouring matter, for which, either minium or Prussian blue is employed. If ignition be required without a flame, the quantity of phosphorus is diminished, or nitrate of lead is added. The mixing is conducted in a water-bath, and during this process, and as long as the phosphorus is being ground or 'mulled,' copious fumes are evolved. The dipping is performed in the following manner: 'The melted composition is spread upon a board, covered with cloth or leather, and the workmen dips the two ends of the matches alternately that are fixed in the frame; and as this is done with great rapidity, the disengagement of fumes is very considerable, and the more liable to be injurious, as they are evolved in a very concentrated form close to the face of the workman. This department is generally left to a single workman, and the average number that he can dip in an hour, supposing each frame to hold 3000 matches, would be one million.

After the matches have been dipped, they require to be dried. This is generally done in the room in which the former process is carried on, and as a temperature of from 80 to 90 deg. Fahr. is necessary, the greatest quantity of fumes is evolved at this stage. When the matches are dried, the frames are removed from the drying-room, and the lucifers are now ready to be counted out into boxes. As this is done with great rapidity, they frequently take fire, and, although instantly extinguished in the sawdust or the water which is at hand, the occurrence gives rise to an additional and frequent evolution of fumes.

The French writers dwell upon bronchitic affections, as a frequent and serious consequence of the influence of the phosphorus fumes; and although Dr Geist gives one case of severe bronchitis, which he was unable to refer to anything else than to the direct influence of the vapour, he distinctly states it as his experience that bronchitic affections are the exception, and that the people engaged in this occupation are not more liable to general indisposition than the workpeople in other manufactories. Our own inquiries, so far as they go, fully corroborate Dr Geist's statement; in fact, we are able to advance a step further, for several of our informants have assured us that their general health has improved since they had been engaged in this occupation. We shall have occasion hereafter to revert to the London cases more particularly; but we may here mention a fact which is assumed by the workpeople themselves as a matter of confirmed experience, that when the local affection* occurs, it acts as a counter-irritant, and thus serves to improve the constitu-

tional condition, if this had been previously debilitated by other causes.

Various conjectures have been made with respect to the cause of this disease. We find it attributed by some, and not without apparent reason, to rheumatic influences, to arsenic contained in the phosphorus, to phosphoric acid, to the fumes of phosphorus, and to the lower degrees of oxidation of phosphorus. Dr Geist first deals with the question as to rheumatic influences. When the disease first made its appearance in Nürnberg, this view prevailed, owing to the extreme heat of the rooms in which the people worked, and their frequent exposure to sudden currents of cold air. In consequence of this opinion, precautions were taken to prevent the constant occupation of the workpeople in the hottest room; and while they were engaged in it, it was strictly forbidden to give rise to draughts by opening the windows. The disease, nevertheless, occurred as frequently as it had previously done. In the meantime, Professor Martius, of Erlangen, had discovered that the phosphorus employed in the manufactory in which the largest number of cases presented themselves, contained arsenic; and the conjecture arose that it was the arsenic, and not the phosphorus, which produced those dire results. This view is advocated by Dupasquier, of Lyons, who has observed none of the effects attributed to phosphorus, either in a phosphorus or in a lucifer manufactory; but has found that while sulphuric acid containing a proportion of arsenic was employed in the manufacture of phosphorus, the workmen were liable to painful contractions of the fauces, and to fits of vomiting and indigestion. As soon as pure sulphuric acid was used, these symptoms vanished.

'However the local origin of the jaw disease,' remarks Dr Geist, in reference to this question, which view of its nature soon came to prevail; 'the specific relation of the phosphorus-fumes to the capillaries of the periosteum, which satisfactorily accounts for the development of the disease, and which, as we shall have occasion to see, was proved by direct experiments on animals; the observations made by Fuchs on the influence of arsenic among the arsenic-smelters in the Harz, among whom nothing at all resembling the phosphorus jaw-disease has ever been experienced, either as the result of a general poisoning by arsenic, or as the immediate effect of an endosmotic process in bones exposed to the vapour of arsenic; the very minute quantity of arseniuretted hydrogen contained in the fumes; and, finally, the circumstance that the disease has continued to occur, although for many years phosphorus has been employed which is not contaminated with arsenic; all these reasons are too powerful objections for us still to continue to attribute to arsenic the causation of the disease.'

How far the chlorate of potash, which is extensively used in France and England, influences the health of the workpeople, Dr Geist leaves undecided, though he admits the probability of its being the cause of complication of bronchitic and gastric symptoms. The direct proof of the fact that the fumes of phosphorus are the cause of the malady, is offered by Dr Von Bibra, who has instituted a series of experiments on living animals, by exposing them to the influence of more or less concentrated vapour of phosphorus. The conclusion he arrives at is, that 'when the fumes were very dense, they produced inflammation of the tissue of the lungs, and when less concentrated, bronchitis; that they enter the stomach and cause gastric disturbance; that they give rise to a decomposition of the blood; and finally, that, by direct contact with the periosteum, they cause it to inflame and to deposit new osseous matter.' It is assumed that lower degrees of oxidation than that found in phosphoric acid are the agents in producing the affection of the jaw, as nothing of the kind is found in phosphorus manufactories, in which the atmosphere is impregnated with phosphoric acid. Dr Von Bibra thinks the phosphorus volatilises, and that the resulting combination with the oxygen of the atmosphere is hypophosphorus acid, to which the deleterious effects must be attributed. We cannot enter into the same

* The local affection here referred to is necrosis of the jaw-bone. The details of this malady, are, however, too purely surgical to be entered into here. Suffice it therefore to state, that the malady is marked by toothache, carious teeth, pain in the jaw-bone, inflammation and suppuration of the gums, and death of the bone. The disease may terminate with the exfoliation of the bone. If the strength of the patient does not suffice to carry him through, the soft parts become still further involved, and the ravages extend

question as to whether Schönbein's ozone has or has not anything to do with the matter, although Bibra lays some stress on the observation, that there is a formation of ozone during the volatilisation of phosphorus in the atmosphere.

It will now be intelligible why the workpeople employed in certain departments of the manufacture of lucifers are more liable to be attacked than others. The dippers are necessarily more exposed to the fumes of phosphorus, which, as the fused composition is poured on the slab before them, are evolved in great quantities immediately under their nostrils. The more rapidly the work is done, the greater will be the risk. The process of counting and packing also causes a considerable evolution of phosphorus fumes; and we find accordingly that in Nürnberg the counters and packers are affected like the dippers.

Dr Geist discusses the prevention of the disease in the forensic portion of the work, and makes the following suggestions:—

1. In those manufactories which produce such a large quantity of lucifers that the process of drying is constantly going on, and therefore giving rise to a constant evolution of fumes, the drying-room should be entirely detached from the other workrooms.

2. In those manufactories in which the drying is effected during the night, or during the absence of the workpeople, the drying-room may communicate with the other workrooms, and it will be merely necessary to air the former well after the drying process is completed, to provide the room with a ventilating shaft, and not to employ it as a workroom. In both cases the drying should not be carried on at a higher temperature than 65 deg. Fahr.

3. The composition should not be made, and the dipping not conducted, in the presence of the other workpeople, but in a detached room.

4. The counting and packing-room should be well ventilated, and not be too much crowded with workpeople.

5. The same to be the rule with regard to the room in which the matches are arranged in frames.

6. All the rooms must be ventilated three times a day, for an hour at a time, by opening the windows and doors, viz., before the work begins, during dinner-time, and after the work is over.

7. The workpeople to be prohibited keeping their victuals and consuming them in the workshops, because the fumes combine with them, and by being introduced into the stomach, give rise to gastric disturbance.

8. The purification by ignition of the frames, crucibles, and other utensils, to which phosphorus and sulphur remain attached, should be prohibited.

The attention which the continental governments, and more especially those of Germany, have long paid, and continue to pay, to sanitary questions is well known; but the English manufacturer dislikes this kind of paternal supervision; and the difficulty of insisting upon measures of precaution, which generally involve a primary outlay of capital, is notorious. We have found in the course of our inquiries a frequent neglect of all precautionary measures; but in the case of small manufacturers, it does not appear that a corresponding amount of injury ensues. A considerable amount of phosphoric fumes is requisite; and a continued and uninterrupted occupation in the impregnated atmosphere appears to be a necessary condition to the production of the jaw-disease. We are happy to say, that what even the government measures have not yet effected in Germany, we have found carried out in a large manufactory in London, in consequence of the wise and benevolent views of the proprietors. We would advert to this case the more, as, both from our personal examination, and from the testimony of a distinguished physician who has long been acquainted with the parties, we are able to vouch for an absence of all collusion. We would advert to it also as a proof, that, even among the lower orders, a knowledge of the value of sanitary arrangements, and a due appreciation of their bearings, is gradually making its way, and enforcing conviction, in a manner which affords the most gratifying proof, that the labours of the medical profession and of others have not been thrown away. The proprietors of the lucifer manufactory in Prince's Square, Finsbury, employ fifteen girls and fifty boys, some of whom have been engaged there for eight years, and eleven men, some of whom have worked there for ten years, and no case of the disease has occurred among them. We saw one girl who had been exclusively engaged in dipping matches for seven years without being ill, and who still looked perfectly healthy and robust;

others were pointed out who had equally preserved perfect health, although engaged in the manufacture of the matches for many years. The precautions used are, that the workpeople are required to wash their hands night and morning in soda, which, our informant assured us, was the only means which completely removed all the phosphorus; they receive tea or cocoa night and morning, eat their meals at the manufactory, and work from morning to night without going home. The dippers, with the exception of the girl above mentioned, wear sponges before their mouths. Still even these precautions would scarcely have prevented the influence of the fumes, unless proper means had been taken to prevent their accumulation; and this was done so effectually, that, although our visit was quite unexpected, and occurred while the workpeople were all fully engaged, we scarcely perceived any unpleasant smell. The ventilation had been effected at a considerable outlay, by the introduction of large and numerous ventilating shafts, so that it is constant and effective. It is evident that a temporary opening of the windows must be inefficient to remove fumes which are being permanently and copiously evolved; it is only by providing a regular circulation of pure air that they can be carried off, or sufficiently diluted.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FLOWERS IN THE CITY.

Flowers! buy flowers! and cheaply too,
In their rainbow colours gleaming!
They were pluck'd while the silver dew
Within each fairy cap was dancing.
All through the rosy matin hours.
Flowers! buy flowers!

Here is the Columbine, whose born
Offers to the bee a flowing brimmer;
Convolvull, that open with the morn,
And close when rival stars begin to glimmer
In the pale sky; and with these Woodbine wreathed,
That smells as though an angel near us breathed.

For yon the Fuchsia drops its bells,
The chaste Tuberose its perfume sheddeth;
For you were born these Asphodels,
And the rich bloom the Poppy spreadeth;
Things all so bright and fair, that sure
This earth hath a beauteous gariture.

Busy man with clouded brow,
Mayhap a sister's cheek doth borrow
Too much of the Lily's wanness, and e'en now
For childhood's joys long past doth sorrow;
Oh! place these Roses in the sunless room,
To glad the sick one with their sweet perfume!

Woman, whose sad looks may tell
Of a fond one from thee taken,
Repress thy bosom's passion'd swell,
Feel not utterly forsaken,
Kiss these blossoms; He who made
Their forms so exquisite will be thine aid.

And ye who toll in the great city,
Co-dwellers all with wo and want,
By vice removed from human pity,
Should these flowers reach one squalid haunt,
Let your hearts soften while ye see them shine,
And hear them whisper of a Love Divine! H. H. O.

WILLIAM KNIBB.

THE subject of the present sketch was born at Kettering, in Northamptonshire, in the year 1803, of parents who were placed in the middle class of society, and who, it appears, from the character they bore, were particularly anxious for the welfare of their children. Of the mother of Knibb, a highly respected minister who well knew her thus writes: 'I was well acquainted with Mrs Knibb, and I think her character, men al and moral, contributed, in

no small degree, under God, to prepare her sons for the distinction to which they afterwards rose. There was that about her which would excite love and reverence. Her piety was not only above the common rate, but it was highly intelligent and attractive. She passed most of her life in most trying circumstances, under which she uniformly displayed a magnanimity and quiet cheerfulness that could not fail to be observed by her children, even at an early age. With much calmness of temper she combined great energy in all her undertakings; and there was a strength of intellect, a breadth and depth in her views on all subjects, religious and others, and a certain mild eloquence, and felicity of language, and benignity of manner, which, at the same time, inspired respect for her understanding and affection to her person. Such was Knibb's mother; and before we knew thus much of her, we were inclined to prophesy, as Campbell once did when he met with a hero (though of an entirely opposite class to Knibb), 'A noble mother must have bred so brave a son.' The reader will see to what extent our conclusions were realised.

The early education of Knibb was conducted by a Mr Hogg, the teacher of a free school of a superior order in Kettering. While there, which was for the space of three years, Knibb was not remarkable for his attainments, excepting in arithmetic; but on all occasions he conducted himself with a degree of propriety and amiability which always ensured him esteem and respect from those with whom he came in contact. When his education was completed, he was apprenticed to a Mr Fuller, of Bristol, a printer and bookseller by trade, with whom his brother Thomas was residing in the same capacity. Here, we believe, while furnishing reports of missionary societies and the like, was first engendered an ardent desire to engage in the missionary enterprise. Thomas, his brother, was also bent upon the same pursuit. 'One day,' says Mr Fuller, their master, 'on some allusion being made to the native preachers, Thomas burst into tears. On inquiring into the cause, I found he was greatly afraid that, as native preachers were rising up so rapidly, by the time he should be old enough to go, European missionaries would not be required. Some time after, they were heard earnestly conversing on the same subject, Thomas, as usual, indulging his apprehensions; William, however, was a stranger to such feelings—he always hoped. 'Never mind, Thomas,' said he, 'the society cannot do without printers, and I am sure Mr Fuller will recommend us, and then we can preach too if we like.'

In the year 1822, Thomas, under the direction of the Baptist Missionary Society, left England for Jamaica, to superintend a free school which was then being established in Kingston, over which he continued to preside until his death, which took place on the 15th of April, 1823, after an illness of only three days. When the intelligence of his brother's decease was communicated to William by Mr Fuller, his feelings were strongly excited; but immediately after the first burst of feeling had subsided, he rose from table and said, 'Then, if the society will have me, I will go and take his place!' This eventually led to his engaging in his favourite work, the evangelisation of the heathen.

Love being the ruling principle of William Knibb's soul, it called into exercise other faculties most essential to his success. He must be regarded as not only the property of the Baptist Missionary Society, but as the property of the world. His was a character admirably constituted to enrich the church and adorn the world. In him we behold a generous benevolence, a determinate perseverance, an unflinching firmness. The fire of holy love once a-blaze in his breast, it continued to burn and to emit the most genial rays on and about his path. He sought with anxious earnestness to elevate his race, and for them he determined to 'spend and be spent.' His was not so much the labour for display as effect. He was not like the tipsy spray, throwing about in the face of heaven its silvery element, and dazzling the beholder by its peculiar brilliancy; but the mountain wave, making every the

trackless main in the face of every obstacle, and leaving behind it marks of its amazing power.

The purpose for which Knibb went to Jamaica was, as already stated, to occupy the station rendered vacant by his brother's decease; but after a comparatively short period had elapsed he was inducted into the pastoral office, in which capacity he expended a degree of ability and energy almost incredible, and which was productive of immense good; in short, his anti-slavery labours and the duties of the pastoral office combined could not have been performed by any one short of a spiritual Hercules. The object he had in view, either as a teacher or a preacher, was emphatically to spiritualise the world. In him there was a full embodiment of the idea, 'all men are brethren.' Directly he set foot upon the oppressed island he became the friend of the slave, and not a friend passive only, but also a friend active; his judgment indignantly denounced the accursed system, whose overthrow he afterwards consummated, and the bowels of his compassion yearned over the subjects of its yoke. His pen and his voice became the outlets to his feeling, and in a little time he was endeared to and valued by the slave, and, as a natural consequence, hated and persecuted by his oppressor. It now became his object to teach the slave his own value, and to teach the world the first letter in the alphabet of our humanity; he knew that to advance his heavenly mission he must engage himself in an earthly one; and although the spirit of the times was decidedly averse to missionaries becoming practical politicians, he soon found, as a citizen of the world and a soldier of the Cross, that an interference with the civil regulations of the slave was to lay a foundation on which he might with safety build a spiritual temple on which to inscribe 'Holiness to the Lord.'

On the 15th of April, 1831, Mr Fowell Buxton brought forward, in the House of Commons, a motion relating to British colonial slavery. Upon this occasion his majesty's ministers, although not accepting the terms of Mr Buxton's motion, announced their fixed determination to take up the subject of it, and to redeem the pledges which had been given by the cabinet and parliament in 1823. As soon as this became known to the Jamaica planters, a degree of excitement was produced, both amongst the planters and the slaves themselves, which was followed by the insurrection known as the period of the reign of terror in Jamaica. Knibb and his coadjutors were seized, incarcerated, and ignominiously treated by the legislative powers; they were dragged about from place to place, under the surveillance of despotic and bloodthirsty authorities, and taunted and buffeted without limitation or degree. The chapels belonging to the Baptist and other denominations were razed to the ground by the infuriated whites, whose traffic in human gore had made them so opulent and important that, rather than abolish it or conduct it on less inhuman terms, they would allow themselves to become frantic with rage and excitement, and attempt the lives of those who wished for a better state of things, and if necessary bury Jamaica itself in its own ruins. And why were Knibb and his coadjutors more especially seized, and made the subjects of their wrath? the reader may ask. This brings us to a point on which we can dwell with the utmost satisfaction. The reason the Baptists were made to suffer was because they were honest men, and would not blink their sentiments. They knew slavery to be an abomination and a curse, and they treated it accordingly. They knew from actual observation that the blood of the negro was crying to heaven, like Abel's, from the very ground on which they trod, and they sought, as men, and in a rational manner, to extirpate the evil. Knibb and his friends were charged with inciting the slaves to rebellion, through prejudicing their minds against a system under which they knew them so long to have groaned; and not only were they publicly persecuted under the sanction of the government of Jamaica, but they had to encounter a private conspiracy, in connection with paid agencies, whose object was either to cause the missionaries to abandon the island altogether, or to shed their blood in upholding that accursed system from which they had

been so long deriving an exorbitant pecuniary return. On one occasion, Knibb's biographer asserts, 'a number of persons, amounting to about fifty, approached the house, hallooing, hooting, and throwing stones. His friends opened the window, and Knibb, being awake, said, 'Who is there?' The only answer to this was a volley of stones, some of which entered the apartment. His friends said, 'What are we to do if they come? If we cry murder, we are afraid nobody will come.' He said, 'Cry fire!' They rejoined, 'Where are we to say it is?' He replied, 'Tell them it is in hell for those who tar and feather persons.' On the cry of fire the valorous company ran away. This process was repeated three successive nights. The result of such bitter and continuous persecution was that, from circumstances over which man had no control, he was permitted to leave the island and return to England, a single incident in connection with which we will relate, as it so distinctly conveys Knibb's hatred of slavery and his settled determination to exert himself for its downfall: 'On the pilots coming on board in the English Channel, his first question was, 'Well, pilot, what news?' 'The Reform Bill has passed.' 'Thank God,' he rejoined, 'now I'll have slavery down. I will never let it rest day or night until I have destroyed it root and branch.' His presenting himself in England was not one of the most pleasurable positions in which an individual could be placed. His determination was to destroy slavery, 'root and branch,' and that was to be done while he remained a sojourner on British soil. He had first to convince the public of the evil of slavery, and then he had to turn the tide of opinion at the fountainhead of power, the British senate. During his stay in his native land his time was chiefly occupied in agitating this important question; and meetings were held both in Ireland and in Scotland for the same purpose.

The popularity of Knibb reached to the entire extent of his indefatigable labours. Of his reception in Scotland, and as a specimen of his oratory in general, we will give an extract from one of his speeches, delivered in Glasgow on the 16th of January, 1833: 'I have been three months in Scotland, where I was not known before my arrival but as an incendiary and a fanatic, and I shall never forget the kindness and urbanity with which I have been received in every part of the country. Throughout the hills and dales of Scotland I have proclaimed the wrongs of Africa, and everywhere I have met a hearty response. I plead for thousands of the children of Scotsmen in slavery—children left by their parents, unheeded and disregarded, to all the horrors of West Indian slavery. I have seen Scotsmen sold and flogged; and when I advocate the cause of the African I plead their cause. I wish to break the bonds of thousands of the descendants of Scotsmen. I call upon you by all the tender sympathies of your nature—by your patriotism, by your justice, your humanity, and your religion—to unite in a great and holy bond, and never desist till the West Indian slave shall stand forth as free and as unshackled as yourselves. I call on children to join in their efforts to relieve from bondage the children of another land. I call on fathers and husbands to unite in the sacred cause, and free the slave from the heart-rending separation of husband and wife, parent and child. I call, above all, on ministers of the Gospel to mingle the cause of the oppressed African with the duties of their holy calling, and in the pulpit, as in private, to lift up their voices to God that this abomination may be washed from the face of the earth, and that freedom may without delay be extended to all. In Jamaica they have looked to Glasgow as the great den of colonial slavery. I have been represented in Glasgow as a gravedigger; but I have come to dig the grave of colonial slavery, to entomb the greatest curse that ever rested on Britain; and I will not leave off till the proud flag of freedom wave victorious over the isles of the West, and till I hear them resound with the impressive cry, 'Africa is free! Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah! The Lord God omnipotent reigneth!'

The efforts of Knibb for the extinction of slavery were

vigorously pursued; and wherever he pushed forward the wheels of the anti-slavery chariot, there were thousands who had humanity enough within their breasts ready to give him a cordial and an enthusiastic reception. At length peace having been restored to Jamaica, and loving as he did his flock even more than his own life, he returned to the scene of his former labours on the 28th of August, 1834, having left behind him a name destined to be held in everlasting remembrance. We scarcely need inform the reader of the reception his people and friends gave him on his presenting himself a second time amongst them. In a letter addressed to the secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society, we find the following amusing description of his arrival: 'The people saw me as I stood on the deck of the boat. As I neared the shore, I waved my hand, when they, being fully assured that it was their minister, ran from every part of the bay to the wharf. Some pushed off in a canoe, into which I got, with my family, and soon landed on the beach. We were nearly pushed into the sea by kindness. Poor Mrs K. was quite overcome. They took me up in their arms, they sang, they laughed, they wept, and I wept too. 'Him come—him come for true! Who da come for we king—king Knibb! Him fight de battle, him win de crown!' On they rushed to the chapel, where we knelt together at the throne of mercy. On the following morning we started by land for Falmouth. The poor people in the pass all knew me; and had I stopped to shake hands with all, I should have been long on the road. As I entered Falmouth I could scarcely contain my feelings; nor can I now. I was, and am, completely overcome. They stood, they looked. 'It him—it him for true. But see how him stand! Him make two of what him was when him left.' Soon the news spread, and from twenty to twenty-five miles' distance they came. 'Now, massa, me see enough. Him dead, him live again. God bless you, massa, for all the good you do for me. God, him too good.' When told to go, in order to make room for others, 'He! make me hab bellyful of massa.' In the evening we had a prayer-meeting, and the chapel was crowded. As I set my foot on the threshold, they struck up unexpectedly—

'Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive,' &c.

Four years after this period, the total abolition of slavery was announced. We are told that the last of August, 1838, 'was a day of unparalleled rejoicing in the British West Indies,' and Jamaica nobly took the lead in the demonstration made by the emancipated. With more than his usual energy, Knibb took part in the proceedings. It was with a gratified heart undoubtedly that he joined in their excessive glee. In the liberation of the West Indian slave from his oppressive bondage, he was seeing of the travail of his own soul, and he sought intelligently to make an exhibition of it. In his chapel he convened an immense assembly, who very properly engaged themselves in devotional exercises until the period of their liberation came. This was a moment of the intensest excitement, and beautiful does the picture look, of Britannia taking the sledge-hammer of justice, and breaking asunder the negro's iniquitous and soul-galling chain. Sublime is the thought, that in that one act the strong 'crying and tears,' the wounded bodies, and the wounded souls of thousands of the sons and daughters of Adam were taken into the embraces of the foster-mother of earth. A few minutes before the clock struck twelve, on that memorable occasion, the audible voices engaged in supplicating the Divine blessing were hushed in the anticipation of its striking. Knibb took advantage of the silence, and, stationing himself before the clock, he said, with magic emphasis, 'The hour is at hand—the monster is dying.' The first note then struck gratefully upon the ear of the assembled multitude, when he further said, 'The clock is striking;' and, having waited for the final stroke, he exclaimed, 'The monster is dead.'

The aspect in which we are called on to view this ambassador of truth is not on some giddy elevation, where

rare gifts and extraordinary endowments had placed him—not as the statesman, whose sagacity and influence had made the world to acknowledge his power—not as the poet, whose voice had echoed through the earth's wide range, and to which the sons and the daughters of song had sent up a response; but as the Christian orator—the unflinching advocate of the rights of man—and the generous self-denying missionary, who, in the one case, is worthy to be ranked with a Clarkson or a Wilberforce, and, in the other, to take his place by the side of the most intrepid missionary that ever spake of a Saviour's love to uncivilised men.

To be enabled to accomplish such things in a comparatively short period, would redound no little to the credit of any individual, however many might have been his privileges, and however numerous his endowments; and Bagland so concluded when Knibb stood forth and smote with a giant hand the evils which he sought with such energy to annihilate. Yes! England had a wreath to place upon the conqueror's brow; and when Knibb last visited his native land, he wore it with a meekness and a humility which rendered its beauty more apparent, and the justice of its position more evident. What he had accomplished was done for no particular body, but for all who had any sympathy with one who had sacrificed all his interests, and even life itself, in the cause of humanity. Posthumous fame is now giving him, as far as we can appreciate his labours, that praise which he deserves. But here he sought no recompense, and now we plant the flowers of sympathy and admiration upon his grave. He has 'fought his fight,' he has 'finished his course,' and now the 'recompense of the reward' consists not in such petty bubbles of approbation as we could award him, but in the beatitudes of an eternal sphere of existence.

William Knibb died at Lucea in 1845. The hour of his death cast a gloom over the whole region. It is estimated that nearly 8000 people were present on the occasion of his interment. 'Persons of all classes,' says the 'Falmouth Post,' 'joined the mournful procession; and the cry of lamentation that was raised afforded a convincing proof of the estimation in which the deceased was held even by those who had been strongly opposed to his political movements.'

THE TWO WEDDINGS.

A SKETCH OF AMERICAN LIFE.

It was the first of January [New Year's Day] 1843. A carriage drew up to the door of the Astor-house, and in stepped two young men, both well-dressed, both handsome, but very different in feature, manner, and style. The most striking in appearance of the two was a tall, dashing, manly-looking fellow, with bold, black eyes, and hair of the same hue, a dark but brilliantly-coloured complexion, a Roman nose, and a mouth expressive of great resolution and energy of character. The other, more modest, more unassuming in mien, was perhaps on that very account by far the most interesting of the two. His head and face were perfectly Grecian; a profusion of remarkably beautiful hair, of a light brown, fine, soft, and wavy, seemed to harmonize with the expression of his hazel eyes and his delicately-chiselled mouth. His whole tone, in look and demeanour, was that of refinement, purity, moral and intellectual elevation.

After ordering the coachman to drive to Union Square, they commenced a conversation, of which the following is an abstract:—

'Do you know, Fred,' said the last-mentioned of the two, 'I have a sort of presentiment that my fate will be decided this day for life!'

'And do you know, Charlie, that I, too, have a sort of presentiment of the very same kind. For I fully intend this day, if appearances warrant, to propose to the beautiful widow in Union Square.'

'Beautiful! You are joking! Where can her beauty be?'

'In her diamonds, to be sure. They are a fortune in

themselves, if real, and, as I intend to have a pretty close survey of them to-day, I cannot be deceived on that point.'

'But you do not seriously mean to marry the woman! Why, she is almost an idiot, and old enough to be your mother.'

'So much the better for me, my dear fellow. The truth is, Vernon, my purse is getting low, and my bills are getting long, and if I don't fill the one and settle the other soon, why I shall be settled myself, that's all.'

'But how can you possibly hope to succeed? Senseless as she is, she has a certain cunning which will be sure to penetrate your motives.'

'Let me alone for that. She thinks herself a beauty still, and lends as willing and as confident an ear to the voice of flattery as she did at sixteen. But once touch the string of vanity in such a woman's heart, and that on caution rings in vain; but once whisper your admiration of her eyes, and she forgets her diamonds.'

'Well, Richmond, I cannot wish you success, for if you do succeed, I shall pity both you and your victim from my heart.'

'Spare your pity, if you please, sir, and explain your presentiment.'

'I intended to have done so; but I cannot now. You would only laugh at it in your present reckless mood.'

As Richmond was about to reply, the carriage stopped at a door in Union Square. The friends were shown into a gaudily-furnished drawing-room, where, on an orange-coloured lounge, reclined the lady of the mansion, a little, sallow, withered, peevish-looking woman, who forced not a smile, but a smirk, as they entered, and bade them, in a small, cracked voice, be seated.

Frederick Richmond drew a chair close to her sofa, while his friend, sauntering through the spacious room, surveyed its furniture and its occupant with a look of mingled pity and surprise. There was a vulgar and glaring ostentation in both, which was revolting to his taste. The ornaments of the room were rather showy than rich, but the lady's apparel was blazing with a profusion of the most brilliant diamonds. Her dress was a bright, rose-coloured silk, deepening, by contrast, the sallow tint of her skin. A smile of gratified vanity broke over her thin and wasted features, 'like moonlight o'er a sepulchre,' as she listened to the extravagant compliments of Richmond; but the glare of light from bracelet, brooch, ferroniere, and necklace seemed so bitter a mockery of the ruin it illumined, that Vernon turned away with a sigh, and hurried from the house.

He had waited but a few moments in the carriage when his friend joined him, with an exulting smile on his thin diadematic lip.

'The diamonds are mine, Vernon!' he exclaimed, as he seated himself, 'and next week I shall want your services as bridesman.'

'You must choose some other, Frederick. It would be very painful to me to countenance so heartless a proceeding.'

'As you will, sir. I shan't quarrel with you for your ridiculous fastidiousness. Let us talk of something else.'

They proceeded, in accordance with custom, to pay New Year visits to their numerous friends and acquaintance.

It was eight o'clock in the evening of the same day. The ladies' drawing-room at the Astor was brilliantly lighted, and Charles Vernon, fatigued with the social duties of the day, threw himself on a sofa beside a very beautiful woman, who welcomed him with her sweetest smile, as he exclaimed 'I have left but one visit unpaid, and that must remain so, for I am weary, stupid, flat, and unprofitable. I have exhausted all spirit, wit, and sentiment, and have but one idea left, and that is'—

'What?' said the lady, tapping her foot impatiently.

'That I would rather be here than anywhere else in the universe.'

'But how can you presume to be here after the acknowledgment you have just made, that you have brought neither wit, spirit, nor sentiment to amuse me with?'

'For that very reason did I come, knowing that the magic of your presence would restore them if anything could.'

'And whose is the name on your list that you treat with such neglect?'

'It is a pretty one; but I never saw the original. I was introduced to her on board a steamboat, by her father, last summer; but she had a thick green veil over her face—I always had a blue horror of green veils. Her form, however, was beautiful; and on the strength of that I promised her father to call upon them.'

'And what is her name?'

'Amy Arnold.'

'Amy Arnold! She is one of my pets! Go this moment and fulfil your promise! You will not regret it.'

'But I am so tired.'

'Go!'

'But I am so happy here.'

'Go!'

'Well, then, since you will be so cruel, I must quote my friend Miss Squeers, of Dotheboy's Hall, 'artful and designing 'Tilda, I leave you.'

The lady laughed, and the gentleman, with a sublime shake of the head, departed.

It was a pleasant scene upon which young Vernon intruded about an hour afterwards. A large, old-fashioned parlour, lighted by a blazing fire—Amy Arnold, blind-folded, in the midst of a dozen little boys and girls, pursuing them with outstretched arms, her dark hair braided smoothly on her brow, her beautiful lips parted in the excitement of the chase, and her form seen to advantage in a rich silk of silver grey, plainly but very gracefully made. The merry shouts of the children had prevented her hearing the door open, and one roguish little urchin had pushed the intruder almost into her arms ere she was aware of his presence. She laid her soft hand eagerly, but gently, on his shoulder, exclaiming, 'Ah, papa! is it you I have caught? I am so glad. Untie the blinder for me, do! for I am really tired,' and she bent her beautiful head before him. Taken by surprise, poor Vernon could only obey without a word; but, in his confusion, he fumbled so long at the knot, that she put up her own hand to assist him. She started at his touch—it was not the rough clasp of Captain Arnold that she felt. The blinder fell! and she raised to our hero's face a pair of grey eyes. Vernon thought them the loveliest he had ever seen; and here they stood for a full minute gazing on each other—the with colour deepening in her fair young cheek and a look full of wonder, dismay, and confusion, and he with in expression of mingled embarrassment and admiration. Fortunately, at this moment Captain Arnold himself came in, and greeted his young friend with a cordial welcome to his house, while the little frolicsome Harry, who had caused all the trouble, sprang to his father's knee, and, relating the *contre temps* with infinite glee, set them all laughing together, so that ease was at once restored. And when, at eleven o'clock, Vernon rose to take his leave, he could not help blessing in his heart the fair lady on the sofa in the Astor-house drawing-room, who had insisted imperiously upon his leaving her three hours before.

'My dear,' said Mr Frederick Richmond, in his softest voice, three weeks after his wedding with the widow, 'you have never shown me your splendid set of diamonds since the happy day on which you promised to be mine.'

'My set of diamonds? What do you mean, Mr Richmond?' replied the lady, in a sharp tone, which grated rather harshly upon his musical ear.

'Don't trifle with my feelings, love. I mean the set you wore last New Year's Day.'

'Oh, yes! you can see them any day at Marquand's: hired them for the occasion.'

'The deuce you did! And how am I to settle with my editors, I should like to know?'

'Do not swear, Mr Richmond; it wears upon my nerves.'

'Hang your nerves, madam!' and the disappointed

fortune-hunter, striking his clenched hand upon his forehead, hurried from the room, and soon after from the country.'

'I told you you would never regret it,' said the fair belle of the Astor, as she stood, a few weeks after the above colloquy with Charles Vernon and his beautiful Amy, no longer Amy Arnold, in the library of an elegant mansion on the banks of the Hudson; and Amy lifted her dark eyes fondly to his face and whispered, with a sportive smile, 'Do you regret it, Charles?'

COMMERCE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

In the middle ages, commerce depended altogether for vitality, not upon monarchies or empires, but upon corporations of merchants, who, driven into union by the injustice of warlike nations, seemed to abandon patriotism for individuality, and owed no obligation of national unity save that of interest or trade. Men congregated together on the shores of rivers, and, building cities, which they walled round, in order to keep away robbers, devoted themselves with renewed energies to their peaceful and humanising employments. It was thus that Venice, Genoa, and Pisa rose; and if they had contented themselves with their legitimate employment, the world would not have had to deplore so soon their decay and fall; but, as they grew in wealth, they became infected more and more with the spirit of acquirement or conquest, until, involving themselves in wars, they soon opened the yawning floodgates by which Carthage and other preceding commercial states had madly drained the wealth and prosperity that flowed from their industrial energies and trade. Venice long carried on a prosperous intercourse with Constantinople and the East. All the products of India, diverted from their usual way of transit on the Red Sea by the Saracens, were conveyed up the Indus as far as possible, and were then carried by land to Oxus, down whose river they were transported to the Caspian Sea. Leaving this great inland sea, the vessels entered the Volga, and sailed up this river to its nearest point with the Don. The merchandise was then conveyed by land-carriage to the latter stream, and thence in boats to the Euxine or Black Sea, where vessels from Constantinople waited their arrival. Another and more direct commercial route from India was to sail from the Malabar coast to the Persian Gulf, and thence up the Tigris to Bagdad, or up the Euphrates to latitude 34 deg. north. At this point the merchandise was debarked and taken across the desert to the city of Palmyra, itself a most magnificent example of the perseverance of man, and of the wealth which peace, and labour, and trade could develop even in a desert. From Palmyra the goods were conveyed by camels to the coasts. This was a dangerous route, however, on account of the predatory character of the Ishmaelites, so that when political circumstances again opened up the Red Sea to the trade of India, the merchants of Constantinople, Venice, and Pisa gladly availed themselves of it. It was during the Crusades that these republics, as they are termed, flourished most in wealth; and it was during these insane exhibitions of brutal fanaticism, that Genoa also attained to her highest state of prosperity. Venice and Genoa, however, began to fight with each other, and their inhabitants began to fight amongst themselves; and, as this was not the game by which they had acquired their position among the nations, they fell by the mutually destructive acts committed in the spirit of pride upon each other, and became ultimately subject to other far less civilised powers.

During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, Venice, Genoa, and Pisa continued to be the principal ports of Italy. It was to them that the Crusaders came to embark on their way to Syria; and it was with the utmost surprise that they beheld the high art, and signs of wealth and order exhibited in the fine buildings, crowded ports, and regular streets of the Italian commercial cities. During

the rise and progress of Venice and the other trading towns, the form of government was almost democratic. As property accumulated in the hands of individuals, and capital became as if it were something distinct and independent of labour, then men who possessed it ceased to employ themselves in labour, and began to devise systems recognising wealth as being superior to manhood, and thus aristocracy had its origin in Venice. This State was generally pacific in its policy, as was natural from its trading character; but it was often involved in those contests which originated between France and Austria for possession of Lombardy. It was in Venice, in the middle of the twelfth century, that the first bank was established; and it was the merchants of Northern Italy who invented bills of exchange and the practice of book-keeping by double entry; and it was also here that that mischievous practice began called the funding system, or the accumulation of a national debt.

In 1241, Lubeck and Hamburg joined each other in a bond of union, for the mutual protection of their commerce against the piracy and robbery then so prevalent. The northern nations of Europe were then mere systems of feudalities, whose petty chiefs were not to be controlled by the weak princes, who were nominally their governments, and thus the produce of the industrious Hanse towns was seized by indolent robbers with impunity both by sea and land. Hanse is an old German word signifying an union or association; and the Hanseatic League was begun in order that pirates and robbers might be repressed, and that certain laws be agreed upon for the advantage of trade in general. Before the formation of the league, stranded vessels were considered to become the property of the baron who claimed the land on which they were thrown away. If a merchant died from home, the officers of the state in which he died arrested his property, and rendered its removal a matter of much difficulty. If his death happened in a place where he was not previously well known, and where he had no property, it was customary to seize upon any one of his countrymen in that city, and to hold him responsible for the deceased's debt. It was in order to put an end to these annoyances that Lubeck originated this pact, which at one period numbered sixty-four commercial towns within its circle, and was sufficiently powerful to dictate terms to any European state. In 1252, Brunswick entered the federation, and, on the occasion of the deputies meeting from the three Hanseatic towns to consummate this union at Lubeck, commissioners were sent to establish factories in Britain, Bruges, and Novogorod in Russia. As civilisation diffused itself over Northern Europe, the central governments, which grew strong as feudalism declined, made it a point to protect their merchants. It was perceived that wealth was really the result of labour and commerce; and, as the barons began to feel that rich merchants could, by a legislative process, be made to yield support to aristocratic splendour, as much as the poor toiling serfs had done, and so, being able and willing to guarantee mercantile towns certain privileges and perfect protection, the confederation quietly dissolved, when there existed no longer any necessity for its holding together, until the name of Hanse towns is now confined to Hamburg, Bremen, and Lubeck, who yet, however, maintain a nominal union, and consult in foreign cities.

Two of the most celebrated mercantile towns in the north of Europe were Bruges and Antwerp. The former of these was fixed upon by the Hanse towns as an intermediate station between the Mediterranean and Baltic trades. Sailing was so tardy a process in those days that it was impossible to make conveniently a voyage between the Mediterranean countries and the north of Europe in a season. Here, then, at Bruges, the products of the south were landed and exchanged for those of the north; this city, which is situated on a fine fertile plain, and easily reached by canal, being the busy entrepot and emporium of the whole European trade. Quarrels having occurred between the people and those having legislative power in the Netherlands, a great portion of the trade

was removed from Bruges to Antwerp, towards the close of the fifteenth century. English merchants conveyed their staple to the latter Flemish city, and larger vessels could reach it, too, on account of the deep waters of the Scheldt. The area of the city began to enlarge, the walls to extend, and its workshops and marts were thronged with busy and industrious people, until Philip's iron-clad Spaniards besieged the city in 1585, when many of the merchants removed to Amsterdam, and directed their consignments of goods to that city. The Dutch, having obtained command of both sides of the Scheldt after the tranquillisation of the Netherlands, took care that the trade of Antwerp should not revive. Hamburg has still continued to maintain its mercantile position, and also to preserve its independence, since that period. It was for some time subject to the Counts of Holstein, under whom it contrived to obtain several privileges, and of whom it eventually became independent, continuing so after the duchy of Holstein became incorporated with the kingdom of Denmark. Hamburg commands the internal trade of Germany for several hundreds of miles inland, and, although it is situated nearly eighty miles from the mouth of the Elbe, yet it is easy of access, on account of the depth and breadth of that river. In 1845, this fine city was almost reduced to ashes by fire; but the subscriptions of other great mercantile cities have enabled the Hamburgers to renew, upon a far more regular and splendid style, their ancient city.

To the Netherlands belong the attention and respect of mercantile men in a very high degree, and, indeed, of every man who has any regard for European civilisation. When warlike England, Denmark, France, and Germany were fighting with each other, and destroying and killing each other's subjects, the people of the Netherlands were sending their quiet missionaries of trade from nation to nation, and teaching them the arts of peace, as the mercantile Phœnicians had done the Greeks. In agriculture and manufactures, the Netherlands and Lombards far surpassed all their neighbours, from the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries, and in their commercial activities they were also far before them. The trade of Flanders and Holland, and the other states, consisted in their agricultural produce, manufactures, and fisheries—in one or other of these particular pursuits a particular province excelling.

The natives of the trading cities who became smitten with the warlike furor of the times, could easily gratify their warlike lusts, for there was always plenty of bloody employment to be found in the adjacent countries, to which they hired their mercenary swords. Thus it was that Genoese archers were found in the French army at the battle of Cressy; that *condottieri*, or hired bands, could almost at any time be procured in Italy; and that Flemings or Walloons were so frequently mentioned as mingling in the German wars. The law, which in Switzerland enacted that every man should yield assistance to the state in the character of a warrior, also multiplied the trained bands of that nation and inflamed their military ardour, until they, too, were found wherever they could get the highest price for killing folks, whom they would as readily have assisted if the pay had been greater than that which they received from their neighbours.

The discovery of the mariner's compass gave an impulse to navigation which it never had been able to acquire previously; and the extension of geographical knowledge and trade which followed the discovery of a passage by sea to the East Indies by the Portuguese, and of the continent of America by the Spaniards, introduced the modern and most splendid era of commerce. The discovery of America, and the introduction of a greatly increased supply of gold and silver into Europe, exercised a very great influence upon commerce or exchanges. The metals, used as a circulating medium, were valuable on this account, even though they had not been in demand for any other purpose. Their scarcity previous to the discovery of the mines of Potosi in Peru, rendered them of great

comparative value; their increased import, after the American mines began to be wrought, produced a declension in their value, and an apparent rise in the price of commodities, whose intrinsic value had been represented by certain amounts of them. Three centuries have nearly elapsed since the increase of silver began to be sensibly felt in European trade. From 1530 to 1630, it is computed that about one million sterling was added to the currency of Europe from the American silver mines, which quantity progressively increased, until, towards the end of this cycle, the import was two millions. From 1630 to 1730 saw an increase of the imports of silver, but the channel to which it was directed was in a great degree changed. A great amount of silver was exported to India, and a great amount of it was fabricated into silver-plate and other valuable articles; so that the addition to the silver currency might not be above one million and a half, or two millions, annually. From 1730 to 1830 the produce of silver continued to maintain a sort of medium import, and increase of the currency. The manufacture of plate and ornamental goods increased considerably, and so did the Indian exports; so that these channels prevented the circulating medium from very rapidly increasing, and goods rising in value. The fluctuations in the price of articles, produced by war, are accidents which are not taken into view in an inquiry into the laws of commerce. War has ever been the bane of commerce, deranging its plans, ruthlessly intermitting its progress, and destroying the elements of its very existence.

Artificial means, such as the issue of paper money, can also temporarily cause a fictitious enhancement or depression in values. In the cycle from 1530 to 1630, it seems, from a careful comparison of circumstances and events, that the import of silver caused an advance in value of from one to two: that is, the goods or labour that could have been purchased for £100 sterling at the beginning could not at the end of the cycle be obtained for less than £200. In the cycle 1630 to 1730, the rise in the prices of things took place in manufactured articles and labour more than in agricultural produce. The last period, 1730 to 1830, beheld many restrictions in trade and many fluctuations in value. The wars, corn-laws, and other restrictive enactments upon currency and navigation, tended to enhance values or derange trade to a very great extent. During the first thirty years of this century, prices maintained a pretty equal height. From 1764 they began to rise, and from 1795 they went up to an enormous extent; and after the European war they fell greatly, particularly the price of labour and manufactures, which fell so low after 1814 as to counterbalance the high prices which arbitrary enactments gave to corn and other raw produce. The tendency just now in the value of things is still downward, and prices present at this time, in Britain, perhaps a comparatively small intrinsic advance upon values three hundred years ago; but war has tended to saddle every article of consumpt with an extrinsic value, which helps to reduce the real relative value of labour more than it would otherwise be. War and large government expenses have, during this last century, been proven to effect considerably the prices of goods. First, on account of adding additional apparent value to an article by taxing it; next by imposts which increase the ratio of freights and other charges on intercourse; and, lastly and most, by diverting capital and men from the productive employments of manufacture and agriculture to that of destructive war. For instance, the building of war-ships tends to increase the value of merchant-ships, upon account of rendering scarce the supply of building materials, and of taking men to build war-ships, which never cause a return of the time and money expended on them, from the building of merchant-ships, which would increase maritime intercourse, and cheapen commercial articles. All the iron, time, and labour, which are expended upon the manufacture of war munitions, and the produce of food for non-productives, such as soldiers, are not only a direct loss to the community, but cause a corresponding increase in the value of every article of a like nature con-

sumed by the industrial part of the community, in order to supply this loss; so that, in a highly artificial political state, things may attain to an apparent value, independent of the laws of currency.

No nation or empire, however, either ancient or modern, could or can compare with Great Britain in commerce. During the times of Henry VII., the shipping of this country was quite insignificant; it began to increase in that reign slowly, until, by and by, it rivalled that of the Dutch; and at the Revolution it amounted to about 200,000 tons annually, and the number of seamen employed in commerce was about 20,000. At this present period the commerce of Britain annually averages about 3,000,000 of tons, and her merchant seamen amount to nearly 200,000 in number. In viewing the rise and progress of commerce, it will be seen that it owns its vitality and activity almost totally to peace; and if anything could conduce more than another to convince men of the evils inflicted upon industry and trade by war, it might be the present condition of all those nations most heavily taxed and burdened by a heavy war-debt. The heavy taxes levied on goods have enhanced in Great Britain the prices of every article of general consumpt, and also given a fictitious name to the price of labour. The result has been that many articles constituting a part of the trade of Great Britain in former years have been lately produced at a far cheaper rate abroad. Ships, for instance, that used to be built in this country are being now built in foreign countries, where timber, labour, food, and money bear real and not fictitious relations to each other; and thus trade and labour are made to decay in modern times, through the legislative incorporation of warriors with the trade of a nation.

From this short view of the rise and progress of that splendid system of exchanges, which has brought the spices and fruits of the torrid zone to the cold north, and again conveyed to the burning south the very ice-creams of the north—which has rendered this great globe as if it were one zone—supplying the deficiencies of each country from a neighbouring country—which has brought nations near to nation, and men of every clime, colour, and pursuit to know each other—it will be seen that this grand agent of civilisation and wealth has ever been entered into, propelled, and extended by individuals, and has, on the other hand, ever been wounded, crushed, and intermitted by warlike nations. It was to the benign influence of commerce that ancient Greece owed all her greatness, because it was the pioneers of commerce who taught her the arts and the rudiments of the sciences. Those same peaceful Phœnicians, who gave to Greece letters and laws, founded colonies in Africa, and inspired Carthage with the spirit of her enterprise. Greece transmitted the ardent, hopeful, progressive portion of her population to Italy, which, in turn, fostered the commercial tendencies of the Mediterranean cities. When Rome sunk, these cities remained, and others rose, and triumphantly rode the storm of the dark ages. They inoculated northern Europe with the spirit of trade, which, again, sent its energy across the Atlantic and to the nations of the Indian and Pacific Oceans, until now the world is motive with the life of trade, of which England is the heart. Recent discoveries and inventions have wonderfully multiplied and increased the world's capacities for transit and intercommunion, and now the grand question agitating the commercial world is the removal of the restrictions imposed upon its growth and extension.

VEGETATION OF SEA-COASTS.

It is a generally acknowledged fact that the climate of the sea-coast is not so cold as that of an inland district in the same latitude; and upon this is founded the distinction between inland and coast climates. The phenomenon is, shortly, the following: the atmosphere near the sea is never heated during the day to the same degree as it is at a place in the same latitude distant from the sea; but it is in the same proportion less cooled through the night,

and the result is not a colder, but a warmer climate than the neighbouring place in the interior possesses. The absence of the extremes of daily heat and cold also diminishes the great difference between the annual maxima and minima, and thus is produced a climate which is suitable to many plants of warmer zones. Some examples will explain what has been said. It is well known that the myrtle thrives very well in Ireland—indeed, almost as well as in Portugal; while with us, though in the same latitude as Ireland, it does not stand in the open air, and requires great attention. And again, the laurel grows in England, where the grape seldom ripens, and all kinds of fruit are very indifferent; on the contrary, while with us the noble vine succeeds, and the apples and pears are excellent, the laurel can only be grown in green-houses. These examples are sufficient to show how important the diminution of the maxima and minima of diurnal heat is to the distribution of vegetation. The explanation of the phenomenon is this; when the air is very dry, and its transparency seldom diminished by clouds, the rays of light and heat can very easily penetrate it; and therefore it will be very considerably heated by day, and cooled by night, as the heat can radiate towards the clear sky from the earth without any obstruction. But the difference between the extremes of daily heat is smaller the more moisture the air contains; first, because the clouds moderate and partly prevent the transmission of the rays of light; and, secondly, observations have shown that the loss of heat by radiation is compensated in a peculiar manner. When the atmosphere is cooled in consequence of the radiation of heat from the earth, its watery particles are precipitated, and their latent heat, returning again by radiation to the cooled air, warms it again.

CHIPS FROM MY LOG.

No. III.

PASSAGE TO BATAVIA—WINDS NEAR THE EQUATOR—OBJECTS IN SEA—WATER—SUNDA STRAIT—ADJACENT LAND—JAVA SEA AND ISLANDS—A CRUISE ON SHORE.

THE passage from Sydney to Batavia occupied two months, one month being spent in working against westerly winds, between Bass Strait and Cape Leeuwin. On rounding this cape, we fell in with the light south-east trade-wind, which carried us to latitude $11\frac{1}{2}$ deg. south, where we got the westerly monsoon. In that part of the ocean, when the sun is in the southern hemisphere, the south-east trade-wind blows from 28 deg. or 30 deg. south latitude, to within 10 or 12 deg. of the equator, and during the same period (or rather from November to March) the north-east monsoon of the India and China seas blows down to the equator; the space between these winds being occupied by north-west or westerly winds, which receive the name of *westerly monsoon*. From April to October, the south-east trades extend all the way to the equator, and even a little north of it, and gradually merge into the south-west monsoon of the Indian Seas. The trades between Africa and Australia are very inconstant in their character; for example, we had them blowing from south-east only two days out of ten, and during the other eight days they came from all the other points between east and south-west. Hurricanes also occur sometimes in the course of these winds, and generally in the months of January, February, and March.

Between light north-westerly winds and calms, our progress, after losing the trades, was very slow; and, as the sun was nearly vertical every day, the heat was excessive, the thermometer ranging as high as 88 deg. One calm day, when the sea was perfectly smooth and glassy, the water round the ship seemed filled with particles of brownish coloured sand or mud, and, on raising some with a bucket, I found this appearance to depend on an immense number of minute hair-like bodies, about an eighth of an inch long and of variable thickness. Interspersed among these was a number of little balls, about the size of pin-heads, surrounded by short projecting rays. I could not determine whether they were of animal or vegetable ori-

gin. Besides these objects in the water, there were little insects darting about on the surface, like the small black beetles (*Gyrinus natator*) that are seen skimming over quiet pools at home. Our position was then 150 miles from the coast of Sumatra, the nearest land. The temperature of the water was 88 deg., being at the time a little hotter than the air.

We had some difficulty in getting into Sunda Strait, owing to light head-winds and currents; the latter, indeed, carried us so far that we had nearly missed the entrance altogether. We lay one night becalmed within hearing of the surf on the rocks of Prince's Island—light flows of wind occasionally coming off, loaded with the smell of vegetation; and next day a steady south-west wind carried us right through the strait, and into the Java sea. The shores of Java and the islands in the straits are hilly, and all covered with luxuriant vegetation of the richest green, from the hill-tops to the water's edge. Such an appearance was quite new to me, and most refreshing, especially when contrasted with the sombre forests presented continuously by the shores of Australia.

Rounding Cape St Nicholas, and coasting along the north shore of Java, the scene was varied and interesting in a high degree. We threaded our way among islands without number, all thickly wooded with the same green and luxuriant trees. On the mainland, we saw villages nestled among coco-nut trees, and surrounded by patches of cultivation, fresh and verdant, while the surface of the sea was dotted over with fishing prahus, some at anchor, and others skimming along under enormous sails. We anchored for the night between the islands Haarlem and Alkmaar, seven or eight miles from Batavia Roads. Shortly before bringing up, I counted no fewer than eighteen islands in sight all around us at once. Next morning we proceeded down to the shipping, and anchored again about a mile and a half or two miles from the shore; canoes with coco-nuts, pine-apples, plantains, shad-docks, durians, sweet potatoes, &c., surrounding us before the sails could be furled.

Let the reader now bear me company in a trip ashore. The boat, covered with an awning, and manned by four Malays, awaits us alongside; let us take our places and be off. We wind our way among ships of many nations—Dutch, English, American, Danish, Swedish, Spanish, Arabian, Chinese, and Malay—and in thirty or forty minutes (supposing we have come from the outer anchorage) we arrive at the end of two low piers, projecting far out from the land, and enclosing between them a canal. Now, sit quiet, and keep the boat steady through this nasty surf. It would be very unpleasant to get soured in such dirty yellow water, not to speak of the sharks and alligators that are waiting for their breakfast! Now, pull—lakas! lakas! A few strokes, and we are in the smooth water of the canal. A mile or two of a pull is still before us, but objects of interest are increasing, and the time will pass quickly enough. Look at this beautiful prahu following us: it is only a fishing-boat, but how smart she looks—painted white all over, and her high curved beak ornamented with flowers. Under that immense, but graceful sail, she skims over the water as if scarcely touching it. Now we come upon a long line of vessels, made fast to the pier. A motley array they are. The design and execution of some of them might lead us to suppose they had been built by Noah's journeymen. Here are great junks from Siam and the China seas, with lofty, castle-like poops, and bows decorated with staring, painted eyes. There, again, are clumsy-looking *caputs* (Malay for ships) from Sumatra and the Javanese outports, with wooden anchors hanging from the bows, and thatched over like houses. Several families seem to be staying in each, and the smell that comes from them indicates a most pressing want of sanitary reform. Now we pass some gun-boats; light, schooner-rigged, and rather neat. They are employed by the Dutch to keep in check the pirates of those seas, and, if well manned, these long brass swivels at the sides, and that heavy fellow at the bows, would do considerable exe-

cution. But look over the low pier to the muddy beach beyond; see those large ungainly birds, with their long bills and bare throats—storks they are—perched on the stones, and watching patiently for any garbage cast up by the sea. Farther up are some blue buffaloes grazing by the side of a swampy jungle. Look now to the left, and you will observe an earthen rampart surmounted by six or eight long guns, and a solitary native sentinel lounging about, as if his *want* of duties was a great burden. A little farther up, on the right, you see a guard-house, with a soldier sitting in the doorway mending his clothes, and another (barefooted) fishing in the canal for his dinner. Now we approach the landing-place, where you notice a number of ships' boats lying together, each with a Malay crew in it; native crews being always used here, on account of the unhealthiness of the shore to European sailors. Close by, there is a range of small carriages, each drawn by a couple of diminutive ponies. We must hire one of these, as it is too hot for walking, and unless we can speak Dutch or Malay, we should most likely lose ourselves. Now step in, and, by looking well about you, make the most of the drive. We roll along a smooth avenue skirted by two rows of trees; now we pass under a large gateway, with a colossal statue guarding each side; a little farther on we cross a wooden bridge, and you see canoes and prahus moving along the canal. We have now got into the town, but the most of the streets are still bordered by trees, and a canal. The houses seem old and dirty, and the shops are mostly occupied by Chinamen—you see that by the Chinese characters above the doors, and the large paper lanterns hanging under the rude verandahs. Turn your attention now to the inhabitants. The young Malays, you observe, are rather pleasant-looking fellows, for all their brown skins. Their features are very much like our own, only the nose is rather flatter and thicker, and the upper lip projects more. Their dress varies a good deal. Some have only a piece of cotton wrapped round their loins, and a handkerchief tied in a peculiar manner on their heads; others add a pair of cotton trousers; and some of the more respectable have also a loose cotton gown or wrapper of some gaudy pattern. Those who are exposed to the sun wear a large basin-shaped hat, painted and gilded on the outside; they call it a *tudong*. The Chinese, who are pretty numerous in the streets, have flatter faces than the Malays, and they wear the common dress of their own country, wide trousers and wrapper (commonly white). The Malays gather up their long black hair closely under their head-dress; while the Chinese have the most of theirs shaven off, and the remaining tuft on the crown made into a long plait tied with a ribbon at the end, and hanging down the back. The Malay children are merry little fellows, running about the streets flying kites, and engaged in amusements common to boys of their age; while the youngest Chinese urchins have a staid and grave air, as if the shadow of coming cares had enveloped and extinguished completely the freedom and elasticity of youth.

You observe an immense quantity of fruit about the streets; pine-apples, coco-nuts, plantains, oranges, pomaloes, durians, mangosteens, rambutans, &c. Such articles are carried about in baskets suspended to the ends of bamboos which are laid across the shoulders. But look at those pools of water before the doors, and even getting into the houses, and the streets in some places nearly submerged. Some of the canals also are stagnant and full of filth; and heaps of decaying vegetable matter meet you everywhere. No wonder that Batavia is unhealthy, considering the heat, moisture, and abundant sources of malaria; the wonder is that people can live in it at all; but its condition has been much improved of late years by drainage and otherwise, so that it scarcely maintains its ancient character of being the most unhealthy place in the world.

Let us now extend our drive to the suburbs, where the merchants and people of property reside to be free from the miasma of the town. We go along a smooth road with a broad canal on one side, and fine houses and gar-

dens on the other. At intervals you see woods of coconut and plantain trees, giving shelter to native huts and pretty cottages. Being now two or three miles from the town proper, the houses and gardens are still more beautiful; the canal looks more like a river; its banks are less cared for, and there is an evident current. It is in fact the river from which most of the canals are supplied with water, and it is named the *Tjithong*. Observe that group of washermen on the margin; they use no soap, but simply dip the articles in the water and then beat them on wooden stools which stand beside. Wo for the buttons!

We now leave the river, and after passing through *Wellefuden* (which contains the barracks), we may consider ourselves in the country. The road is here of great breadth, and divided into two by a hedge and row of trees, which run along the centre. One side is beautifully macadamised, and devoted to pedestrians, equestrians, and light carriages. The other is more in a state of nature, and is used only for cattle and wagons. On the improved side you still see a succession of beautiful residences; but on the other, the view is intercepted by forests of fruit-trees. Before returning, let us dismount and have a walk along this shady lane. What a rich foliage, and what an abundance and variety of fruits hang from the branches! You see oranges, lemons, shaddocks (called *pomaloes*), papayas, custard-apples, guavas, coco-nuts, durians (a prickly fruit as large as one's head), rambutans (a small fruit with soft projecting spines), plantains, tamarinds, pomegranates, nutmegs, and others whose names I don't know. Here are some coffee bushes with their dark-green leaves and ripe red berries. Beyond that hedge of sapan-wood is a group of tall slender trees, placed there to give support to a climbing plant called *srah* vine. The Malays mix the leaves of this plant with lime and betel-nut (the fruit of the *Areca catechu*), and chew the mixture as sailors chew tobacco. Some, indeed, add tobacco to it, but the more common practice is to spread a little *chawan* (fine lime made from shells and coral) upon a green sirih-leaf, roll it up with a small piece of betel-nut, and masticate. By these means they soon dye their teeth black, which, I believe, they come to consider a point of beauty. We have now come upon a piece of open land, where you see rice in various stages of growth, and people preparing the ground for the reception of more. On one side there is a man ploughing with a rude machine drawn by a buffalo, and held by a single pole. On the other side you see harrowing going on; the harrow being like a large rake with but a single row of teeth; the man steps on it occasionally to make it sink deeper in the mud. The whole ground is nearly under water, and each field is surrounded by a low embankment to keep the water at a proper level. Continuing our walk, we come to a Chinese burying place. The mounds over the graves may be said to be kidney-shaped; the recess at one side being occupied by a piece of neat mason-work, containing generally a granite tablet, with a Chinese inscription cut and gilded on it. The mounds vary in size according to the means of the parties. One covers about half an acre, and resembles a small hill. The stonework belonging to it is very rich and ornamental, and is roofed over to protect it from the weather. In front of it is a semicircular pond of water of considerable size.

But the day wears on, and we must think of retracing our steps. The road by which we return leads us through *Jacatra*, once a populous part of the town, but deserted on account of its unhealthiness, and now chiefly occupied by an extensive burying-ground, in which a great number of Chinese were interred about a hundred years ago. They had rebelled against the Dutch, and were massacred in consequence. And now, I dare say, your mental eye is as much tired of looking, as my mental finger is of pointing; so, having arrived at the *boom* (as the place is called where the boats lie), we shall just pay the coachman, and get on board. His fare for six hours' work is three silver rupees, or three and a half copper, equal at present to four shillings sterling.

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

JOHN F. OBERLIN, PASTOR OF THE BAN DE LA ROCHE.

PART I.

THE BAN, AND THOSE WHO DWELT THERE.

ABOUT an hour before daybreak, on the morning of the 24th of August, 1572, the young king of France, Charles IX., accompanied by the Queen-mother, Catherine de Medici, and the Duke of Anjou, left his private apartments—where during the whole night he had been in close conference with the Guises and other chiefs of the Roman Catholic nobility—and ascended to an open balcony of the Louvre, which commanded a view of the streets around. All was hushed in silence. The city slept below them. No sound broke the stillness save the footfall of the sentinels as they paced their rounds, or the murmur of the river which at intervals came floating by upon the night wind. Not a word was spoken by the party as they sat. Some solemn mystery seemed to have chained their utterance. The queen-mother watched the king, with compressed lips and a calm determined air. In Charles's bosom a dreadful struggle was evidently going on, for a livid paleness overspread his countenance, as he repeatedly rose from his seat and looked toward the east, or stooped to listen as if in expectation of hearing some signal from the street below, while at the same time his frame trembled, and the perspiration stood like beads upon his forehead.

The hour passed away. The east began to redden with the dawn of the Sabbath. The great bell of St Germain l'Auxerrois tolled out the call to matins, and thus announced the day of St Bartholomew. The sound of the bell had scarcely ceased, when the city, so lately lapped in darkness and silence, seemed filled with the glare of torches and the hum of assembling multitudes. The drums beat to arms; and the royal troops, mingled with crowds of armed citizens, poured into the streets, and surrounded the houses of both rich and poor who were either known or suspected to profess or favour Protestant opinions. The dwellings of the Huguenot leaders were first assaulted, and Admiral Coligny, Francis de la Rochefoucault, Beauvais, and several other distinguished persons—who had been induced to come to Paris by the king to witness the marriage of his sister Margaret—were almost simultaneously assassinated. The Dukes of Montpensier, Aumale, and Marshal Tavannes, aided by several ecclesiastics, led on the now infuriated mob with cries of 'Slay the Huguenots!' 'Kill the heretics!' 'The game is ensnared!' 'The king desires every man of them to be destroyed;' a statement which Charles himself testified to be true by firing from the balcony upon the unhappy creatures who were fleeing from their murderers, and by hallooing on his soldiery with cries of 'Kill! kill!' Never did the sun rise on such a scene of blood as it shone upon on that Sabbath morning. The streets of Paris were literally washed with the gore of those whose only crime was attachment to the Word of God. The innocence of childhood and the white hairs of age were alike disregarded in the carnage. Persons of both sexes and of every age and condition were murdered without mercy. The infant was stabbed on the breast of the mother; the sick, the sleeping, parent and child, servant and master, were indiscriminately slaughtered. The massacre continued for several days, during which time, according to Perefex, more than twenty seigneurs de marque, twelve hundred gentlemen, and from three to four thousand tradesmen and servants, were savagely hutchered.

Not satisfied with having drenched his capital with the blood of his subjects, the king issued commands to the governors of the provinces to hunt down and exterminate the Huguenots within their reach. The mandate was willingly obeyed; and in Bourges, in Lyons, in Toulouse, in Orleans, and in several other places, the horrors of the metropolis were re-enacted. These appalling transactions struck terror to the hearts of such of the reformers as had escaped the slaughter. Some of them fled to Rochelle and Sancerre, which they fortified. Others escaped to Eng-

land, to Switzerland, to Germany, to the fastnesses of the Vosges, and of other ranges of mountains near the basin of the Rhine, and not a few of them, we believe, sought shelter from persecution and freedom to worship God in the wild, sterile district called the Ban de la Roche.

The 'Ban,' or district, derives its name from the neighbouring castle of La Roche. The Germans call the Ban 'Steinthal,' or the valley of stone. Formerly it was part of the province of Alsace, in the north-east of France, and is situated on the western slope of the Champ de Feu, an isolated range of mountains of volcanic origin—as the name implies—separated by a deep valley from the eastern chain of the Vosges. The Ban contains only two parishes—one called Rothau; the other comprises the hamlets of Waldbach, Zolbach, Belmont, Bellefosse, and Foudai, inhabited almost exclusively by Lutherans. Waldbach, which lies nearly in the centre of these hamlets, is about eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea; and four hundred feet below Waldbach, on the mountain-side, stands Rothau. The two parishes contain about nine thousand acres, the sterility of which may be judged from the fact, that, even at present, little more than fifteen hundred are capable of cultivation. Here, defended by the mountain torrent and the precipice, did the children of the Reformation expect to enjoy freedom to worship God, but they were disappointed. Wave after wave of persecution broke upon them during the thirty years' war and the reign of Louis XIV., which so desolated the Ban as to render it almost incapable of affording sustenance to any human being. Nevertheless, about eighty or a hundred families, destitute of all the necessities of civilised life, and shut out from intercourse with the inhabitants of the neighbouring districts, in consequence of the want of roads, here continued to drag on a most wretched and miserable existence. At length the province of Alsace was united to France, one of the stipulations of the decree of union being that its inhabitants should be permitted to possess that pearl of price, *liberty of conscience*. Whether in this arrangement Louis le Grand was influenced by the numerical strength of the Lutherans in the province, or by his recognition of a claim which is the birthright of every man, we shall not pause to inquire. Suffice it to say, that the decree brought no change to the moral or physical condition of the poor dwellers in the 'valley of stone.' Persecution had nearly consummated its fiendish work. It is true that some of the forms of religion were preserved among them, that they said they were of the reformed faith; but why or wherefore, in 1750, they scarcely knew. About that period, a devout and earnest clergyman, moved by their wretched state, undertook the charge of the Ban. His name was Stouber. When he entered on his *cure*, he was desirous to know what was the state of education in the district, and, on inquiring for the principal school, to his astonishment he was conducted to a miserable hovel, in one corner of which lay a helpless old man on a truckle bed, and around him were grouped a crowd of ill-clad, noisy, wild-looking children.

'Are you the schoolmaster, my good friend?' said Stouber to the old man.

'Yes, sir.'

'And what do you teach the children?'

'Nothing, sir.'

'Nothing! How is that?'

'Because,' replied the old man, with genuine naivete, 'I know nothing myself.'

'Why, then, were you appointed schoolmaster?'

'Why, sir, I had been taking care of the Waldbach pigs, and when I got too old and infirm for that employment, I was sent here to take care of the children!'

Stouber found the schools of the other villages in a similar condition; and Herr Krafft—whose interesting little work, 'Aus Oberlin's Leben,' we should like to see widely circulated in this country—shows that nothing could be more deplorably wretched than the ignorance of the masters, who, for the most part, were swineherds and shepherds! During the months of summer, they ranged the hills with their flocks, but in winter they were transformed

nto 'dominies,' without any qualification for their office, out a most laudable stock of good intentions, which led them to attempt to teach the children what they themselves could not understand; for the language of the Ban is a *patois*, evidently the old dialect of Lorraine; when, therefore, they taught their charge to read a French or German elementary work, or a fragment of a French Bible, they were wholly incapable of explaining the sense or of giving the correct pronunciation!

A man of less ardent piety and determined resolution than M. Stouber would have departed from the Ban in hopeless despair of ever being able to bring about a revolution in the condition of its wretched inhabitants; but he was rich in faith. For fourteen years this accomplished man, aided by his beloved wife, whose remains repose in the churchyard of Waldbach, laboured unceasingly to effect the object which lay next his heart, by establishing schools, by circulating as many copies of the Scriptures as his poverty would allow him to obtain, by assiduous pastoral visitation, and by the faithful preaching of the Gospel of Christ. Soon after the death of his wife, Stouber was appointed to the pastorate of St Thomas's, in Strasburg; but before he entered his new sphere of labour, he was anxious to see the Ban provided with a man 'like-minded' as himself. He knew this was no easy matter to accomplish, for the difficulties in that isolated place were numerous, while the income was extremely small. The parish had no attractions for the lovers of purple and fine linen—for such as would look more carefully after the *fleeces* than the flock. The man who came there, Stouber knew, must make up his mind to 'endure hardness,' to suffer privation, to be cut off from all intercourse with the educated, and to wholly devote himself to the instruction of the poor and the wretched. Consequently he feared lest he should find it impossible to obtain any one who would be willing to take charge of the parish; and this grieved him the more, as his own health was so completely shattered as to forbid his continuance. He, however, commenced his inquiries. What the issue was we shall show in

PART II.

In 1740, at the gymnasium of Strasburg, a man of very considerable classical attainments, named Oberlin, held the office of tutor. Like most of his order 'in all places everywhere,' he had a small stipend and a large family. His wife was an amiable and accomplished woman. Both were devout followers of the Redeemer, and it was their leading desire to train up their children in the 'nurture and admonition of the Lord.' They had seven sons and two daughters. Theirs was a joyous household. If you visited Madame Oberlin in the evening of almost any day in the year, you would have found her seated in the midst of her children, correcting their drawings, or reading aloud to them some interesting and instructive book. Thus her evenings were spent, and when the hour for retiring to rest came, there was generally a united request for 'one beautiful hymn from dear mamma!' When that mother's voice was no longer heard upon the earth, and the long green grass grew thick upon her grave, those evening hymns were remembered and their influence felt.

Like Wilberforce, and as every father should be, so tutor Oberlin was the playfellow as well as the instructor of his children. In the vicinity of Strasburg, at a place named Schiltigheim, he had a few acres of land, and there, once a week, during the summer, the villagers would see him, with an old drum slung across his shoulder, acting as drill serjeant and drummer at the same time to his lads, whom he put through the military evolutions, with which he was well acquainted. One of the boys, John Frederic, in consequence of this 'playing at soldiers,' became passionately attached to the military profession. Tales and histories of battles were eagerly sought after and as eagerly read by him. The officers of the troops quartered in the city were known to his family, and, being aware of the predilection which he had formed, and astonished at the acquaintance with military science which he displayed, granted his request to be permitted to join the soldiers when at exer-

cise. The glitter and excitement of the parade filled the boy's mind. He, like most of his age, did not interpret the word 'soldier.' Its import was hidden from him; and his gentle, sensitive nature would have shrunk from its loathing and disgust. He looked upon the troops, as they marched before him, with their gay clothing, and glittering weapons, and emblazoned banners; he heard their regular tread and thrilling music; but to him it was all only a splendid summer-day pageant—he thought not of the cruelty, and gore, and carnage of the battle-field.

Happily for him, his father destined him for a learned profession. Filial obedience was a pleasure to the lad, so, without a regret, he gave himself to the ardent pursuit of the studies which his father marked out. His brother, the celebrated antiquarian and philologist, Jeremiah James Oberlin, had then acquired considerable distinction at the university, and his success was a stimulant to him. At 17 years and the curriculum was passed through, and he was now of age to choose a profession. He made choice of the ministry. Dr Lorentz, an eminent evangelical divine, a short time before he came to this determination, had been preaching in the city. Young Oberlin heard him. The Gospel became more precious than ever, and he resolved to devote himself to its propagation. Soon after, he was admitted to 'orders' in the Lutheran Church. But nothing could at that time induce him to undertake the *heavy* of souls. Of the work in which he had engaged, he had the clearest views. His was not an ambition to *prince*. The responsibilities of the Christian pastor were set before him, and he sought to prepare himself for their efficient discharge. When pressed to undertake a pastoral charge, his reply was, 'I need more experience, more knowledge; at present I am not qualified. Moreover, I wish to labour where I can be useful, not where I can be at ease.' The key to his after life is to be found in this reply. Seven years elapsed, during which he diligently employed himself in the study of theology, supporting himself in the meantime by acting as tutor to the family of a distinguished surgeon of Strasburg, in whose house he acquired the knowledge of surgery and the healing art which he afterwards turned to such good in the Ban de la Roche.

Thus he continued teaching and studying until 1770, when the chaplaincy of a French regiment was offered to him. The 'old drum' and the military associations of childhood were aroused up from the sleep of years. The chaplaincy, he thought, presented a prospect of extensive usefulness, so he decided to accept it. Accordingly he resigned his tutorship, took lodgings in the city, and commenced a preparatory course of reading.

About this period M. Stouber began his search after a pastor to succeed him in the Ban. Oberlin, whose piety, disinterested benevolence, and scholarly ability, had already won him the esteem of his fellow-citizens, was mentioned to him as exactly such a man as he sought. Stouber came to Strasburg, and sought out Oberlin's lodgings. They were in a mean street; and when he reached the house he was directed to a little room up three pair of stairs. He opened the door, and the first thing that caught his eye was a small bed, covered with curtains made of *brown paper*! He entered the apartment and approached the bed, and there he found Oberlin, racked with the agony of toothache. After some conversation, during which he raked him upon the unique character of his bed-hangings, and the poverty of his abode, he inquired the use of a *little iron pan* which he saw suspended above his table. 'That,' replied Oberlin, 'is my kitchen. I am accustomed every day to dine at home with my parents, and they give me a large piece of bread to carry back with me in my pocket. At eight o'clock in the evening I put my bread into this pan; and, having sprinkled it with a little salt and water, I place my lamp beneath it, and go on with my studies until ten or eleven, when I generally begin to feel hungry, by which time my slice of bread is nicely cooked, and I relish it more than the choicest luxuries.'

Stouber was overjoyed while he listened. This was the very man for the Steinthal. He declared the object of his visit, portrayed the condition of the people, their misery

and ignorance, gave utterance to his own unfeigned sorrow at being obliged to leave them, and his fear, lest he could prevail upon him to occupy his post, that they must perish for lack of knowledge.

Oberlin's heart was touched. The place which Stouber described was just such a one as he had often pictured to himself as the scene of his pastorate. But, then, what could he do? his engagement with the regiment being all but finally concluded. He could not think of accepting charge of the Ban unless he was liberated from the chaplaincy, and, moreover, except there were before him no candidates for clerical preferment who would accept M. Stouber's proposal. These obstacles were soon removed. The chaplaincy was speedily filled; but as the cure among the mountains presented 'nor golden guerdon nor days of ease,' for it there were no applicants. So Oberlin was free to become the pastor of the Ban de la Roche.

Previously to his departure for his parish, with a woman's foresight his mother saw that the happiness, as well as the usefulness, of her son would be promoted if he were to take a wife with him to the isolated and lonely district where he was about to reside. The subject was mentioned to him, but he did not see it in the same light as his parents. He had no attachment, he said; but if they wished him to marry it must be so, but theirs must be the task of selecting his companion. From time immemorial mothers have been match-makers. It is their province as well as their pleasure. All the sympathies of their nature are aroused when a son or a daughter has to be 'settled,' as the phrase is. Whether or not this be the case with mothers in general, it certainly was so with Madame Oberlin in particular. John Frederic was her favourite, and he was not to be married to 'anybody;' and as he had no especial liking for any one, she did not see what harm it would do him if his wife were rich as well as devoted and amiable. Thus she reasoned, but she did not tell him what her cogitations were. Moreover, she had received a hint from the widow of a rich brewer—such a hint as only a mother can either get or give—that Oberlin was regarded with a gracious eye both by her daughter and herself, and that if he were to propose for the former it was extremely probable that his suit would be favourably received. Madame mentioned this to her son, but he was quite passive. He had no will in the matter, he said, but would do whatever she wished; at the same time he would pray for divine guidance, and would abide the result. From his youth he was accustomed, whenever his judgment was perplexed with any matter, to pray to God to give him some intimation of His will as to the course he should pursue. Some persons have harshly denounced this custom of Oberlin's as 'a presumptuous and dangerous practice,' but we think it neither one nor the other. If God be the moral governor of the world, the caretaker of all men, but especially of those who confide in him—if, in fine, the word of God be what we believe it is, namely, *one long encouragement to pray* for divine aid, surely, then, to seek that aid at all times, and particularly when in anxiety of mind, cannot be 'dangerous,' nor to expect a reply to our supplications be rationally deemed 'presumptuous.'

On this occasion Oberlin besought that God would be pleased to direct him in his choice, and to show him whether this union would be conducive to his usefulness in the ministry. 'If,' thought he, 'the mother propose the subject when I call upon her, then I shall take it as an indication of providential approbation; if not, I shall consider it my duty to entirely avoid it.' Than this resolve nothing could possibly place his character in a clearer light. He wishes his will to accord with God's. He desires to do only what would have the divine sanction. Here there is no mercenary game of profit and loss—no hankering after the wealth of the widow's daughter—no counting of the dowry. He thinks, but his thought is, will this marriage hinder or help me in my ministry? Reader, was not this a *true* man?

On the day appointed for the first visit, he hastened to the house where the lady dwelt. He was admitted. The

mother, who had been apprised of his coming, was waiting to receive him, which she did most courteously. Mademoiselle, her daughter, was called down. They sat for a few moments, talked of the weather, and then came to a dead pause. They looked at each other—still the pause continued. At length Oberlin rose, retreated towards the door, made his bow, and departed, leaving the widow and her daughter to unriddle the meaning of his visit. Thus ended Madame Oberlin's first plan for his 'settlement in life.'

One or two failures in such matters rarely discomfit a mother; this certainly did not discomfit Madame Oberlin. She wished her son to be happy, and how it was possible for him to be so without a good wife she could not imagine. Most of our fair readers, we opine, will say that in thinking thus she was right, and we confess we are not inclined to disagree with them. But to our history. A former tutor of Oberlin's had a daughter. She was a lady who, under the guise of amiability, nursed an ambitious soul, as the sequel will show. This defect in her character had escaped the observation of Oberlin, and for years she had a place in his esteem. Madame, his mother, being aware of this, suggested the propriety of his proposing to her. He had no objection, neither had the lady, nor had her parents. So far all seemed to go as smoothly as could be desired. A preliminary marriage contract was drawn up, but, *ehou!* a wealthy suitor appeared on the scene. He made the lady an offer of his hand—and—*purse*; and the latter being an article of which Oberlin could not boast, she (disinterested creature!) broke with the poor pastor, and accepted her rich admirer. Whether she, in her turn, was jilted by the man of cash, we know not, although we suspect as much; for a few weeks after her father intimated his desire to Oberlin that the connection should be renewed. On the receipt of the note, Oberlin at once proceeded to the schoolmaster's residence, and, handing his note back to him, he said, 'My dear sir, I am accustomed to follow the intimations of Providence, and I consider what has recently occurred as a warning that a union with your daughter would neither promote her happiness nor mine. Let us, therefore, say no more about it—forget what has passed—and let me, as of old, share in your affection.'

Here ended the endeavours of good Madame Oberlin to secure a wife for her son, and so she was obliged to consent to his departure 'unwived,' which was no slight trial to her. Nevertheless, he must not go alone. She accompanied him to Waldbach, and after arranging his little establishment, she bade him adieu, leaving with him his younger sister, Sophia, who took charge of his household. Pastor Stouber introduced him to the parishioners; and in April, 1767, in the twenty-seventh year of his age, Oberlin became pastor of the Ban de la Roche. About a year after this event had taken place, a lady of highly cultivated mind and agreeable disposition came to Waldbach on a visit to Sophia. Her name was Madeline, and she was the orphan daughter of Professor Witter of Strasburg. She soon relieved Sophia of her cares as her brother's house-keeper; for, despite of a long-cherished determination never to marry a clergyman, Madeline Witter became the wife of Oberlin. A more judicious choice it was impossible to make. She was the sharer of his trials and his joys. Her prudence and foresight balanced and controlled his enthusiastic disposition; her devoted piety, which led her to fully participate in his anxiety to promote the welfare of his people, cheered him when desponding, and heightened his joy when successful. In fine, she was what every wife should be to an affectionate and virtuous husband, a 'help-mate.'

PART III.

We approach the testing time—the time of the development of the character of Oberlin. The pastorate, when viewed from the study or the divinity hall, even by the most devoted and intelligent of men, presents a very different aspect to what it does when seen from the centre of its weighty and solemn engagements. The student, although he knows much, and thinks, nayhap, that he knows more of the 'cure of souls' than many who are occupied in

the work, in reality sees only the husk, the outside. The core lies beyond his 'ken.' He must become a pastor before he can possibly pronounce a correct judgment upon the trials or the encouragements of those who are engaged in the ministry of the Gospel. Moreover, until actually in the harness, the divinity student is incapable of judging of his own fitness for the pastorate. There may be piety—sincere, deep, ardent piety—without which no man can preach 'the glorious Gospel of the blessed God'—there may be high scholarship, painstaking assiduity, tenderness of heart, and amiability of disposition, and yet the young man who possesses all these, although capable of filling a chair of philosophy or theology, may utterly fail as a pastor. Numerous cases in point will readily occur to the memory of our readers. We know several ourselves, who, in their own opinion and that of their most discerning friends, were certain to succeed, who, when they closed the first three years (and many at the end of one year) found that they had mistaken their vocation. Those men did not lack the most earnest desire that their fellow-creatures should be brought to a 'saving acquaintance' with divine truth—they were, in the highest sense of the word, 'earnest' ministers, yet they failed, and, what is more, they knew it, which, unhappily, is not always the case. And this leads us, *en passant*, to notice the fundamental error of an otherwise excellent work, the production of that model pastor, John Angel James; we allude to the 'Earnest Ministry the Want of the Times.' We believe—and our belief is founded upon a wide induction of facts—that the great defect in the evangelical ministry of the present day is not that which Mr James mentions. There is abundance of 'earnestness,' but a deplorable want of 'adaptation'—adaptation to the *age* in which they live, to the *country* in which they dwell, to the *place* in which they labour. Earnestness there may be, but unless there be adaptation the ministry will be anything but what it ought to be—the guide and beacon-light of fallen man.

We say, then, that the testing time had come to Oberlin. He was now a pastor and a husband. His wife, one of the best of women; his flock, wretched, ignorant, scattered—a prey to laziness and bawling—without the merest necessities of life, and contented to remain so. Let us, then, look at what this young man possessed that his hopes should be so strong of turning this wilderness into 'a garden of God.' What had he?—wealth? No, not a stiver; but he had that which wealth could not, *cannot* purchase—an earnest, devoted, loving heart, a thoughtful and well disciplined mind, considerable scientific skill and practical ability, a natural and suasive eloquence which at once won its way to the heart, habits of self-denial, of promptitude, of perseverance, and a joyous willingness to endure all things, if by so doing he could promote the glory of God and the good of mankind. That such a man should accomplish what he did is to us no marvel. It would have been miraculous, indeed, if he had failed.

When he had gone over the parish, he saw that Stouber's picture of its degraded state was by no means too highly coloured, and he felt that all his resources would be taxed if he sought to effect any change for the better. His quick mind at once perceived the connection which existed between their physical misery and their moral degradation, so he immediately began to devise plans to promote their civilisation. His first was to bring them into contact with the inhabitants of the neighbouring towns, rightly judging that the comfort, and cleanliness, and intelligence which they would behold in those places would present such a strong contrast to the state of things in the Steinthal as at once to beget a desire in their minds for improvement. But how was he to move? All the roads connected with the parish were literally impassable during the greater portion of the year, in consequence of land-slips which completely blocked them, or their being torn up by the rushing down of the mountain-torrents during the winter. The people thus shut in could neither find a market for their produce nor obtain agricultural implements which they required. There was but one way to effect the desired change. He had made a careful survey of the parish, and the result was a

determination to open up a communication with the high-road to Strasburg; but to do this it would be necessary to blast the rocks and to construct a solid wall to support a road, which he proposed to carry for about a mile and a half along the banks of a deep mountain-stream called the Bruche, and then, at Rothau, to build a bridge across it. He called his parishioners together, and announced his project. They were astonished. 'He was mad,' they said. 'The thing was utterly impracticable. They had thought for some time that there was something strange about him, but now they were sure he was downright insane.' Thus they thought and said, and one and all began to excuse themselves from having any share in what they deemed such a wild and foolish undertaking. But Oberlin pressed the matter upon them, refuted their objections respecting the impossibility of accomplishing his plan, pointed out the manifest and numerous advantages which would result, from it, both to themselves and to their children, and wound up his harangue by shouldering a pick-axe and exclaiming, 'Let those who see the importance of what I have stated come and work with me!' The effect was electric. Opposition gave way to cheerful acquiescence and the most unbounded enthusiasm. He appointed to each man a certain task. He soon had more helpers than he could find tools for. The news of his undertaking reached Strasburg, and implements and funds were sent to him. Rocks were undermined and blasted; torrents which had overspread and inundated the meadows were guided into channels, which had been cut to receive them; where the land threatened to slip, walls were built to sustain it; the road was completed to Rothau; at that place he threw a neat wooden bridge across the Bruche, which to this day is called *Le Pont de Charité*. The whole was finished, and a communication opened up with Strasburg in 1770, about a year and a half after his marriage.

Some will ask, how fared it with his duties as a religious teacher all this time? Did he neglect them? No; on the contrary, like the great apostle of the Gentiles—who thought it not beneath him to make tents during the week—Oberlin, who on week-days headed his people in their arduous task, on the Sabbath directed them with equal zeal and earnestness to 'the rest which remaineth for the people of God.' The immediate effect of the success of his scheme was the gaining of almost unbounded influence over his parishioners. They no longer regarded him as a madman, but as the only wise one among them. They now cheerfully engaged in any work which he devised, and, very soon, convenient and necessary roads traversed the Steinthal, and connected the various villages. While he was tutor in M. Ziegenhagen's family in Strasburg, he became intimately acquainted with botanical science, and acquired not merely that knowledge which enables the empiric to classify and denominate, but he understood the *properties* of almost every plant, and could at once tell you whether it could be used as food or medicine. This knowledge he at once turned to account. He introduced the culture of several leguminous plants and herbs; imported seed from Riga and raised flax; introduced Dutch clover; taught the farmers the use of manure, to make composts, to improve the growth of the potato, which had so far degenerated that fields which had formerly yielded from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty bushels, now yielded only about thirty or fifty, which the people imputed to the sterility of the soil, instead of their own neglect. His success was most unequivocal, and the consequence was the augmentation of the resources of the Steinthal. As an example of the manner in which he was wont to connect all those efforts for the temporal welfare with the spiritual instruction of his people, we would direct our reader's attention to the following characteristic incident. Although he had been so successful in the affair of the road-making, and in the introduction of an improved style of husbandry, still among the parishioners there was a hankering after 'old fashions,' and, for the life of them, they could not understand how it was that he who never dug, or ploughed, or owned an acre of land in his life, should know more about the management of fields and cattle than they did.

Oberlin's sagacity at once discovered this, and so, when he wished to make any improvement, or to introduce any new kind of plant, or vegetable, or tree, he began in his own garden, and when the curiosity of the people was excited, he detailed to them the name of the root, the object he had in cultivating it, the mode to be observed in its culture, &c., until he had thoroughly instructed them, and kindled a desire in their minds to imitate him. There was scarcely a fruit-tree worth a groat for miles around, and there were few gardens which grew anything but the most luxuriant weeds. To talk about the matter Oberlin knew would be quite useless, so he betook himself to his old plan of teaching by example. He had a servant who was an intelligent and devoted man; they took counsel together. There were two gardens belonging to the parsonage, each of which was crossed by a well-frequented thoroughfare. One of these gardens had been noted for years for the poverty and sterility of its soil; this he determined to convert into a nursery-ground! Trenches, accordingly, were dug, and the land laid out; slips of walnut, apple, plum, and pear trees were planted. In due time the trees blossomed, and when the period of fruitage came, the crop was abundant. The plan, as Oberlin anticipated, succeeded admirably. Week after week the villagers were wont to pause, and wonder how trees could grow in such a soil. Then they began to contrast the appearance of their pastor's garden with their own; and then they came to him in crowds, begging that he would be kind enough to instruct them how to grow trees for themselves. The object he sought was accomplished. According to his accustomed mode, he first directed their thoughts to Him 'who causeth the earth to bring forth her bud, and who crowneth the year with his goodness,' and then gave them the desired information. To aid them, he gave them a supply of young trees from his nursery, and instructed them in the art of grafting. The consequence was, that in a little time the whole district changed its aspect: the bare and desolate-looking cottages were speedily surrounded by neat little gardens, and instead of the indigence and misery which formerly characterised the villagers and their dwellings, they now put on the garb of rural beauty and happiness. So rapid were the advances which the people made under his direction, that, in 1778, Oberlin formed an Agricultural Society, which he connected with the central society at Strasburg. By doing so, he secured the use of the society's publications and periodicals, and received its assistance in the distribution of the prizes, which were annually awarded to the peasants who distinguished themselves in the grafting and culture of fruit-trees, and in rearing or improving the breed of cattle. The Strasburg Society, as a testimony of its sense of the advantages which Oberlin's labours had bestowed upon the people, placed two hundred francs at his disposal, to be distributed among such agriculturists as he might deem worthy of a prize. He soon began to reap the fruit of his toil. Everywhere around him civilisation and the power of the Gospel made themselves manifest. With the improvement of their physical condition, their moral advancement went hand in hand, till at length, in the district around, and in the towns and cities of the basin of the Rhine, few things awakened more astonishment or attracted so much attention as the remarkable change which had taken place in the people, and the no less remarkable character of the pastor of the Ban de la Roche, whose good works will furnish most interesting material for a second paper.

LIFE OF SAMUEL CLUGSTON, THE SLUGGARD.

CHAPTER IX.

As winter came on, Samuel drew nearer to the towns and villages. This brought him into more immediate contact with the members of his profession at the different lodging-houses where they put up. As may be supposed he attracted some notice among his compeers. He was felt as a peculiar specimen, and detected at once as a 'greenhorn,' and forced to cross the line in many wide jokes and

practical waggeries. He bore it patiently for a time, but at length he fired and fought, and nearly killed two Irishmen who had been tormenting him. This had its effect, and he got more peace afterwards. The house in which he fought was noted for its brawls. The landlord was an idle, silly, obliging, good-for-nothing kind of body, and had no command over his lodgers; but as the house stood apart from the village, its frequent uproars were seldom heard, and therefore rarely complained of. It had been built as a barn, and, with the exception of a partition or two, and a rude fire-place and numerous shake-downs, it preserved its original look and character. There was no ceiling, and the bare joists looked up to the bare roof, which was blackened with smoke. But in the winter time the host kept a good fire, and his known good-nature and obliging disposition attracted numerous customers. Samuel was a frequent inmate there. When a quarrel was fermenting, he would advise them 'to take it canny like Christian folks;' and when they rose to fight, he would counsel them 'to bark it out and no bite,' and that it was 'best to sleep in hale banes at any rate;' and when importuned to lend a hand, he would invariably answer 'that it was a wasting o' strength, and he would fash wi' nane o' their fechts.' When he saw that a fight was inevitable, he would stretch out his long arms and pull himself up to one of the joists, and sit across it, and look down upon the affray. On one occasion he fell fast asleep and tumbled down upon the belligerents, and nearly broke one of their necks. The fight was put an end to, but Samuel had to pay a bottle of whisky to quiet the parties, and save himself.

On Sabbaths, Samuel took no part in their scenes of revelry, and commonly retired to the landlord's bed, with whom he was a favourite, and dosed out the day; and when the finer weather set in, he would go out into a neighbouring wood and lie down in a retired and sheltered spot till the evening approached.

By mixing with his brethren, however, Samuel got a deeper insight into the mysteries and resources of his trade. Many wooden legs would come in that lay down good flesh and blood, and often, in a promiscuous souffe, the blind would suddenly receive their sight, and the idiot cease to stare and mumble, and the speechless Turk would vociferate in broad Scotch, and the withered arm work wonders, and the dumb fortune-teller speak to the purpose. These were instructive facts, and were not lost upon Samuel. He gathered knowledge, too, from the hints which some of the more vain and ungarded threw out in their cups; and extracted secrets from others, as to their ways and modes of doing, by bribing them with whisky—for even beggars do not gratuitously impart the secrets of their craft to one another. The same general reserve is maintained among them, on certain points, as among diplomatists and other professional men. Like the rest of the world, too, they divide themselves into various grades—the higher looking down with contempt on the lower. It is strange out of what materials self-idolatry will extract incense, and in what apparently ungenial circumstances the aristocratic feeling will develop itself. But indeed the whole matter is one of comparison, and there are gradations in every state and thing, so that the beggar acts upon the same principle as the prince or the peer. Nor is it necessary that an actual distinction should exist, for self-love is inventive, and can easily supply the deficiency, and believe in fiction as well as in fact. Like madmen, we perceive other's foibles, but not our own. And, what is strangest of all, we worship the same god and do not know it, and do not want to know it. What one says another thinks, and prince and peasant kneel at the same shrine. The worshippers laugh at each other, and for the same reason. The titles and pretensions of this king are ridiculous to that; and nations reciprocate the opprobrious epithets of 'infidels and dogs, offscourings and barbarians.' After all, then, it is but acting as the rest of mankind act, when beggars, tinkers, thieves, and gypsies divide themselves into castes, and plume themselves upon their comparative or social superiority. The only real distinction, however

one that is positive and of God's making, and patent throughout the universe—is not in station, or descent, or wealth, or mental endowment, but in moral excellence. This is true nobility—the highest of all distinctions—and one which eternity will not obliterate. It is the dividing line between fiends and angels, heaven and hell; or rather *that*, the possession of which makes the one, and the want of it the other.

CHAPTER X.

Samuel soon felt the necessity of changing his beats more, and widening the circle of his perambulation; for any one who saw him once never forgot him; and charity needs frequent changes. The ruling passion had made rapid strides within the year, and it was natural for it to do so. The poorer, the more reckless a vicious man becomes, and the more he indulges in his besetting sin. If he saw a dog asleep, he would lie down and fall asleep too. The sight of cattle resting at noon, or a child nestling in its mother's arms, had the same effect. He began likewise to have more recourse to trick and imposture. He would slumber by the roadside till a cart came up, and then entreat the driver, in the most piteous tones, as a diseased and disabled man, to be taken up and 'hurled a bit.' Sometimes he succeeded, and sometimes not, but when he did, he commonly tried to get conveyed as far as the man went. This was not always convenient, but it was no easy matter to awaken Samuel when he had a purpose to serve, so he let the man cry on; and if he had recourse to his whip, and used it with greater vehemence than was agreeable, Samuel would groan and cry out, that 'death was on him, at any rate, and to let him depart in peace, and not bring the curse of a dying man upon his head.' The appeal was generally successful, and the man would take him on to the next house or village. If he happened to be set down at a humane person's door, he made the most of it, and would stay till he saw it his interest to get better and move off.

About this time he affected to be deeply palsied in the head and arms; but the tossing of his head on his long neck was so very curious to see, that the children clustered about him and made merry and mimicked him, and so he soon gave it up. He next bethought himself of a wooden leg. After two days of irksome labour with his clasp-knife, in a remote piece of plantation, he completed one, tolerably to his satisfaction. He tied his right leg, inside his trousers, to the thigh above, and placing his knee in the socket of the tree-leg, he began to practise in the wood. It was to be no easy matter, for the knee soon got slightly galled and the limb uneasy, and, the ground being soft and uneven, he sustained several awkward and unpleasant falls. He had as much food in his wallet as would serve him till next day, so he staid all night where he was, and made some improvements on the leg. The next day he went down to the nearest public road, and getting a convenient spot, he buckled on the wooden leg, which he had taken the precaution to stain with mud and marshy water. He now lay down till an empty cart came up. The driver happened to be drunk, and would not take him in although he offered to pay him for it. With the next one, however, he was more fortunate, and by much entreaty and many shifts, he got a lift of ten miles from him. This was a happy hit, for it removed him into an entirely new locality, and away from the chance of being recognised and exposed.

Samuel eased his limb that night as well as possible to fit it for its work in the morning. He got up unusually early, and set out in his new character; but not before receiving some broad hints and significant jokes from his fellow-lodgers whom he left behind. The tall unwieldy cripple immediately attracted extraordinary attention, and the awkward stumbles he made and his wry faces, made the curs yelp and the children assemble, who called to one another to 'come out and see the muckle cripple-littie.' What with the pain, and the exertion, and a sense of shame that came over him, he soon broke into a profuse perspiration, and began to wish the wooden leg in the fire. But there was nothing for it but to hobble on so long as he was

in the village. He tried to get rid of the crowd of children that was following him from door to door, by sitting for a considerable time in one of the houses, but they clung to him like a flight of flies, and were ready to accompany him whenever he made his appearance again. He hesitated to remonstrate with them would only increase the evil, and so he bore the annoyance as patiently as he could—and he was patient up to a certain point but swung beyond it—secretly resolving that the first day of active service of the wooden leg should be its last. It was destined to be a short one, for before he got to the end of the village, which happened to be a long one, the confined limb took the cramp, and it became every moment more violent and intolerable, and he groaned and stamped the stony wickedly on the street, which afforded infinite diversion to the little people. He now lost temper, and threatened to lay about him with his staff, which only elicited loud shouts from his nimble persecutors, which so exasperated Samuel that he forgot his infirmity and gave chase, but at the third or fourth stride, the green timber gave way, and he fell with a crash upon the causeway. The shavings and all had broken, and in the fury of his suffering, he rose on his own legs and renewed the pursuit; but such a horse-laugh met him from every quarter, that he was recalled to a sense of his position and peril, and took flight in the opposite direction, leaving the disabled member and its appendages behind him, and followed by a pack of men, women, and children in full cry, but scarcely able to run for laughing. One man, with a large stick, shot out from the rest, and soon made up with Samuel, who had now cleared the village by a few hundred yards; he had better have stayed behind, however, for Samuel was now foaming like a raised bull, and with one blow he knocked the stick out of the man's hand, and with another he levelled him with the ground, and then held on his way. They cried to two men coming up to stop him; but his unearthly appearance and the resolute flourish he gave his staff, and the horrid growl he uttered, made them fall back and let him pass. He ran right on for a mile and a quarter—long after the last of the crowd had left him—and then he halted in a most exhausted and pitiable state, with his breath gone, his nose bleeding, and his clothes drenched about him. The barking of a shepherd's dog set him off again, but he soon knew it was a false alarm, and, crushing himself through a hedge, he took into a wood and halted at the first thicket he came to, to recover breath. He was boiling with vexation and agony, and in anything but a charitable state of mind. By and by he cooled and rallied a little, and then the fear of his pursuers came over him again, and he started afresh at a smartish walk. The wood was several miles broad, and he walked on for an hour or so, when, considering himself safe, he began to look out for a suitable place to rest himself in. He soon found one in a close circle of firs which branched down busily to the ground. Here he entered more dead than alive, and soon fell fast asleep, but speedily awoke in a cold and shivering state. He was fain to rise and move about, stiff and sore as he was, for he knew his danger. When night came on, he emerged from the wood, and walked on as well as he could, for he feared that, unless he exerted himself, the rumour of his misdemeanour might get before him. He came up with a coal-cart, and representing himself as a drover who was in search of a dog, he got into it, and before seven in the morning he was fully eighteen miles from the scene of his previous day's disaster.

He would gladly have stopped at the first farmhouse he came to after leaving the cart, but the fear of being pursued and apprehended as an impostor, urged him onwards other ten or twelve miles. Completely worn out at last, he lay down in an old hut in the middle of a moor, and did not rise again for forty-six hours.

He felt this to be the most awful event of his life, and never had he been so sore put about. The fear and fatigue he had gone through seemed incredible when past. He wondered at what he had done, and frequently said to himself—'It was terrible and most awful, and more than mortal man could bear, at any rate.'

He was left stiff and nervous for weeks, and a cough seized upon him that did not quit him for months. When he met a man with a wooden leg afterwards he would fall a-trembling, and answer the man's salutation surlily, and pass on as fast as he could.

CHAPTER XI.

We pass over the next twelve years of Samuel's public life, inasmuch as he did not assume any new character during that time, and the ups and downs he met with were very much of a piece with those which went before.

The most remarkable change upon him was a deep stoop in the shoulders, and a habitual drooping of the head upon his bosom, which, with his long neck, made him look like a heron asleep. The master passion and evil of his life had gained prodigiously upon him. He was now its sject slave and passive victim. Its image was not only impressed upon him, but seared and indented into him. He seemed, and not only seemed, but was in reality, the very embodiment of sloth. The demon left him neither night nor day. Only hunger would compel him to move about, and that at such a pace that he seemed more to crawl like a huge reptile than walk as a man. His eyes, too, had nearly gone out of sight. The lids were more than half over them, with a constant tendency to go down together; and the part of them that appeared, had a glazed and disagreeable look, like those of an opium-eater or decayed rake. His hair and beard had been allowed to grow, and were now streaked with grey, and his nails were long and bent down like claws. His mouth hung continually open, and he breathed heavily, like one in sleep. His complexion, never good, had become more morbid and clayey, and the entire expression of his countenance, if expression it might be called, was that of an ox ruminating or an ass standing in the rain. His whole system was feeble and relaxed, and the touch of his hand was clammy and repulsively soft, like that of the bed-ridden hypochondriac, which, coupled with the broad, squat, bony hand you shook, and the huge projecting remains of the man above, and the low tedious sepulchral voice, made one feel as if he had shaken hands with death. His articulation also had become very imperfect and indistinct; he mumbled like one in the last stage of weakness, and left out letters and syllables, and words themselves, and took the shortest cuts to his meaning. Everything he did was done on the principle of saving trouble, and the phrases most frequently in his mouth were 'It's weel enough;' 'Dinna be fkey;' 'We're but worms, and worms shouldna be proud;' 'Death 'll put a' things right;' 'Save your strength, ye'll hae need o' a'; 'Never mind—never fash;' and the like. He had become exceedingly susceptible of cold, likewise, and had put on pair after pair of trousers as he got them, and, above the coat he had originally started with as a beggar, was one, damaged with tar, he had got from a sheep-farmer, and over all were two tattered plaids, that bobbed and fluttered in the wind; so that, at a little distance, he seemed like a moving heap of clouts, or an itinerant rag-stall.

Everything passed him on the road. The broken-down tinker's superannuated ass, with its panniers of children and miscellaneous gear, would leave him far in the rear; so that he trundled at the bottom of life like a rotten piece of wood. The grass on the waysides was marked with his frequent stages. Travellers in passing would sometimes poke at him with their sticks, to satisfy themselves what it was, and whether it was dead or alive. In such cases he would growl angrily or tell them to 'stap the clouts 'bout shoulders'—'oor man—deeing.' Some of them did so, and others did not; but all went away, declaring they had never seen such an equipage in their life. At times he would lie down in hollow places, and, when heavy rains came on, he would actually be flooded all round ere he rose. On one occasion he was sleeping in a field beneath some brushwood, when a fox-hunt happened to come up. The hounds gathered about him, and began to snuff and bay at his legs, and utter the peculiar cry which they do when they seize their game. The whole hunt came gallop-

ing up, to be in at the death as they supposed. Samuel, by this time was on his feet, roaring and laying about him for life. The entire scene was so unexpected and extraordinary, that it was a few moments ere the huntsmen could beat off the dogs and rescue Samuel from his hazardous position. He had got a bite or two, but the clouts saved him. Immediately that he was out of danger, the hunt was in a roar; but it was no laughing matter to Samuel. He stormed, and stamped, and swore he would have every one of them hanged, dogs and all, which much increased their mirth; and one stout gentleman was so overcome that he fell from his saddle. Samuel would have been up at him had he not been prevented. Thwarted at every point, he grew frantic, and gave battle to the whole pack, chasing one here and another there; and they rode about him and about him, and kept up the thing to their great amusement; but Samuel tired of it, and broke cover, and bolted away, amidst the broken fragments of unfinished jokes and peals of unextinguishable laughter. He was neither to hold nor bind till a whipper-in came hastily after him with a quantity of bread and beef and twenty shillings in silver. Samuel sulked and shyed at it at first, and reiterated his intention of having them 'all hanged at one rate, if there was either law or justice in the land;' but after a time he gave in, and took the meat and money, and went away in a very mixed state of mind, not sure whether to regard the matter as a mishap or a piece of good fortune. He compared it with the wooden leg affair, and felt at once it had ended unspeakably better; so, after counting his money and looking at his wounds, which were but trifling, he began to congratulate himself upon the adventure, and even to indulge in a grim smile at what had taken place; but what astonished him most, and was totally inexplicable to him, was the fact of men, who could afford to live without doing anything, troubling themselves and their horses in giving chase 'to a wierdless and insignificant beast.'

HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY—ABSORPTION
AND CIRCULATION.

In a previous number of the INSTRUCTOR (85) we gave a concise view of the beautiful though complex and difficult subject of digestion, as it takes place in the living human body. The next step of nutrition in plants and many of the inferior animals is the circulation; but in the more highly organised beings, and consequently in man, there is a very important function—absorption, upon which we will, in the first place, offer a few remarks, so that the reader may form an adequate conception of the functions, and their intimate connection and unity of purpose.

Supposing, then, that the food has been properly digested, or, what is the same thing, converted into a homogeneous soft mass, the question that naturally arises is, how are we to obtain its conversion into living, nutritive blood, which is the object of all nourishment taken into the body. The process is simple and beautiful, yet it remained a mystery till the beginning of the seventeenth century. The discovery of a set of vessels in connection with the stomach and intestines, and altogether separate from either arteries or veins, is generally ascribed to Aselli, who, in the year 1622, observed them in a dog, and denominated them *lacteals*, from the milky appearance of the fluid they contained. So slow was the progress of physiological research in those times, that it was not until about thirty years afterwards that Pecquet, a French anatomist, traced the course of these vessels, and discovered their termination in the thoracic duct, the common trunk into which the fluids are poured previously to their being added to the circulation and mixed with the blood. The discovery of the lymphatics, or that system of vessels which perform a similar function to that of the lacteals, and spreads over the whole body, followed soon after; and with it a multitude of observers sprung up in this country as well as on the Continent, until Cruikshank gave to the scientific world his elaborate and learned work on the anatomy of these systems, which is still con-

sidered a standard book. If the anatomical distribution of these vessels is wonderful for their structure, valvular apparatus, and endless variety of size, the chemistry of the fluids which they convey into the circulation of the blood is not less so. The latter, indeed, is perhaps the more wonderful of the two; for while human ingenuity, assisted by well-adjusted and powerful microscopes, has traced and even inspected the most minute branches of this endless system, chemistry, when applied to the analysis and determination of the nature of the fluids they contain, must stop short, and confess that something beyond its province does certainly take place, which it may never hope to explain. The reason of this is that, in their passage through the lacteals, the fluids which are the product of digestion—the essentially nutritive portion of the food—undergo a gradual process of organisation, which prepares them to be converted into blood when they come to be mixed with that fluid. This process of organisation consists in the formation of minute globules, provided with a cellular structure and nucleus, which, it is believed, are afterwards converted into the red globules which give the blood of the higher animals its peculiar hue. Chemistry, therefore, though it has accurately determined the changes which these fluids undergo at various distances from the stomach in their passage inwards, and has certainly thrown much light on various obscure points, can never explain the formation of cells, or the peculiar vital power with which they seem endowed. The transformation is said to be due to a *vital principle*, a name generally employed in science to conceal ignorance, perchance to embody it, of a mystery which cannot be solved. In this, as in many other instances, the inquirer into the laws of nature has to bow down his head to that superior intelligence who has contrived and set in motion so much that is wonderful and inscrutable, the contemplation of which, when properly directed, is so well calculated to imbue the soul with religious sentiment.

By the term circulation, in its widest sense, is understood, in physiology, the course which the nutritious fluids of animals and plants are known to follow through the living structures of organised beings; but in reference to man and the higher orders of animals, it designates the passage of the blood from the heart into the most remote vessels, and from these back to the heart. The function of circulation has for its object not only to convey to every part of the organism materials for its growth and renovation, but also to carry off the particles which are set free by the disintegration or waste of the system, and which are to be removed from it by the various processes of excretion, such as respiration, the most constant in its operation, and the most essential to the maintenance of life. The course of the blood and other nutritious fluids through the structures of organised beings, although one of the most constant phenomena of life, has been, strangely enough, entirely overlooked by early physicians and philosophers, and never distinctly understood till the beginning of the seventeenth century. The Chinese have, indeed, been supposed to have entertained distinct notions of the circulation before they had any intercourse with Europe; but their description of the commencement of the circulation of the radial humours and vital heat at three o'clock in the morning, and termination in the liver at the end of twenty-four hours, together with their manipulations in the operation of venesection, clearly demonstrate the erroneousness of such a supposition. Hippocrates and Aristotle, although acquainted with the principal blood-vessels from their dissections of animals, had not the remotest knowledge of the transit of the blood through the vessels they describe. Several attempts have been made to prove that the circulation was known to Galen, an author who flourished towards the end of the second century; but, although he seems to have understood the nature of the connection between the arteries and veins, as well as the structure and functions of the foetal heart, his works afford no evidence of his having possessed any distinct idea of the circulation itself. As is so often the case in the progress of science, he seems to have stood on the very verge

of the discovery without having the smallest notion of the truth. Very little advancement was made in this department of physiology till the time of Servetus, who seems to have been the first who made any approach to the knowledge of the circulation, and must have paved the way to its ultimate discovery. This celebrated philosopher had evidently a correct idea of the passage of the blood through the lungs, or what is now called the minor circulation; but he was totally ignorant of the systemic or general circulation through the whole body. Several other philosophers, among whom we may mention Cæsalpines and Columbus, professors at Pisa and Padua, entertained the same opinions, and added some important observations respecting the mechanism of the heart, which prepared the way for the discovery of the general circulation. But this great addition to the physiological knowledge of the times was reserved for the acute judgment and untiring research of Dr William Harvey. This celebrated physician was born at Folkstone in Kent, and studied under Fabricius at Padua from 1598 to 1602. It was there he learned the structure of the valves of the veins, a discovery which had been recently made by his master; and on his return to England he engaged in experimental researches, with the view of determining their uses. It was not, however, till 1619 that, according to his own statement, he taught publicly, for the first time, the doctrine of the double circulation of the blood; but he did not publish any account of his discovery until after the lapse of nine years, which were employed by him in maturing his doctrines and rendering them more perfect. This treatise on the circulation, which was originally written in Latin, was first published at Frankfort in 1628.

The organs of circulation may be stated to consist of the heart, arteries, veins, and capillary vessels; the latter, as their name implies, being very minute, *hair-like* tubes, by means of which the extremities of the smallest arteries communicate with the veins, or those elastic tubes which, uniting with one another like the tributary streams of a river, at last return the blood to the heart, after it has visited every minute portion of the system. The arteries, on the contrary, may be likened to a tree taking its rise from the heart and branching out in all directions, so as to reach, with its minute twigs, every portion of a given space. If you imagine such a tree to be hollow through the whole of its extent, and to assume, moreover, the exact shape of a human being, you will form a pretty accurate idea of the arterial system of an individual of our species. But besides these two sets of vessels, which penetrate into every part of the living structure, there are others no less essential, of which we shall now speak in connection with the double function of the heart.

In man and warm-blooded animals, the heart is not a single organ, but is, as it were, composed of two hearts joined together by the firm attachment of their walls, and only brought into contact that space might be saved, and the same nervous agency applied to the whole. Thus it is that we find this organ containing four cavities, two of which, on one side, are perfectly distinct from the corresponding two on the other; so that two separate streams of blood are constantly propelled through its substance without any means of communication with each other. Of these four cavities, taking the heart in its natural position, the two upper ones have been called by anatomists the *auricles*, from some fancied resemblance to the external ear; while the two inferior ones, which are much thicker in their walls, take the name of *ventricles* of the heart. Each auricle communicates with a ventricle on either side, by means of an opening provided with a valve, which, while it allows of the passage of the blood in the proper direction, effectually prevents its regurgitation, when, by the contraction of the ventricles, the blood is propelled forward into the arteries, but does not return to the auricles or superior cavities whence it has just flowed.

The mechanism of the heart can be better understood by following the course of the blood through it, in relation to the distribution of this fluid to the different parts of the system. We shall consider the blood to have entered

the left side of the double heart of higher animals, after it has been purified in the lungs, and follow its course through the whole extent of the double circulation, as it was first demonstrated by Harvey. Taking this as the point of departure, the following may be given as a general outline of the double circulation. The blood which is entering the left side of the heart from the pulmonary veins, or vessels leading from the lungs, is prevented, during the contraction of the left auricle, from returning to those veins, in consequence of their being provided with valves so contrived as to allow the passage of fluids in the direction of the heart only. The blood, which is thus momentarily separated from that contained in the veins, is immediately propelled into the left ventricle below, which is then dilating, and ready to receive it. The ventricle now contracts in its turn; and, as this cavity is also separated from the auricle above by means of a valve which is immediately closed, the blood must find its way into the aorta or great artery, the ramifications of which are distributed to every part of the body, except the heart, which is supplied with a small artery, destined for the nourishment of its own structure. After a portion of blood has once entered the aorta, it is hindered from returning to the heart by means of another valvular apparatus, which is closed during the subsequent dilatation of the ventricle, and separates the column of blood contained in the great artery from the cavity whence it has just departed. Following its course through branches which diminish in size in proportion to their distance from the centre, and to the size of the organs to be supplied with nourishment, the blood finds its way into every part of the system, and, after passing through a set of exceedingly small tubes, which, from their minute size, have received the name of capillary vessels, it enters the small branches of the veins, which are abundantly distributed through all the textures. These veins, which gradually unite with one another, so as to form larger branches, diminish in number in proportion as they approach the heart, and before reaching that organ are reduced to two large trunks, which are the main sources of the blood which enters the right side of the heart.

The blood thus returned to the centre of the circulation is of a much darker colour than that which is distributed through the arterial system. It has now undergone certain chemical changes during its transit, and contains portions of disintegrated substances which would render it unfit for the purposes of nutrition. That it may be again renewed, it is sent to the lungs, where it is exposed to the action of the atmosphere, and undergoes those changes which constitute the function of respiration. To effect this important purpose, we find nature employing the same mechanism as above described, in connection with the function of the left side of the heart. The blood which enters the right side of this organ is also prevented from returning into the veins, by means of adequate valves, and is propelled into the inferior cavity or right ventricle, by the contraction of its corresponding auricle. These two cavities are also separated by a beautifully contrived valvular apparatus, and the blood is made to rush into the pulmonary artery, which conveys the fluid into the substance of the lungs. Here we find this artery ramifying into exceedingly minute vessels, which from the great tenuity of their walls, and their contiguity to the air cells into which the atmospheric air is introduced, expose the blood to its influence, and thus render it fit to be again circulated through the whole body. This end achieved, the blood again collects into larger vessels—the veins of the lungs—and is returned to the left side of the heart, whence it is again propelled through this organ into the large artery, as above described.

From this sketch of the course of the blood, it will be easily seen that it describes two distinct circles meeting in the heart, but still connected, in the same way that the two portions of the figure 8, though describing two circles, are still continuous and connected with each other. Hence the denomination employed by physiologists of *lesser* circulation, applied to the course of the blood between the

heart and the lungs; and of *greater* or systemic circulation, employed to designate the general transit of the same fluid throughout the whole body.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

'ANOTHER MAN!'

'By all means save some.'—1 Corinthians ix. 22.

How proudly bounds the noble bark,
Spurning the billow's dash,
While thunder-clouds are gath'ring dark,
Amid the frequent flash!
A keen outlook the watchmen keep—
What mark they darkling on the deep?

The course is changed, and down they bear,
For pity guides the brave,
And find, contending with despair,
A sailor on the wave:
They lower the boat, and from the storm
They boldly bear his fainting form.

The means of life they fondly ply;
His cheek resumes its glow;
He points his hand, he strains his eye,
But words refuse to flow:
One effort more, and thus they ran—
'Another—there's ANOTHER MAN!'

The startled crew explore the place,
While, dirge-like, walls the blast,
But find they neither man nor trace
Where the last struggle pass'd:
Yet well will ocean guard his bed,
Till summon'd to restore the dead.

Has Jesus plac'd me in the cleft,
Beyond the vengeful swell?
And can I see a brother left,
Exposed to death and hell,
Nor instantly do what I can,
While sin holds yet 'another man?'

Aberdeen.

J. L.

THE PAINTER'S MODEL.

Long ago, that is to say about two hundred years ago, there sat in one of the large rooms of the palace of St James a group of beautiful young women. The walls of the room were hung with rich damask, and ornamented with beautifully wrought tapestry, on which shone flowers of beauty but of no perfume. As the sunbeams streamed in softened radiance through the stained windows, and danced upon the damasked walls, and kissed the cheeks of the maidens that were curtained with bright glittering curls, the salon appeared to be a magnificent corbeille filled with blossoms of the rarest tints and fruits of the richest lustre. Each of these young women bent over a tambouring frame, and with her silken thread and needle and nimble taper little fingers, made bouquets of beautifully blended roses, and tulips, and ranunculuses to grow on her silken web. They were the maids of honour to the queen, and light of heart and full of hope were they, for merry glances, and cheerful words, and jocund laughter, burst from their eyes, and lips, and hearts, until the very portraits of the grim old kings and cardinals upon the walls seemed to be smitten with the infection of their glee, and to look upon them with sunny smiles. One alone, by her age and gravity, invested the beautiful and harmonious tableau with a touch of sombre shadow, and by her primness and dignity preserved an idea of courtly manners amidst the natural flow of fresh emotion; it was the Lady St Albans, first of the dames of honour, and mistress of the robes. Amongst those courtly flowers, however, so beautiful, and fresh, and young, there was one whose sweet and placid features, whose looks so full of modesty, and whose dress, so remarkable for its simplicity, could not fail to attract and interest the attention. Her robe of black velvet fitted closely to her handsome form, and, opening in front, exposed an under-dress

of the richest white satin. On her neck was a plaited collar of lawn, as white and pure as drifted snow. The sleeves of her upper robe reached to her elbows, and then appeared arms and hands which were models of symmetry and beauty. Round her neck and over her transparent collar she lay a chain of gold, from which hung suspended at her breast a crucifix of ebony. Her hair was braided on her brow, and its rich luxuriance was restrained by a bandeau of velvet, while, attached to the bandeau behind, a scarf of Mechlin lace fell in graceful and elegant folds down her back.

Mary Ruthven was from the 'north country,' where wild, rugged mountains tower up into the sky, and where great lakes lie sleeping amongst bleak wildernesses and dark forests of fir. Her father possessed a considerable tract of land and many fierce and sturdy retainers, but his pedigree was longer than his purse, and the emblazonry on his escutcheon was more illustrious and plentiful than his gold. The maiden, in order to gratify the pride of her father, had been sent from her native country of Scotland to the English court, that she might acquire the tastes and elegancies of a courtly education, and bear herself as became the daughter of a great lord when she returned once more to her ancestral halls. She had, however, yielded to duty and the demands of her conventional station more than to inclination; her mind, naturally of a reflective and grave character, had nursed itself in the comparative seclusion of her father's house, upon the phenomena of nature and the works of art which adorned her home. Her heart was gentle and tender as woman's might be; and as she possessed in a high degree the poetic temperament of her nation, that heart was even more susceptible to the influences of beauty than if it had been only feminine. The sublimities of her native land had illuminated her idealism with the brightness of nature's glory, and the study of those rescripts of genius which began to grace the walls of her native home, from the pencils of the great Flemish masters, had inspired her with an ardent love and fine taste for art. In painting she discovered an infinitude of treasures upon which to feed her fancy and her love. In her solitude sympathies had been created by this sublime art for both her sadness and her joy. She saw tears and smiles beaming from the glowing canvases, and in order to multiply these silent companions of her lonely hours she had studied most successfully to imitate the models placed before her. She had created an ideal world for herself from the silent rescripts which Paul Veronese, Guido, and Rubens had given her of the world of reality. The groups of mute yet eloquent figures which had grown beneath the pencils of these grand masters were her friends, and she felt warmly grateful in her heart to the men whose genius had created for her, in the midst of solitude, a life full of sympathies and placid joys. Her habits and manners contrasted strongly with those of her young companions, who had been accustomed to more independence and liberty. Timid and gentle in her disposition, she could only reply with mild looks or sparkling glances of the eye to the lively sallies and sometimes cruel jokes of those with whom she was constrained to associate.

Ten o'clock sounded from the great French clock which stood in the room, and immediately every lady suspended her employment and turned her eyes towards the door.

'He is long in coming,' exclaimed several voices at the same time; and just as sundry reasons were about to be hazarded regarding the delay of the subject of their attention, the door of the room was thrown open, and the painter Vandyke was announced. At that word the tinkling sound of jewels and the rustling of satin proceeded from the ladies, and then the odour of the musk and civet floated through the apartment, as if a breeze of wind had passed over a bed of flowers. Each one of them bent over her velvet tabouret, displayed her long robe, and sought by studied art to invest her form with a new and striking grace. The young pupil of Rubens, accustomed as he was to contemplate beauty, could not restrain an expression of admiration and surprise at finding himself so suddenly introduced into a circle so brilliant and so striking.

The Dowager of St Albans, attributing the downcast eyes and embarrassed looks of the youth to the majesty of the presence in which he found himself, sought to relieve the weight of his trouble by courtly condescension; and, turning towards him with a smile of sublime patronage, and graciously nodding her head, she exclaimed, 'They say that you are possessed of some talent, sir.'

'They do me too much honour who condescend to say so, madam,' replied the painter, raising his eyes and looking the dowager calmly in the face. 'They judge me by my intentions, I fear. I have not yet produced anything to merit so noble an encomium.'

The painter's voice and manner were continent of both firmness and pride as he responded to the impetuous language of the noble dame. Mary Ruthven, proud as a Scottish woman could be, and full of sympathy for the youth, had reddened at the insulting tone and manner of the duchess, and she therefore smiled with secret pleasure as she listened to the response of Vandyke; and as she lifted her beaming eyes towards him, full of kind regards, he caught her glance, and, comprehending its language, he thanked her in his heart.

'Well, well, we shall see,' said the dowager, touching her head; 'the queen has sent for you to see you give some proof of your talent. Her majesty wishes you to renovate the ornaments of her chapel, so that you will have sufficient time to exemplify your skill. There are apartments allotted for you in the old monastic mansion of the Greyfriars; and the lady, with great dignity, 'in which your winter labours can be carried on. You can see it from this place,' he continued, rising and walking with a stately step to the window, which she threw open; 'you see you shall be in perfect liberty and in solitude. In summer another mansion shall be placed at your service; and, besides all this, you shall receive a pension from the state. I hope this is sufficient to satisfy an artist.'

'Art is a sovereignty which money cannot purchase, madam,' said Vandyke, quietly; 'and if I might possess the talent to which I aspire, the favours of which you want were not sufficient to pay my pencils.'

'All that is very well,' said the dowager, throwing back her head in such a manner as none but dowagers can do. 'You are proud and talented, and we are great; but a truce to disputes regarding the honours pertaining to condition. The queen shall proclaim you her chief painter, also, when you shall have gained the prize in the competition now open to the students of Rome for the production of the best head of the Virgin.'

'Alas, madam,' said the painter, modestly, 'if the protection of the queen is dependent on this condition, I much fear I shall never obtain it.'

'And how, Mr Painter?' inquired the lady.

'Because that I shall not gain the prize,' replied Vandyke, with an expression of sadness that awakened all the gentlest sympathies in the soul of Mary, which were immediately reflected in her beaming face.

'And wherefore refuse to try to gain it?' said the dowager; 'there is a double honour awaiting your success; but perhaps you have not sufficient time for the enterprise.'

'You mistake me, madam,' replied the painter, gently; 'I have the will to make the trial, and I have enough of time, but how shall I represent the Madonna as she ought to be represented without a model?' As he spoke these words he cast his eyes towards Mary Ruthven. 'I have searched anxiously,' he continued, 'but hitherto in vain, for a celestial visage equal to my ideal of hers. I have not been able to discover one illumined by that beautiful candour of soul which beams in the heavenly countenance, nor possessed of that sweet and wonderful benevolence which reveals in each of her motions the indulgent heart of women.'

All the young women at once raised their eyes towards Vandyke, and they were struck with his noble and beautiful form, and his lofty, smooth, and intellectual brow, which was illumined with the pure rays of wisdom.

'Indeed!' said the Lady St Albans, with an indulgent smile; 'I thought painters were never at a loss for models.'

'Yes; women fair and beautiful are easily found; but one alone have I been able to discover who approached to that ideal of the modesty and beauty which has struck my imagination. Alas! the maiden whom I have discovered, and who is even more than I could have wished, is a damsel who would not deign to sit to a poor artist.'

As he finished these words he raised his sparkling, animated eyes towards Mary Ruthven; the maiden felt the mysterious influences of that intelligence which beamed from his countenance, and she trembled and hung her head, while a blush suffused her face and neck. All her companions had caught the stolen glance of the painter, and all, with feelings of envious despite, discovered that Mary was the woman of whom the painter spoke. The aged dowager, who had not perceived this secret intelligence, asked of him, 'And who is this great dame, Mr Painter?'

'A virgin herself, madam,' replied Vandyke, while his eyes sparkled with the force of his emotions. He then bowed to the ladies of the court, threw a last adieu to Mary, and said to the dowager, 'I shall endeavour to gain the prize which you esteem so honourable, madam; and if I do not, I shall leave England.'

Vandyke, in compliance with the arrangements that had been made, took possession of those secluded apartments in the vicinity of the palace, which had been set apart for him; and there he began to execute his picture for the competition, and at the same time to work at the frescoes of the chapel. He seized his pencils, and, with his imagination teeming with recollections of Mary Ruthven's beauty, he essayed to trace her lovely features upon his canvass; but that inspiration so useful to art, when silent, subduing influences operate upon the artist, and fix his mind upon one grand object, was too strong for Vandyke. His spirit was too much moved—too much engaged and interested in the inward emotion, to give it outward expression. His soul was absorbed in the ideal which filled and peopled his fancy, and it refused to guide his hand in its attempts at delineation, so that he failed to convey to his canvass a rescript of the picture which his mind saw. He passed a day in vain and futile trials, and night surprised him, sadly and coldly, standing before his easel, and striving in vain to trace that fugitive resemblance that haunted his imagination.

From the moment that he had quitted the palace, all the jests and mocking glances of her companions had been directed towards poor Mary, and they paid her back a surcharge of scorn and envious railery for the preference and praises bestowed upon her by the young painter. At last, on the evening of the succeeding day, the gay throng broke up, and all seemed to have banished the memory of the plebeian artist from their minds; but Mary treasured one fond recollection in her warm and gentle heart, and the name of Vandyke mingled that night in her prayers, and the last thought that haunted her waking moments was a thought of him.

It was midnight, and a thousand stars sparkled in the vault of heaven. Silence brooded over the mighty city, while sleep waved his mysterious and potent sceptre over the brows of slumbering king and beggar. No voice broke the stillness of the night—the very wind seemed to whisper as it stole slowly through the long corridors of the palace, and the open arches of the old cloisters—and the few lights that were hung in the piazzas and lobbies seemed to wink sleepily as they but half illuminated the vast and solitary building. One lamp, suspended in the outer gateway, seemed to be more lively than the red foggy cressets which accompanied it, and it threw its rays on the building where Vandyke lodged, as if it looked with interest upon the old solitary ruin, which, sad and solemn, seemed to pray amongst the loneliness of its own crumbling desolation. Suddenly a window of the palace opened, and a figure, wrapped in the loose white drapery of slumber, appeared upon the balcony. Silent and swift as a shadow, the solitary and secret night wanderer glided towards the grand stair, and, rapidly descending the steps, flitted across the great square, and was lost in the shade of the piazza.

With the confidence of one who well knew the localities, the spectre passed through a long passage, and issued from a little door into the galleries of the chapel. In a few instants she had traversed their solitary passages and found the studio of the painter, whose floor she swiftly crossed without seeming to notice anything around her, and, approaching an old carved oaken chair, sat down before the easel of the painter.

The youth had stood for a long time before his canvass in a state of deep abstraction. He had striven in vain to impress upon the surface before him the thoughts that filled his fancy. Around him lay models and half-finished works in all forms of artistic confusion; and from the ceiling of his apartment hung a large iron cresset, from which a strong light and shadow were thrown upon himself and the other objects in his apartment. As the rays of the lamp irradiated his face full of disappointment, and his handsome form half bent in an attitude of weariness, he might have been taken for a model of Adonis contemplating the paltry results of a long and toilsome chase. As the calm, composed, and beautiful vision, however, seated herself before him, he started from his reverie and gazed, half in wondering admiration and half in fear, upon the unlooked-for visitant. The unfortunate artist, so sad, so hopeless but a few minutes ago, could scarcely believe the reality of the sight, which, modest and beautiful as an angel, was before him. He looked upon the celestial form of Mary Ruthven, which, in silent and breathing beauty, now sat as a model, but he had scarcely power to move as he gazed upon her. If she had come to fill the measure of his ambition, and, like his guardian angel, to minister to his success and glory, he did not seem to have at this moment the courage or ability to profit by her condescension; he looked upon her, at this instant, as a devotee, and not as an artist. He fixed his eyes tenderly upon her face, but she did not seem to feel the electric ardour of his glance, and not a feature changed in her lovely countenance. At last all the vigour of his genius stirred his heart with gratitude, and he threw himself on his knees before the maiden to thank her, when, with a dignified sign, she motioned him towards his easel. Her face was illumined with an expression so pure and full of majestic innocence that, forgetting the reality of the vision in the plenitude of its beauty, he seized his pencils, and, lost in the regions of fancy, he wrought with all the ability and success that inspiration might have been supposed to vouchsafe to his genius. The youth who, but an hour before, had, in the fullness of his despair, thrown down at his feet the instruments of his art, seemed filled with a new life. The artist had again risen superior to the man; and mute, almost afraid to breathe, yet strengthened by an unknown power, he saw rise beneath his creative hand in a few hours the loveliest and purest of his Virgins. The maiden seemed to perceive that the artist had accomplished his work; for, as he stood wrapt in silent contemplation before his easel, and smiled upon the picture, she rose, and, in silent but stately dignity, glided from the apartment, and left the young painter again alone. With fixed and wondering gaze, suppressed breathing, and flushed countenance, the youth, as if fixed to the ground, saw her depart without an effort to retain her. She appeared to him to be more than mortal, and her visit, which partook so much of the mysterious, confirmed him in this idea. She had scarcely vanished from his sight, however, when, overcome by his labours and excitement, he sank upon his couch and slept.

His first thought, when he awoke in the morning, was to hasten to his canvass. Transported with joy as he beheld the face which seemed to breathe and smile upon him, he fell upon his knees, and, in glowing language, thanked either the angel or woman who had appeared to him. It was in vain that he sought to unveil the mystery which yet enshrouded the advent of his model. All his recollections were confused, and every effort of his memory and reason failed to bring him any nearer to the truth. Divided between the mystic and the real, he sometimes thought that it must have been a vision of the Virgin, and

at other times he imagined that it must have been Mary Ruthven. At last, in order to solve his perplexing doubts, he determined to address to the maiden the following epistle: 'Lady, forgive me if, led by the impulses of a mistaken idea, I address a few unintelligible expressions to you. If I am not mistaken you will understand me, and condescend, I hope, to set my mind at rest. Tell the poor artist, whom you have blessed with inspiration, if it was thee or an angel that sat as a model of the Virgin during the night.'

Unfortunately for young men in a certain condition of mind, they are not generally blessed with too much judgment. If this epistle had fallen into the hands of Mary Ruthven only, there would have been little more about it, but as the Dowager Lady St Albans, as superior duenna, had the privilege of supervising the correspondence of her young charges, dire was the scorn, and wrath, and indignation that illumined the visage of that great dame when she broke the seal of the painter's audacious but incoherent note.

'Horror!' cried she, in a shrill treble tone, and all the young ladies suspended their labours to listen to the sequel; 'a lady of a lofty house so far degrades herself and forgets what she owes to her station as to go alone at night to seek the studio of a painter.' As she spoke she looked scornfully on the culprit, as if she would have slain her; but her wrath redoubled as she beheld Mary, gentle and undisturbed as she ever was, listen to her reproaches as if she did not understand them. The dowager, who had expected a scene, who had anticipated a deep and sudden confusion, and hoped to receive a sincere avowal as the price of pardon, saw that she was not likely, from the maiden's so thoroughly composed manner, to obtain either. The alarm was accordingly sounded in the palace; and it was decided, by a parliament of ladies, that the poor, lost, and degraded Mary Ruthven should return to her father's house on the morrow. Neither tears, nor prayers, nor protestations would be listened to; and on the following day the sad and weeping maiden must leave her courtly school and return with a dishonoured name to her own native land; and, in order that she might be strictly under due surveillance until her departure, the dowager placed her couch in her own apartment.

Midnight sounded, and Mary Ruthven, as on the preceding night, arose. Awakened by the movement, from her unquiet slumbers, the dowager, also rejoicing in an opportunity of convincing those who yet clung to a belief in the maiden's innocence, called several ladies of the palace to behold the nocturnal wanderer go forth again to the painter's rooms. Lighting their flambeaux, the dowager and a train of ladies followed the footsteps of the shadow-like maiden. She traversed the great square and the corridors as on the previous night, and moved towards the galleries of the chapel. The duenna turned towards the ladies, and she saw in their haughty, scornful visages sufficient proof of their belief in Mary's culpability. They followed her into the studio of the artist, and found her quietly and composedly seated before the easel. The sound of many feet, the exclamations of surprise, and the flambeaux, which threw their sudden light upon her beautiful face, all combined to astonish and move the maiden, and, with a sudden start, she spread out her hands, rose to her feet, and looked around her as she uttered a scream.

She had been asleep. It was as a somnambulist that she had gone to the studio of the painter and had served as his model. She had rendered to him unconsciously the means of winning fame and glory, for he bore from all competitors the prize for his head of the Virgin; and shortly afterwards a daughter of the house of Ruthven plighted her troth to Sir Anthony Vandyke, the greatest painter of his day.

THE CHINESE JUNK.

THE shortest road to the Celestial Empire is by the Black-wall Railway. You may take a ticket, through and back, for a matter of eighteenpence. With every carriage that is cast off on the road—at Stepney, Limehouse, Poplar,

West India Docks—thousands of miles of space are cast off too. The flying dream of tiles and chimney-pots, backs of squalid houses, frowzy pieces of waste ground, narrow courts and streets, swamps, ditches, masts of ships, gardens of dock-weed, and unwholesome little bowers of scarlet beans, whirl away in half a score of minutes. Nothing is left but China. How the flowery region ever got, in the form of the junk Keying, into the latitude and longitude where it is now to be found, is not the least part of the marvel. The crew of Chinamen aboard the Keying devoutly believed that their good ship would arrive quite safe at the desired port, if they only tied red rags enough upon the mast, rudder, and cable. Perhaps they ran short of rag, through bad provision of stores; certainly it is, that they had not enough on board to keep them from the bottom, and would most indubitably have gone there but for such poor aid as could be rendered by the skill and coolness of a dozen English sailors, who brought this extraordinary craft in safety over the wide ocean. If there be any one thing in the world that it is not at all like, that thing is a ship of any kind. So narrow, so long, so grotesque, so low in the middle, so high at each end (like a China pen-tray), with no rigging, with nowhere to go aloft, with masts for sails, great warped cigars for masts, gaudy dragons and sea-monsters disporting themselves from stem to stern, and, on the stern, a gigantic cock of impossible aspect, defying the world (as well he may) to produce his equal—it would look more at home at the top of a public building, at the top of a mountain, in an avenue of trees, or down in a mine, than afloat on the water. Of all unlikely callings with which imagination could connect the Chinese lounging on the deck, the most unlikely and the last would be the mariner's craft. Imagine a ship's crew, without a profile among them, in gauze pinafores and plaited hair; wearing stiff clogs, a quarter of a foot thick in the sole; and lying at night in little scented boxes, like backgammon-men or chess-pieces, or mother-of-pearl counters! The most perplexing considerations obtrude themselves on your mind when you go down in the cabin. As, what became of all those lanterns hanging to the roof, when the junk was out at sea? Whether they dangled there, banging and beating against each other, like so many jester's baubles? Whether the idol, Chin Tee, of the eighteen arms, enshrined in a celestial puppet-show, in the place of honour, ever tumbled out in heavy weather? Whether the incense and the joss-stick still burned before her with a faint perfume and a little thread of smoke, while the mighty waves were roaring all around? Whether that preposterous umbrella in the corner was always spread, as being a convenient maritime instrument for walking about the decks with in a storm? Whether all the cool and shiny little chairs and tables were continually sliding about and bruising each other, and if not, why not? Whether any body, on the voyage, ever read those two books printed in characters like bird-cages and fly-traps? Whether the Mandarin passenger, He Sing, who had never been ten miles from home in his life before, lying sick on a bamboo couch in a private China closet of his own (where he is now perpetually writing autographs for inquisitive barbarians), ever began to doubt the potency of the goddess of the sea, whose counterfeit presentment, like a flowery monthly nurse, occupies the sailor's joss-house in the second gallery? Whether it is impossible that the said Mandarin, or the artist of the ship, Sam Sing, Esquire, R.A., of Canton, can ever go ashore without a walking staff of cinnamon, agreeably to the usage of their likenesses in British tea-shops? Above all, whether the hoarse old ocean can ever have been seriously in earnest with this floating toy-shop, or merely played with it in lightness of spirit—roughly, but meaning no harm—as the bull did, with the China-shop, on St Patrick's day in the morning?

Here, at any rate, is the doctrine of finality beautifully worked out, and shut up in a corner of a dock near the Whitebait-house at Blackwall, for the edification of men. Thousands of years have passed away since the first Chinese junk was constructed on this model; and the last

Chinese junk that was ever launched, was none the better for that waste and desert of time. In all that interval, through all the immense extent of the strange kingdom of China—in the midst of its patient and ingenious, but never advancing art, and its diligent agricultural cultivation—not one new twist or curve has been given to a ball of ivory; not one blade of experience has been grown. The general eye has opened no wider, and seen no farther, than the mimic eye upon this vessel's prow, by means of which she is supposed to find her way. It has been set in the flowery-head to as little purpose for thousands of years.

There is no doubt, it appears, that if any alteration took place in this junk or any other, the Chinese form of government would be destroyed. It has been clearly ascertained by the wise men and lawgivers that to make the cock upon the stern (the Grand Falcon of China) by a feather's breadth a less startling phenomenon, or to bring him within the remotest verge of ornithological possibility, would be to endanger the noblest institutions of the country. For it is a remarkable circumstance in China (which is found to obtain nowhere else), that although its institutions are the perfection of human wisdom, and are the wonder and envy of the world by reason of their stability, they are constantly imperilled in the last degree by very slight occurrences. So, such wonderful contradictions as the neatness of the Keying's cups and saucers, and the ridiculous rudeness of her guns and rudder, continue to exist. If any Chinese maritime generation were the wiser for the wisdom of the generation gone before, it is agreed upon by all the Ty Kongs in the navy that the Chinese constitution would immediately go by the board, and that the church of the Chinese Bonzes would be effectually done for.

It is pleasant, coming out from behind the wooden screen that encloses this interesting and remarkable sight, to glance upon the mighty signs of life, enterprise, and progress, that the great river and its busy banks present. It is pleasant, coming back from China by the Blackwall Railway, to think that we trust no red rags in storms, and burn no joss-sticks before idols; that we never grope our way by the aid of conventional eyes which have no sight in them; and that, in our civilisation, we sacrifice absurd forms to substantial facts. The ignorant crew of the Keying refused to enter on the ships' books, until 'a considerable amount of silvered paper, tinfoil, and joss-sticks' had been laid in by the owners, for the purposes of their worship; but our seamen never stand out upon points of silvered paper and tinfoil, or the lighting up of joss-sticks upon altars! Christianity is not Chin Teism; and therein all insignificant quarrels as to means, are lost sight of in remembrance of the end. There is matter for reflection aboard the Keying, to last the voyage home to England again.—*Examiner*.

THE LIAS CLAY—A VISIT TO BLACKPOTS.

FINDING, on a recent visit to Banff, that we had an afternoon at our disposal, and having learned that there was, between two and three miles to the north-west, a vast mass of black mud containing 'petrified tangles,' we at once resolved to visit a locality that promised something interesting to the geological inquirer; and, with a view to communicate to our readers a portion of the pleasure afforded us by that afternoon's excursion, we now proceed to lay before them the following simple narrative.

On taking our place on the coach, we desired to be set down at the nearest point to Blackpots. This led a fellow-passenger, whom we afterwards found to be a proprietor of the brickwork, to say that, should we make use of his name, the foreman would direct our attention to whatever was worthy of notice. Having left the coach, expressing our gratitude for this spontaneous act of courtesy, we found our way to the fishing village of Whitehills, the population of which is nearly six hundred. We could not but augur well of the intelligence of the inhabitants, when we were told that a barometer is no uncommon

piece of furniture in their houses. This has no doubt, in the course of years, greatly contributed to the preservation of lives and property, by averting many of those heart-rending calamities and deep distresses into which our fishing villages are often plunged through those sudden changes of the atmosphere, the indications of which are by far too subtle for the most experienced in weather-wisdom, but are faithfully pointed out by this invaluable instrument. This naturally but disagreeably reminded us of the very different state of things in another fishing village with which we were in some measure acquainted. Although placed in far more favourable circumstances, yet it had not profited so much by the light of science as Whitehills. A few public-spirited individuals, whose philanthropy had been awakened by some of those disasters which might have been avoided had the sufferers possessed a barometer and heeded its warnings, ordered one to be put up in a conspicuous position, for the common good of the locality. Some time after, a gentleman happened to be consulting its index, when a fisherman, approaching him, is said to have asked what kind of weather they were likely to have. 'Why,' said the inspector, 'it does not look very settled like yet.' 'Settled!' exclaimed the questioner, 'it has never been settled sin' that thing gaed up there!'

Leaving Whitehills and its intelligent population, we proceeded a short way along the beach, till, on turning a projection of the cliffs, we found ourselves full upon the brickwork of Blackpots—a name so evidently suggested by the colour of the clay and the nature of the work, as to afford no pretext for an etymological disquisition in imitation of our farther-travelled brethren. Here were stacks of bricks ready for the market—there smoking kilns—and yonder about forty men, with stalwart arm, busily employed in digging down the clay from the face of a perpendicular cliff, apparently from thirty to forty feet in height. Having found the foreman, delivered our verbal passport, and stated the object of our visit, he immediately proceeded to lead us over all the workings, and very intelligently furnished whatever information we required. The clay, as it is wrought out, is rather moist and of a tough consistency; its colour is a deep olive, or what the ladies are pleased to call 'an invisible green;' when it is moulded and dried, it assumes a light greyish tint, and when it is burned, it assumes the well-known red colour of bricks and tiles. It will be found that the lias of Cromarty, which the Old Red Sandstone has rendered so famous, exhibits a similar hue when exposed to a smart heat. May we not be justified in inferring from this, that in both cases we have principally the common red clay, whose colour has been changed by the presence of the bitumen which the fire expels? and is not this view farther confirmed by the fact that, when the lias is *in situ*, which is certainly not the case here, the lower beds rest upon the new red marl, and pass into it?

A brickwork has long existed here, and the extent of the mass of clay that has been removed may be conjectured from the distance between the beach and the present face of the cliff; but an unusual impulse has recently been given to the works by the increased demand for drain-tiles, that are now so extensively employed in the surrounding district. On coming nearer the men, whom we found healthy in their appearance and temperate in their habits, we were soon presented with the 'petrified tangles' of which we were in search. These we found, as may have already been anticipated, to be pieces of *belemnites*, well known on the other side of the Firth as 'thunderbolts,' and esteemed of sovereign efficacy in the case of bewitched cattle. Though still wide of the mark, there was here an evident descent from the supernatural to the physical, from the superstitious to the true. Satisfied that we had a mass of lias clay before us, we set vigorously to work in order either to find additional characteristic fossils, or obtain data on which to form a conjecture as to the history of this out-of-the-way deposit; and our labour was not without its reward. We shall now present a brief account of the specimens we picked up. Observing a number of stones of

different sizes that had been thrown out as they were struck by the workman's shovel, we immediately commenced, and, like an inquisitor of old, knocked our victims on the head, that they might reveal their secrets; or, like a Roman haruspex, examined their interior; not, however, to obtain a knowledge of the future, but only to take a peep into the past. 1. Here, then, we take up, not a regular lias-lime nodule, but what appears to have formed part of one, and the first blow has laid open part of a whorl of an ammonite, which, when complete, must have measured three or four inches in diameter, and it is perfectly assimilated to the calcareous matrix. 2. Here is a mass of indurated clay, and a gentle blow has exposed parts of two ammonites, smaller than the former, but their shells are white and powdery like chalk. 3. Another fragment is laid open, and there, quite unmistakably, lie the umbo and greater portion of the *plagiostoma concentricum*. 4. Another fragment of a granular gritty structure presents a considerable portion of the interior of one of the shells of a pecten, but whether the attached fragment is part of one of its ears, or of the other valve turned backward, is not so easily determined. 5. Here is a piece of belemnite in limestone, and the fracture of the fossil presents the usual glistening planes of cleavage. 6. Next we take up a piece of distinctly laminated lias, with ammonites as thick as they can lie on the pages of this black-book of natural history. 7. Once more we strike, and we have the east and part of the shell of another bivalve; but the valves have been jerked off each other, and have suffered a severe compound fracture; nevertheless we can have little hesitation in pronouncing it a species of *unio*. 8. Here is another piece of limestone, with its small fragment of another shell, of very delicate texture, with finely marked transverse striae. We are unwilling to decide on such slight evidence, but feel inclined to refer it to some species of *plagiostoma*. 9. Here is a specie of pyrites, not quite so large as the fist, and so vegetable-like in its marking that it might be mistaken for part of a branch of a tree. This is also characteristic of the lias, for when the shales are deeply impregnated with bitumen and pyrites, they undergo a slow combustion when heaped up with faggots and set on fire; and in the cliffs of the Yorkshire coast, after rainy weather, they sometimes spontaneously ignite, and continue to burn for several months. 10. As we passed through the works, on our way to the clay, we observed a sort of reservoir, into which the clay, after being freed from its impurities, had been run in a liquid state; the water had evaporated, and the drying clay had cracked in every direction. Here we find its counterpart in this large mass of stone, only the clay here, mixed with a portion of lime, is petrified and the fissures filled up with carbonate of lime—thus forming the *septaria*, or cement-stone. We have dressed a specimen of it for our guide, who has a friend that will polish it, when the dark lias will be strikingly contrasted with the white lime, and form rather a pretty piece of natural mosaic. 11. Coming to a simple piece of machinery for removing fragments of shale and stone from the clay, we examined some of the bits so rejected, and found what we had no doubt were fish-scales. 12. We have yet to notice certain long slender bodies, outwardly brown, but inwardly nearly black, resembling whip-cord in size. Are we to regard these as specimens of a fucus, perhaps the *filum*, or allied to it, which is known in some places by the appropriate name of sea-laces? 13. Passing on to the office, we were shown a chop of wood that had been found in the clay, and was destined for the Banff Museum. It is about eighteen inches in length, and half as much in breadth, and, although evidently water-worn, yet we could count between twenty-five and thirty concentric rings on one of its ends, which not only enabled us to form some conjecture of its age previous to its overthrow, but also justified us in referring it to the conifers of the *corvult*, or ancient world.

But six o'clock had now arrived; the day's work was done, and many of the workmen gathered around us, some of them bringing additional specimens of the belem-

nite, one of which was of an amber colour and mostly transparent—thus forming a powerful contrast to the blackness and opacity of the rest. We were told that parties occasionally visited the works and picked up pieces of 'tangle,' but that no one had ever obtained such a variety of fossils as we had done. However this might be, we were far less gratified on finding that no amateur naturalist had ever condescended to inform them what the so-called 'tangles' really were; and we could not help regretting that the lovers of science should be often as ignorant as the dark-lanterns, all luminous within, but smiling at the floundering of their neighbours in the darkness without, while a blink from the opened lantern might have led them into the delightful regions of truth and utility. We observed that, judging from appearances, the names they had given the fossils was by no means inappropriate; but that geologists, carrying on their researches in localities where these fossils were found in a less fragmentary state—where, indeed, they were perfect—had come to the certain conclusion that they belonged not to the vegetable but to the animal kingdom; in short, that they had formed part of a rather singular fish. As a somewhat similar inhabitant of our present sea, we referred to the cuttle-fish, anchor-fish, or squid; but by none of these names did they appear to recognise it. We therefore entered more minutely into detail, and spoke of its smooth, brown, sacklike body—its tail like the hook of an anchor—its mouth like the bill of a hawk—its large blue eyes—its feet placed around the margin of its head, with suckers like the ivory mouth of a toddy-ladle—and its bag of ink, which it is capable of squirting through its pen, when pursued by its enemies, that it may darken the water, and so make its escape. As we proceeded, a gleam of intelligence lighted up the countenance of one of our hearers, who had once been a fisherman, and who said that he had taken many of them into his boat, and that it was the *Asack*, probably so called from its resembling a fish looking out of a hose or stocking. In the true spirit of a Baconian disciple, he resolved to look whether the next one he caught had a bone in its back, like the petrified tangle. 'Stop, stop, friend,' we replied, 'not quite so fast; we did not say that the ancient and recent fishes were identical, although in some points they resembled each other; neither must you expect to find a petrification in the back of a living fish; but, should you catch a cuttle-fish and carefully cut it up, you will find a gristly substance, which, on being dried, will considerably resemble the large feathers of a goose's wing.' 'But, sir,' said another, 'I have read in Buffon's History that we are now living amid the wrecks of a former world.' 'Well,' replied we, 'that, like many other general assertions with a dash of truth in them, may be applied in different ways. If it be merely meant that the crust of this globe has undergone very great and extensive upheavings and dislocations, it cannot be denied, and the very place where we now stand affords abundant evidence of the fact; but if it be intended that we are living wretchedly or inconveniently, like so many sailors among the fragments of their shattered vessels, we deny the assertion, and have no lack of evidence to show that all these changes have been produced by unlimited power, under the direction of infinite wisdom and benevolence—that the present constitution of the earth has resulted from the design to render it a suitable and comfortable abode for man. This also is in perfect agreement with the Scriptures, which say, 'He created it not in vain—he formed it to be inhabited.' In confirmation of these views, we referred to the coal formation, on which the comfort and prosperity of this kingdom so greatly depend, and to the ironband, with its coal and lime in juxta-position, by which the iron is carried through the various processes by which it is rendered more important to the commercial and agricultural interests of this great empire than the precious metals themselves. We next made a few remarks on the unsuccessful attempts of unbelievers to bring the facts of geology and the truths of the Bible into collision, and showed that these attempts only all the more clearly proved the superiority of the

side to every human composition, in that there was nothing in it inconsistent with the discoveries of modern geology, which placed it in honourable contrast with the writings of antiquity that either pretended to inspiration, or attempted to account for natural phenomena either without regard to facts, or by going farther than their scanty facts could warrant. We had thus an additional evidence of the divine origin of the Bible, and of the false pretensions of other writings to inspiration. We also alluded to the famous development theory, which, Mr Charles Bell, in his Bridgewater Treatise, observes, is a reasonable theory, to which we can only conceive a man driven by the shame or fear of being thought to harbour the belief of vulgar minds.' The same accomplished author further observes, that 'everything declares the dignity of species to have its origin in distinct creations, and not to be owing to a process of gradual transition from one original type. Any other hypothesis than that of new creations of animals, suited to the successive changes in the isogenic matter of the globe—the condition of the æther, atmosphere, and temperature—brings with it only an accumulation of difficulties.'

Although the evening had now become drizzly, and we had spoken 'a long hour by Shrewsbury,' or any other clock; yet our audience exhibited no appearance of want of interest in the subject, and it was certainly pleasing to see the appetite of the body so completely suspended for a time by that of the mind, and an honourable characteristic of our countrymen—their love of knowledge—so broadly brought out. Farewell, fellow-men! May the hints we have thrown out increase your desire to become increasingly acquainted with the works of the glorious Creator; and may you more and more realise the superiority of mental to bodily gratifications, till you become a heaven that may extensively pervade the mass of your neighbours!

In now taking a brief review of what had thus been brought before us in this interesting locality, the question naturally suggests itself, Whether have we here a mass of lias-clay as originally deposited, or has it resulted from the breaking up of lias-shale? The former alternative, we have heard, has been maintained; but we are inclined to adopt the latter, and that for the following reasons:—1. This clay, judging from other localities, is not *in situ*, but has every appearance of having been precipitated into a basin in the gneiss on which it rests, having apparently under it, although it is impossible to say to what extent, a bed of comminuted shells. 2. The fossils are all fragmentary and water-worn. This is especially the case with regard to the belemnites, the pieces averaging from one to two inches in length, no workman having ever found a complete specimen, such as occurs in the lias-shale at Coswary, in which they may be found twelve inches in length. 3. But perhaps the most satisfactory proof, and one that in itself may be deemed sufficient, is the frequent occurrence of pieces of lias-shale with their embedded ammonites, which clearly show that the lias had been broken up, tossed about in some violent agitation of the sea, and elevated into clay, just as some denuding process of a similar nature swept away the chalk of Aberdeenshire, leaving on many of its hills and plains the water-worn flints with the characteristic fossils of the cretaceous formation.

Having left with the foreman a list of the fossils we had found, and gratefully taken leave of him, we plodded our way to the good town of Banff, highly gratified with the adventures of the day.

THE CAVE OF ELEPHANTA.

When always talking of advancement in science and arts, and of this age of novelty and wonders, but are often tempted to forget that the men of former and far remote times in the world's history displayed a skill and science in many departments of labour which have challenged the admiration of modern times. Amongst the most extraordinary of the remains of ancient structures are the Pyramids, the

rock-sculptured city of Petra, and the celebrated cage which we are about to describe. But independent of these more striking examples of the grandeur of ancient times, many others of lesser importance might be detailed. The traveller, for instance, roaming in the forests of Brazil, and imagining that he looks upon nature, in the very aspect she received from creation's God upon creation's natal morn, will find upon close observation that sculptured stones, and the foundations of great cities, lie enshrouded beneath these forests. History nor tradition know nothing concerning those records of civilisation, but yet they tell, in their silent lonely ruin, that the ponderous hammer was once swung where the rank ground-vine grows; that the elegant lady and lovely child reclined where the adder hisses and the jackal makes his den; and that men once lived and laboured, and loved, and had attained to a great advancement in the mechanical arts, where the cougar and the bear, and the linden and the palm tree, are almost the only dwellers, and sole representatives of life. In Yucatan, where the poor fragile savage trembles through an arid life, upon a parched and grainless shore, a race of men, whose energy and labour power find now no parallel in America, once lived. Who they were, what they were, neither records of brass nor marble declare; but their mighty founts of hewn stone, and their broken relics of a gigantic form of masonry, tell that they knew how to nobly labour. The mighty tumuli of a race who preserved the elements of elegant geometry in an unknown era, are yet to be traced from the great American lakes to Guatemala; and on the prairies, where wild Indians launch their flinty arrows at the wild buffalo and elk, artificers in brass and hewers of stone have dwelt. The lofty pyramids, with the ruins of Carnak, Thebes, and Luxor, declare the greatness of the age of the Pharaohs, and the former glory of a part of the now darkened Africa; and in India, too, there are vast monuments of what her native artists have been.

The men of former times in all their mighty works have illustrated one grand idea, and that is one of endurance. To remain imperishable or immortal, in connection with some great work, was their ambition. The immortality within them—dark, and material, and falsely directed though it might be—was still true to its nature, and sought perpetuity in some form or other. Cheops and Cephrens built pyramids in order to preserve their memory on earth; Cæsar had his temples and Pompey his pillars; Omar and Ali their mosques; Constantine his churches; the Arab has his cairn, as had the Ossianic chief; and the savage at this day has his mound, as the monarch has his marble mausoleum. The greater the power of the individual, the greater was the work which he raised, as if he sought to create a monument superior to the wasting capacity of time, and to marry his spirit to a material as immortal as his will. In India this spirit of perpetuity and vastness has left many splendid material monuments. The ideas of creation, existence, and destruction, were embodied in the mythological personages of the Brahminical superstition; and the visible types of those personages, Brahma, Siva, Vishnu, were sculptured in vast temples hewn from the solid rock. Amongst the mightiest monuments of Indian labour and of the Indian religious mind are the temples of Ellora, in the province of Hyderabad, about two hundred and thirty-nine miles east of Bombay. Here, in the centre of India, stands a huge granite mountain, about twenty miles north-west from Aurungabad, the capital of Hyderabad, which is completely scooped out into vast and beautiful chambers, galleries, temples, bridges, stairs, porticos, and pillared halls. The labour required to consummate this magnificent work must have been immense, and the talent to design it vast and grand. The work is of the boldest and most ornate character, and the sculptures are in a high state of execution and finish. Bridges of rock are hewn out of the solid, over artificial canals, and temples of rock tower one above another in the bowels of the mountain. These stupendous and beautiful works are supposed to be of great antiquity, and to have long preceded the period when temples, built in the

banana or plantain groves, called pagodas, came into use. The notice of Europeans was first directed to this branch of Indian antiquity and art by the temple of Elephanta, situated in a beautiful little island in the bay of Bombay, and called by the natives Goripura. This island, which Europeans call Elephanta, is about six miles in circumference, and is composed of two parallel hills, with a narrow valley between them. It derives its name from the colossal statue of an elephant which had been sculptured on a huge detached mass of black rock, and which had attained its isolated position in a manner unknown to any one. The figure was very large and very complete until 1814, when a great part of it fell away, leaving only a fragment to attest the enterprise and skill of an unknown race of Indian masons.

This island must have been formerly of great account, and the resort of numerous devotees. Its valley has been trod by pilgrims from the mainland, and its caves made the haunts of austere anchorites. The two mountains composing the high land of the island form a junction at the head of the valley, and when the traveller has ascended the path which leads to the summit of the hill, and has reached a flat open tableland, he stands at the entrance of the magnificent temple of Elephanta. It is cut out of a solid rock somewhat resembling porphyry in colour and character; the magnificent front supported by huge pillars and pilasters, presents three entrances to the caves, above which towers a perpendicular rock overhung with wild rapient plants and brushwood. A solemn religious feeling immediately takes possession of the visiter as he enters this temple of an unknown age, and looks upon its long rows of fluted columns with their compressed capitals; and the dark flat roof that seems as if it would fall but for the pillars which bear it up. It is only lighted from the entrance, and the dim rays that fall upon the crumbling images of the mythology of India invest them with an awful majesty. The whole excavation consists of a great temple, and two minor ones, or chapels. From the northern entrance to the extremity of the cave is about 130 feet, and from the eastern to the western side about 133 feet. Twenty-six pillars and sixteen pilasters, many of which are broken and crumbling, support the roof; and as the roof and floor are neither completely horizontal, the height of the cave varies from 15 to about 18 feet. Rows of pillars run from the entrance to the extremities of the temple; and then transverse rows of pilasters extend from side to side, forming squares of pillars and pilasters intersecting each other at right angles. All these columns, together with the walls, are profusely ornamented with reliefs in good proportion, producing, so far as they have been examined, a very pleasing effect. The sculptures all relate to the Brahminical superstition, and the temple seems to have been specially dedicated to the god Siva, as his image frequently appears with his usual attributes; in one place assuming a semi-feminine appearance, with one breast and four hands, in one of which he grasps the snake. This temple although scooped from the hard rock, and consequently of seemingly the most enduring fabric and constitution, is nevertheless falling rapidly into decay, and the reason assigned for this is, that solid though it be it is still pervious to the rain. Although considerably elevated above the level of the sea, the floor during the season of the monsoons is continually flooded with water, the rain being driven into it by the wind, and this, it is supposed, accounts for its present state of decay. If these temples were built by individuals in order that their names might live in connection with them, they have failed of their purpose, for the memory of the very age in which they were formed has gone away from men; and architect and sculptor, and priest, and devotee, have perished, leaving not a whisper of their names or stations in those wind-haunted halls, nor a letter of their lives on the pages of recorded story. They tell, however, of an age of vast wealth, and power, and talent; of an energy that feared no obstacles, and a perseverance that sturdily scooped beautiful palaces from the rough rocky mountain. They teach us that powerful, and wealthy,

and great though the modern nations may positively be, yet that there are nations sleeping in the tomb of oblivion who may have been even more wealthy, powerful, and ingenious than they, the very ruin of whose palaces and churches possess a grandeur which strikes us with awe, and, like the skeleton of the megatherium, which is all we possess of it, suggest something greater than we have any knowledge of.

THE ASPARAGUS OF THE COSSACKS.

By M. Morren, in the Journal d'Horticulture de Gand, March, 1848. The authors of a humorous publication at Brussels introduced, in 1847, the subject of the potato disease into their pages. They have enumerated, in verse, the names of varieties of the famous *Solanum tuberosum*, and have called the attention of horticulturists to the potato of Bokhara, that reputed happy capital, inhabited by Tartars, Jews, Turcomans, Mussulmen, and Cossacks. Our friends, however, have humbly acknowledged that they are entirely ignorant of the nature of this potato; but thanks to the kind of freemasonry which exists among botanists throughout the world, we are enabled to put this extolled plant into the hands of these same friends. We at last obtained the potato of Bokhara; but, behold! on opening the box, we soon perceived that it was not a solanum, but a totally different plant, with which we had long been familiar; and, on referring to Dr Clarke's 'Travels,' we found we had before us the history of this pretended potato of the Bokharians. The plant which they eat instead of potatoes is an aquatic. It is the *Typha latifolia*.

We cultivate the *Typha latifolia* as an ornamental plant in ponds, but it naturally abounds in our waters where the depth is not too great. M. de Pittene Hiegaerts had many thousand stems from the Lake of Léan; and if we are correctly informed, the leaves were only employed for litter, and the dried stems and rhizomes for fuel. In the Champine Limbourgeoise the ponds are full of these plants; and they have commenced to propagate themselves in the pieces of water on the line of the Voedre, on both sides of the railroad.

Of all the authorities we know, Dr Clarke is the one who gives the fullest details respecting the utility of the typha. He found the inhabitants of Tcherkask so enthusiastic with respect to the excellence of the shoots of the typha, that they regarded it as a sacred plant, a special gift of Providence. The lower parts of the stem are brought to the table at every meal, and in every house bundles are to be found, about three feet in length tied like asparagus, ready for use. It is sold in the markets, and amongst the provision merchants. It is best used in spring, like our asparagus, when the plants begin to shoot. It is said that in this state it forms a dish which those who have once tasted desire again with increasing relish.

The Cossacks are still more choice in their use of the typha. They peel off the cuticle and select the blanched tender part, usually about eighteen inches in length, near the root, and this constitutes a dish, cool, agreeable, and wholesome. 'The Cossacks, rich or poor,' says Dr Clarke, 'young or old, prefer this vegetable to all others;' and from his own experience, during his sojourn among the inhabitants on the banks of the Don, he could testify that the typha was a very nutritious and excellent dish.

The typha is prepared like asparagus, being cut, like the latter, when the young shoots are pushing; the tender blanched part is boiled in water seasoned with salt, and served up in the same way as asparagus. The various culinary preparations to which the asparagus is subjected, is equally applicable to the typha; for it may be cut, stewed, prepared for serving up with yolk of eggs, enhancing the flavour with nutmeg and salt. The typha, therefore, which ornaments the sides of our lakes and ponds with its elegant foliage and singular tops, may be turned to useful account, for although the plant is eaten both by Tartar and Cossack, that is no reason why one, being neither, should not avail himself of that which God has created good.



Colburn

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

JOHN F. OBERLIN, PASTOR OF THE BAN DE LA ROCHE.

PART IV.

To Oberlin belongs the merit of being the founder of Infant Schools; a fact which justly entitles him to the gratitude of mankind. When he took the cure of the Ban in 1767, there was but one schoolhouse in the five villages, and that was a hut erected by Pastor Stouber, which then was in a ruinous state. He called the parishioners together, and proposed that they should either build a new one or repair the hut. They gave a decided negative to his proposition, nor would they again listen to him on the subject, until he engaged that no part of the expense should fall on the funds of the parish. His income, arising from his salary as pastor, and his little property, did not amount to more than about forty pounds a-year; nevertheless, he gave the required promise, and the schoolhouse was built. 'Why should I hesitate in this matter?' said he; 'I seek only the glory of God, and therefore I have confidence that he will grant me what I desire. If we ask in faith, and it be really right that the thing should take place, our prayer is certain to be granted. When, indeed, are our plans more likely to be successful than when we enter upon them in humble and simple dependence upon God, whose blessing alone can cause them to succeed?' Thus Oberlin reasoned, and time proved that he reasoned aright. God *did* grant his prayer. His fast friends at Strasburg, who watched his progress with anxiety, came to his help; and further, in the course of a few years, the inhabitants in the other four villages voluntarily proposed that a school should be built in each, of which they would cheerfully bear all the expense! and so they did. The young are the hope of the world. The men and women of the next generation will be what the children of the present are. The future is only the development of the present; 'the child is father to the man.' Oberlin instinctively knew what Wordsworth wrote; consequently, as the sequel will show, he directed all his energies to the instruction of the young of his flock. The habits of the adults might be modified, but not eradicated. The men were as ignorant of the commonest mechanical arts as their wives were of domestic economy or home comfort. They had passed their learning-time. Not so, however, with their children. So Oberlin selected the most promising, and sent them to Strasburg, to acquire the trades of mason, carpenter, glazier, wheelwright, and blacksmith. When they returned to the Ban, they became the instructors of others. Their earnings increased the little treasures of the district, while their skill accelerated its improvements.

The schools which were erected were devoted to the use of children from the age of ten to seventeen. The shepherd-masters, who, poor fellows, played the 'dominie' under the *ancien regime*, were cashiered, and the most respectable of the inhabitants were prevailed upon to take their places under the imposing title of 'regents.' The plans of instruction were drawn up, and the 'regents' drilled in the science of education by Oberlin. While the schools were working well under his careful superintendence, he noticed that the *infant* children were almost wholly neglected by their parents, and were therefore forming habits which in after years would increase the task of the schoolmaster, if not altogether nullify his labour. His active mind at once devised a remedy for the evil. The result was a plan for the establishment of Infant Schools—the first of the kind ever known. Experience of his own family and keen observation in the families of others, led him to the conclusion that children begin to learn even in the cradle, that at the earliest age they are capable of being taught the difference between right and wrong, and are easily trained to habits of obedience and industry. His beloved and intelligent wife entered heart and soul into his views. The most pious and intelligent females of the community were induced to take charge of the schools. For their use, Oberlin rented a large room in each village, and out of his own pocket paid the salary of the *conductrices*. The instruction given to the little ones was mingled with amuse-

ment, and habits of attention and subordination were formed, while information of the most valuable kind was communicated in a manner which rendered it attractive to the infant mind. The songs of 'dear mamma' had left too deep and hallowed an influence upon Oberlin's mind to cause him to overlook the value of music in the instruction of youth. Singing was taught in all the schools. The heart-thrilling hymns of Luther became especial favourites among the children and young people. At a proper age the children were transferred from the care of the *conductrice* to the public schools, prepared, by the progress which they had made, to enjoy the advantages which were there afforded to them. In addition to reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography, they were carefully instructed in the principles of agriculture and other industrial arts, in sacred and uninspired history, and in astronomy. Their religious cultivation was a task which Oberlin considered his own, and faithfully did he fulfil it. With the view of encouraging the spirit of emulation between the several schools, and to improve the modes of instruction pursued by the various masters, a weekly meeting of all the scholars was held at Waldbach. By this the machinery of the whole was kept bright and in good working order. The master and the pupils were stimulated, knowing that the weekly meeting would bring disgrace to the idle, but to the industrious and good public commendation, and the approval of 'dear papa,' as Oberlin was called by his people. In addition to this weekly examination, on every Sabbath, at each village church in rotation, the children assembled to sing the hymns and to repeat the passages of Scripture which they had learned during the week. At the close, he usually gave them an address; and superlatively happy was the child or young person who was fortunate enough to merit the approving smile of *cher papa*!

His benevolent efforts were well seconded by the Christians of Strasburg. They sent him several sums of money, all of which were devoted by him to the public use. A printing press was added to the resources of the Ban. This enabled him to print several books which he composed and compiled for the exclusive use of the schools and his parishioners, and to award prizes both to the teachers and pupils. He also made a collection of indigenous plants, and procured an electrical machine, and several other philosophical instruments; various works on natural history and general science were circulated on the 'book-society' plan, each village retaining them for three months, care being taken that every house, according to the number of the family, possessed them for a definite time. Every individual was impressed with the conviction that it was a first duty, as well as a great privilege, to promote the glory of God and the welfare of mankind. Every work which was undertaken of a public or private nature was discharged, each one bearing in mind his responsibility to promote the prosperity of all, by 'provoking his neighbour to love and to good works.' Thus the Ban was changed. Where ignorance and its never-failing attendants, cruelty, vice, poverty, reigned supreme, piety, intelligence, meekness, and plenty, held triumphant sway.

Little more than fifty years ago, the Christians of this country were almost indifferent to the state of the heathen. Until the London Missionary Society was established, in September, 1795, very little interest was manifested in the cause of missions. The following copy of a paper which Oberlin caused to be printed in French and German, and hung up in a conspicuous place in every cottage in his parish, serves to indicate how early the subject occupied his mind, and how desirous he was to enlist in its favour the affections of his people:

'Our Lord Jesus Christ desires his followers to espouse his interests; to aid him in his great work, and to pray in his name. To condescend to this end, he has himself furnished them with one common prayer.

For the satisfaction and assistance of some individuals amongst us, a sort of Spiritual Association was established a few years ago, and the following articles were agreed upon and circulated:—

First, Every member of this society shall pray, on the first Monday of every month, that the missionaries employed in the conversion of savage and idolatrous nations in all parts of the world may be sustained and supported against the 'wiles of the devil.'

Secondly, Besides habitually 'watching unto prayer,' every in-

dividual, if he be able, shall prostrate himself in mind and body, every Sunday and Wednesday at five o'clock in the evening, to ask of God, in the name of Christ—

1st, That every member of this Society may be saved, with all his household, and belong to the Lord Jesus Christ.

2d, Every member shall add to the list all the friends of God of his acquaintance, and pray for them.

3d, Every member shall include in his prayer all the children of God in general, upon all the earth, of whatever denomination they may be, supplanting that they may be united more and more in Christ Jesus.

4th, Every member shall pray that the kingdom of Satan may be destroyed, and that the kingdom of God and of our Lord Jesus Christ may be fully established among the innumerable Pagans, Turks, Jews, and nominal Christians.

5th, Every member shall pray for schoolmasters, superiors, and pious magistrates, of whatever name or rank they may be.

6th, For faithful pastors, male and female labourers in the vineyard of the Lord Jesus, who, being devoted themselves to his service, desire above all things to bring many other souls to him.

7th, For the young, that God may preserve them from the seducing influence of bad example, and lead them to the knowledge of our gracious Redeemer.

Thirdly, Every Saturday evening, all the members shall ask God to bless the preaching of his holy word on to-morrow.

Here there is everything *Christian*, but nothing *sectarian*. His loving heart embraced in its affections the whole Church of God, and this catholic Christian wished his flock to be like-minded with himself. Without either seeking, or desiring it, he obtained an almost European celebrity. Several foreigners of distinction visited the Ban, and confided their children to his care to be educated in his schools. Young persons, of the middle classes, were sent to him from distant parts of Germany and France; and to have been a pupil of Pastor Oberlin was considered a sufficient testimonial of sound principles, varied and useful learning, and courteous and gentle manners. Even the wicked revered this good man. During the Reign of Terror, when France was deluged with the blood of her children—when to be a worshipper of God was to be suspected of treachery to the principles of the Revolution—when St Just and his companions in crime travelled with a guillotine, and put whom they pleased to death—when the public worship of God was prohibited, and almost every man of piety, or intelligence, or wealth, was either imprisoned or executed—Oberlin was allowed to continue his work unmolested, and even to afford shelter to many persons of rank and of different religious denominations, who fled to the Ban from the 'terrorists.' Such was the impression which his life made upon all that came in contact with him, that a gentleman who, at this very time, saw at his house one of the most sanguinary of the revolutionary chiefs, says that 'that chief while at Oberlin's seemed to have lost his bloodthirsty disposition, and to have exchanged the fierceness of the tiger for the gentleness of the lamb!'

All that knew him loved him. His worth was acknowledged not only by those who were near, but by those who were far off. Louis XVIII. sent him the ribbon of the Legion of Honour, and the Royal Agricultural Society of France voted him a gold medal. When Count François de Neufchâteau proposed this vote, he said, 'If you would behold an instance of what may be effected in any country for the advancement of agriculture and the interests of humanity, friends of the plough and of human happiness, ascend the Vosges Mountains, and behold the Ban de la Roche!' At the time of the foundation of the British and Foreign Bible Society, his fame had spread into Britain; and one of the first grants made by the society was to Pastor Oberlin for the inhabitants of the Ban. It was there that our 'Ladies' Bible Committees' originated; and those of our readers who are fortunate enough to possess the first report of the society will find in the appendix an exquisite letter from Oberlin, in which he acknowledges the receipt of the grant, and details the mode in which he intends to appropriate it.

PART V.

We approach the conclusion. We have given a glimpse of the labours of this faithful servant of God and of man to our readers; we now call them to view him in his sorrows, and to accompany him to the grave.

His heaviest trial, though not his first, was the loss of

his wife. She died in January, 1784, in the sixteenth year of their union. She departed almost suddenly, leaving him seven, out of nine, children, the youngest being only about ten weeks old. Nothing could be more characteristic than his conduct on this distressing occasion. Her death was wholly unlooked-for. When the intelligence was brought to him, he was stunned, and remained for some time in silence, quite incapable of giving utterance to his feelings. He then fell on his knees and returned 'thanks to God that his beloved partner was now beyond the reach or need of prayer, and that her heavenly Father had crowned the abundance of His mercies towards her, by giving her so easy a departure.' At their marriage they had prayed that they might always have death before their eyes, and always be prepared for it; and 'if it be a thing,' they added, 'which we may ask of thee, oh! grant that we be not long separated one from another, but that the death of one may speedily, very speedily, follow that of the other.' From the period of his wife's death a deepened seriousness was observable in his conversation and deportment. He was grave, not gloomy. A word of repining or murmuring never escaped his lips. It was the Lord's doing, and it was right. About six months after he had laid her in the grave, he composed an address to his parishioners, and laid it aside, to be delivered to them after his decease, as his last charge. In this document he briefly states when and where he was born, when he took charge of the Ban, the time of his marriage, the number of his children, 'two of whom,' he said, 'have already entered paradise, and seven remain in this world;' he also names the day and the circumstances in which his wife died.

'Upon this occasion,' he goes on to say, 'as upon a thousand others in the course of my life, notwithstanding my overwhelming affliction, I was upheld by God's gracious assistance in a very remarkable manner. I have had all my life a desire, occasionally a very strong one, to die, owing in some measure to the consciousness of my moral infirmities and of my frequent derelictions. My affection for my wife and children, and my attachment to my parish, have sometimes checked this desire, though for short intervals only. I had, about a year since, some presentiment of my approaching end. I did not pay much attention to it at the time; but, since the death of my wife, I have frequently received unequivocal warnings of the same nature. Millions of times have I besought God to enable me to surrender myself with entire and filial submission to his will, either to live or die, and to bring me into such a state of resignation as neither to wish, nor to say, nor to do, nor to undertake anything, but what He, who only is wise and good, sees to be best. Having had such frequent intimations of my approaching end, I have arranged all my affairs as far as I am able, in order to prevent confusion after my death. For my dear children I fear nothing; but as I always greatly preferred being useful to others to giving them trouble, I suffer much from the idea that they may occasion sorrow or anxiety to the friends who take charge of them. May God abundantly reward them for it! With regard to the children themselves I have no anxiety; for I have had such frequent experience of the mercy of God towards myself, and place such full reliance upon his goodness, his wisdom, and his love, as to render it impossible for me to be at all solicitous about them. Their mother was at a very early age deprived of her parents; but she was, notwithstanding, a better Christian than thousands who have enjoyed the advantage of parental instruction. Besides, I know that God hears our prayers; and ever since the birth of our children neither their mother nor I have ceased to supplicate him to make them faithful followers of Jesus Christ, and labourers in his vineyard. And thou, O my dear parish! neither will God forsake thee. He has towards thee, as I have often said, thoughts of peace and mercy. All things will go well with thee; only cleave thou to him, and leave him to act. Oh! mayest thou forget my name, and retain only that of Jesus Christ, whom I have proclaimed to thee. He is thy pastor; I am but his servant. He is that good Master

who, after having trained and prepared me from my youth, sent me to thee that I might be useful. He alone is wise, good, almighty, and merciful; and as for me, I am but a poor, feeble, wretched man.' . . . This touching document concludes thus: 'O, my God! let thine eye watch over my dear parishioners; let thine ear be open to hear them; thine arm be extended to succour and protect them! Lord Jesus, thou hast entrusted this parish to my care, feeble and miserable as I am; oh! suffer me to commend it to thee—to resign it into thy hands. Give it pastors after thine own heart; never forsake it; overrule all things for its good! Enlighten them, guide them, love them, bless them all; and grant that the young and old, the teachers and the taught, pastors and parishioners, may all in due time meet together in thy paradise! Even so, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit! Even so. Amen!'

Forty-two years after this parting address was written, it was found among his papers, and was read in the churchyard, to his assembled people, before his body was lowered down into the grave. Those forty-two years were spent, like those that preceded them, in unremitting attention to the instruction of his flock. The death of his sons, which took place when they had attained the age of manhood, seemed only to quicken his diligence, and to deepen his solicitude respecting the eternal welfare of his charge. The apostolic injunction came with power to his heart—he was 'instant in season and out of season,' and always 'fervent in spirit.' He did not content himself with preaching publicly, but paid pastoral visits to every cottage in his large parish, and conversed with the people upon their spiritual condition, and upon the various efforts which were made by benevolent individuals to diffuse religious knowledge throughout the world. On every Friday he conducted a service in German, for the benefit of about two hundred persons in the Ban, to whom that language was more familiar than the French. At his Friday evening service he used to lay aside all form, and the now silvery-headed old man seemed more like a father surrounded by his children than the minister of an extensive district. At those meetings, in order that no time might be lost, he used to make his female hearers knit stockings for their poorer neighbours, not for themselves; it was a work of charity, he said, and needed not to either distract their attention or to diminish their devotion. When he had for some time read and expounded the Bible to them, he would often say, 'Well, children, are you not tired? Have you had enough?' If they said 'enough for one time,' he would leave off; but the more frequent reply was, 'No, dear papa, go on; we should like to hear a little more!' His discourses for the Sabbath were carefully prepared. In them he preserved a colloquial plainness, scrupulously avoiding the use of words or phrases which were not level to the apprehension of his hearers. He drew largely upon natural history, with which his people were well acquainted, for illustration; and he frequently introduced biographical anecdotes of persons who were eminent for piety or benevolence. His favourite themes were the love of God as our Father, the freeness of the Gospel, the willingness of the Lord Jesus to receive all who came to him in sincerity, the depravity of man, and the consequent necessity of grace and of the work of the Holy Spirit, and the sure efficacy of prayer. Among the people he also circulated a series of questions to which he required written replies—whether they attended church regularly upon the Sabbath and week days, or ever passed a Sabbath without employing themselves in some charitable work, or themselves or their children wandered in the woods during the hours of divine service. 'Do you,' he asked, 'send your children regularly to school? Do you watch over them as God requires that you should do? Is your conduct toward them, as well as your wife's, such as will ensure their affection, respect, and obedience? Are you careful to provide yourselves with clean and suitable clothes for going to church in? Do those who are so provided employ a regular part of their income in procuring such clothes for their destitute neighbours or in relieving their other necessities? Do you give your creditors reason to be satisfied with your honesty

and punctuality? When the magistrate wishes to assemble the community, do you always assist him as far as lies in your power? and if it be impossible for you to attend, are you careful to inform him of your absence, and to assign a proper reason for it? Do the animals which belong to you cause no injury or inconvenience to others? Guard against this, for it would be as fire in tow, and a source of mutual vexation. Do not keep a dog unless there be an absolute necessity for keeping one. Do you punctually contribute your share toward repairing the roads? Have you, in order to advance the general good, planted upon the common at least twice as many trees as there are heads in your family? Have you planted them properly, or only as idle people do, to save themselves trouble? Are you frugal in the use of wood, and do you make your fires in as economical a manner as possible? Have you proper drains in your yard for carrying off the refuse water? Are you, as well as your sons, acquainted with some little handicraft, to employ your spare moments, instead of letting them pass away in idleness?' These questions clearly manifest that everything calculated to promote the welfare of his people was interesting to him. The result of his solicitous care was seen in the neat dwellings, the industrious character, the sincere, unaffected piety, and the courteous manners of the peasants of the Ban de la Roche.

Numerous anecdotes, illustrative of Oberlin's pastoral fidelity and vigilance, crowd upon us, but we must forego the pleasure of recording them here, and hasten to the conclusion of this sketch.

The close of his earthly career was, like that of a summer day, calm and peaceful. His sun set in glory. His was not a *death*, but a *departure*. The light of his presence faded gently away from this world, only to burst in glorious refulgence and undying splendour upon another! His was a green old age. The snows of time, although they rested upon his head, sent no chill into the warm affections of his heart. In the latter part of his life, the increasing infirmities of age prevented him from occupying himself, as he was wont, in the discharge of his pastoral duty. God, however, provided him an assistant like-minded with himself, in his devoted son-in-law, M. Graff. The old man did what he could. If he could not visit nor preach to his flock, he could pray for them: so in the morning he used to take his church register of baptisms in his hand, and to pray, at stated times during the day, for every one whose name was written there, as well as for the community at large. At all periods of his residence in the Ban, Oberlin had a high sense of the value and importance of intercessory prayer; and so fearful was he lest he should omit in his supplications any that he wished to especially remember, that he was accustomed to write their names with chalk upon the black door of his chamber. As his failing strength prevented him from crossing the threshold, his active mind engaged with an almost youthful vigour in the labours of the study. Several carefully composed essays, written at this time, were found after his decease. His last work was a refutation of the 'De Senectute,' in which he gives a more cheering and consolatory picture of old age than the Roman orator has done.

The sand was now low in the glass. The last grain ran out on the morning of the 1st of June, 1826, when he was in the eighty-sixth year of his age. The illness which preceded his departure continued for four days. On the morning of the 1st of June, at six o'clock, his pain abated. His children were grouped around his bed, and at intervals he clasped their hands and pressed them to his heart. His limbs soon became cold and lifeless, and he lost the use of his speech. His last act was to take off his cap, and to join his hands as in prayer, and to raise his eyes toward heaven; his countenance as he did so beaming with joy and love. He closed his eyes, never to open them again until the day of the resurrection. About eleven o'clock, the toll of the passing-bell informed the inhabitants of the valley that he who had watched over them for nearly sixty years would watch no more.

Four days afterwards he was buried. During the interval which elapsed between his decease and the simple

and affecting ceremony which consigned his remains to the grave, heavy clouds rested on the surrounding mountains, and the rain poured down in incessant torrents. Nature seemed to sympathise with the feelings which swelled the hearts of his people, and which bowed their souls with the sincerest sorrow. Oberlin's remains were placed in a coffin with a glass lid, and laid in his study, where, despite of the inclemency of the weather, the inhabitants of the Ban and of the surrounding districts (of all ages, conditions, and religious denominations) congregated to take a farewell look at his beloved face.

Early in the morning of the day fixed for the interment, the clouds cleared away and the sun shone with its wonted brilliancy. As the procession left the house, the president of the consistory of Barr, the Rev. M. Jaeglé, placed Oberlin's clerical robes upon the coffin, the vice-president of the consistory placed his Bible upon it, and the mayor affixed the decoration of the Legion of Honour to the funeral pall. At the conclusion of this ceremony, ten or twelve young females, who had been standing round the bier, began to sing a hymn, and at two o'clock the procession began to move, the coffin being borne by the mayors, elders, and official magistrates of the Ban and of the neighbouring communes.

The region round about seemed to have sent forth all its inhabitants, so great was the concourse which assembled. The interment took place at Foudai, two miles distant from Oberlin's house, but the foremost of the funeral train had reached the churchyard before the last had left the parsonage! The children and youths of the different schools formed part of the melancholy procession, chanting at intervals sacred hymns, selected and adapted to the occasion. When they approached Foudai, a new bell, which had been presented in commemoration of this day of sorrow, was heard to toll for the first time, and to mingle its melancholy sound with the bells of the valley. The burying-ground was surrounded by Roman Catholic women, all dressed in deep mourning and kneeling in silent prayer. On arriving at the church, the coffin was placed at the foot of the communion-table, and as many persons entered as the little place would contain, the great multitude having to remain in the churchyard and the adjoining lanes. Notwithstanding the presence of so great a number of persons, the utmost order and solemnity prevailed. Several persons, who could find room nowhere else, sat down on the steps beside the coffin, as if anxious to cling to the ashes of one whom they loved so well. Many distinguished persons were present, and several Roman Catholic priests, dressed in their canonicals, sat among the members of the consistory, and evidently shared in the general grief. M. Jaeglé then mounted the pulpit and read the charge, which we have already given, which melted the vast auditory into tears; and then he delivered a discourse from the fourteenth verse of the seventh chapter of the book of Revelations, which had been selected by Oberlin himself as that from which his funeral sermon was to be preached. At the conclusion of the president's address, a hymn was sung and the coffin borne to the grave, which is on one side of the little church, beneath a weeping willow that shades the tomb of his son Henry. Here, amidst the tears of the assembled thousands, the earth was heaped upon the house of clay which once contained the spirit of Oberlin, the world's benefactor, while the humble and Christ-like pastor of the Ban de la Roche.

Reader, do you wish to die as he died? If so, live as he lived; and your memory, like his, will be green and fragrant throughout all ages.

ORGANISATION OF LABOUR.*

ALL the members of the late Provisional Government of France were men of letters. They had predicted the revolution, and had cleared the way for it, by the exposition of their thoughts on social and political science. Upon matters of detail they held few opinions in common. M.

Louis Blanc, who is now about 37 years of age, and who was the youngest of the members of this interim government, had rendered himself famous by the publication, in 1838, of his views upon the 'Organisation of Labour.' Any one who has studied the tendency of the French (i.e. Parisian) political mind for the last ten years could not fail to be struck with its speculative character. The old, broad ground of franchise was being forsaken for the complicated and delicate question of social re-organisation; theories of the most fascinating and splendid description were being propounded, as cures for the deep and direful evils that manifestly afflict and corrupt society; and generous benevolence and idealism, which could perceive no difficulty in the adaptation of old elements to the contemplated new aspect of things, pursued their course of abstract thought and construction. Amongst the boldest of the Parisian literati, of what had been termed the politico-philosophical kind, was Louis Blanc, editor of the 'Journal of Good Sense,' and latterly the 'Review of Social Progress.' Louis Blanc's family belong to Rouergue; he, however, was born at Madrid, where his father resided as inspector-general of finance at the court of Joseph Bonaparte. After the Napoleonic regalities had fallen, Louis's father established himself at Paris, leaving the boy at Rodez, at the Royal College of which he pursued his studies. He came to Paris immediately after the Revolution of 1830, and begun to write for the press. From Paris he went to Arras, to edit a republican paper, and returned thence to the capital, with a high reputation for talent. In 1836 he began his 'Review of Social Progress,' and in this journal developed his ideas upon the organisation of labour. In 1839, an attempt was made upon the life of the young litterateur; he was attacked by an assassin while passing into the street in which he resided, and, being struck by a heavy bludgeon, was left for dead upon the pavement. Whatever motive impelled the murderer, or whatever was his object in this horrid act, it failed; in a month Louis Blanc had completely recovered. The work upon which his general fame is based is his 'History of the Ten Years' from 1831 to 1840, which elevated him to a high rank amongst historians and political philosophers. Whenever he became of age, his friends purchased him the necessary qualifications, and then he was elected a member of the Chamber. In 1848, he became a member of the Provisional Government, which sought to embody some of his views in a portion of its legislation—with what result has been seen.

Every man in constructing a theory, however absurd, engages in a useful labour. We do not fear constructive theorists; it is your destructive speculators that should be dreaded. The habit of developing—of organising in thought—superinduces a vital antipathy to all the forms of destructiveness in fact. The man who has spent his leisure hours, or all his hours of thought, in the invention of a machine, will not be easily moved to the annihilation of anything. If the organisation of labour had depended upon Louis Blanc alone, and men of his standard of mind, the change he contemplated might probably have been effected, and the disturbed elements of the old social economy might have been for a time harmoniously re-adjusted. Unfortunately for the success of the experiment, however, it had to be wrought out by men who were not philosophers, and who were destitute of what is superior to all philosophy—a community of religious faith. Louis Blanc is a disciple of Fourier and Considérant; he is a Communist. The material difference between the teachers and disciple is this, that the former sought to develop their plans by spontaneous individual effort, the latter by compulsory statute; the former sought harmony of will as the basis of their systems, the latter would use the compulsion of law to produce the unity he anticipates. In the elucidation of Louis Blanc's views upon the social state, he mentions facts, however, independent of his philosophisms, that are calculated to produce the most serious thought; but that his plans for their cure would suffice, we do not believe. The fearful aspect of society indicated by the following extract from Louis Blanc's work is not to

* By M. LOUIS BLANC. London: H. G. Clarke & Co.

be lightly dismissed from the minds of those who are interested in a high moral and social state of the population; but that *abundance* is able to remove or cure those evils we deny; to say so is to insult man's moral nature, and to decry religion:—

'Following the calculations of M. Tregier, head of the office of prefecture of police,* there are at Paris 235,000 workpeople of all ages and sexes at the relaxed period, and 285,000 during the period of full activity in trade. Of this number, according to the same calculations, there are 33,000 individuals, who, plunged into the depths of vice by want and ignorance, struggle and groan in an agonising despair. As for the wretched beings who seek a livelihood only by a criminal industry—such as thieves, swindlers, forgers, receivers, women of the town and their lovers—they form a total of 30,072—formidable figures, which, added to the preceding 33,000, make in all above 63,000 of every age and sex, forming that army of evil which Paris contains and supports.

'Let us now speak of the retreats, where are to be found that population of misdoers, which the police know without having sufficient proof for their arrest. In the heart of the capital of the civilised world—in its infected quarters—in streets full of hideous mysteries—there are abodes where for two sous (one penny) is sold a night's repose. The author of the work on the 'Dangerous Classes' says, 'that the number of lodging-houses of the lowest grade amounted, in 1836, to 243; that they altogether contained a population of 6000 lodgers, of which one-third were women living by prostitution or robbery.

'There, in fact, in an abominable *pile mûle*, the lepers of our moral world take refuge, and, lost in their hideous crowd, some poor creatures in whom excess of poverty supplies the place of vice. There scenes occur whose image makes one shudder. The faces encountered there are replete with ferocious bestiality. The language they speak is a language of horror, invented for the concealment of thought. Their orgies are fearfully exaggerated; and it daily happens to the *habitués* to mingle blood with the purple wine in which their degradation seeks strength and an outlet at once. Thence, also, proceed those who sometimes traversing society, fill it with horror and dismay on their road to the galleys or the scaffold. And what seems frightful to confess is, that many malefactors occupy at Paris a sort of official position. The police know them, have their names and address, and keep a register of their corruption, following them step by step, in order to surprise them *in flagrante delicto*. They, on their parts, hold up their heads as they walk along, knowing that no legal proof exists of their excesses. Thus, evil and its repression constitute, in the bosom of our social state, two hostile forces equally on their guard, constantly playing the spy upon one another—acknowledgedly watching each other's looks—competing in craft, and even compelling us to take part in the manoeuvres of their unceasing warfare. That is not all. For a long time crime was only to be referred to brutal, solitary, and personal impulses; in these days, murderers and thieves enlist regularly, and obey the rules of discipline. They have given themselves a code of laws and a moral system; they act in bands, and according to learned combinations. The Court of Assizes latterly has successively brought before our eyes, 'La bande Charpentier,' which had declared war against moderate fortunes; 'La bande Courvoisier,' which had systematised the pillage of the Faubourg Saint Germain; 'La bande Gauthier Perez,' which attacked the savings of the work-people; and the bands of Auvergnats, Endormeurs, and Etrangleurs. The force which is refused admittance to the domain of labour passes over into the camp of crime. Very excellent people affirm that it is impossible by union to rival the ruffians who unite for blood and plunder; and whilst the organisation of labour remains undecided, we behold the organisation of the assassin. Such disorder is intolerable; there must be an end to it. But if the effects fill us with horror, it is

surely worth the pains to ascend to the cause; for, to speak plainly, there is but one—and that is POVERTY.'

In order to destroy poverty, M. Blanc seeks to destroy competition, which he terms the 'cause' of poverty; and his plan, which is magnificent and national, is as follows:

'The government should be regarded as the supreme regulator of production, and invested with great strength. This task would consist even in availing itself of competition, that competition should be destroyed. The government should raise a loan which might be applied to the foundation of *social factories* in the most important branches of the national industry. This foundation requiring the investment of considerable funds, the number of original factories would be rigorously circumscribed: but, by virtue of their very organisation, as will be seen in the sequel, they would be gifted with an immense power of expansion. The government being considered as the only founder of the *social factories* (*ateliers*), must also provide them with laws. All workmen giving guarantees of good conduct to be admitted to work in the social factories, as far as the original capital would provide instruments of labour; although the false and anti-social education given to the present generation renders it difficult to find elsewhere than in a surplus of remuneration a motive of emulation and encouragement, the wages to be equal—an education entirely new changing all ideas and customs.

'For the first year, following the establishment of social factories, the government to regulate the hierarchy of each man's functions. After the first year it would be different. The workmen having had time to appreciate one another, and all being equally interested, as will be seen, in the success of the association, the hierarchy would proceed on the elective principle.

'Every year, an account of the net profits to be made out, and divided into three portions. One to be equally divided amongst the members of the association. A second, in the first place, to the support of the old, the sick, and the infirm; secondly, to the alleviation of the crisis weighing upon other branches of industry—all labour owing mutual support to its fellows. The third, lastly, to be devoted to the furnishing of instruments of labour to those desirous of joining the association, so that it might extend itself indefinitely.

'Into each of these associations formed for trades, which can be exercised on a large scale, could be admitted those belonging to professions whose very nature compels those pursuing them to spread themselves and to localise. Thus each social factory might be composed of various trades grouped about one great centre, separate parts of the same whole, obeying the same laws, and participating in the same advantages.

'Each member of the social factory to be at liberty to dispose of his wages at his own convenience; though the evident economy and incontestable excellence of living in community could not fail to generate in the labour-association the voluntary association of wants and pleasures.

'Capitalists to be admitted into the association, and to receive interest for their capital, to be guaranteed by the budget; but not to participate in the profits, unless in the capacity of workmen. The social factory once established on these principles, the result is easily seen.

'In all capital industry—that, for example, of machinery, of cotton, or of printing—there would be a social factory competing with private industry. Would the struggle be long? No; because the social factory would have the advantages over every individual workshop, which results from the economy of living in community, and of an organisation by which all the workmen without exception are interested in producing well and quickly. Would the struggle be subversive? No; because the government would be always at hand to deaden its effects, by preventing the produce of its workshops from descending to too low a level. At present, when an individual of great wealth enters the field with others less wealthy, the unequal contest can only prove disastrous, because an individual seeks only his personal interest; if he can sell at

* Des Classes Dangereuses de la Population.

half the price of his rivals to ruin them, and remain master of the field of battle, he does it. But when in the place of this individual stands the ruling power itself, the question changes its complexion.

This theory, like many more splendid theories, looks more consistent and beautiful upon paper than it did in the 'Ateliers Nationaux' of Paris. The grand fundamental idea, which these social economists ever lose sight of, was wanting; all the circumstances necessary for the development of Louis Blanc's plans were produced, but the innate, invisible circumstance was not there: the circumstances of individual self-sacrifice and fervent devotion, which is to be found embodied in no system save Christianity, was not there. The hope of man's progress is not resident in compulsory associations; all association by compulsion is unjust. There are certain rights and conditions superior to legislation; and man's right to himself is certainly one of these. To seek to superinduce a species of uniformity in humanity by statute-law, would be to combat with the universally revealed will of God, and to supersede the necessities which demand the exercise of the principles of the Christian religion. No man can object to association in the abstract, for it is a human principle. The family, the church, and the nation are all modifications of this principle; but, even that we may love these familiar associations, an exercise of the affections, desires, and will, is more or less demanded; and to *compel* us to remain in them would be to destroy our freedom and their charm. If men were naturally all good, industrious, and loving—if they were not prone to vice and waywardly inclined to evil, even when knowing it to be evil, save through the effects of poverty—then Louis Blanc has solved the social problem; if men were capable of being assimilated in mind, tastes, desires, and capacities, and reduced to one vast crowd of mediocre people, satisfied with a finite condition, and willing to recognise a perfect equality in each other, then Louis Blanc might hope to behold his state enginery working out his consummated desires; but, happily for humanity, there are gradations of mind and degrees of capacity which it would be as unjust to reduce to a standard, if that were possible, as it would be to force a skilful workman to equalise his earnings every week with those of a boy. The hope of humanity rests in the natural inequality of man, to which we are even indebted for Louis Blanc's theories, and to the influences of a Gospel superior to all human ideas. The amelioration of the condition of the poor, to be efficient, must flow from the spontaneous sentiments of the rich; the chains of the enslaved must be broken by the ideas of the free; and the world must be regenerated socially, not by statute-law, but by the progress of the general reason.

The works of the French speculators are beginning again to inundate our nation; but, although adapted to captivate the ideal French mind, they will, we are inclined to hope, make little progress with our more casual countrymen. The plausible theories of the Rousseau school are not enough to constitute a condition of happiness; there is an individual condition requisite in man, which is the necessary constituent of all prosperity, and that is virtue; without this kings cannot maintain their thrones, nor democratic institutions the affections of a people. If poverty has crushed out this principle from the general heart, it is in comparative poverty that it must be restored. To think of regenerating society, as it is termed, without first re-organising virtuous principles in the individual human mind, is like attempting to build a house without bricks—and the fate of the national workshops of France has proven so. Men of the most worthless moral principles were associated in them, not to give an equivalent of labour for the bread they were receiving, but that they might obtain individual support from day to day. They did not feel that they were engaged in a great experiment; they felt only that they were individuals whose end it was to obtain as they best could support without labour. The benevolent theory of the philosopher became in their hands the command of a brigand chief; they reduced the speculations of political economy to the condition of na-

tional plunder. All ameliorations in man's social condition must be preceded by general morality; and he who seeks to make man better physically without embowing him, under God, with the principles of Christianity, begins a suicidal and an unattainable task.

THE DAUGHTER OF HIPPOCRATES.

(From Leigh Hunt's 'Indicator'.)

IN the time of the Norman reign in Sicily, a vessel bound from that island for Smyrna was driven by a westerly wind upon the island of Cos. The crew did not know where they were, though they had often visited the island; for the trading towns lay in other quarters, and they saw nothing before them but woods and solitudes. They found, however, a comfortable harbour; and the wind having fallen in the night, they went on shore next morning for water. The country proved as solitary as they thought it; which was the more extraordinary, inasmuch as it was very luxuriant, full of wild figs and grapes, with a rich uneven ground, and stocked with goats and other animals, who fled whenever they appeared. The bees were remarkably numerous; so that the wild honey, fruits, and delicious water, especially one spring which fell into a beautiful marble basin, made them more and more wonder, at every step, that they could see no human inhabitants.

Thus idling about and wondering, stretching themselves now and then among the wild thyme and grass, and now getting up to look at some specially fertile place which another called them to see, and which they thought might be turned to fine trading purpose, they came upon a mound covered with trees, which looked into a flat wide lawn of rank grass, with a house at the end of it. They crept nearer towards the house along the mound, still continuing among the trees, for fear they were trespassing at last upon somebody's property. It had a large garden wall at the back, as much covered with ivy as if it had been built of it. Fruit-trees looked over the wall with an unpruned thickness; and neither at the back nor front of the house were there any signs of humanity. It was an ancient marble building, where glass was not to be expected in the windows; but it was much dilapidated, and the grass grew up over the steps. They listened again and again; but nothing was to be heard like a sound of men, nor scarcely of anything else. There was an intense noonday silence. Only the hares made a rustling noise as they ran about the long hiding grass. The house looked like the tomb of human nature, amidst the vitality of earth.

'Did you see?' said one of the crew, turning pale, and hastening to go. 'See what?' said the others. 'What looked out of the window.' They all turned their faces towards the house, but saw nothing. Upon this they laughed at their companion, who persisted, however, with great earnestness, and with reluctance at stopping, to say that he saw a strange hideous kind of face look out of the window. 'Let us go, sir,' said he to the captain; 'for I tell ye what: I know this place now: and you, Signor Gualtier,' continued he, turning to a young man, 'may now follow that adventure I have often heard you wish to be engaged in.' The crew turned pale, and Gualtier among them. 'Yes,' added the man, 'we are fallen upon the enchanted part of the island of Cos, where the daughter of—Hush! look there!' They turned their faces again, and beheld the head of a large serpent looking out of the window. Its eyes were direct upon them; and stretching out of the window, it lifted back its head with little sharp jerks like a fowl; and so stood keenly gazing.

The terrified sailors would have begun to depart quicker than they did, had not fear itself made them move slowly. Their legs seemed melting from under them. Gualtier tried to rally his voice. 'They say,' said he, 'it is a gentle creature. The hares that feed right in front of the house are a proof of it; let us all stay.' The others shook their heads, and spoke in whispers, still continuing to descend the mound as well as they could. 'There is something unnatural in that very thing,' said the captain; 'but we will wait for you in the vessel, if you stay. We will, by St

Erma.' The captain had not supposed that Gualtier would stay an instant; but seeing him linger more than the rest, he added the oath in question, and in the mean time was hastening with the others to get away. The truth is, Gualtier was, in one respect, more frightened than any of them. His legs were more rooted to the spot. But the same force of imagination that helped to detain him, enabled him to muster up courage beyond those who found their will more powerful: and in the midst of his terror he could not help thinking what a fine adventure this would be to tell in Salerno, even if he did but conceal himself a little, and stay a few minutes longer than the rest. The thought, however, had hardly come upon him, when it was succeeded by a fear still more lively; and he was preparing to follow the others with all the expedition he could contrive, when a fierce rustling took place in the trees behind him, and in an instant the serpent's head was at his feet. Gualtier's brain as well as heart seemed to sicken, as he thought the monstrous object scented him like a bear; but despair coming in aid of a courage naturally fanciful and chivalrous, he bent his eyes more steadily, and found the huge jaws and fangs not only abstaining from hurting him, but crouching and fawning at his feet like a spaniel. At the same time, he called to mind the old legend respecting the creature, and, corroborated as he now saw it, he ejaculated with good firmness, 'In the name of God and his saints, what art thou?'

'Hast thou not heard of me?' answered the serpent in a voice whose singular human slenderness made it seem the more horrible. 'I guess who thou art,' answered Gualtier: 'the fearful thing in the island of Cos.'

'I am that loathly thing,' replied the serpent: 'once not so.'—And Gualtier thought that its voice trembled sorrowfully.

The monster told Gualtier that what was said of her was true; that she had been a serpent hundreds of years, feeling old age and renewing her youth at the end of each century; that it was a curse of Diana's which had changed her; and that she was never to resume a human form, till somebody was found kind and bold enough to kiss her on the mouth. As she spoke this word, she raised her crest, and sparkled so with her fiery green eyes, dilating at the same time the corners of her jaws, that the young man thrilled through his very scalp. He stepped back, with a look of the utmost horror and loathing. The creature gave a sharp groan inwardly, and after rolling her neck frantically on the ground, withdrew a little back likewise, and seemed to be looking another way. Gualtier heard two or three little sounds as of a person weeping piteously, yet trying to subdue its voice; and looking with breathless curiosity, he saw the side of the loathly creature's face bathed in tears.

'Why speakest thou, lady,' said he, 'if lady thou art, of the curse of the false goddess Diana, who never was, or only a devil? I cannot kiss thee,'—and he shuddered with a horrible shudder, as he spoke, 'but I will bless thee in the name of the true God, and even mark thee with his cross.'

The serpent shook her head mournfully, still keeping it turned round. She then faced him again, hanging her head in a dreary and desponding manner. 'Thou knowest not,' said she, 'what I know. Diana both was and never was; and there are many other things on earth, which are and yet are not. Thou canst not comprehend it, even though thou art kind. But the heavens alter not, neither the sun nor the strength of nature; and if thou wert kinder, I should be as I once was, happy and human. Suffice it, that nothing can change me but what I said.'

'Why wert thou changed, thou fearful and mysterious thing?' said Gualtier.

'Because I denied Diana, as thou dost,' answered the serpent; 'and it was pronounced an awful crime in me, though it is none in thee; and I was to be made a thing loathsome in men's eyes. Let me not catch thine eye, I beseech thee, but go thy way and be safe; for I feel a cruel thought coming on me, which will shake my innermost soul, though it shall not harm thee. But I could make thee suffer for the pleasure of seeing thine anguish; even as

some tyrants do: and is not that dreadful?' And the monster openly shed tears, and sobbed.

There was something in this mixture of avowed cruelty and weeping contradiction to it, which made Gualtier remain in spite of himself. But fear was still uppermost in his mind, when he looked upon the mouth that was to be kissed; and he held fast round a tree with one hand, and his sword as fast in the other, watching the movements of her neck as he conversed. 'How did thy father, the sage Hippocrates,' asked he, 'suffer thee to come to this?' 'My father,' replied she, 'sage and good as he was, was but a Greek mortal; and the great Virgin was a worshipped goddess. I pray thee, go.' She uttered the last word in a tone of loud anguish; but the very horror of it made Gualtier hesitate, and he said, 'How can I know that it is not thy destiny to deceive the merciful into this horrible kiss, that then and then only thou mayest devour them?'

But the serpent rose higher at this, and looking around loftily, said in a mild and majestic tone of voice, 'O ye green and happy woods, breathing like sleep! O safe and quiet population of these leafy places, dying brief deaths! O sea! O earth! O heavens, never uttering syllable to man! Is there no way to make better known the meaning of your gentle silence, of your long basking pleasures and brief pains? And must the want of what is beautiful and kind from others, ever remain different from what is beautiful and kind in itself? And must form obscure essence; and human confidence in good from within, never be bolder than suspicion of evil from without? O ye large looking and grand benignities of creation, is it that we are atoms in a dream; or that your largeness and benignity are in those only who see them, and that it is for us to hang over ye till we wake you into a voice with our kisses? I yearn to be made beautiful by one kind action, and beauty itself will not believe me!'

Gualtier, though not a foolish youth, understood little or nothing of this mystic apostrophe; but something made him bear in mind, and really incline to believe, that it was a transformed woman speaking to him; and he was making a violent internal effort to conquer his repugnance to the kiss, when some hares, starting from him as they passed, ran and covered behind the folds of the monster; and she stooped her head, and licked them. 'By Him,' exclaimed he, 'whom the wormy grave gathered into its arms to save us from our corruptions, I will do this thing; so may He have mercy on my soul, whether I live or die; for the very hares took refuge in her shadow.' And shuddering and shutting his eyes, he put his mouth out for her to meet; and he seemed to feel, in his blindness, that dreadful mouth approaching; and he made the sign of the cross; and he murmured internally the name of Him who cast seven devils out of Mary Magdalen, that afterwards anointed his feet; and in the midst of his courageous agony, he felt a small mouth, fast and warm, upon his, and a hand about his neck, and another on his left hand; and opening his eyes, he dropped them upon two of the sweetest orbs that ever looked into the eye of man. But the hares fled; for they had loved the serpent, but knew not the beautiful human being.

Great was the fame of Gualtier, not only throughout the Grecian islands, but on both continents; and most of all in Sicily, where every one of his countrymen thought he had a hand in the enterprise, for being born on the same soil. The captain and his crew never came again; for, alas! they had gone off without waiting, as they promised. But Tancred, prince of Salerno, came himself with a knightly train to see Gualtier; who lived with his lady in the same place, all her past sufferings appearing as nothing to her before a month of love; and even sorrowful habit had endeared it to her. Tancred, and his knights, and learned clerks, came in a noble ship, every car having a painted scutcheon over the rowlock; and Gualtier and his lady feasted them nobly, and drank to them amidst music in cups of Hippocras—that knightly liquor afterwards so renowned, which she retained the secret of making from her aged father, whose name it bore. And when King Tancred, with a gentle gravity in the midst of his mirth,

expressed a hope that the beautiful lady no longer worshipped Diana, Gualtier said, 'No, indeed, sir; and she looked in Gualtier's face, as she sat next him, with the sweetest look in the world, as who should say, 'No, indeed:—I worship thee and thy kind heart.'"

CHIPS FROM MY LOG.

NO. IV.

RETURN THROUGH SUNDA STRAITS—WATER-SPOUT—FIRST
APPEARANCE OF THE COCO ISLANDS—THEIR NUMBER—
EXTENT—FORMATION—PRODUCTIONS.

On the 6th March we left Batavia for the Coco Islands. In beating through Sunda Straits boats frequently came off to us, both from the Sumatra and Java sides, bringing fruits, birds, monkeys, turtle, &c. We bought the whole cargo of one for seven and a half dollars; and, to give some idea of the low price of the articles, I may mention what we had for our money. There were six and a half dozen fowls, two hundred eggs, one turtle, some bags of *paddy* (rice in the husk), a few dozen heads of maize, two or three dozen pine-apples, about eighteen dozen plantains, some coco-nuts, a few bunches of onions, a cage of Java sparrows, a basket of shells, and some pieces of red coral. The sailors were fond of buying parrots, sparrows, and monkeys, which last were a torment ever after.

One morning, before breakfast, we saw a fine specimen of a water-spout. A squall had just passed over us, and the heavy black clouds were settling down to leeward, when we first observed this curious and beautiful phenomenon. It appeared like a hollow conical tube having a waving curvature, its base attached to the defined margin of a black cloud above, and its apex terminating in a confused cloudy mass which rested on the surface of the sea. As we looked, the tube became shorter and wider, and the cloudy mass below it larger, until, in about ten minutes, it was entirely dissipated. We afterwards saw several rudimentary ones gliding over the surface of the sea, but none of them came to anything.

After clearing the straits we stood south till we fell in with the south-east trades in about 9 deg. south latitude, and then steered west to our destination, which we reached on the 20th March, the passage having occupied a fortnight. The Coco (called also the Keeling) Islands are situated at the northern limit of the constant south-east trades; latitude about 12 deg. south, longitude 97 east, about 600 miles in a south-westerly direction from the nearest part of Java. The first sight of them was singular and by no means prepossessing. They lie so low as not to be visible above ten or twelve miles from the deck of a large ship, and hence, there is considerable risk of not finding them at all, especially as westerly currents prevail in the neighbourhood and set vessels down to leeward. To avoid such an awkward mistake, we made sure of being in the correct latitude, and on nearing the islands we kept a man at the mast-head to look out. The first appearance seen from the deck was a cloudy band on the horizon, which gradually changed into a row of coco-nut trees standing apparently out of the water, or rather growing in the air, for, by a curious effect of refraction, we saw the tops of the trees quite plainly with a portion of clear sky between them, and the well-defined horizon, on which there was not the slightest appearance of land. As we drew nearer the trees gradually formed a junction with the water, and last of all a low bank of land became apparent.

This group of Coral Islands is of the kind called an *atoll*; the islands being placed on a reef which surrounds a lagoon of shallow water. The circumference of the reef is irregular, but its general outline is egg-shaped, the broader part being towards the south. Its superficial surface is covered at high tide, but is for the most part left exposed at low, and forms a belt of irregular width

continuous all round, with the exception of two openings, one looking north, and the other north-west. The whole length of the atoll is ten or eleven miles, and its breadth about seven. The islands, of which there are about twenty, excluding three or four of very small size, are narrow elongated stripes of coral debris, piled up on the outer side to a height of four to twelve feet above high-water mark, and gradually sloping to the margin of the lagoon. Some hillocks of sand attain a height of upwards of twenty feet. The soil is very scanty; indeed in many places there is no covering to the broken coral; but the surface of all the islands is nevertheless thickly overgrown with coco-nut trees.

A word or two now in regard to the structure and productions of this formation. The outer margin of the reef is formed of living coral, chiefly of two species, which form large roundish masses of very solid texture; one of the kinds grows and extends by plates having somewhat the appearance of honey-combs. Both kinds require to be kept always wet, and they consequently die when they get elevated above low-tide mark. The living plates, along with another kind that grows in the form of fingers, irritate and sting the skin like nettles; and one day before we discovered this property, the captain suffered very severe pain from having accidentally rubbed his eyes immediately after breaking off one of the fingered specimens. Outside the reef, the bottom deepens, at first gradually, and then very rapidly, showing that the base of the coral mass rises very abruptly from the depths of the ocean. It is stated by Darwin that living zoophytes are not found in this situation at a greater depth than twenty fathoms. Within the outer edge of the reef the coral is mostly dead, and considerably altered in its character. In many places it forms hard level surfaces of considerable extent. Masses are also to be found cemented together apparently by the infiltration of calcareous matter, the original texture being, from this and other causes, almost entirely obliterated. Much of it rings under the hammer like boulders of hornblende, and in many parts homogeneous vitreous masses are found so hard as not to be scratched by a knife.

The southern part of the lagoon is occupied by extensive flats of mud and sand, which are left dry at low water, the deeper parts being covered with beautifully branched corals, which, by their growth, are gradually raising the bottom of the lagoon and obliterating the boat-channels. The northern part is occupied by sandbanks and irregular reefs of hard coral, together with deep channels, containing three to seven fathoms water. Ships may enter by the northern opening, and find safe anchorage in seven fathoms, just inside the north-east island. The sediment, which covers a great part of the bottom of the lagoon as a fine mud, and which appears on the shores in the form of soft chalky powder or sand of dazzling whiteness, is not formed by the attrition of the coral by the waves, but seems rather to be excreted by certain fishes, crustaceans, and *holothurians* (tripang), which feed on the coral. Some specimens of this white deposit resemble chalk very closely, and it is not improbable that the chalk formation may really have had a similar origin. The flats of white sand and coral under water have a very striking and brilliant effect by moonlight; the light being reflected in such a manner from the bottom as to give the whole lagoon the appearance of being covered with tracts of snow.

The surface of the islands is formed of broken coral and shells, either bare, as I have already said, or covered with a scanty soil. The vegetation is made up of thirty or forty species of plants, ten or twelve of which are trees. Besides the coco-nut tree, which is by far the most abundant, there is one which furnishes very hard wood suitable for ship and boat-building. It is a tall tree with bright green leaves and large yellow flowers. Another of somewhat similar appearance, but whose wood is soft, grows to a very large size. A low bushy tree, found chiefly round the margins of the islands, is called *sira* by the Malay inhabitants, because they use the bark for chewing in the same way that the Javanese use the leaf of the

* This story is founded on a tradition still preserved in the island of Cos, and repeated in old romances and books of travels. See 'Dunlop's History of Fiction,' vol. ii., where he gives an account of Urraute the White.

sireh-vine. Another bushy tree has large dark-green leaves with white flowers in their axils: the native name signifies 'one-sided flower,' on account of the peculiar appearance of its blossoms. These fine trees are found all over the islands; the others occur more sparingly; such as the *waroe*, which yields a soft wood used by the Malays for kindling fires by friction, another whose fruit smells like rancid butter, and others of less note. Of the small plants only one has any show. It is a luxuriant creeper, throwing out large pinkish flowers like a convolvulus. There are a few grasses, which occur in small patches and form a scanty herbage. Besides the native plant, a few that were originally introduced are now running wild on some of the islands, such as sugar-canes, Cape gooseberries, pumpkins, chilies, papayas, &c.

There are no native quadrupeds on the islands. Of land-birds, there are rails and sand-pipers; and I was told of two other species, one being a crane. A few sea-birds have their home here, the most abundant being boobies and frigate-birds. They make their nests sometimes on the ground, but more commonly in the trees. There is a small tern also, of beautiful form, and remarkable for its fearless prying curiosity. Half a dozen of them would frequently keep fluttering right before our eyes at little more than an arm's length off, so that if we had chosen we could easily have knocked them down with a short stick. I did so on two occasions as I wished to preserve a skin; but I lost both specimens, and I could not bring myself to repeat the process on any more.

Of fishes there is an immense number in the lagoon, both of species and of individuals; many of them easily caught and highly palatable. Fine green turtle were formerly abundant, but they are now getting scarcer; we had a plentiful supply, however, during our stay. With the lower orders of animals—crustaceans, molluscs, &c.—the islands are absolutely teeming. Crabs exist in the most extraordinary abundance, and of all sizes, from the formidable land species, with claws upwards of a foot long, which lives about the hollow roots of trees and feeds on coco-nuts, down to a curious little amphibious animal with a body three quarters of an inch long by half an inch broad. These live chiefly in the mud flats at the south end of the lagoon, and they are so numerous that for a considerable space the ground is quite honey-combed with their small round holes. On first seeing these apertures I could not make out what they were for; but on suddenly emerging one day from the trees upon one of the 'flats' I saw a myriad of the tiny creatures *bolt* into them instantly, and after I had remained quiet for a little, two or three crept out again stealthily, and I succeeded in capturing one. The body was of a dark mottled colour, and of the dimensions I have stated. It had eight small toes for walking with, and one large toe, of a pink colour, *two inches* long, the pincers at the end being one inch. At the opposite side was a very small toe with pincers which I saw one use in feeding. It came to the mouth of its den, and after scraping away a little of the surface, began shuffling up the clayey matter into its mouth. The large toe appears to be used for digging the holes.

Of marine animals still lower in the scale there is great abundance; comprising sea-urchins, star-fishes, tripang (or *Biche de mer*, used as food by the Chinese), sea-anemones, &c. These and many others, presenting a great diversity in forms and colours, have their abode in the protected hollows of the reefs, and on the bottom of the quiet lagoon.

Among the molluscs the most remarkable is an enormous bivalve called the 'giant clamp-shell' (*Tridacna gigas*). It lies half buried in the coral with its mouth upwards and expanded ready to engulf whatever enters it. Large fishes are sometimes caught by it, and a case was related to me where a man had been the victim. The poor fellow had been wading about among the coral, and not noticing the shell had stepped into its open mouth and was immediately made fast. Before his companions could release him they had to get crowbars and beat the shell to pieces, but his leg was much crushed and mangled,

and, surgical aid not being at hand, he died soon after. A few of these large shells were brought on board our ship for the purpose of being taken home; one of them I found to measure 3 feet 9 along the mouth, and 6 feet in circumference. I had no opportunity of weighing it, but judged it to be not less than 300 pounds.

Such then, in a general way, are the structure and productions of this, and likewise of nearly all the other atolls, or lagoon coral islands in the eastern seas. Of their general appearance and effect it is difficult to convey a correct impression to those who have seen nothing similar. To the artist, or mere hunter after the picturesque, they may offer little attraction. Here are no cloud-capped mountains, no bursting cataracts, nor babbling brooks, and the whole may be voted figuratively, as it is actually, exceedingly 'flat'; but the diligent explorer of the works of nature will certainly find an abundant feast; and in a very limited space such scenes of life, and modes of existence and action will occur, as cannot fail to gratify his intelligent curiosity, and furnish ample materials for much reflection and study.

WILD FLOWERS OF THE MONTHS AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS.—JULY.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

I sing, I sing, as erst I sung in the golden Summer time,
When the new-mown hay perfumed the breeze, and June was in its prime;

When few and saltry were the hours that own'd the reign of night,
And long ere labour was astir the eastern sky was bright;
When scarce the sunbeams entrance found to chequer the green glade,
So closely wove the verdant woof by leafy branches made;
When the music of the nightingale was ceasing in the dell,
And the wand'ring cuckoo shouted out to all a sad farewell.

I sing, I sing, as erst I sung, and still the skies are blue,
And still the breeze that fans my cheek is soft as ever blow,
And still the sun as fervently embraceth the fair earth,
Where flowers of richest scent and hue on every side have birth;
Through the green meads as joyously the streams their courses wend,
In all the pride of leafiness the trees their boughs extend;
Still humming-bees as busily in flower-bells load the thigh,
And still the bright-winged butterflies are flitting gaily by.

I sing, I sing, as erst, yet scarce so joyously and free,
For the shadow of a coming change is stealing over me,
And over the green earth that spreads so fair before my sight,
And all things that are beautiful, and fashion'd for delight,
I note the brown tinge that pervades the landscape day by day;
I know that it betokeneth the advent of decay;
I hear a voice—the voice of Time—a whisper stern and low—
'The year hath reach'd its prime, and now it decedence must know!'

As with the human countenance, so is it with the face of nature; those who look upon it day by day see not the changes which are there gradually wrought by the hand of time: in the one instance the fading of the rich bloom and glow of youth and healthful vigour into the sallow tint of age and declining powers, the sinking of the rounded cheek, the waning lustre of the flashing eye, pass unnoted; and in the other the fresh and lively green, the delicate perfume, and bracing airs of Spring, give place to the more luxuriant verdure and embowering shade, the brighter sunshine, and the softer gales of Summer; and these, in turn, to the mellow tints, the yet more fervent heat, and luscious perfumes of Autumn; which again fade and die away, and merge into the universal deadness and desolation of Winter, the sepulchre of the year! We do not mark these changes while they are in the process of development, unless we take a retrospective glance, and institute a comparison between things as they *are* and as they *were*; and we are often startled when some circumstance or train of thought carries us back to the past, as memory presents the mind with a faithful picture of what has been, to observe how great an alteration *has* taken place in ourselves, or our friends, or the scenes amid which we dwell—to note the ravages made by the great destroyer and to reflect how much nearer we and all things are to decay and dissolution.

'Each month is various, to present
The world with some development,'

as Tennyson sings, alluding more especially to the growth

of knowledge, and consequent power of the human mind; and this is no less true of the outward manifestations of the changes which are constantly going on in nature; but not only is there some 'new development' presented every month, and day, and hour, but there is also some indication of decay to be perceived, if we do but look with sufficient attention to what is passing around us:—

The green leaves of the forest, and the bright flowers of the field,
Their verdure, and their freshness, and their fragrance must yield;
All mute things and live creatures do grow, as grows the moon,
Like her to know declension, and loss of power soon;
Ours is a world of changes, and it is well that we
Should know and feel we're subject to mutability;
So shall our pride be humbled, so shall we ever send
Our thoughts into the future, preparing for the end.

These, it may be thought, are over-grave reflections for so joyous and abounding a period of the year, when the leafage and the fruitage are at their fullest and richest; when the corn-fields are assuming that tint which is symbolical of wealth, and which makes us think of cornucopie and other images of plenty and abundance; when nature is most luxuriantly attired, and the year in the very zenith of its pride and power. Grave reflections, in truth, they are; yet, as we believe, not unseasonable—as, we hope, not unprofitable ones—the year hath reached its prime, and now it *decadence must know*.

But let us see what sort of a wreath we can twine for this sweltering July, who comes, as Spenser hath it, 'boiling like to fire,' and riding, having cast all his garments away, upon a Nemæan lion, that 'rageth yet with ire.' What an image is this of mature strength and manly lusthood! And, first of all, we will take the resplendent St John's Wort—

'Hypericum, all bloom, so thick a swarm
Of flowers, like flies clothing her slender rods,
That scarce a leaf appears,'

as Cowper tells us. We shall have no difficulty in finding this 'charm against witchcraft,' as the Scottish Highlanders were wont to consider it—this *Fuga demonum* (devil's flight), as it is termed by the old medical writers—this mystical plant, sacred to the evangelist whose name it bears, and formerly used in all sorts of divinations and enchantments; no difficulty whatever, because almost anywhere, by the dusty roadside, by the fresh river's brink, in the shady dell, and in the broad sunshine of the upland meadow, there it grows and flourishes, and ten to one but we shall find near it the odorous Meadow-sweet, flecking the green declivity with its 'foam-like' blossoms; it is a beautiful little plant this, and is seen to most advantage when the wind is blowing freshly, for then it dances and nods about in the most light and elegant manner conceivable, and appears well to merit the French term, *la reine des frès* (the queen of the meadows). A Kentish poet, not so well known as he ought to be, has said that it has a flower of 'lace-like embroidery;' and this allusion reminds us of a verdant slope where we have sat in the cool of the early morning to watch the graceful motions, and inhale the fragrance, of this pretty dancer in the sunshine, with the blue sky over us, where the lark sung 'like a soul beatified, of love,' and beneath us the lovely valley through which the river Medway meanders and glides, amid corn-fields and meadows, dotted over with clumps of trees, and farm-houses, and clusters of cottages, and intersected with hedgerows and hop-plantations, with that grey cromlech, or druidical altar, or whatsoever it may be, commonly called 'Kit's Coty-House,' in the foreground—that venerable pile of four massive stones, each many tons in weight, which seems as old as the surrounding hills themselves, and as likely to last till 'the day of doom,' and about which history and tradition have a dispute that will probably remain unsettled as long as the monument endures. Reader! if ye be a northman, a son of 'auld Scotia,' even a kilted Celt of the most remote Highlands or islands, it would be worth your while to come thus far, only to look upon this scene of quiet pastoral beauty and fertility, and upon this rude pile, raised, as is generally supposed, by the stalwart Saxons, by which our thoughts are carried back to the period when the fair valley in which it stands was a pathless wilderness of

morass and wood, inhabited by the wild cat and the wolf, and more scarcely less savage. How changed is now the scene!

Change not to be regretted; for the wild
Hath now become a garden; by the hand
Of cultivation tamed, boon nature's child
Hath smoothed her rugged features: lo! how bland
And peacefully she smiles before us, fann'd
By gentle zephyrs, that delight to dwell
Amid the green spots of this favour'd land;
Now toying with the gem-like Heather-bell,
Now with the Marjorum bloom that scents each grassy dell.

Here we are, back again among the flowers, and high time it is that we were so, having gossiped at too great a length about our favourite valley and its 'precious stones.' Well, the higher ground which overlooks this valley, and by which runs the path to Maidstone road, is called 'Blue-bell Hill,' and all about the grassy slopes on which it is so pleasant to walk or to sit, and the chalky bluffs and hollows, to which the purple Bugloss gives here and there a regal stain, swing and flutter multitudes of the little Heath-bells, sometimes almost deluding one into the belief that they are not flowers at all, but those pretty cerulean butterflies that one sees flitting hither and thither in the sunshine. This is the *Campanula rotundifolia*—we beg the modest little flower's pardon for calling it by so grandiloquent a name, but botanists will have it so—the Hare-bell of the poets, as some say, while others assert that to the wild Hyacinth this title properly belongs. Sir Walter Scott, however, who may be considered as some authority, does not agree with these objectors. In 'the Lady of the Lake' he says, evidently alluding to this flower,—

'A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the dew;
E'en the slight Harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread.'

This is the flower which, according to Miss Twamley, is used to summon the fairy folk to their moonlight revelry:

'Have ye ever heard, in the twilight dim,
A low, soft strain,
That ye fancied a distant vesper hymn,
Borne o'er the plain
By the zephyrs that rise on perfumed wing,
When the sun's last glances are glimmering?
The source of that whispering strain I'll tell,
For I've listen'd oft
To the music faint of the blue Harebell,
In the gloaming soft:
'Tis the gay fairy folk that peal who ring,
At even-time for their banqueting.'

Then there is the wild Thyme and the wild Marjorum, both possessing a fragrance peculiar to themselves, the one keeping close to the earth, and having blossoms of a purple hue, the other rising from one to two feet above it, with flowers of a chocolate colour, powdered, as it seems, with grey; in both the bees greatly delight, and they impart a peculiar flavour to the honey collected in the localities where they are most plentiful. The old poets make frequent allusion to this love of the bee for the blossoming Thyme; we have only space for one, from Claudian's 'Rape of Proserpine':—

'Meanwhile, dispersed around, the roving maids
Throng in each various path, as when a swarm
Of bees, led from their waxy citadel,
Built in some hollow oak, following their queen
O'er beds of Thyme, cluster with pleasing hum.'

The French poet, Belleau, invites us to wander where

'Streak'd Pink, and Lilly-cup, and Rose,
And Thyme, and Marjorum, are spreading.'

All these are good flowers for our July wreath; and so, too, is the Heather, celebrated in Scottish song, which now purples the hillside and the moorland, and beautifies many a piece of barren waste-land.

'How many a vagrant wing light waves around
Thy purple bells, Erica! 'Tis from thee
The hermit birds, that love the desert, find
Shelter and food. Nor these alone delight
In the fresh heath. Thy gallant mountaineers,
Auld Scotia, smile to see it spread, immense,
O'er their unconquer'd hills; and at the close
Of the keen boreal day, the undaunted race,
Contented in the rude Erica, sink
To healing sleep.'

Carrington, the poet of Dartmore, has thus alluded to this plant; and William Howitt says of Sir Walter Scott, that 'his poetry actually smells of the Heather. I never read it or think of it but I hear the rustle of the crimson Heath-bells on the gale.' The same might be said of Burns, who invites his Jeanie—

'To stray among the Heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me;'

and of Robert Nicoll, who exclaims joyously, 'We'll a' go pu' the Heather;' and James Hogg, and a host of other sweet songsters of the 'Land of brown heath and shaggy wood.' The Highland emigrants in Canada, as Miss Martineau informs us, 'wept when they found that the Heather would not grow in their newly-adopted soil.' And well they might, for it is the flower of their native mountains, and associated with all their brightest and tenderest recollections. Like the Thistle it is, too, a badge of their nationality, and is woven in those historic records of which they have the greatest reason to be proud, and in their most fondly cherished traditions. But we have alluded to another plant, which is more particularly the Scotsman's national emblem, and of which many varieties are now in blossom, and among them that of which Burns sings:—

'The rough Bar-thistle spreading wide
Among the bearded bear;
I turn'd my weedin' heuk aside,
An' spared the symbol dear.'

Miss Pratt tells us that 'the beautiful Cotton-thistle, which grows by the Scottish highways,' is generally regarded as that chosen for the national emblem, and that 'its hard and sharp spines well accord with the proud defiant motto which accompanies it;' and she quotes, as a reason for it being so adopted, this tradition: On one occasion, when the Danes were invading the Scottish nation, and, according to their usual practice, attacking them during the period of sleep, one of them placed his naked foot on the spiny leaves of a Thistle, and instinctively uttered a cry, which aroused the slumbering warriors, and gave them timely notice of the approach of their foes, who were quickly defeated and driven from the spot. Many of the Thistles are truly noble plants, rising to a great height with their crimson crowns, and spiny stalks, and large, glossy, serrated leaves; and perhaps the most stately of them is that variety which, from having its leaves beautifully veined with white, is called the Milk-thistle (*Cirsium marianum*), which is very rare in Scotland, although common enough in many parts of England. 'It grows,' says Miss Pratt, 'in the rocky cliffs near Dumbarton Castle, and tradition tells that the unhappy Mary, Queen of Scots, planted it there with her own hands.' One of the most curious of vegetable phenomena is the downy head of the Thistle, that collection of minute winged seeds destined to be scattered and sown by the wind amid rocks, and glens, and moorlands wild, far away from the parent stem. It is one of those instances of wise contrivance and nice adaptation of means to an end, which the student of nature constantly meets with, and in which he traces the hand of a Divine Author and Contriver, so that he is at no loss for an answer to such a question as that put by T. L. Merritt, the Kentish poet before alluded to—

'Who gave the Thistle's feather'd seed its plumes,
That, wing-like, waft it on each gentle breeze
To sterile yet to it congenial soils,
Investing them with purple beauty, rife
With fragrant treasures for the wild bee's store?'

We have lingered over these few characteristic flowers of July perhaps long enough, and will now content ourselves with a bare mention of some more of the most prominent which are in blossom during this month. The Poppy now begins to flush the ocean of golden green corn stalks, like the red coral seen through translucent, sun-lighted waters, but we shall not dwell upon that at present. The bright blue Succory, or Chicory, as it is very commonly called, is a beautiful object by the wayside, and amid the bursting ears, that begin to bend with the weight of the swelling grain; and there, too, is the

more deeply tinted Corn Blue-bottle, which the Scotch people term 'Blue-bonnet'—not so formidable an object as those 'blue bonnets' which, in 'the good (?) old times,' were wont to appear, somewhat too suddenly and frequently for English comfort and safety, 'over the border.' And there, too, are the pink Scabious, and the purely white Bladder Campion, and the little creeping Fumitory, or, as our French neighbours say, *Fume de terre* (smoke of the earth), because it spreads like smoke over the face of the landscape. One of the popular names of this plant is 'Bloody Man's Thumb,' and Shakespeare calls it 'rank Fumiter,' and places it among the weeds that Lear had crowned himself with in his madness:—

'Crown'd with rank Fumiter and Farrow weeds,
With Hunklocks, Hemlock, Nettles, Cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.'

The little Pimpernel, too, mentioned last month, still opens and closes its scarlet eye, according to the aspect of the heavens; and this property is also possessed by the Chicory:—

'On upland slopes the shepherds mark
The hour when, to the dial true,
Chicorium, to the towering lark
Lifts her soft eye, serenely blue,'

sings the poet, who has drawn a fine moral from the circumstance:—

'Thus in each flower and simple bell,
That in our path untrodden lie,
Are sweet remembrancers, which tell
How fast the winged moments fly.'

But we have as yet said nothing of the glory and pride of the month, the stately Water-lily, about which enough poetry has been written to fill a goodly volume. We must be content with a few lines only—whose shall they be? Let us take those by Mrs Hemans:—

'Oh, beautiful thou art,
Thou sculpture-like and statelier river-queen!
Crowning the depths as with the light serene
Of a pure heart.

Bright lily of the wave!
Rising in fearless grace with every swell,
Thou seem'st as if a spirit, meekly brave,
Dwelt in thy cell.'

And we cannot pass over this fine piece of morality by Margaret Fuller, the strong-minded yet tender-hearted American woman: 'It is a marvel whence this perfect flower derives its loveliness and perfume, springing, as it does, from the black mud over which the river sleeps, and where lurk the slimy eel and speckled frog, and the mud-turtle, whom continual washing cannot cleanse. It is the very same black mud out of which the yellow lily sucks its obscene life and noisome odour. Thus we see, too, in the world, that some persons assimilate only what is ugly and evil from the same moral circumstances which supply good and beautified results, the fragrance of celestial flowers, to the daily life of others.' Then, too, we have a whole crowd of *Antirrhinum*s, or Snapdragons, purple, pink, and white, plucked from the ruined wall or grassy mound, where 'the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep;' and the bright little yellow Toad-flax, whose blossoms resemble them in shape, that grows on the heap of stones by the roadside; with the glossy-leaved Cistus, or Rock-rose, and the spiky Vervain, or 'holy herb,' as it was called in olden times; and the Thrift and the Sea-lavender from the marsh; and the resinous Mullien, which the people of Kent term 'flannel flower;' and the Wood Betony, scarcely distinguishable from one of the dead nettles, which puts forth a dark red blossom; and the prickly Teasel; and the pretty red Centaury; and a host of other July blossoms which we cannot so much as name, for this is he—

'Whose robe with interwoven flowers is deck'd,
Broader'd with many a wreath and golden twine,
And therabout the happy bees collect,
Soothing the sense with their melodious chime;
Myriads of butterflies around him fit—
For such a flowery month attendants fit.'

A GOOD EXAMPLE.*

THE handsomest country town in Ireland is Fermoy, nearly in the centre of Munster; it is picturesquely seated on the Blackwater, and, with its cheerful aspect and handsome scenery, never fails to arrest the attention of the most careless traveller. The streets are spacious, and the town is tastefully designed. There is a neat square, fine churches for religious worship, and several private residences of respectability in the neighbourhood. The place looks bright and happy, not like the other dreary and dilapidated country towns in Ireland. Two large barracks, built in squares on the northern side of the town, contribute to the imposing appearance of the place. Fermoy has now seven thousand inhabitants. Sixty years since, the place was a dirty hamlet, consisting of hovels, and a carmen's public-house, at the end of a narrow old bridge; now there is a cheerful and agreeable town, pleasant society, a good deal of trade, and more prosperity than might be expected. How was all this accomplished? By the enterprise and energies of one man.

John Anderson was a Scotchman born in humble circumstances, of which he always boasted when raised to mix with the nobility of his adopted country. While very young, he learned to read and write, and attributed the energy of his character to the stimulus which he received from education. He made a few pounds in some humble employment, and settled at Glasgow about the year 1784. There he was fortunate in some small speculations, and by a venture in herrings acquired five hundred pounds—an immense sum to him. He then determined to seek some new sphere, where he might exert himself; and he thought that Ireland would be the best place for him to fix in. The commercial advantages of Cork, with its noble harbour, attracted him, and he settled there. He became an export merchant, and trafficked in provisions, the staple trade of the place. In a very few years he realised twenty-five thousand pounds, and laid it out in the purchase of four-sixths of the Fermoy estate. If he had been an Irishman, he might probably have stopped there, and resolved, after the fashion of the people, 'to enjoy himself' after having made his fortune. He would probably have got a pack of hounds, given dinners daily to hungry *squires*, earned the reputation of a 'real good fellow,' by copiously diffusing whisky-punch, and living, like a 'real gentleman' in vulgar ostentation. But Anderson was a man of too much energy to settle down in the rotting idleness peculiar to the gentry of the country. Bishop Cumberland's saying, 'Better to wear out than to rust out,' was Anderson's maxim. Instead of 'giving a tone to society,' he aspired to create society where it did not previously exist. He resolved to make a town at Fermoy. The first thing he did was to build a good hotel, for the accommodation of those travelling post. He added next a few houses, built a square, and, at his own expense, rebuilt the bridge, which had become ruinous. He did not go with bat in hand to the lord-lieutenant, begging for a share of the public monies. He was resolved to depend upon himself. When he had mapped out his design for a town, he learned that the government were meditating the erection of large barracks in Munster. Mr Anderson saw the advantage which the presence of a garrison would be to his rapidly-rising little town, and he at once offered government a capital site, rent free, for the barracks. He made this offer in 1797, when the country was disturbed, and when accommodation was an object to the government. His offer was accepted. Two very large and handsome barracks were built. But Anderson did not stop there. He was not of that pernicious opinion, too prevalent in Ireland, that government should be invoked to do the work of individuals. He saw that the presence of officers would be likely to make a gay neighbourhood, and accordingly he built a theatre, and some additional houses, and invited various families with more or less

capital to come and settle at Fermoy. He built for himself a handsome residence, and placed himself at the head of the community which rapidly began to grow around him.

Meantime this enterprising man had not given up his business. He established a bank, and discounted to a considerable extent. To develop the material resources of the country around him became a leading object with him. Travelling in Ireland was very dangerous and expensive. Mr Anderson determined to reform it. He established a Mail Coach Company, and the first coach which ran between Cork and Dublin was established by Mr Anderson. What can show the backward state of society in Ireland more than the fact, that public coaching between the two chief cities in Ireland only dates from half a century back? Again, what can show the neglect of opportunities by Irishmen more than the circumstance that Anderson, a Scotchman, and Bianconi, an Italian, should have been the chief improvers of travelling in Ireland? In addition to his other works, he established an agricultural society. He did not neglect education, and built a large schoolhouse for the town. A military college was also built by him, which was afterwards turned into a public school, and was presided over by the Rev. Thomas Hineke. In every possible way he laboured within his sphere to civilise and improve.

Politics he appeared to think a nuisance more than anything else. In Whigs and Tories—in Nationalists bawling about Irish glory, and Imperialists talking about civilisation—he had no faith whatever. He kept clear of their factions and intrigues, and went right on to do the work before him. He continued, however, to have great influence with the ruling powers; for such men always command influence—they have no occasion to solicit it. A minister of state counts himself fortunate when he meets with such a man as Anderson. Thus, though there was no harmony of political feeling between the Irish government and Mr Anderson, he had always great authority at Dublin Castle. His opinions were those of a rational and progressive Whig, sincerely favourable to liberty of thinking, attached to quiet, and who estimated the good and evil of measures chiefly by their obvious utility. His sentiments, however, he rarely uttered. On one side he saw a narrow-minded oligarchy—on the other, an uncultivated democracy. He witnessed the petty spirit and ridiculous airs of consequence assumed by the provincial gentry, and he beheld the mass of society half sunk in the slough of despond. He did not waste time in stooping to conciliate their prejudices, but he took good care not to offend them. While society was divided by splenetic controversy, he showed that he respected all forms of the Christian faith. Thus he gave three thousand pounds to build a church for the Protestants; but he also gave five hundred pounds, and a site rent free, for a Catholic chapel.

It must not be understood that Anderson was a man of vast resources. He was probably never worth more than fifty thousand pounds; but he kept his capital in circulation, and allowed none of it to remain unemployed. Industry and enterprise were the sources from which he made his fortune, and by means of which he benefited all the people around him. The station in society reached by such a man, was, of course, most respectable. His friendship was courted, and his society was sought for. His manners were agreeable and courtier-like, and calculated to make friends. He had no John-Bullish self-complacency—no Hibernian ostentation—and, I will add, no Scotch niggardliness. From his manners in company, it would have been hardly possible to infer his country. He had much more enjoyability than is commonly to be found in Scotchmen, and was fond of relaxing in society.

He laughed carelessly over his humble origin, not, however, without feeling some justifiable pride in the success of his career. On one occasion, in the very height of his prosperity, he was entertaining a large company at his residence in Fermoy. Amongst the party were the late Earls of Kingston and Shannon, and the present Lord

* From Revelations of Ireland in the Past Generation. By D. OWEN MADDEN, Esq. Dublin: James M'Glashan.

Riversdale. The conversation turned on Anderson's great success in life, and Lord Kingstoun asked him to what he chiefly attributed his rapid rise in life. 'To education, my lord,' replied Anderson; 'every child in Scotland can easily get the means of learning to read and write. When I was a little boy, my parents sent me to school every day, and I had to walk three miles to the village school. Many a cold walk I had, in the bitter winter mornings; and I assure you, my lords,' he added, smiling, 'that shoes and stockings were extremely scarce in those days.'

He often indulged in a joke about Scotland. One day he was met by the late Mr Hoare, one of the Munster bar, and conspicuous for the pompous formality of his manners. In advancing to greet Anderson he tried to draw off his glove, which was very tight. 'Never mind, counsellor—never mind,' said the other, 'you should never take off your glove when shaking hands with a Scotchman.'

He was not only quick in conception, but very rapid in explaining a difficulty. On one occasion he was very anxious to succeed in carrying a road-presentment for a new line, which he wished to carry on a level, so as to avoid a hill. The road was traversed at the assizes, and the matter came before a jury. The case was ill-managed—the lawyers only mystified it, and the jury were thick-witted. The object and utility of the proposed road were not made apparent. Anderson, losing patience, got on the witness-table with his hat in hand, and said, addressing himself to the jury, 'Gentlemen, I am *here* (pointing to the rim of his hat), and I want to go *there* (touching, at the same time, the other extremity of his hat). Which is better?—to go *thus* (describing the level circle of the hat), or go *this way* (making his finger traverse the crown of his hat)?' The jury at once understood his ideas in making the road.

The government so highly appreciated Mr Anderson that a baronetcy was tendered him, which he declined. It was then offered to his son, and accepted for him, the present baronet and well-known experimentalist in steam-coaching.

But the brightest picture in this world must have shadows cast upon it. Pity that, after contemplating the prosperity and happiness of Mr Anderson, the reader must be informed of his reverses. As might be conjectured, Mr Anderson had an extreme love of speculation. He was never happy except when he had some vast enterprise on hands. To an ardent imagination it is difficult to apply control; and, excited by his great personal successes, and by the applause which he had honestly earned, Mr Anderson extended his operations too much. When he saw how much he had accomplished at Fermoy, he reflected how much more he might do with larger means, and he embarked in dangerous speculations. In Welsh mining he lost thirty thousand pounds; and on the sale of the Barrymore estates he became a heavy purchaser. But after the close of the war, the price of land fell considerably in Ireland, and recent purchasers were considerable losers. The changes of the currency affected his banking operations, and his career was arrested, to the extreme regret of the public in the south of Ireland.

The good, however, which Mr Anderson had accomplished did not terminate with his reverses. He left behind him, in the handsome town of Fermoy, a noble monument of what can be accomplished by one man possessed of energy and talent. The intellect of Mr Anderson was not very remarkable—it was probably inferior to many of his idle neighbours. His superiority lay in his moral qualities—in his determination to succeed, and his resolution never to be idle. He was no heartless adventurer bent on self-aggrandisement—no speculator upon the passions or follies of his fellow-men, using them as stepping-stones to power. He was a creator and a civiliser—a man who left behind him a splendid example of what industry and enterprise can achieve in a land where the vanity of the rich and high-born, and the slothfulness of the humble and the lowly, seek every possible excuse which their fond imaginations can invent for idleness and poverty. Ah, ye landlords! who are perpetually invoking government—

and ye agitators! railing at Great Britain, why will you not take a lesson from an Anderson, and apply yourselves to the work before you, of reclaiming not the land of Ireland from barrenness, but the people thereof from squalid indolence, beggary dependence, disgusting poverty, and shameful waste of the powers and opportunities with which the God of nature has endowed them? The value of a hundred landlords in Ireland, consuming rents, and careless of social development, I will not calculate; nor will I place the probable value upon a hundred agitators, bawling and bellowing from year's end to year's end. But when I look at the bright and cheerful town of Fermoy, so picturesquely situated on the Blackwater—when I think of its recent origin, and how one man, without the help of parliament or speech-makers, made that large and handsome town, I cannot help reflecting what a vast deal of good would result from the scattering of a hundred Andersons through Munster and Connaught—a hundred men, self-reliant and enterprising—free from petty prejudice, and superior to the coarse passions of the time—a hundred strong men, too proud to look to parliament for alms, too pure to seek for gain in ministering to the delusions of the people! Nor is that all which such a career as Anderson's should suggest. We are eternally told in Ireland of the evils of past times—of the cruelties of England at such a time; of the bigotry and of the tyranny of the Protestants in such a reign; of the tumult and rebellions of the Catholics at another time. All these past evils are pleaded to stop the censure of present apathy and of contemporary indolence. But what were these horrors to a man like Anderson? Did he turn aside from his work, to melt with 'patriotic' sensibility over retrospective miseries and historical woes? He never troubled himself about these ideal evils; he treated Protestants and Catholics as he found them, with honesty and plain dealing, and all due courtesies. He never canvassed for the applauses of the mob, nor courted by small arts the favour of the provincial gentry. Never cringing to the ruling powers, he was never their factious opponent. He never cried, like certain persons, 'Do this for me, or else —'

Such are the men that Ireland wants. May her own sons, so rich in generous and noble qualities, waken up from idle dreams and fantastic designs, and manfully apply their energies in the beautiful country where God has placed them!

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE BURNED LEAF.

An old man took a leaf from out a book
And bade me read it. And I read it o'er,
And found that part a virtuous import had,
And that the rest a vicious meaning bore.

He held it to the fire till it consumed,
And left behind an ember-curl and dry.
'Now look,' he said, 'and tell me what thou seest.'
And I obeyed, and much amazed was I
To see—where all appeared effaced—
So many words distinctly traced.

'And thus,' he said, 'upon the page
Of wither'd, sapless, palsied age,
Are seen the lines, or foul or fair,
Which ruling passion writeth there
And these enlarge and gather power
As cometh near the dying hour:

And after Death hath done its work,
The dust that's carried to the grave
Preserves the stamp and character
Which limning spirit to it gave;
And fends will read it by the fire,
Which flames from nature's funeral pyre.

Now watch,' he said, 'those few remaining sparks
That linger in that phantom-paper yet:
See'st not how, like hymens in their cage,
They seek for something which they cannot get?

There! one goes out—a second!—and a third!
 And two you saw, in mid pursuit, expired.
 Mark how that last one rusheth to and fro,
 Like bedlamite with thoughts of vengeance fired!
 Gone!—no, not yet—it lives once more—
 Wanes—waxes—breaks! and now it is no more!

And this, my boy, but represents
 The earth and its inhabitants.
 As sought those sparks that shape of wind,
 And, seeking, perish'd one and all,
 So vainly man would Eden find
 Amongst the ashes of the fall.
 They seek before, they seek behind—
 The youth is at the old man's heels—
 And each one fancies he will find
 What all affect, but no one feels
 (Except the God of truth reveals),
 Till burst the bubble sparks, and leave no trace behind.

LIFE OF SAMUEL CLUGSTON, THE SLUGGARD.

CHAPTER XII.

Samuel was now in possession of a larger sum of money than he had owned for many years; and it put his mind into something like activity to settle what should be done with it. In the meantime he wrapped it in a number of rags, and tied it about his person. He was full of schemes for a few days, and thought of this and of that, but abandoned each in turn as involving too much trouble. At length he resolved to buy a comfortable hand-barrow with an arm-chair in it, and have himself carried about from place to place as an impotent beggar. To make sure work, however—for the wooden leg still haunted him—he turned the matter thoroughly in his mind and viewed it on all sides. So soon as he felt satisfied on the point, he gave the order for the barrow and crutches, representing them as being for his aged mother, who had been taken ill of dumb palsy at a village some miles off. What would Lizzy Proudfoot have said had she heard the order given? In due time Samuel removed the articles, under cloud of night, and travelled on with them, by unfrequented paths, and in the direction of a country where he had not been, till the next morning began to break. He slept in a wood during the day, and started again when evening fell. The second night threatened not to be so fortunate as the first, for two men dogged him a considerable way, evidently supposing he was a robber making off with booty. He got quit of them, however, and slept next day in a cavern beside a waterfall. The following night was to complete the circle of his labour, and bring him to paradise and the use of his palanquin, and so he jogged on with tolerable heart and expedition, encouraging himself with visions of peace and an old age of ease and tranquillity.

When morning broke Samuel was sitting in his easy-chair, on a county-road, with his crutches beside him, and himself in the best order he could think of, abiding the upturns of Providence. He felt his position delightful after his late fatigues, and yet he was not without fear, and almost in the thought of relinquishing the experiment, for, do what he would, he could not banish the wooden leg from his remembrance. His uncertainty, however, was dismissed by the sound of voices approaching. He made a last preparation, by putting on as helpless a look as possible, and moaning in a very piteous manner. The voices died away again, and his unpleasant feelings returned. After some time the rattle of carts was heard, and in the course of a few minutes they came up with him. The drivers questioned him as to how he was there, and where he had come from; but Samuel was dumb, and could only answer them by woful groans and shakings of the head, and pointings to his limbs, and sundry gesticulations which they did not understand. They lifted him into one of the carts and drove him into the next village, which stood a few miles off. This was a good beginning, and Samuel inwardly congratulated himself. He was handed from door to door through the village, and, except some grumblings at his weight, and occasionally a suspicion started as to his in-

ability and dumbness, he got on very pleasantly and profitably. His wallet was half filled, and he had taken fourpence in coppers, by the time he reached the other end of the town. But a difficulty now presented itself. The two last houses were occupied by elderly women. A discussion arose as to who should take him to the nearest farmhouse. Each was for putting it off his own shoulders. One had a cold, and another had not time, and a third had carried the last 'dumbie,' and a fourth had a rheumatic shoulder or was grievously afflicted with corns. Samuel tried to touch their sympathies by clapping his hands, and shaking his head, and moaning dismally. A woman who had a cripple son now spoke up for him, and said some strong things about the overturns of Providence, and what the Saviour did for the dumb and the lame, when two men volunteered their service, and set off amid the cheers of their assembled neighbours. Samuel treated his friends to divers fits of coughing by the road; and, after many rests and breathings, and sundry comparisons of their load to a sack of meal and a boll of potatoes, they arrived at their destination. Samuel made signs to the farmer that he wished to go to sleep, and was consequently put into an outhouse. When he felt himself alone, he partook heartily of his miscellaneous gatherings, rejoicing at the success of his scheme, and upbraiding himself for not having had recourse to it sooner, and in the midst of his thoughts and pleasing anticipations he fell fast asleep.

As soon as the farmer had two of his hands idle, he broke in upon Samuel's slumbers, and had him conveyed to the next farm-town. This was no great hardship, for Samuel's vehicle was constructed so as to let him sleep by the wayside, as well as in the house; and as drowsing is a natural concomitant of extreme weakness, it was not incompatible with his assumed position to indulge in it to the full—and he was never full.

Things went on for some time as well as could be expected, for Samuel really looked the character well. His broad bonnet and long beard gave a picturesqueness to him, and would have been patriarchal, but for something indescribably uncouth and comical in the rest of his person. There was no qualifying of his gander neck, spoky arms, and spindle limbs. Whatever position they were in, they awoke the sense of the ludicrous. But Samuel was not moved by these things; in fact he did not know them, or only very slightly, and would have been comparatively happy, but for that irritation and uneasiness, and those gloomy and undefined apprehensions which accompany a relaxed and disordered state of the nervous system. He wondered why he felt as he did, when he had everything, in a sense, he desired, and the reasonable prospect of its continuance; but he knew not that the evil was within himself, and that it was the fruit of his own doings, and that he was feeding it by the course on which he had entered. How certainly will our ways find us out! Both nature and Providence and the constitution of mind and body, are adjusted to this end. We may be reached through a thousand avenues. The laws of spirit and matter must first be broken ere we can escape, and this implies the subjugation of the Lawgiver whom the most powerful conspiracy the universe has seen could not overthrow, and whom, if it had overthrown, would have been the overthrowing and destruction of the universe itself.

Samuel grew more and more unhappy as the apparent means of his happiness increased. In the course of ten months he had saved as many pounds, had eaten abundantly, drowsed and slept two-thirds of the time, and been carried about like a prince from place to place; and yet he felt miserable and stupid when awake, and tormented with horrible dreams when asleep. He began to think it was the curse of God coming upon him, and that it would end in some awful judgment, and he occasionally entertained the question of abandoning his course of hypocrisy and imposition—but the frightful thought of toiling about again on his feet, made him keep his barrow and endure his misery.

CHAPTER XIII.

About this time (within the year at least) a trick was

played him, which threatened to end seriously. Two farm lads had been charged with his transference to the neighbouring town, which stood at a considerable distance. They did not relish the job, and gave vent to their displeasure by speaking very disrespectfully of 'the muckle lazy dumbie,' as they called him, and by 'wishing him at the bottom of a coal-pit,' and setting him down occasionally with a thump, which was anything but agreeable to Samuel. They rested long at the foot of a steep hill they had to cross, and in the meanwhile Samuel fell asleep, when they agreed to tumble him out on arriving at the steepest part of it. 'Now!' cried the foremost, as he gained the spot agreed upon, and away went Samuel rolling, crutches and clouts and all, to the bottom. The roars he uttered in descending were fearful, but it was soon over, and, except a bruise or two, and extreme giddiness, he was otherwise unhurt. He rose perfectly savage, and after staggering a little, gave chase to his tormentors, who were scampering off, and 'guffaing' at the top of their lungs. He soon felt he had no chance with them, and then saw his grievous error, and made back with all speed to his barrow, and got it up and sat down upon it, resolving to describe to the first comers, by as expressive signs as he could muster, the ill-usage he had received, and the fight he had to crawl up the ascent again. In a short time the two lads appeared at some distance, and other two persons with them. Samuel felt at a loss what to do—whether to brave it out, or fight his way through them, or take off to a wood he saw in the distance; but he was relieved from his perplexity by three men approaching in an opposite direction, to whom he explained by a medley of tears, and moans, and gesticulations, how he had been treated. They believed and took pity on him, and cried to the rascals, whom Samuel pointed out, and who were laughing most obstreperously, that their masters should hear of it; and, gathering up his crutches and scattered property, they bore Samuel away to a neighbouring village. The lads cried after the men what Samuel had done, but their statements were not believed, and were only answered by rebukes and threatenings. This was a happy issue for Samuel, and he inwardly rejoiced at it. The story soon got wind, but, as the lads were known to be mischievous and not very scrupulous as to truth, the tide of public opinion turned against them, and completely in Samuel's favour.

Fortune was now plainly smiling on Samuel, as if to make amends for past frowns; but her smiles are proverbially capricious, and Samuel soon found them to be so. The 'tumbling transaction' had the effect in the meantime of filling his wallet and purse, and he passed through the district in which it happened, in a sort of triumphal progress, the object of general interest and commiseration. It had the effect, too, of keeping him more awake out of doors, and especially so when crossing a bridge, or passing over considerable elevations. But he soon met with a sore drawback, and at a time when he least expected it. He had been carried into a country minister's house, who was noted for his quiet waggy and knowledge of the weak points of human nature, who, being informed of the 'dumbie's' arrival, stepped down into the kitchen where Samuel was sitting, and said to him in a low, confidential, sympathising tone, 'Ay, ay, honest man, and how long have ye been in that dumb state?' Samuel, completely thrown off his guard, made answer, 'Seven years, at any rate.'—'Ay, ay, that's a long time, honest man,'—and the domestics and the neighbours who had come in with Samuel burst out into a loud fit of laughter, when Samuel, seeing his deplorable mistake, jumped up and banged out at the door, leaving barrow, and crutches, and plaids behind him. He made a strange run, they said, twining and zigzagging like a butterfly on the wing—and no wonder, considering the time his legs had been out of use; but as they did not pursue him farther than a little way for their own diversion, he, of course, got clear off, and, by a prodigious effort, he made into Glasgow that night—a distance of nine miles and better from the place where the disaster occurred. This was a sore calamity, and Samuel never forgave himself for his stupidity. In order to prevent detection, he went straight-

way to a low broker's shop in the Saltmarket, and bought an old hat, a pair of wide corduroy trousers, a pair of scissors, and a grey duffle big-coat lined with green flannel, and going down into a close, and up into a back stair, he began the work of the toilette. The trousers were drawn on above the rest, and, except being a little too tight, they fitted very well; the bonnet, which had seen twenty-one years' service, and was in a sense entitled to its discharge, was thrown away, but not without compunction, and the hat was put in its place; the greatcoat felt comfortable as he drew it on; and he completed the affair, by clipping his beard down to within an inch of the chin. The transformation was great, but nothing could materially alter the original form and fabric of the man. With much difficulty, for he was fagged and vexed beyond measure, he found his way to a lodging-house in the Bridge-gate. Not without dread, he lay down in the place assigned him, with all his clothes on, and his greatcoat buttoned up to the neck, for he had thirteen pounds and odds concealed about his person—the proceeds of the barrow, the idea and fate of which were tracking and hunting him like a sleuth-hound. Notwithstanding his fatigue and love of sleep, he slept none that night, but tossed and tumbled about till morning, and then rose and went off.

As the winter was just setting in, and threatened to be severe, he had determined during the night to rent a cheap lodging in the suburbs, and take his ease till the spring returned, and then go into one of the southern counties, and have recourse to the barrow again. After a good deal of wandering, and some shame—for he thought every one was looking at him in his new dress—he found a lodging to his mind in an Irishman's near Barrowfield Toll, who kept an ass and cart, and drove a small trade in rags, and crockery, and old clothes. The wife helped out the concern by keeping lodgers and doing for them. Samuel formed one of four stationary lodgers, but was the only Scotchman among them. In a few days he felt a good deal at home, and began to take his usual rest without fear of being robbed.

Things went on well enough for several weeks, and his fellow-inmates became very kind to him, and would now and then treat him to a glass of whisky. The birth-day of one of them was at hand, and he promised to give them all a treat—and he kept his word. A dozen pies, a gallon of porter, and two bottles of whisky were provided, and they began to be merry, and Samuel's spirits got up, and his drone and syncope of speech went considerably off, and he talked and told stories, and at length offered himself for a song, which was received with great enthusiasm. He was applauded to the echo and encored, and his health was drunk in a full bumper, standing, with three times three. Samuel acknowledged the compliment by drinking their healths in return, and matters went on as merrily as heart could wish, till sometime beyond midnight, when Samuel was carried to his shake-down in a state of complete insensibility.

The upshot of it was, that Samuel had the house to himself in the morning, with a few old chairs and broken dishes that were not worth the lifting, and every farthing of his money gone. He first thought it was a dream—but it was no dream; and then, that it was a joke—but it was no joke. The whole establishment had decamped during the night, taking everything of value with them. This was a heavy blow, and, to add to its weight, the winter had set in with unusual bitterness.

With an aching head, and a heart like to break, he first went about the neighbourhood, in a half-dementit state, making inquiries, and then set out, he knew not well where, in the vague hope of finding them, but not knowing what he should do, if he did. He was forced to beg as he went, for he had not a farthing left. After the first excitement and pang of his calamity were over, and a few miserable weeks had gone by, he settled down into a sullen torpor, and began to wish himself in his grave. He became rapidly weaker, and his health and constitution were fast breaking up. An unexpected noise would make him tremble all over; a harsh word or passing banter from

any one would rouse him into the fiercest anger, and he would continue in it for hours. To add to his affliction, sleep, his idol and god, began to fail him. This was more than he could bear, and, exasperated beyond endurance, he would blaspheme and call on perdition to take him in. At other times he would be haunted with the most distressing fears, and gnawed by the most poignant remorse. He would turn self-accuser, and arraign himself for his past misdeeds, and utter anathemas on his own soul; and then he would break out into the most fiendish maledictions against those who had wronged him, from Jenny Airly and Mr Purdie down to the Irishmen who had robbed him. It was clear his mind was giving way, and lapsing into a painful species of insanity. He became more and more restless; and, though the snow was deep and the cold intense, he would move about from place to place, muttering to himself, and utterly heedless of what was going on around him. He began to fancy that every one was against him, and that Satan was at the head of the conspiracy, and that every one had put poison into the food which was offered him. He was now thoroughly deranged, and, strange to say, the passion of his life was dethroned and replaced by a more terrible power. For days and nights in succession he would not close an eye, but wander about all night in woods and desolate places, for he had again betaken himself to the country. He became the terror of every district he visited. Children fled from him, and dogs snarled at him, and farmers kept on the watch all night till he left their neighbourhood. Everything about him was mysterious. He never asked for food, and no one knew how he lived. The wildest conjectures were afloat: he was a conscience-stricken murderer, or some wretch whom the grave would not keep. Few chose to pass him, and those who did, represented him, as indeed he was, the most unearthly being they had ever seen.

He happened to wander into a locality where he had been with his barrow, and was instantly recognised. A great clamour got up. It was naturally enough concluded he was only assuming some new character. A number of men went out to catch and punish him. They got him, but came back convinced he was not acting a part. The vivid, but cold and serpent-like gleam of the madman's eye cannot be mistaken and cannot be put on. Sometimes, at midnight, he would be heard rushing past the farm-towns, as if fleeing for his life; at other times, loud cries of distress would issue from the woods and by-places, as of one in despair or in the agonies of death; and at other times he would be seen, in the moonlight nights, wading up to the knees in snow, where no one was, and speaking and remonstrating with persons whom no one saw. His movements from place to place became more rapid and desultory, and he was fast wearing down to a shadow, but still supernaturally active, and still conflicting and struggling with his inward tormentors, whom his life had engendered and insanity had evoked.

He disappeared at last; and when the snow went off, he was found lying in a ditch, with a half-eaten turnip in his hand, and an old horse-pistol in his greatcoat-pocket, charged to the muzzle. The lurid fires and volcanic power of madness had altered his ways and looks for a time, but the stamp and impress of the ruling passion was now restored and left indelibly upon his corpse—a sluggard in his last sleep. 'The way of transgressors is hard.'

DETECTION OF STARCH-SUGAR IN CANE-SUGAR.

BY DR C. REICH.

THE adulteration of cane-sugar and its syrups with starch-sugar and starch-syrup is not unusual. As both starch-syrup and starch-sugar usually contain dextrin, and often gypsum, when they have been manufactured by sulphuric acid, instead of with malt, we have in alcohol an easy and safe test, as both dextrin and sulphate of lime are precipitated by it. We dilute the syrup with double its quantity of water, and shake it with alcohol of 80 or 90 per cent. when the sugar remains in the solution. If, how-

ever, the syrup or sugar contains neither dextrin nor gypsum, the detection of the adulteration is more difficult; for the optical sugar-test by means of the polariscope of Biot and Ventzke is not safe enough, and, moreover, the apothecary seldom possesses this instrument; also Trommer's sugar-test, by heating the alkaline solution of sugar with sulphate of copper, is not to be perfectly relied on.

A better re-agent is *concentrated sulphuric acid*, which chars cane-sugar, and at the same time forms from it formic acid, whilst it forms with starch-sugar a distinct chemical combination, saccharo-sulphuric acid, discovered by Peligat, which forms with almost all bases soluble combinations, and is, consequently, not precipitated by carbonate of baryta. In order, therefore, to discover the presence of starch-syrup in cane-sugar syrup, the latter must first be exposed in a vapour-bath until it is almost dry, and heated to the melting point of starch-sugar, and then a slight excess of concentrated sulphuric acid is to be added to it by drops, lessening at the same time the too strong heat by cooling. In half-an-hour the mixture is to be dissolved in twenty parts of distilled water and filtered, and carbonate of baryta added to the filtered liquid to saturation, and the liquid again filtered from the sulphate of baryta, and from the surplus of carbonate of baryta. If now sulphuric acid cause in the filtered liquid a precipitate of sulphate of baryta, starch-sugar was present, and saccharo-sulphuric acid has been generated.

This method also offers difficulties, and Dr Reich discovered a still better one by testing with bichromate of potash. If a thick, pure, cane-sugar syrup be mixed with a boiling-hot concentrated watery solution of bichromate of potash, and the mixture heated in a test-glass to the boiling point, and the heat then removed, a reciprocal reaction goes on, and the syrup has acquired, from the oxide of chrome which is formed, a deep green colour, which appears particularly beautiful when the liquid is diluted with water. This phenomenon is the result of the oxidation of the syrup and of the generation of an organic acid, which combines with the oxide of chrome, and remains dissolved in the syrup.

All other kinds of sugar remain indifferent to the bichromate of potash. If, therefore, starch-syrups (dextrin syrup) be treated in the same way, no change takes place. If cane-sugar syrup be mixed with the $\frac{1}{2}$ or $\frac{1}{3}$ or $\frac{1}{4}$ part of the latter, this prevents the bichromate of potash from affecting energetically the cane-sugar syrup, the mixture froths a little more during boiling, but ceases to do so as soon as it is removed from the heat, without the liquid becoming green; and, even when a small proportion of starch-syrup only is present, a colouration without energetic effect takes place, the colour is never so beautifully dark green, so that from the various shades of the colour the proportion of the starch-syrup (dextrin syrup) may be calculated. The adulterations of solid cane-sugar with starch-sugar, however, cannot be discovered by this re-agent, as it does not in the least affect a concentrated watery solution of pure cane-sugar and starch-sugar. For discovering the latter adulteration, Dr Reich found the nitrate of cobalt very appropriate. Its effects are due to the relations of the potash-compounds of the starch-sugar and of the pure cane-sugar. If, for example, a small quantity of fused caustic potash be added to a concentrated watery solution of pure cane-sugar, the mixture heated to a boiling degree, and a solution of nitrate of cobalt dropped in, a beautiful bluish-violet precipitate of hydrate of the oxide of cobalt is formed, even when the solution was much diluted.

A concentrated solution of starch-sugar treated with caustic potash, and diluted with distilled water, gives no precipitate with nitrate of cobalt. If the solution of the potash starch-sugar be somewhat concentrated, a dirty-brown precipitate falls down on the addition of a solution of nitrate of cobalt. A small proportion of starch-sugar in cane-sugar prevents the formation of this bluish-violet precipitate by nitrate of cobalt, so that the latter is a safe re-agent for detecting the adulteration of the cane-sugar by starch-sugar.—*Buchner's Repertorium*.

PUBLIC CHARITY.

'CHARITY covereth a multitude of sins,' is a maxim of the Christian faith; and could the text bear the literal and limited interpretation given it by the Council of Constance, when it placed almsgiving second in the list of justifying works, there were a strong inducement to its general practice, especially as the present times afford more than sufficient scope for every possible effort. History has a thousand such time-protested bills, but charity, like hard times, is a current phrase which does duty on all occasions, and may be made serviceable for any purpose, yet it designates the greatest and most comprehensive of the social virtues.

Never, in the modern history of Britain, were there larger demands on public charity than have been urged in the course of the past and present year, and never, we believe, were its responses given on a grander scale. The latter fact is certainly one to be rejoiced in as deeply as the former must be deplored; but this state of things naturally suggests an inquiry concerning the tendency and results of national beneficence as now administered. That our best things are capable of abuse is one of the greatest imperfections of this imperfect life; yet not only is that woful truth fixed beyond the reach of debate, but the experience of mankind in all ages proves that the worst of evils arise from the perversions of institutions in themselves most excellent, and in proportion to the blessing is the curse of its misapplication. Is it, then, wonderful that charity should be perverted also? Like the stateliest trees of the forest, the nobler gifts of humanity have each their parasite evil apt to twine round their growing strength and flourish on their decay. Thus liberty is liable to licentiousness, religion to hypocrisy, and charity to abuses whose name is legion, and whose effects are all but unlimited. There remains no doubt of the good achieved by individual and enlightened benevolence, which searches out misery in the refuse heaps and corners of society, and labours for its amelioration, whether in the application of means or the discovery of ways, as exemplified by the celebrated Howard and the no less celebrated Mrs. Fry.

* Not only famous, but of that good fame
Without which glory's but a tavern song.'

may well be said of both these names. Next to the hearts which devised such liberal things is the hand that reaches timely relief to the necessity of the grinding hour; yet the legalised and systematic charity established in most Christian countries, and more largely developed in Britain, lies open to some serious and important questions. First, is it not to be feared that a regular and systematic provision against want, irrespective of any exertion of individual industry or prudence, must, in the present, or indeed in any probable state of the masses, naturally foster a spirit of dependence on external aid, and offer a direct encouragement to idleness and improvidence, with all their attendant causes of moral and physical degradation? Yet such is the provision established by our British poor-laws, which, though presenting different and sometimes scarcely less objectionable features in the different provinces composing the United Kingdom, necessarily agree in this fundamental character. Relief, without reference to merit, is the dictate of a most enlightened wisdom, confirmed by the loftiest example within the range of human regard. Absolute necessity in all cases has a claim which demands the first consideration; but a system which supports only destitution, while it opens no path to improvement, may be justly suspected of materially assisting in the perpetuation of poverty.

The rapid increase of the poor-rates in every part of the kingdom since their establishment, together with the still wider extension of pauperism, cannot be satisfactorily accounted for, whatever political economists, according to Dr Malthus, may assert, by the multiplication of labourers or the superseding power of machinery. If the labouring population have increased, new fields for industry have been opened, unknown to the preceding generations; for instance, the formation of railways, the extraction of native iron, and various other branches of manufacture and commerce. If

machinery has dispensed with certain hands, it has furnished employment for others, and placed a vast variety of necessary articles within the reach of the working classes; so that in that quarter things appear to be tolerably balanced, as might be exemplified by a comparison of the style of living habitual to the more respectable artisans and mechanics of our times with that of the corresponding class in the former century—furniture, apparel, and other appliances of daily life included, the advantage will be found considerably on the side of the present generation. Neither can the real or attributed evils of the factory system, or the insecurity of commercial confidence, with all the consequent panics that have been so destructively frequent in late years, afford a solution of the perplexing problem. Ireland is exclusively an agricultural country, yet, independent of the recent terrible visitation, her pauperism has pressed on public notice with a pertinacity sufficient, in old classic phrase, to weary both gods and men; and the working of the poor-law, short as the time has been to test it, does not promise to contribute to the amelioration of that unfortunate country. The proverbial improvidence of the Irish peasantry has grown only more observable under its operation, not alone through the success of political agitators, deplorably farcical as their latter proceedings are—such is the ordinary fruit of multitudinous adversity—but even with the horrors of the scarce gone by famine fresh in their recollection, it was generally known that in the districts where out-door relief was administered during the summer of 1847, the inhabitants of hamlets situated among extensive bogs in the north-west became so indolent as to neglect cutting and drying the peat-moss, a precaution till then considered indispensable for the provision of winter fuel; while the potato-gardens of former years were allowed to remain unproductive by the many, who could not procure seed in consequence of the general failure of that trusted root, and would not take the trouble of planting them with any other vegetable. In southern districts similarly situated, labourers refused to work in harvest time under twice the wages given in preceding seasons; and in the east of Ulster, justly esteemed the most independent part of the island, tourists were amused by the frequent spectacle of a tall smoking peasant or his ragged son, like very impersonations of indolence, on a great road, where the west wind swayed the ripened corn as far as the eye could reach, kicking before them a large tin can, and announcing to all whom it might concern that they had got a ticket for soup, and were going to the nearest poorhouse for 'their rations.' Doubtless much of his recklessness of character may be traceable to the desperation of his fortunes; but the Irish peasant is not alone in this glory, or rather disgrace; the instance of the English mechanics who refused the advantageous offer of a Scottish proprietor desirous of introducing, through their means, a new branch of manufacture to the cities north of the Tweed, because by settling in Scotland they might lose the prospective benefits of their parish (!) would be regarded as neither new nor strange among England's workers in field and factory. Indeed, besides this there is no rational explanation for the bluntness of both mental and moral perception, portrayed by every writer on the subject, from Crabbe to the late Parliamentary Commission, in a country which, with all its defects, is at this moment the centre of European knowledge and civilisation.

The native delineators of humble life in all its varieties unite with the educational reports of Scotland in attesting the moral and intellectual superiority of the northern peasant or artisan. No doubt the spirit of the carrier, who would not have a horse bought him by subscription when the animal by which he lived had been accidentally killed, because, to use his own words, he 'had eighteenpence at home, forby the skin,' still survives among the labourers and mechanics of North Britain; and long may it continue their best defence against pauperism, with all its degrading attendants; but even here the abuses of public charity are visible. It is not necessary to search for them in those Highland districts to which the recent famine directed national benevolence; their inhabitants

have, indeed, given lamentable proof of their Celtic kindred with the people of the west in the management of their own and the diminution of their neighbours' resources; but the current history of lower life, especially in our commercial and manufacturing towns, illustrated as it has lately been by riots and other tokens of these upstirring times, exhibits some of the worst consequences of that imprudence whose utmost stretch of foresight is the poor-rate. Pursuing this view of the subject, Edinburgh itself may be quoted as exemplifying the tares that are apt to spring up where public charity has most beneficently sown. In proportion to its size and population, no city in the world contains more societies for the relief of indigence. From reduced gentlewomen to ragged schools, the benevolence of its wealthier classes has gone forth in every direction where want was to be met, and its liberality in the article of gratuitous education is represented to the stranger's eye by some of the handsomest edifices in Britain. The palace-like front of Heriot's princely foundation, Watson's, the Trades', and Merchant Maiden's Hospitals, only require to be mentioned in confirmation of the statement. But amid so much bountiful benevolence, who can observe the every-day life of its masses, and not perceive how large a share of that self-dependence and honourable pride which made the national character respected throughout the world has perished? The gold has become brass, assumption has taken the place of high spirit, and manoeuvring policy that of industrious providence. The families of artisans and tradesmen imitate, as far as in them lies, the habits of their superiors in fortune, with much superadded thoughtlessness of their own, firmly believing that there is 'a society' bound to take care of them. Parents who struggle for gentility educate their children by means of charitable institutions, from which scores of half-taught and wholly uncultivated boys and girls are returned to domestic society every year; and, not to enter further on the combined evils of such a system, what honest independence or native industry can be expected from families, two or even three generations of whom have been brought up by public charity? Yet numerous instances of the kind exist in our northern metropolis.

The subject also reminds us that few cities, even in England, are more heavily taxed for the legal support of the poor. The Scottish poor-law has, indeed, never been charged with the sanction of needless expenditure; on the contrary, its economy has been ridiculed as a niggardly administration of charity, more consistent with the national aversion to pecuniary loss than the liberality of benevolence; yet its working, from which alone convincing inference can be drawn, proves it to have been more judiciously contrived than that of either England or Ireland. Still it is liable to misapplications, similar in kind though differing in degree, the only difference which ever appears likely to exist between any legalised systems of relief. Under these considerations there arises a question regarding the justice or wisdom of placing on the industrious classes the burdens of compulsory charity. As things are, it is on them that the greater part of those burdens press; and the Frenchman's scheme, promulgated when so many theories were afloat, immediately before the first Revolution, that the idle rich should support the unemployed poor, appears, in this view of the subject, not without plausibility. His idea was, that all who had inherited estates and revenues from their ancestors, which they neither improved nor increased, were bound to indemnify the state for the uselessness of their lives, by maintaining the entire pauper population, and ought to be taxed for that purpose in proportion to the amount of their fortunes. Those who had realised wealth by their own industry were to be exempted from taxation, on the ground that they were the most profitable servants of the state; and the ingenious contriver concluded his pamphlet by declaring that 'this plan would make an aristocracy a good thing for any nation!'

It is probable that a bill for thus regulating the poor-rates of the British empire would have many petitions in its favour from Ireland, though, we apprehend, an ex-

treinely small minority in the Upper House, and it is also to be feared that some of the worst consequences of our present system, as regards the objects of relief, might remain, if not increase, by means of funds so levied. Every form of law-compelled charity carries within itself the germs of degeneracy and degradation; and to most institutions founded by individual beneficence the words of Lord Bacon are lamentably applicable, 'Likewise, glorious gifts and foundations are like sacrifices without salt, and but the painted sepulchres of alms, which soon will putrefy and corrupt inwardly.' What, then, is to be done? The declaration of Scripture, verified by the experience of all times and nations, assures us that the poor shall not cease out of the land. Everywhere the majority of mankind have no available property, but live according to the terms of the original sentence—by the sweat of their brows, or at least the labour of their hands; but let it not be forgotten that these are the useful classes, the sinews of society, by whose toil its whole machinery is supported, and its most essential necessities produced; hewers of wood and drawers of water have been to their brethren, from the days of the first among men who said, 'I am rich and increased in goods;' and history presents us with a sad comment on human pretensions to reason, in the fact that, for more centuries than it can definitely number, by far the larger portion of the race have been utterly neglected by legislative wisdom, or remembered only as they could serve the interests or caprices of the few. The slavery of the classic world, the still more barbarous and scarce less abject vassalage of the feudal ages, the manorial rights, and the factory system of modern times, all speak with one voice of confirmation to this disgraceful truth. Cobbett asserts that poor-laws were not required till after the Protestant Reformation; certain it is they were not adopted till then; and the above-mentioned writer is loud in praise of the Catholic convents and alms-giving, which, he says, provided for the maintenance of the poor without the evils of workhouses. The Romish church, indeed, professed to do so, and a portion of her tithes was set apart in every country for that object, but that the interests of the labouring classes were much less regarded than at present is evident from the recorded horrors of famines, and pestilences, and the peasant wars, which occurred almost every century; for example, the insurrection of Wat Tyler in England, the devastations of the Jacquerie in France, and the rebellion of the boors in Friesland, who carried a loaf by way of banner, to signify that all their cause of war was bread. Passing over the darker deformities of those times, the instances we have quoted furnish terrible proof that the poor were, in the emphatic language of inspiration, 'trodden down like the mire of the streets.' It is worthy of remark, that the most dreadful outburst of this description ever known in Germany took place towards the end of Luther's ministrations. Historians agree that it was the result of want and depression of trade, combined with the tyranny of the Catholic nobles and ecclesiastics. These parties were unanimous in ascribing it to the preaching of the reformer; and their statement caught some shadow of truth from the religious fanaticism with which its latter horrors were deepened. Luther preached with his wonted fervour against the rebellion, and his conduct in that respect has been the subject of both commendation and censure. Horrible were the deeds of the infuriated vassals, and still more so the retaliation of their lords, when feudal banner and battleaxe again prevailed; but let the crimes of those ages rest with their ruined towers and rusty armour; we live in times which, with all their errors, reckon the many of some account, and can appreciate the lesson given by the Parisian curé to a nobleman who talked contemptuously of the canaille, 'Monsieur Le Count forgets that his Saviour was born among the canaille of Bethlehem.' If the count left any descendants, they have probably learned better by this time than to call those canaille, between whom and themselves fortune made the only distinction. Much has been taught the rulers of the earth, authors and orators generally have been loud in their professions of sympathy since

philanthropy came in fashion, and though the din far exceeds the labour, something has been effected in the way of awakening inquiry and directing attention to the subject; but the rights and the consideration due to the unprotected and laborious mass, enforced by the soundest dictates of reason and the most terrible warnings of history, advocated by religion, with the power of Scriptural precept and example, as that one portion of the law of Moses most completely ratified by the Gospel, are they yet sufficiently understood or regarded? Do not the very extent of our poor-laws and houses testify against us, that we are guilty concerning our brethren, sold for so many ages to those Ishmaelites of time, ignorance and pauperism? The desideratum is not charity, but work for the million. Work or want is their only alternative; bounty may increase, but can never satisfy the demand; and were the energy of legislators and the zeal of private benevolence exerted for the employment and instruction of the multitude, whose position in the scale of fortune renders them at once so serviceable to their species, and so incapable of guarding their own best interests, it would prevent the possibility of extensive destitution, and supersede at least three-fourths of the poor-rates.

'I believe Sir Charles does a world of good in your neighbourhood,' said an inquisitive traveller to one of the Irish peasantry, referring to a charitable M.P. 'I am told it is astonishing to see the quantity of food and clothing which he and his lady distribute to the poor every Christmas.' 'True for ye, sir,' replied the labourer, pausing in the midst of his toil in a ditch. 'He gives male and blankets to some of them, but Mr Smith from England and his spinnin'-jinnies is far the charitablest, for he keeps the reet in work all the year, barrin' Sundays.' And the Irishman was right—the just and liberal employer is the true friend of the people, and he who promotes productive industry serves his country best. The old Greeks seem to have had an impression of this fact on their minds when they ascribed to nearly every one of their deities the invention of some useful art.

The proportion of its people incapable of providing for their own subsistence, owing to age or other disabilities, is, in any kingdom, comparatively small, and still smaller would be the number left to the nation's care could kindred hands that are able and willing to labour find adequate scope or return for their exertions; at all events, the support of the old and helpless alone would entail neither the expenditure nor the abuses of our present system. Instruction and employment! When will the world's lawgivers and proprietors learn that these are the two great sources of safety, as well as prosperity, to nations? But though the last is not least, for nightshade and nettles will occupy the uncultivated soil, more especially in a moral sense, the former is the measure of most immediate necessity.

'Man is everywhere complaining of the want of land, and the globe is covered with deserts,' said Saint Pierre, more than half a century ago, and now it may be said, in addition, that the greater part of Europe are complaining of the want of bread and work, yet the globe is covered with unreclaimed wastes, and filled with mines of unexplored riches. Not only is this the case in the distant regions subject to Britain, vast and unpeopled as they are, and in many instances possessing climates far superior to that of the governing country, and soils, compared with which her outworn fields seem niggardly and barren, but even in our isles themselves, England and Wales have woods and heaths of wide extent, where hamlet chimneys smoked and corn grew before the Norman came with his forest laws; Scotland has fertile glens, which remnants of the same feudal statutes have devoted to the hare and pheasant; and Ireland, among whose famished and unemployed population so many millions have been distributed almost in vain, contains in her different counties, according to the statements of government surveyors, unreclaimed land amounting to one-sixth of the entire island. These are immense agricultural resources, and the operative departments have corresponding fields of remunerative labour;

others still might be pointed out—for instance, the finny stores of the sea, now comparatively neglected on many of our coasts, and veins of mineral wealth yet unwrought, especially in Ireland; but to which of the natural capabilities of that luckless isle could an observer turn and say, cultivation and improvement have been here? In this state of things lies the cause of Ireland's pauperism and disaffection, and in an *industrial revolution* alone must their remedy be sought. It is the ignorance and selfishness of mankind, not the arrangements of Creative Wisdom, that limit the means of human subsistence, and one among the many signs of advancement in the present generation is, that this great truth has begun to be perceived and acted on, though as yet merely in the way of theory and experiment; but when the resources lying round us in every direction are estimated and applied, not as now by feeble and fitful efforts, but on a scale commensurate to the necessities of the working world; when the value and the rights of agricultural and mechanical industry are properly appreciated and justly protected; and, above all, when those invested with the powers of property or position learn that employment on equitable terms is, in the largest sense, giving to the poor, which the Scripture calls lending to the Lord, and likely to be repaid, even in this life, with interest, our country will exhibit the noblest features, without the abuses of public charity.

CHIPS FROM MY LOG.

No. V.

INHABITANTS OF THE COCOS—MANUFACTURE OF COCO-NUT OIL—GARDEN PRODUCTIONS—USES OF THE COCO-TREE—TURTLE AND FISHING—EXCURSION TO WINDWARD ISLAND.

THE whole population of the Coco Islands is contained in a village comprising 25 or 30 houses. The inhabitants, including women and children, numbered at the time of our visit about 200; the parents being chiefly Malays from Java, Borneo, &c., with a few negroes from the Cape, all being dependents of a Captain Ross who settled here with his family in 1826. The place is so healthy that no deaths had occurred since the commencement of the settlement, and, the families being prolific, the population is multiplying rapidly. No nation has ever taken formal possession of the islands, and so Captain Ross is monarch of all he surveys.

The chief employment of the place is the manufacture of coco-nut oil. The ripe nuts which have fallen from the trees are gathered, and the outer husks taken off on the spot by the Malays, who get two guilders (Batavia money, and equal to three shillings and fourpence sterling) for every thousand they bring to Captain Ross. The inner hard shell of the nut is then knocked off with a heavy knife, women and children being generally employed to do this, and the white interior part is put into a mill to be crushed. The mill consists simply of two heavy circular stones placed on edge, and made to roll round on a flat surface upon which the nuts are placed, the moving power being the wind. The crushed matter is now put into a large flat pan and exposed to heat for some time, and then into a long rectangular box, where it is pressed hard by means of screws. The oil, as it drops from the bottom of the box, is collected and heated in large pots to separate impurities, and is lastly stowed away in casks, and conveyed to Batavia to be sold. Captain Ross makes this trip generally twice a-year in a schooner which he built on the islands, and with the produce of the oil he brings back stores of food and clothing for the use of himself and 'subjects.' His crew is made up by volunteers, who go to make purchases on their own account. Along with these light articles, however, the schooner takes a return cargo of *earth* for the purpose of making garden-soil. Thus, in the course of years, each family has got a small patch of fertile ground, on which they cultivate sugar-canes, plantains, maize, &c. In Captain Ross's garden I saw growing, in addition to the articles

mentioned, figs, grapes, custard-apples, 'sour sop,' the cotton plant, the taro plant (*Arum macrorhizon*), which is cultivated extensively among the South-Sea Islands for the sake of its farinaceous root, and some others. He had a small variety of plantain, or banana, which was very delicious. The taro-root requires much moisture, and the way in which this is secured for it leads me to mention a peculiarity of the wells here. There are no springs on the islands, but excellent fresh water can be procured almost anywhere by digging below the level of high-water, and the well thus formed, although permanently fresh, will rise and fall with the tide. The taro then is planted in a trench, the bottom of which is about the level of high-water, and as fresh water rises also to this level, the earth at the bottom of the trench is kept constantly moist. The plant seldom flowers, but, when it does, the blossoms are considered sacred by the Malays.

The men commonly work only two or three days a week for Captain Ross, and the remainder of their time they occupy in fishing, turtling, kite-flying, and other amusements. Some of them have become expert boat-builders, and they have among them a number of very smart craft, in which they take great pride. Altogether they are a happy, contented, careless set of fellows, without cares or responsibilities, and much indebted to Captain Ross for finding them such a comfortable home in this distant and solitary speck of dry land.

The coco-nut being the very life of these islands, the tree from which it derives its origin deserves a brief notice. The coco-tree (*Cocos nucifera*) is a palm, rising like a slender column 30 to 60 feet or more in height. The stem swells a little at the base, and is then of nearly uniform thickness throughout. As it grows old the diameter at the base decreases, until at length it is not of sufficient strength to support the superincumbent weight, and the tree falls. About a dozen leaves, each 12 or 15 feet long, form an immense tuft at the top, and as they fall off year by year they leave circular marks on the stem. A young tree commences bearing in its sixth or seventh year, and a nut comes to maturity in about six months, but nuts are to be seen in every stage of growth at one time on the same tree. I don't know how many a tree would produce annually, perhaps about a hundred, but I have counted about fifty on a tree at once. Eight or ten ripe nuts are found to contain a quart of oil. In other localities, I believe, they are generally less productive. The useful products of the tree are very numerous, and every part of it is employed in one way or other in ministering to the wants of man. The heart of the young stem is used as an esculent vegetable. With the leaves, houses are thatched, and baskets constructed; and brooms are made from the fibrous midribs of the leaflets. A sweet fluid called *toddy* is obtained from the young buds in the following manner: A well-developed flower-sheath is cut open, and all the buds stripped from the enclosed bunch. The bare twigs are then tied together, their ends cut off, and a piece of hollow bamboo placed underneath to receive the juice of the tree as it drops from the cuts. After standing a few hours, this liquid ferments and becomes intoxicating, and if distilled it furnishes a spirit. While fermenting, it is used as yeast in making bread; and coarse sugar (called *jaggery*) is got from the sweet toddy by simply boiling it down. The green nuts contain a cooling and refreshing drink, slightly sweet, but clear and limpid as water. The half-ripe kernel has been called a vegetable *blanc-mange*, and by some is much relished. The ripe kernel yields oil by pressure, as I have described, and pigs and poultry are fed with the residuum. When scraped down, mixed with water, and strained, the kernel makes a rich-flavoured milk, which is used with tea and coffee, or with rice. From the outer husk of the ripe nut are made cordage (called *coir*), bags, and mats; and the hard inner shell can be polished and formed into various small utensils. This hard shell is also converted into charcoal, and used as fuel at the blacksmith's forge. In other parts of the world, the coco-tree, I believe, is made to contribute still more largely to economical purposes,

but the above, as far as I know, are all its applications in these islands.

Fishing and turtling I have said are among the chief employments of the Malays. When the islands were first settled, green turtle used to be very abundant, but owing to the constant war waged against them, they are now much scarcer and more timid. They are never to be caught on the sandy beaches as at other places, but always in the water, and a sufficient number to supply the wants of the natives and occasional visitors can still be pretty easily picked up. To give an idea of the mode of catching them, I shall mention an attempt which was made by a small party of us from the ship. We proceeded to a good station in the cutter with a small canoe in tow. On arriving at the sandy flats frequented by the turtle, we anchored the large boat, and three of us went in the canoe to give chase to the first one we should catch sight of. We propelled ourselves by paddles and long poles; but there being rather too much sea for our frail and overloaded vessel, I had to squat myself on the bottom, partly by way of ballast, and partly to keep baling out the water. In pursuing turtle, the object is to follow them till they are tired out, which they will generally be in ten or fifteen minutes, and whenever they come to a stand a person jumps out of the boat, seizes them by the neck, and brings them to the surface. We paddled after several fine ones most lustily, but in most cases we were the parties first exhausted, and in others the turtle got away into deep water where we could not follow them. So we had to return ingloriously, and content ourselves with buying them from Captain Ross at two dollars each.

Fish are caught by the natives with nets, hooks, and spears. We too were pretty successful with hooks, and one day we attempted a fish-hunt with spears at the back of the north end of west island. At that place the outer reef lies considerably away from the island, and leaves between it and the shore an extensive sheet of smooth water, which at low tide is tolerably shallow and much frequented by fish. Having singled out a small shoal of 'sperm-whale fish,' we commenced operations. Armed with light spears about five feet long, and stripped to shirt and trousers, four of us marched into the water in a line in such a manner as to get beyond the fish without disturbing them. We then advanced gradually, beating the water with our spears when they attempted to pass us, till we got them pretty near the shore. Up to this time they seemed quite cool, and retreated in good order, but now they apparently came to the conclusion that they had yielded far enough, for, after swimming hastily about in various directions, they made a desperate rush towards us; and while they were passing at full speed, we darted our spears with the best aim we could. Two fish were transfixed. One escaped while we were endeavouring to secure it, and the other swam off with one of our spears sticking in his body. In the next shoal which we operated against, the casualties were one wounded and one killed outright. The specimen we got was a large green fish weighing 30 or 40 pounds. It had an ugly head shaped somewhat like a sperm-whale's—hence its name—and a horny mouth like a turtle's to enable it to feed on coral.

Let me give just one example more of the many excursions we had to the different islands during our stay. Starting from the ship one day after dinner, we beat up in our cutter to the settlement, whence, after landing to pay our respects to the 'governor,' we continued our voyage to the second largest island of the group, known from its position by the name of 'Windward Island.' We landed after dark in one of the bays about the middle of this island, eight or nine miles from the ship. After kindling a fire for the sake of illumination, our next care was to provide a lodging for the night, and for this purpose we set about reconstructing a hut, of which a few materials remained from some former expedition. Its plan was sufficiently simple. A rafter being supported about five feet from the ground by a tree at one end and two sticks crossed at the other, we then made two sloping sides of coco-leaves, by placing them obliquely from the ground

to the horizontal pole. The floor of the hut was well covered with coco-leaves to serve as a bed. Soon after 'turning in,' we were roused by a loud cry from Captain S., and, on starting up, found the cause of alarm to be a crab that had crawled over him. The hut was quite surrounded by them, and although they scampered off in terror from the noise we made, the expectation of another visit, and a pinch from their powerful claws, made us so restless that we could not sleep. Accordingly about midnight, when the tide was down, and the moon well overhead, we got up and walked across to the outside of the island to look for crawl-fish among the reefs. In an hour or two we found half-a-dozen large ones, with which we returned to our bivouac. At daybreak we again set out, fortified by a little brandy and cold beef, and wandered about the island until the tide rose, when we took the boat and sailed quite to the south end of the lagoon, but the day became so hot that we could do little more than sit under the trees and drink coco-nut water. On commencing our return, we found the water rather too shallow for the boat, and we had consequently to heave out the ballast and push and drag her through the mud and branching coral for nearly a mile. She then went along for some distance under her sails, although still grinding down the coral, but for the last half mile we had to abandon her entirely and wade. On reaching the hut, we kindled up the fire and prepared dinner. It consisted of chicken-pie, salt beef, crawl-fish, two land crabs, and a roasted frigate-bird! After another ramble in the evening, we returned to sleep until the tide rose sufficiently to float our boat. This occurred about eleven o'clock; when we kindled a large pile of dry coco-leaves to serve as a mark to navigate by in the darkness, and then embarked. For a short distance we sailed along with a fair wind smoothly enough, but it happened to be rather a low tide, and when we got among the coral there was nothing but bumping and rubbing, and our Malay crew were almost constantly in the water dragging the boat over obstacles. Keeping the trouble and delay out of account, these coral formations are very pretty to sail amongst, especially by moonlight. The diversified shapes and colours of the coral, the fishes glancing about, and the gigantic clamb-shells, along with others lying gaping at the bottom, form such a submarine picture as is rarely to be met with. The navigation of the north part of the lagoon is comparatively open and safe for boats, but there are sandbanks and rocks of hard black coral which must be carefully avoided.

Thus, in boat-sailing, bathing, fishing, shooting, rambling among the reefs and woods, and occasionally visiting Captain Ross and family, from whom we received great attention and kindness, five weeks passed pleasantly away, and notwithstanding that the ship's head was then directed homewards, I, for one, left the islands with regret, and few things would gratify me more than to see the cocos and have a *yarn* with the old 'governor' again.

GLIMPSES OF THE BEAUTIFUL.*

We are of those who deny that the fount of poetic inspiration has been drained. We do not believe that the waters of Helicon have forsaken its channels, and that the poetic muses have gone away for ever from every place, and Castalia amongst the rest. We know that the grand old flowers that wont to bloom upon the untrodden sod of poesy have been culled and woven into coronas, immortal as the amaranth, for bards whose names will never die. We know that every known aspect of things, and every supposable or felt emotion of soul or sense, has been sung in strains that even angels might love to echo, but still we believe that the elements of sublime and beautiful poetry are co-existent with man, and as exhaustless as the streams of life and love. If we examine the best works of the best poets, from the days of Shakspeare

down to the days of Ebenezer Elliot, we will perceive that the diversity of power in execution is not so great as is the diversity of ideas in relation to men and things. 'Gentle Will,' with all the ability of transcendent genius, illustrates the villanies and vanities of humanity, and, with the mirror of his own experience and imagination, reflects in universal humanity a shade of villany. Shakspeare writes down man as he sees him; he copies him, and after he has done so, he leaves him alone as an artist leaves the creation of his pencil. He attaches to the Jew the popular stigma, and does not see nobility in Israel because the general eye does not. He makes the clown clownish; and though he says that the 'mind makes the body rich,' and that honour 'peareth in the meanest habit,' he, at the same time, does not appear as either the bard of honour or poverty.

In the poetry of the schools, from the days of Chaucer to those of Crabbe, there is little consistency to be found—much of what may be termed its beauty, but little of its religion. The poet's vocation seemed to be looked upon as merely emotional, and not educational; to please and move were reckoned the grand purposes of song. Crabbe rendered poetry something more vital in its purpose, however; and although he sometimes sacrificed the agreeable, he infused an element into poetry which enhanced and strengthened its character.

Since the days of Crabbe, what were termed the 'rabble poets' have arisen to exalt and immortalise 'honest poverty.' The poets and elements of poetry have completely changed within these few years, and instead of hearing song poured forth in honour of 'steeds and standards reeling,' we hear the voices of lowly men singing in loud and sometimes sad strains the loves, wrongs, hopes, and joys of their order. The author of 'Glimpses of the Beautiful' is a young man, who, while prosecuting a laborious calling, has with noble perseverance educated himself and studied poetry, during those hours too generally wasted by young men in frivolous pastimes or pleasures. Next to the more solid and useful adornments of the mind, there is nothing which we would recommend young men to study more earnestly than poetry; for although they may never be poets nor seek to be such, they will find that the heart is refined and purified by familiarity with the sweetest of sentiments clothed in the sweetest expressions. The spirit of love and goodwill breathes through the softly-rhymed lucubrations of Mr Henderson, and there is an earnestness and sweetness in many of the pieces that recommend them to the sympathetic heart.

THE LAST FAREWELL.

Why wilt thou weep, my mother? Thou art sighing—
Sad is thy heart!
I feel thy tears upon my pale cheek lying,
Yet we must part.
Life from my throbbing bosom now is flying
With every breath;
My eyes grow darkly dim; and am I dying—
And is this death?

I grieve to leave thee now; yet thou hast told me
There is a land
Where we shall meet—where thou wilt yet behold me,
Thy loved one, stand;
Where, robed in light, unnumber'd angels bending—
A shining throng—
Strike golden harps, with sinless glory blending
Celestial song.

Can I be happy there, when thou, my mother,
Art gone from me?
And in that land, oh! shall I find another
As kind as thee?
Shall I be glad? Can there be aught will cheer me—
Aunder river
From thee, whose smiles with joy were ever near me—
Whose love was heaven?

Yet thou wilt come and dwell with me for ever
Beyond the skies,
In blissful spheres, where death can enter never,
Nor tears nor sighs.
I will be there, and welcome thee to pleasures
Without alloy;
I will be there, and lead thee unto treasures
Of endless joy.

* Glimpses of the Beautiful, and other Poems. By JAMES HENDERSON. Glasgow: David Chambers.

I'll roam with thee where stars arise entrancing
The sapphire way;
I'll lead thee where the rainbow arches, glancing
With many a ray.
Thou shalt be happy there—no tear bedimming
Thine eye's pure shine;
Thou shalt be happy there, with angels hymning
The strains divine.

But now the pangs of icy death oppress me;
Oh, do not weep!
I see thee not, yet thou art near to bless me;
I soon shall sleep.
Methinks I hear celestial voices humming
My passing knell;
In golden spheres I'll fondly wait thy coming.
Farewell, farewell!

Mr Henderson is full of aspirations for the good time coming, and hails its advent in the following strains:

WE ARE MOVING.

Days foretold by bards and sages,
Bright with living glory,
Hasten to adorn the pages
Of undying story.
Clouds that dimm'd the fair horizon
Frown no longer o'er us;
Errors that the soul would poison
Flee away before us.
In the past, dark shadows slumber
Never to awaken;
And the wrongs we blush to number
To the dust are shaken.
Every day we are improving,
Hasting to perfection;
We are moving, we are moving
In the right direction.

Other lands with sad recitals
Tell where freedom flows not;
Sert and vassal now are titles
That our country knows not.
As a beacon we are lighted
To illumine the nations.
And the wrong shall yet be righted
In their habitations.
Man no more, abash'd and humble,
Crouches and dissembles;
Hoary thoughts and fashions crumble,
And oppression trembles.
Blessful thought! we are improving,
Soon to reach perfection,
We are moving, we are moving
In the right direction.

War's empurpled rage and ravage,
We have souls to dare them;
War's red honours wild and savage,
Yet we scorn to wear them.
Think we not there's high achievement
In its callous juggles.
Bringing death and dark bereavement
With its deadly struggles.
Peaceful aims are our ambition—
Aims of sacred duty,
Bringing virtue's full fruition,
Crown'd with sinless beauty.
Day by day we are improving,
Onward to perfection!
We are moving, we are moving
In the right direction.

Fame and honour we are craving,
And unmingled pleasure,
When the stubborn soil is waving
High the autumn treasure;
When the harvest's golden lustre
Crown'd unrivall'd tillage,
And at eve bright faces cluster
By the smiling village;
When the grim wolf hunger's banish'd
From our streets for ever,
And its sight of sorrow vanish'd,
Re-appearing never.
Joy we now! We are improving,
Nearing to perfection;
We are moving, we are moving
In the right direction.

Fellow-men, stand fast and faster,
Loving one another;
Likewise our common Master,
Counting each a brother.
Virtue is the prize we covet;
Oh! 'tis worth the winning!
Let us ever woo and love it:
Joy hath crown'd beginning.
Let not wisdom's sigh bemoan us
Faithless and unsteady;
Brighter days are dawning on us—
Light beams forth already.

Every little hour improving,
Soon must bring perfection;
We are moving, we are moving
In the right direction.

The handsome volume is a praiseworthy illustration of the industry of the young author, who, if he has not won poetic bays, has certainly acquired a flowing style, and habits of thought that will be reward enough for the hours he has devoted to the muses. We heartily wish him every success.

AUNT AGNES'S WILL.

'My cousin, you are in my last will and testament.' The full force of these few words will be perfectly understood when it is known that she who pronounced them was old and rich, and that he who listened to them was as greedy as a pike. Mademoiselle Agnes Duperron had no less than forty thousand francs of revenue. She was upwards of sixty years of age, and one of her sides was completely paralysed, so it may be judged whether she was likely to be without friends or not. One of the most assiduous, most affectionate, and attentive of her devoted well-wishers was her cousin Gigandet; and this same day, when these remarkable words were uttered (which was the twentieth of January, or the day of St Agnes), he had come to offer his first compliments and a bouquet of flowers to his most respectable and respected cousin. He had presented himself at the mansion before she had arisen from her couch, and had stood with his bouquet in one hand and his hat in the other, repeating to himself for a full hour, in a low voice, the compliments which he intended to address to her, until she was ready to receive him. Touched by an affection so ardent, Mademoiselle had invited her good cousin to partake of her breakfast, consisting merely of a little toasted bread and butter, which was moistened with coffee, slightly coloured with cream; but Gigandet, in the glow of his generous enthusiasm, had solemnly declared that 'it was the best cream, the best coffee, the best butter, and the best bread that he had eaten during all the period of his mortal life.'

The effect produced by an actor's appearance is termed in the slang of the theatres his *physique*. We wish that we could convey to our readers an exact impression of M. Gigandet's *physique*. He was a meagre, ghostlike man, a portrait of whose counterpart might be seen any day stuck up in the fields of Brittany during the potato season to frighten away the crows. His long, pale face was armed with a long-pointed nose; and as it was planted between two little holes, from which sparkled two little restless twinkling eyes, it might have struck even the dullest imagination as a curious resemblance to the snout of a weasel. The disproportion that existed between the superior and inferior parts of his person was also as remarkable as it was strange. It was the corporeal frame of a dwarf upon the legs of a giant—it was an infant upon stilts. The breakfast being finished, M. Gigandet seated himself opposite to Mademoiselle Duperron, and it was while gazing on his long thin legs, which stuck out in parallel lines from the fauteuil, and effectually occupied the whole length of the hearthstone, that the old dame had expressed her sympathy for him in those touching words—'Rest satisfied, my cousin, you shall be remembered in my last testament.' At these words, he threw such a beaming glance from his little eyes upon his dearly beloved cousin as told the fullness of his soul; but, repressing the excess of his joy, he smiled in the most modest natural way in life, and in a voice trembling with emotion exclaimed—'Oh, my cousin, you have plenty of time to think of that.'

'Oh, that would be too much of a good thing,' said the old lady, shaking her head with a serious air. 'What is the use of remaining in a state of illusion? I know very well that my day is quickly coming, and I have no right to complain. I have been sixty-four years already in this world, and, between you and me, I have not wasted many of them.'

'I know that,' cried M. Gigandet, with a gentle sigh,

as he pressed his hands together; 'yours has indeed been a life full of good works.'

'We shall not speak on that point,' interrupted Mlle. Duperron, modestly. Then pursuing her former train of observation, she smilingly said, 'It is not with the notary as with the doctor, however—the notary never kills anybody when you call him; so that I fear no danger in immediately making my testament.'

The door opened at that instant, and Mlle. Duperron had to receive a second cousin, a second compliment, a second bouquet, and a second embrace. When the usual ceremonials had been finished, Gigandet, assuming that mysterious tone of raillery so characteristic of a man who supposes that he has gained an advantage, exclaimed, 'Are you there, cousin Baculard?'

'Yes,' replied the other, unable to conceal his spite; 'and, although late, it is not because I want the goodwill to be here as soon as you, but I live at some distance, as my cousin knows; and another thing, my legs do not happen to be so long as yours.'

Next to the fear of losing money, there was nothing in the world that Gigandet so dreaded and hated as allusions to his legs. His face was naturally of so cadaverous a hue, that his passion, therefore, did not now add anything to its pallor; but his brow lowered and puckered, and his lips trembled, as, addressing his antagonist with a glance of sovereign contempt, and a disdainful smile, he answered, 'I do not wish to deny your ardour, cousin Baculard. You blow your trumpet too loud for any one to call that in question.'

In order to comprehend the full force of M. Gigandet's reply, it must be recorded that M. Baculard was in every point his very opposite in personals. The latter was fat and rubicund, and carried upon a pair of the very shortest legs a most voluminous and rotund body. Although still very young, he was most extraordinarily plethoric, and, as this plethora had found access to his lungs, he was also very asthmatic. At thirty years of age he had fallen in love, and the object of the dear, insidious, subduing sentiment was a rich and beautiful heiress. Unfortunately for his suit, whilst in the midst of a warm and ardent declaration of his passion, his respiration suddenly failed him, and the youthful, simpering, blushing, beauteous object of his love having profited by this interruption to burst into a violent fit of laughter, the indignant Baculard resolved thenceforth to eschew the sex; but still one remnant of weakness remained intrenched in his great heart, to show that he was human—he could no more philosophise over his asthma than Gigandet over his legs.

Mlle. Duperron sunk back in her seat, and secretly rejoiced at this altercation, just as a mischievous urchin would be amused by two curs worrying each other in the street for a bone which was snatched away from them after all; nevertheless, fearing the noisy consequences of a protracted display of this kind between her relatives, she judged it prudent to interfere. 'Cousin Baculard,' said she, in as winning a way as an aged dame with her infirmities could assume, 'I have equal confidence in the strength of your affection as in that of my cousin Gigandet, and I am equally grateful to you as to him. Yes, my friends—my good friends,' added she, with overflowing heartfulness, and stretching out to them the only hand which was now at her or anybody's service, 'you are both equally dear to me, and you shall both be remembered in my will.'

Believing that the last sentence was of the most fruitful significance to her relatives, and that the expression of it had given her the right to be now alone, Mlle. Duperron intimated to the gentlemen her desire to avail herself at present of that right; and these two worthies, who seemed walking illustrations of the two extremes in the chain of humanity, took their leave. They descended the stairs side by side, in silent meditation; for they were both busy discussing with themselves whether it would be advantageous to maintain their present enmity, or to form a mutual alliance. Accident, we shall see, declared for the latter alternative.

As they reached the vestibule, a young woman passed

rapidly before them, and began lightly to ascend the stairs which they had just quitted. Her dress of indiana, her simple little chip bonnet, and her leathern shoes were not very striking indications of opulence; and if anybody, even independent of these evidences, had still retained doubts of her social position, the little bandbox which she carried would have sufficed to dissipate them. But her little shoe, although so coarse in its material, inclosed a foot so light and handsome, and her dress of humble stuff was arranged so gracefully on so lovely and faultless a form, and from beneath her bonnet escaped such a rich profusion of long, shining, waving, fair curls, that nobody who looked upon her with an impartial eye for a moment would not have asked if one so rich in nature's jewels was scant of earthly treasures. As she lightly tripped up the stairs, as graceful as a fawn, the two cousins seemed to have taken root upon the straw mat which lay at the bottom of the first flight of steps; and Gigandet, whose awful brow had lowered portentously at the sight of that young woman, quickly interrupted, with an elbow stroke in the region of the ribs, the mute contemplation of the profound Baculard, and at the same time exclaimed, 'Who could doubt, cousin Baculard, as you look at that baggage, that you have not a right to hate her perfidious sex for ever?'

'Oh, hem,' said Baculard, laying his hand ungracefully on his side, and drawing a painful respiration, which much resembled the croak of a frog—'Oh, hem, cousin Gigandet, you must not suppose me influenced by past ideas altogether. Exceptions don't form rules.'

Alas, for the majesty of human nature! Baculard still retained a portion of that amiable weakness called vanity; and as he did not wish M. Gigandet, above every one else, to suppose that he was *hors de combat* in the tilting-ground of Cupid, it was not very likely that he should at once assent to that dear relative's proposition. In addition to this secret sentiment, so common to fat men, M. Baculard's pectoral muscle was suffering from the application of Gigandet's spear-like elbow, and this circumstance conducing to ruffle his otherwise not very equable temper, did not incline him to a ready recognition of even his strongest convictions. 'I cannot confirm your assertion,' continued M. Baculard, looking very pompous and very much inclined for a little argumentation; 'I am impelled to dissent from you in favour of one little exception.'

M. Gigandet looked hard at his cousin, and then his little twinkling eyes glanced brightly up the stair; and then, in a tone meant for a very grave one, but which bore a strong resemblance to the squeak of a juvenile pig, he exclaimed, 'In favour of that low-born creature whom you have now recognised?'

'Recognised!' cried Baculard, in a tone of surprise, as he turned on his kinsman; 'I vow to you, cousin, that I have seen her for the first time.'

'In that case I beg your pardon,' said Gigandet, bending his frame to a bow. 'You do not know, then, that that little minx is the most dangerous enemy to your interests and mine?'

'That puppet that just now ascended the stair, cousin Gigandet?' cried Baculard, with a start.

'Yes, that young gillflirt there,' answered Gigandet; 'for she is the daughter of William Duperron, our valuable relative's veritable nephew.'

Baculard's entire frame trembled, from the point of his toes to the summit of his heavy, confounded-looking head; and from the depths of his bodily gravity issued, as if with a desperate struggle, the ejaculation of 'Misericorde.'

'And you can easily guess,' continued Gigandet, 'that it is not without some motive that she mounts that stair to the house of her grandaunt, with such a gay, saucy air, upon the morning of St Agnes. I can see through her motive, Baculard,' said he, with sundry knowing winks. 'It is treason, my cousin. Ah, you have good reason to detest women. I know as well as you of what they are capable—and this one in particular. I can perceive her from this spot putting on her affected airs before her aunt, modulating her voice to the sweetest tone before

she speaks to her, and then cajoling her with a thousand blandishments, and kisses, and flatteries, to seduce her.' Here Gigandet, having exhausted his breath, paused, looked solemn, and then, casting up his eyes, resumed, in a soliloquial way, his reflections. 'Old dotards have such feeble minds! She may leave her all to her because she is her niece, as if that relationship was sufficient reason for so doing. A shop girl!' cried Gigandet, his virtuous heart swelling indignantly at the idea of such as her having any claim upon any body's affection or estate; 'a beggar!' he added, with all the force of venom in his frame; 'a gadding magpie, to boot, I am sure! And shall we allow her,' he exclaimed, with great energy—'shall we allow her to rob us of our beautiful success, cousin Baculard?'

'No, truly,' replied Baculard, in an explosion of indignation, which had been communicated to him by the noble spirit of his kinsman; 'we must not allow ourselves to be thus despoiled.' He paused, and gasped, and then inquired eagerly, while the perspiration rolled down his face, 'Do you know of any means to prevent her designs?'

'Mlle. Duperron is a very good woman,' said Gigandet, with a smile, 'and without doubt holds morality in high esteem, being now sixty-four years of age. If she should come to understand, then, that her niece—' and here Gigandet winked his eyes very hard, while Baculard, eagerly interrupting him, exclaimed, with a knowing smile, 'I have you. I will undertake to find the information.'

'And while you are gathering the information,' said Gigandet, coolly, 'the testament will be made, and that second attack of paralysis which we hope for, and which I begin to fear, will have taken place. It would take some time to get up the true case,' he continued, 'although, of course, you know we could easily prove it. I am sure that I hate deceit,' exclaimed the virtuous man, laying his hand upon the place beneath which a heart should have beat; 'but with a low shop-girl, so young and so pretty, we run no risk of falling into a mistake. A mistake!' repeated Gigandet, laying his hand on his cousin's shoulder, and winking at him, as if his eyes had been two will-o'-wisp dancing before a prize ox, to lead it into a quagmire. 'It comes all to the same thing, you know,' he continued, with a most genial smile. 'There must be no time lost: the information must be furnished directly; and your business must be to find proofs.'

Baculard was not so bright in the moral eyes as to see any objection to come to this conclusion, and so the thing was settled.

The two wiseacres, like many other people in this world who think themselves very wise, took what they supposed to be true for granted, without any demur or question. Bless us! some folks never make mistakes; they are never for a moment divergent from the true centre of judgment; they have such subtle and perfect intuitions, such clear perceptions of everything according to their own vanities, that they never take the trouble to exercise the vulgar attribute of reflection. Gigandet and Baculard, full of this beautiful and enviable state of pre-science, never took the trouble to inquire whether the damsel ascended to the house of Mlle. Duperron, or whether she was even known to her. Blinded by that all-blinding passion avarice, they assured themselves of acting most excellently and casually, and so they dispatched to their respectable relative a letter full of the usual anonymous protestations of pure motives and griefs, and so forth, but containing the grievous intimation that the conduct of Louise Duperron, her grandniece, the shop-girl in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, was so scandalous and disgraceful to the name she bore, that she no longer merited her aunt's countenance or indulgence.

Mlle. Agnes Duperron, the grandaunt of the poor Louise, was a native of Bourges, and daughter of the printer to the archbishop. Her father had reared her with great care, and with all that strictness which pertained to his position in the world, and his peculiar connection with the cathedral. Nature, which had given to her a most beautiful form, had also endowed her with one of the sweetest, richest, and most flexible of voices. Struck

with the warblings of the child, the chapel organist had asked permission of his friend, her father, to cultivate the incipient powers of his daughter, and in the solitude and solemn presence of the vaulted church he taught her his art, until her voice, filled with the music of her soul, would rise and fall in such rich and thrilling melody that her master often forgot that she was his pupil, and would weep, as his feelings were subdued by her song. As she increased in years her powers as a cantatrice became strengthened and elevated, for she added to her fine natural capacities an ardent zeal, which rendered the labours of the organist and her own progress easy and rapid. Not in all the city of Bourges was there a more beautiful maiden than Agnes; and when the full clear swell of the oratorio lent its hundred voices in the cathedral to the solemn music of the organ, the sweetest, most angelic voice in all that tuneful band was that of the printer's daughter.

In 1785 a troop of opera-singers paid a visit to Bourges. The organist, proud of his pupil, and full of the glory of teaching such a songstress, had boasted to the first tenor of the troop, that in six months he might have such a cantatrice in his band as had seldom before trod the operatic boards; and Agnes being introduced to the opera-singer, was forthwith induced to study Italian, and, despite of the entreaties of her family, to appear upon the stage. Under the assumed name of Signora Brambilla she acquired in a short time fame and a fortune.

Renouncing the theatre, which she had never loved—re-assuming her own name, which she had laid aside only that she might preserve it in purity—and returning to France, still young, and with sufficient means to gratify her benevolent intentions to her family, she was fated to find her father dead, and her brother occupying his situation and house, from which he indignantly drove her as one who had disgraced her father's name. Agnes bent her head submissively to the harsh decree, and established herself in Paris, where she had attained to sixty-four years of age, without having heard one word of a single relative save her cousins Gigandet and Baculard, who had now recalled, unwittingly to themselves, thoughts of her dear old home, her father, and even her harsh brother, whose grandchild held so humble a situation in so obscure a street in Paris.

Mlle. Duperron had lived alone for thirty years. She had had no objection to marry, but then she was ambitious of marrying a man; and as she had unfortunately been wooed by none but fortune-hunters and fools, she had renounced all ideas of matrimony some years after her establishment in the capital, and had gradually contracted her sphere of acquaintance, and retired into a peaceful and calm solitude.

There were not many women who had studied human character so successfully as Agnes Duperron, and there were not many women who had warmer or nobler hearts, so that cousins Gigandet and Baculard had an intelligent as well as a respectable relative, and Louise Duperron, unknown to herself, a loving aunt.

Unfortunately for the plot of these last-named gentlemen, Mlle. Duperron was sitting in a quiet, reflective mood in her bed-chamber, when the anonymous letter was presented to her, which, instead of producing anything like the result anticipated by the malicious plotters, called up her saddest and her fondest feelings.

'A Duperron a shop-girl in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs!' exclaimed the old lady, raising her hand and eyes; 'oh! when did she come there? She is doubtless less wealthy than her grandfather was, and will not refuse to see me. Where shall I find her, poor girl?' and the voice of the aged lady trembled with emotion. 'A sempstress in that little obscure street, and perhaps suffering from wants that the labour of her little fingers cannot supply! Marcel!' she cried, ringing her bell and calling a faithful attendant, 'take my carriage, and visit the house of every sempstress in the street named in that note, and when you have found one having an apprentice called Louise Duperron, bring that girl to me, with:

parcel of anything you can get: it is of little matter whether it be neckerchiefs or handkerchiefs.'

Marcel had often engaged in more difficult enterprises than this, and it was not long, therefore, before she returned with the young apprentice. The old woman gazed upon the girl's fair, elastic form, which her crushing toil had not yet bent nor worn, and in her beautiful face, which had not yet been touched with the consumptive pallor of too protracted labour, she was carried back to the days of her own youth and beauty, and, sighing, she turned to her maid and said, 'Marcel, how beautiful she is! Do you not think that she somewhat resembles me?'

The young sempstress started, and looked timidly upon the old and withered face of the paralytic, and a smile of innocent incredulity gathered on her beautiful lips, as she caught the import of her words; but still the tone in which these words were uttered was so full of heart and earnestness that the girl looked, as if waiting for an explanation, in so respectful a manner that the heart of her aged relative yearned towards her.

'Marcel,' said Mlle. Duperron, 'bring my miniature, and present it to this sweet maiden, and she will see if I depreciated her beauty in saying she was like me.'

The picture had been taken when Agnes Duperron was in the full glory of her charms and of her renown; and as Louise gazed upon it she could not restrain her admiration. 'Indeed, madam, you have paid me but too great a compliment,' she said, with the most modest and charming naïvete.

'Then, my dear,' said the aged dame, smiling, 'if you think that I have not spoken falsely with regard to your personal resemblance, perhaps we may be able to discover some others as striking. You are called Duperron—Louise Duperron—are you not?'

'Yes, madam,' said the young woman, surprised at the question.

'Your father was of Bourges?' continued the old lady, with a meaning smile.

'He is resident in his native city still,' answered the girl, looking fixedly at her interrogator.

'And you are in Paris alone?'

'Alas, madam, we are poor,' said the girl, in a gentle voice, 'and we must go where we can earn our bread.'

'With that beautiful face your necessities to toil must not be great;' and as the aged catechist uttered these words in a low, meaning tone, she fixed her eyes on the face of the maiden.

The warm, pure blood of innocence suffused the cheeks and neck of that fair girl with a blush as radiant and glowing as a sunbeam. Her bosom heaved with an emotion of offended modesty that only could express itself in sighs and tears. Like a young beauteous Niobe before censorious Hecate, she stood with bent head and streaming eyes, and sobbed like a sleeping child.

'Ah, my child!' said her aunt, affected by her emotion, 'it is ever thus that envy operates; malicious tongues would poison the very air that virtue breathes, and malicious pens write stigmas upon the brow of beauty, merely because it is beautiful. But be ever true to virtue and yourself, and fear not. Here,' she continued, lifting the handkerchiefs which Louise had brought for her inspection; 'I did not ask you to come to me for nothing, for that would have been unjust to your employer and yourself. Take these kerchiefs, then, from me,' and she placed them in the girl's hand.

'For me, madam!' cried Louise, looking at the present and then at the aged dame, as if incredulous of her intentions.

'Yes, for you; and are they not very beautiful?' said the old lady, smiling; 'they are charming, are they not? Then take them, my darling, and in exchange for them embrace me; and if your mistress ask of you where you have been, you can tell her at the house of 'my old aunt Agnes.''

The maiden looked at the delighted old woman for some seconds; then, placing her arms round her neck and

'How happy I am to have found you! And are you indeed my aunt?'

'Ay, that I am, my child!' and she wept as she said so. Several weeks after this event, the second attack of paralysis, anticipated by Gigandet and Baculard, actually proved fatal to Mlle. Duperron; and her remains having been consigned to the earth, these worthies were summoned to her mansion by her notary, where, to their horror and dismay, they beheld, seated in their ancient relative's easy chair, the young and blooming Louise Duperron.

'Gentlemen,' said the notary, in a grave, solemn voice, as he glanced first at his black flowing habit and then at the cousins, 'Mlle. Duperron, my client, has placed in my hands a testamentary act, which I shall read to you as you are parties concerned.'

Seating himself and slowly unrolling the precious paper, he coughed three several times and looked three times round the room, while the body of M. Gigandet shook like a poplar in a storm, and M. Baculard perspired as if he had been in an oven. 'I, the undersigned, &c.,' began the notary, 'desiring to give to all the members of my family whom I have known a token of the esteem and affection which they have inspired, desire that my goods may be divided amongst them in the following manner: First, I bequeath to my cousin Gigandet the tongs of my bed-room; they are the longest and smallest in the house. Secondly, I leave to my cousin Baculard the bellows of my parlour; they are the biggest in my possession. All the rest that pertains to me I bequeath to my dear niece, Louise Duperron, whom I discovered through an anonymous letter, who is specially charged with the execution of the legacies already named.'

'Gentlemen,' said Louise, rising as the notary finished reading; but Gigandet neither allowed her time for explanation nor comment; he bounded from the house as rapidly as if he had been Mlle. Duperron's tongs on wings, while the perspiration broke over the brow of M. Baculard, and his respiration became as loud as on the day when he made his first declaration of love.

'Gentlemen,' said the notary, with a wicked smile, as he cast his eye knowingly upon the legs of the one fugitive and the paunch of the other, 'I promise to keep your secret.'

He might have spared himself that declaration, however; for our readers have now the secret, independent of his lawyerly caution.

Louise Duperron became rich, but she did not become proud. As she had been virtuous in poverty, so was she modest and charitable in wealth; but yet she could not look at the tongs or bellows already named without remembering with a smile the legatees, who never came to claim them.

A MODEL LANDOWNER.

THE Island of Lewis, or the Lews, the largest of the Hebrides, forms part of the county of Ross, and was for a long period the property of the noble family of Seaforth. It was purchased from the Hon. Mrs Mackenzie of Seaforth early in the year 1844, by the present proprietor, James Matheson, Esq. of Achany, now member of Parliament for Ross-shire. The purchase-money was about £200,000. This princely estate consists of upwards of 274,000 Scots acres, and embraces a population of nearly 20,000 human beings. The great mass of the surface of this island consists of moorish pasture, and Mr Matheson, acting in a way which we would wish to see followed by our Scottish landlords generally, immediately on acquiring the property of the island, set himself to the twofold object of improving and reclaiming the waste land, and industrially employing the native inhabitants. In doing this he has spared neither trouble nor expense; and so extensive have been his operations and improvements that, for a considerable period, he was spending probably at the rate of £1000 a-week. He has greatly improved

many excellent stone bridges. The capital of the island is Stornoway—a very neat and pleasant town, built close by the sea, on the capacious bay of the same name. The Lodge is situated about half a mile from the town, on an eminence commanding a pleasant view. It was built as their residence by the Seaforth family, and, with recent additions, is now occupied by Mr Matheson, who, close by it, is building a handsome new mansion in the castellated style, which will be a residence worthy of the Lord of Lewis, and, from its overlooking the capital, should be denominated STORNOWAY CASTLE. In addition to the wood planted near the Lodge by the Seaforth family, Mr Matheson has already covered 400 acres with young trees, which are in a thriving condition, and will much beautify his new mansion. He has also here a fine conservatory and vinery, affording an excellent illustration of what may be effected in this distant region of the north.

Mr Matheson has had the celebrated agriculturist, Mr Smith of Deanston, engaged at Lewis for a considerable period, to conduct and superintend his improvements, and introduce his method of draining in an extensive way. In Mr Smith's system no tiles are used; and the manner in which the cross or catch drains are executed is by a very neat and simple process. The workmen trench out with their spades two turfs of moss successively, each about a foot deep; and then, below that, scoop out a narrow run for the water, about three inches broad; and above this drain are again carefully re-laid, in the identical spot from which they came, the turfs which had been previously dug out. A tyro is apt to imagine that these drains would speedily get choked up, but experience has proved otherwise; and we had one or two of them opened up to us for examination, which had been running for some years, and the channel was quite clear and in good order. After this draining of the moss-land is accomplished, Mr Smith's patent plough is employed to turn up the turf. The plough is drawn by two horses, and the ground is so soft here that, incredible as it may seem, *patterns* made of wood and iron are put on the feet of the horses to prevent them sinking. After the turf has been some time in this turned up state, boys are employed with *curved* spades to turn it over again. Thereafter a quantity of new soil and shelly sand are laid over the ground to prepare it for growing grain. This shelly sand is the sea-shells pulverised, which makes excellent manure and soil. At the new farm of Little Deanston, about ten miles from Stornoway, we found a curiosity—an actual *railway* in working order in the Island of Lewis, established by Mr Matheson, for bringing and carrying away the material for the soil, by means of trucks. We here also saw good oats, turnips, and potatoes growing, where, a season before, there was nothing but moss-land.

Willows have been lately planted on the island with a view to introduce the manufacture of baskets. This was recommended to the late Lord Seaforth by the Rev. Mr Headrich, who furnished a report on the facilities of the island to his lordship so far back as the year 1800.

Mr Matheson has lately got a teacher from Glasgow to Stornoway, to teach the girls to sew muslin in the style of the Ayrshire work. We visited this school, and also the seminary taught by Miss Ivor. At the latter there were 33 pupils present, who pay each a penny per week; at Mrs Matheson's school we found 70 girls and boys, who pay sixpence each per quarter; and besides these there are schools in connection with the Established and Free Church; so that the interests of education are not neglected in the remote capital of Lewis.

Mr Matheson has established a brickwork at Garrabosh, about five miles from Stornoway, by the way to the peninsula of Eye, where there is a curious neck of land, having the appearance of a race-course. The brick-making promises to be successful, as the clay is excellent; and we met with some experienced workmen from the Lothians resident on the spot. At Eye we found a new school-house nearly finished, and one of the parliamentary churches standing deserted.

The cottages on the island are far behind in improvement. When you enter, you come on the quadrupeds who occupy the first apartment; then you find *your* way to the human beings, who sit in the inner chamber, with the fire in the middle of the floor, enjoying the luxury of smoke, which, having no chimney to escape by, makes its way through the roof and chinks; and this saturates the straw thatch, which they renew annually, using the old straw as manure. We hope that Mr Matheson will soon build a few model cottages, and gradually wean the natives from their present vitiated taste; and by giving annual prizes for the most cleanly kept dwellings, carry within doors the improvements he has so speedily and generously effected without.

BRITISH GUIANA AND ITS MISSIONARIES.

BRITISH GUIANA, which is a colony on the north-eastern coast of South America, of about 100,000 square miles in extent, was ceded by the Dutch to the British in 1803.* The country is divided into three counties, Demerara, Essequibo, and Berbice. It is bounded on the south-east by the river Corantyn, while its precise boundaries on the south have never been determined. As early as the year 1580, the Dutch had formed settlements here, but the jealous and imperious Spaniards soon destroyed these. In 1602, however, the Dutch succeeded in permanently establishing a settlement in the Essequibo district. African slaves were then imported into the colony, and through the labours of these poor creatures the dense natural forests of this fertile region were cleared away, and, by degrees, plantation after plantation of sugar-cane, coffee, and cotton rose in their places. As must always be the case, however, where injustice is the basis of national politics, this apparent prosperity did not long continue. The whippings of slaves reacted on their masters. The forced labours and the chattel condition of the toiling negroes resulted in insurrection, and many of the Europeans being slain by the infuriated slaves, the productive capacities of the country were not called into action so abundantly as they had been. After much bloodshed, and hatred, and change of masters, during the wars between France, Holland, and Britain, this colony was finally ceded to the last-named country in 1803, in whose possession it has continued since that time, apparently almost unknown to our people as an appendage to this nation. 'British Guiana, like other parts of this continent, is intersected by large rivers and numerous tributaries: the mouths of these rivers, called creeks, are navigable for ships of several hundred tons burden, for upwards of eighty miles from the coast. The country lying between the respective rivers is but little known, and only traversed by the wary Indian in the pursuit of game. Were the face of the country cleared of the vast and almost impenetrable forests, its beauties would vie with any other within the tropics, from the cheering variety of hill and dale. In its present state every pleasing prospect is intercepted by the forests. These forests abound in valuable timbers of various kinds; and a wide field is open to the botanist for exploring the world of plants and shrubs, among which many are aromatic, and many more have medicinal properties. The soil on the coast, and for upwards of thirty miles inland, is alluvial, which, with few exceptions, is very rich and productive. The interspersed sand-reefs are admirably adapted to the growth of all kinds of provisions. Could British Guiana command sufficient labour to develop its vast resources, we might, it is said, part with all the islands of the West Indies without regret or loss. At present, only the coast and some of the islands in the mouth of the Essequibo are under cultivation. The chief staple commodity is sugar, which is grown by the now emancipated negroes; but not at all in proportion to what might be done, could the planters command a suffi-

* We are indebted for the above interesting information relative to this comparatively unknown colony to a work just published by the Rev. J. H. Bernau, long a resident and missionary labourer in the country. London: John Farquhar Shaw.

ient supply of labour. The interior is unoccupied except by a few woodcutters, and only frequented by the red Indians. British Guiana is not within the range of hurricanes, although the wind at times is high, and now and then a shock of an earthquake is felt. The thermometer ranges in the dry season from 60 to 90 deg. Fahrenheit, in the shade. In the rainy season the writer has never observed it lower than 72 deg. The change of seasons is pretty regular. There are two rainy and two dry seasons. During the long dry season, which commences with September, and lasts till the middle of December, an easterly sea-breeze prevails almost without interruption, by which the heat is moderated, and the climate rendered healthy and delightful. During the rainy season the land-winds predominate, but not to the exclusion of the sea-breeze at times; nor does the rain fall then so incessantly as it does in Africa and the East Indies. The climate is not so unhealthy as has been represented in various pamphlets which have been published on the subject of British Guiana, since instances of old age are frequently met with among both Europeans and others. The great mortality at times may be accounted for by the returning visitation of epidemic diseases, which every other country is subject to in its turn; or it may be found in the imprudent exposure to wet and heat, and still more in the habit of intemperance to which Europeans seem particularly tempted in the tropics. It is no exaggeration to state that three-fifths of the deaths, within the course of one year, are produced by the latter cause alone. On a comparison of the statistics of mortality of late, with those of former years, the result is decidedly in favour of its being more healthy at present than heretofore. The yellow fever, which occasionally ravages the town and its vicinity, seems to be owing entirely to local causes, and would doubtless be remedied, were a wall constructed along the side of the river, so as to do away with the wharfs at present in use, under which filth of all kinds is allowed to accumulate. The inhabitants of the interior are subject to flux and intermittent fevers, which, when properly and promptly treated, do not necessarily prove fatal. The former is caused by drinking the water which flows in the creeks, and which is strongly impregnated with decayed vegetable matter. The latter is most prevalent at the change of the seasons, and is produced by exposure to wet, cold, or heat. Ophthalmia is also frequently met with among the Indians, and is chiefly owing to their want of cleanliness, or the incessant glare on the water during the dry season. Other diseases are rarely found, and if met with, may invariably be traced to constitutional causes.

This country is teeming with beasts, birds, and reptiles, and its aboriginal inhabitants are tribes of Indians who possess those grand features of character, colour, and customs 'which are common to all the American Indians. One tribe is an illustration of the whole.' The Arraways inhabit the Upper Demerara, the Mazarooni, and Putaro, and amount probably to six hundred fighting men. The colour of their skin is of a deeper red than that of the Arrawak. They live in a state of perfect nudity, and paint their bodies red with the *arnatto*, or deep blue with the *lana*. Sometimes they will paint one side red, the other blue. The face is painted in streaks, in which performance they seem to be very particular, as the women not unfrequently spend hours at their toilet, when preparing for the dance. They perforate the cartilage of the nose, and wear a piece of wood in it, which often is of the size of a finger. They rub their bodies with the oil of the *carapa*, to defend themselves against the bite of insects, it being of a bitter taste and nauseous smell. The Arraways are a quarrelsome and warlike people, jealous and suspicious, and, on that account, dreaded by all others. Having planted their fields, they move from place to place, living upon the hospitality of their friends while their own *cassava* is ripening, when they again return home, and show the same friendship to others. During an expedition, they invariably travel for three days, and halt for two, in order to fish, hunt, and dry their game. When

in times of war they approach a defenceless place, they attack it, murder those who resist their violence, and carry off the rest as slaves. They are determined humorists, and fond of bestowing nicknames on each other as well as strangers, whatever be their rank or quality. If this conduct is taken with good humour by those in authority over them, they yield in return prompt and ready obedience to their wishes and commands; and if once they form an attachment to any individual, their affection is unalterable, and so on the other hand their hatred is inveterate. In manners they are more savage than any other tribe. The law of revenge is in full force among this tribe, and they suppose that whenever any have died, it must be from the effects of poison. They are exceedingly credulous, and it is not safe to offend even a child. Notwithstanding all this, I have never experienced the slightest insult from any of them, they being convinced that I had come among them to do them good, although at times their demeanour was anything but friendly and encouraging. The Carabese occupy the upper parts of the Essequibo, Cayung, Pomeroon, and Corantyn rivers. They have so decreased in numbers, that it would be difficult now to collect a hundred of them together in the country below the rapids, where twenty years ago they mustered a thousand fighting men. They are very haughty in their deportment and much addicted to drinking, which, among other causes, will speedily exterminate the whole tribe. They are brave, credulous, obstinate, and their opinion once formed is never modified by circumstances. The women are very fond of ornaments, and invent strange devices to render themselves acceptable in the sight of their husbands. They perforate the under lip, and wear a pin or pins in it. There is every probability that the Carabese must once have been the lords of the islands, as the names of many rivers, islands, and other localities, are evidently Carabese. The Carabese are easily distinguished from any of the other tribes, as they invariably have a large lump of the *arnatto* fastened to the hair of their foreheads. They are also very indiscriminate in the use of animal food; tigers, dogs, rats, frogs, and insects of various kinds, are greedily devoured by them, which I have never observed to be done by others.

It is among such people as these that the high-souled missionary trusts himself without any of those weapons which men have generally so long reckoned essential for their protection. With a full consciousness of the power of Christian love, and faith in the all-protecting providence of God, these men peacefully invade the dark nations of the far-off islands of the deep, in order to expel the night of ignorance from the soul, and to plant in its stead the beaming taper of Christianity. This is courage which truly deserves the name of heroism, and is worthy of all honour and imitation. No one who has not attended to the subject can form any conception of the difficulties and disheartening circumstances with which the missionaries have to contend while prosecuting their noble enterprises, unsupported save by faith. Sometimes the settlers throw every obstacle in the way of their success, stirring up the people to believe them evil in their designs; and sometimes governments, by injudicious interference, destroy all their moral power, and force them to give up their stations. Private benevolence has almost wholly furnished the means of sending the missionary to the heathen; and the courage and faith of Christian men, who have given themselves voluntarily to this work, have most effectually sustained the progress of missionary labour. Long prior to the commencement of the labours of the Church Missionary Society here, of which Mr Bernau gives an especial account, there had been Christian pioneers in that dark region of Guiana. These were 'that devoted band of Christians, who from of old have been the standard-bearers of the cross of Christ; and who, although persecuted in the land which gave them birth, gladly forsook their home and their all to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ among the Gentiles. This faithful band is no other than the 'Moravians,' who, with a single eye to God's glory, have prosecuted their quiet and unobtru-

sive labours to promote the salvation of thousands among our fellow-creatures. No region of this globe seems to have been so remote but that these messengers of peace were ready there to impart those blessings which they themselves enjoyed through faith in Him in whom the fulness of the Godhead dwells bodily, and unto whom the uttermost ends of the earth are given for a possession. We find them among Greenland's icy mountains, and on the pestilential shores of Africa; there and everywhere scattering the blessings of Christ's salvation. And although, in God's mysterious providence, many of their missions have been deserted, whilst others have proved unsuccessful, this ought not to hinder us from giving glory to God, on their behalf, nor tempt us to think lightly of their disinterested, devoted, and self-denying labours. As early as the year 1738, two missionaries proceeded to Berbice, and having no opportunity of instructing the negro slaves, they went among the Indians. The Indians living widely scattered through an immense wilderness, the missionaries had many difficulties and hardships to encounter in visiting them. On these occasions they were obliged to carry with them a supply of cassava-bread for five or more days; to have their hammocks on their shoulders; to sleep on them suspended on trees in the woods; to wade through brooks and rivers, and often to travel great distances without meeting with a hut or human being. If they came to the huts of the Indians when the men happened to be absent, the women fled with their children into the neighbouring thicket, uttering a fearful shriek. Having, by the help of a mulatto youth, translated into the Arrawak language an account of the life of Christ, the missionaries, in the course of their visits, read this compendium to the natives. They seemed at first little affected by these attempts; and it was not till some years had passed that the missionaries baptised some as the first fruits of their labours. Most of the converts, and some even of the unbaptised, now built huts at 'Pilgerhut,' that they might have an opportunity of daily enjoying Christian instruction. The more religion spread among them, the more were the missionaries animated to prosecute their work with energy and zeal. No wilderness appeared to them too frightful, no road too dreary, no Indian hut too remote, if they might hope to find a soul ready to receive the Gospel. The mission had no sooner assumed a promising aspect, than the jealousy of some of the Dutch planters was roused. The missionaries were required to take the oath to government, to whom their motives and designs had been misrepresented, and with respect to which their enemies well knew they had conscientious scruples. Disappointed in this stratagem—for government absolved them from the obligation—they attempted to drive away the Indians by circulating a report that the missionaries designed to make them slaves—a rumour admirably calculated to rouse the jealousy of the savages, as the idea of slavery is more frightful to them than death itself. In the year 1753, the number of Indians who resided at the station amounted to upwards of two hundred and sixty, and was daily increasing. But not long after, the whole country was visited with a severe scarcity which lasted several years. This was followed by an epidemic disorder, in consequence of which a great number of people died, both Indians and Europeans. Several of the missionaries died, and the Indians began to disperse again in the woods. The rest, however, resolved to maintain their post, in the hope of the return of more auspicious times; but alas! this hope was never realised. In the year 1763, the negroes in the colony rose in rebellion against their masters, murdered many of the white people, and laid waste the whole country. At length they came near the mission, and the missionaries were obliged to abandon the settlement and escape for their lives. Great were the dangers with which they were surrounded on all sides; and they did not reach the town near the coast without undergoing many privations and overcoming great difficulties. At last they safely arrived at New Amsterdam, and left with the first ship for Europe. Two of the missionaries remained until they

should receive instructions from home with respect to their future proceedings, but died before the letters reached them. Such was the melancholy termination of the labours of the Moravians in Berbice.

After the year 1754, Messrs Daehne and Ralfe, two of the missionaries, were charged to commence another mission further to the east. They selected two different pieces of ground for the purpose; the one on the river Sarameca, the other on the Corantyn, which were both granted them by government. In 1757, they commenced their labours on the river Sarameca, and called the station Sharon. Here they were joined by a large number of Indians, so that in a short time they had a congregation around them. The mission began to assume a very promising aspect, but it met with a powerful enemy in the free negroes. These people were originally slaves, who had escaped from their masters and taken refuge in the woods, where they maintained their independence, and whence they often committed depredations on the estates, in spite of all that government could do. To annihilate them, a reward of fifty florins was given by government for every slave whom the Indians captured and carried back. This circumstance, naturally enough, excited the enmity of the negroes against the Indians, and they resolved to destroy the mission. Accordingly, in January, 1761, a band of these marauders came to the neighbourhood of Sharon to accomplish their design. It was on the Lord's day when they made the attack; but being afraid to approach the house of the missionaries, where several of the Indians had fled, armed with guns, they continued firing from behind the trees. Mr Oldenwald, one of the missionaries, was wounded by a ball in the arm. At last they set fire to the house, and compelled its inmates to quit it and flee into the thicket. The work of destruction being accomplished (for every house was burned down, including the church), they took their departure. On the return of the missionaries, Oldenwald was found still bleeding from the wound he had received; three Indians lay dead on the ground, and eleven others were carried away prisoners. Notwithstanding this terrible disaster, the missionaries determined to remain, in the hope that the revenge of the negroes was satisfied. Government, much against their inclination, gave them a guard of fifteen soldiers; but these proved only a burden to them and a serious disadvantage to the Indians. The mission having passed through many vicissitudes, was at last relinquished in the year 1779. The rest of the missionaries joined Mr Daehne on the Corantyn.

This enterprising missionary had commenced a new settlement on the river Corantyn, in the year 1757. The Indians who accompanied him there soon left him, except one, with whom he lived a very solitary life. After some time his only companion was taken ill, and the Indian doctors who passed by told him he would never recover if he continued to live with the white man, who was under the power of the devil, and would likewise soon turn sick. Influenced by these representations, the poor fellow, as soon as he got a little better, forsook his teacher, and returned to his own countrymen. But though Daehne was left alone without either friend or companion, even in this solitude he was content and happy. 'Our Saviour,' says he, 'was always with me, and comforted me with his gracious presence, so that I can truly say, I spent my time in happiness and peace.' The Indians at first entertained strong suspicions against him, and even formed the design of putting him to death. He was informed of his danger, but his mind was kept in perfect peace. One day, however, as he sat at his frugal meal, about fifty of the Carabese landed from their canoes, and surrounded his cottage with a view of carrying their threats into execution. Some of them were armed with swords, others with tomahawks. This was truly an alarming sight; nevertheless he went out, and bade them welcome. They then asked him, through the medium of an interpreter, 'Who gave him liberty to build on their land?' To this he replied, 'The governor.' They next inquired, 'What design he had in coming thither?' To which he answered,

'I have brethren on the other side of the great waters, who, having heard that many of the Indians on this river were ignorant of God, have, from the great affection they felt towards you, sent me to tell you of the love of God, and what he has done to save you.' The chief then said, 'Have you never heard that the Indians intend to kill you?' 'Yes,' answered Daehne, 'but I cannot believe it. You have among you some who have lived with me, and they can tell you that I am the friend of the Indians.' To this the chief replied, 'Yes, I have heard so; they say you are a different sort of Christian from the white people in general.' The missionary then said, 'I am your friend; how is it that you come to kill me?' 'We have done wrong,' answered the chief. Every countenance now altered, and the Indians quickly dispersed. The chief, however, remained behind, behaving in a very friendly manner, and left him a supply of cassava. Thus the missionary, by his magnanimous yet temperate conduct, warded off the blow which threatened his life, and converted his enemies into friends.

During his stay in this solitary situation, Daehne was frequently in want of the common necessities of life. Besides these various trials, he now and then suffered from fever, and was often in no small danger from wild beasts and other venomous creatures. Thus, a tiger for a long time kept watch near his hut, seeking an opportunity, no doubt, to seize the poor solitary inhabitant. Every night it roared most dreadfully; and though he regularly kindled a large fire in the neighbourhood before he went to bed, yet as it often went out by the morning, it would have proved but a miserable defence, had not the Lord preserved him. The following circumstance is still more remarkable, and illustrates in a singular manner the care of God over his servants. Being one evening attacked with a paroxysm of fever, he resolved to go into his hut and lie down in his hammock. Just, however, as he entered the door, he beheld a serpent descending from the roof upon him. In the scuffle which ensued, the creature bit him in three different places; and, pursuing him closely, twined itself several times round his head and neck as tightly as possible. Expecting now to be bitten, or strangled to death, and being afraid lest his brethren should suspect the Indians had murdered him, he, with singular presence of mind, wrote with chalk on the table—'A serpent has killed me.' Suddenly, however, that promise of the Saviour darted into his mind, 'They shall take up serpents, and shall not be hurt.' Encouraged by this declaration, he seized the creature with great force, tore it loose from his body, and flung it out of the hut. He then lay down in his hammock in tranquillity and peace. This was most probably a boa-constrictor, whose bite, though painful, is not venomous; and which destroys his prey by crushing it to death, and gorging it whole.

No man, whatever might be his peculiar opinions relative to missions, could, we apprehend, read the foregoing without feeling his heart touched with sympathy for the high-toned courage, the lofty faith of those soldiers of the cross of peace, who ventured their lives in the cause of the Captain of their salvation. The missionaries in Guiana, as elsewhere, have always found their noble efforts to be obstructed by traders from European nations. These men carry death, and disease, and demoralisation, wherever they go, amongst the simple aborigines of distant lands; and they, supposing that all white men are Christians, often reject with scorn the principles of that religion which would elevate and make them free indeed. They reject Christianity through that suspicion which unjust traders have sown in their bosoms towards all white men. The settlement of missionary stations merely as an effort of simple civilisation is of the highest importance to the heathen nations. They are the centres of a higher condition of life than any that is known to the poor savage. They induce the building of huts, and the permanent association of men—the direction of the savage's energies to labour—the reducing of his habits to regularity; and then they bring the Indians close to highly cultivated, refined, and benevolent minds, moulding them in manners, inde-

pendently of purifying their souls and elevating their sentiments. Sometimes the missionary has to wander about much, however, before even a little settlement is formed, exposing himself to much fatigue and danger. The Indians in the interior live scattered over a large track of country along the banks of the rivers and their tributaries. They wander from place to place; and a family which the missionary has visited to-day, he will not find on the same spot within the space of a few months. This circumstance occasions him many disappointments in his travels; and it may happen that, after having travelled for weeks together, he will have to return without having found one family at home. The dry season is the time for travelling, and it is at this very time that they are engaged in expeditions for hunting and fishing, or else in preparing their fields; and the latter being sometimes at a considerable distance from their dwellings, they do not return home till they have finished the task. . . . In these my lonely travels in the interior, when I have justly considered myself as being buried alive as respects society, I have felt as happy as every Christian may be when realising his heavenly calling; and believing that where he is, there he is placed by the providence of God, and has a work to do. This power of realising my call to accomplish the work given me to do, has often kept my mind at perfect peace in times of imminent danger and in the midst of necessities. I should be wanting in my duty to my Lord and Master were I to be forgetful of the many preservations of my life from threatening danger by men and beasts; and although at times I broke the last bread to my crew, the evening did not arrive but an abundant supply of fish and game was procured by the use of means. I have never received any harm from any of the Indians, although it may easily be conceived I might have given them offence when least I thought it. It is true, the Indian is very suspicious of the white man; and who can wonder when it is remembered what treatment in most cases his countrymen have received from Europeans? But it is also true that when an Indian is once made a friend, he will go through fire and water, and give life itself, to prove his friendship sincere and lasting. I remember a circumstance which forcibly illustrates the truth of what I have said respecting the attachment of the Indians. Having encamped one evening, when travelling in the interior, at a place called Omassaro, where alligators abound, the Indians, in cleaning the game, left the entrails of the animals on the sand beach. The scent of them attracted an unusual number of alligators to the spot. The moon shone brightly, and they were seen moving under water by the waves occasioned on the surface. The people having retired to rest, I was reading under my tent in the canoe, and was soon convinced that these voracious creatures were assembled in great numbers, from the strong musk smell that was given out from beneath the water. Presently one came up close to my canoe drawing his breath, which, in the stillness of the night, sounded terrific. I started on my couch, and, wishing to get a peep at the creature, drew aside the little curtain; but he had sunk. A few minutes after, I felt the canoe moving, and thinking that one of the alligators had got into it, I grasped a cutlass which was near me, and, seeing my curtain move, I was just about to give a violent blow, when the thought flashed across my mind, Perhaps it is one of the people; I therefore asked, 'Who is there?' 'John,' was the answer. 'What do you want?' 'I see,' said he, 'that there are *juhuru caimanu* [that is, many alligators] around you, and I am come to take care of you.' Most thankful was I for not having struck the blow; and after recovering myself a little, I tried to persuade the Indian to go and lie down in his hammock, which he had slung high under some trees; but he positively refused. He sat down on a bench before the tent, with a spear between his legs, and there he remained till break of day. After the excitement was over, I fell sound asleep, and when I awoke, found the Indian still sitting there.

Alligators abound in the Upper Essequibo, and more

especially in the creeks. I have seen as many as ten at one time basking themselves in the sun and swimming on the water like logs of wood. They are afraid of men, and quite harmless, provided they are left unmolested; but when bereaved of their young they are very ferocious. Erie, who accompanied me, told me that there he lost one of his people. The Indians, in order to see the fish more distinctly in the dark waters of the creeks, are accustomed to climb on the trees which line their banks, from which they shoot them when passing by. One of his people, when drawing the bow, slipped off the branch and fell into the water, when an alligator bit off his leg. He bled to death in a few minutes. At another place higher up the river, Erie called my attention to an amusing incident which occurred to one of his people. Falling off the tree in the manner just described, he fell upon an alligator's back. The Indian no sooner perceived what had happened, and felt that the creature was moving under him, than he placed himself in a riding position and clasped his hands round the alligator's body. He was now dragged through the water across the creek, where the creature climbed up through the bush, by which the Indian's back was much lacerated; he returned to the creek, and, dragging him through, tried to climb up on the opposite bank. This being rather steep, he was slow in effecting it, and the Indian observing this to be a favourable moment to make his escape, threw himself backward, and, swimming across, saved his life. It may be easily conceived, that both the rider and his horse were equally glad of getting rid one of the other.'

Missionary labours, it is well known, embrace all the moral and practical means at their disposal for the elevation of the people, and it is delightful to contemplate the results of their devotion and toil upon some of the darkest spots of the heathen world. Their beautiful little enclosure, when such is completed, not only contains the church, the school-house, and the model dwelling-house, but it presents to the eyes of the people the model garden and grain field. It educates their taste, and exalts their knowledge of art and agriculture. The good done in British Guiana has been interrupted by the government's doings, who, sending soldiers to interfere in disputes between the converted and savage natives, while the missionaries were exerting themselves in the inculcation of the law of love, has frequently destroyed the whole labour of years by a single act. The law of love is the only one which universal nature acknowledges and yields obedience to. One act of kindness prepares the way for a free passage to the preaching of the Gospel; military interference destroys the ground that would receive it, as is seen in the following instance:—'At one time the small-pox made its appearance in the colony, and committed great ravages among the negroes. Not many weeks passed and cases were reported to have occurred in the Essequibo. I now endeavoured to procure the vaccine matter, and, through the kindness of the colonial surgeon, I obtained a small supply. I tried it upon the children, and was thankful to see it take effect. I next prevailed upon the adult Indians at the settlement to consent to be vaccinated, and succeeded beyond my expectation. All the people at the Grove, without an exception, submitted to vaccination; and although strangers, affected by the malady, mixed with the people, not even a single case occurred among them. Some weeks after the vaccination, however, the children generally were affected by the chicken-pox, but in a very mild form, and this I looked upon as affording a proof that the plan had been effectual. As soon as the Indians were restored, I sent them abroad to tell their people of the remedy and the effects it had produced upon them; and to invite them generally to avail themselves of it as a preservative from that dire disease. Many had already fallen victims to it, and a still greater number were just at this time suffering from it. This had the effect of causing them to come from a great distance, and from places which I had never known of before. Some of these Indians looked upon my mode of proceeding, when vaccinating them, as a kind of charm; and others sub-

mitted to it with suspicion. On other occasions I invariably administered a little medicine so as to prepare the system for a more favourable reception of the vaccine matter; but with these savages this is altogether out of the question. When the arm became inflamed, attended with considerable fever, they used either to go up to their necks into the water, or annihilate the pustule that was forming, and walk off to be seen no more. Others, again, would come to me, and, addressing me with indignation, inquire what I had been doing to their arm, seeing it was so inflamed and caused them fever! It was no easy matter to quiet them and persuade them that within a few days they would be well again; but on inquiry they were told by others that this very circumstance of seeing their arm thus inflamed was a proof that they would not catch the small pox, as others had who were not vaccinated. By degrees they felt confidence in the doings of the Dominie; and those who had destroyed the pustule, and others who had run away from me, returned and submitted themselves to a second vaccination.'

Mr Bernau was ultimately constrained to leave the mission through ill health; but before he did so, his station, called the Grove, consisted of a little church, a school-house, garden, field, and many comfortable homes, where Indians dwelt who had devoted themselves to labour and who had adopted Christianity. The field and garden were kept in beautiful condition by the gratuitous labours of the Indians. Bananas, plantains, cassavas, yams, and other vegetables, grew in rich luxuriance round the station, and, what was of more importance, many children attended school, where natives acted as monitors, and so evinced a high state of religious advancement. After remaining in Barbadoes some time, till he recovered, Mr Bernau returned to the Grove, when, alas! he found that 'the fences were broken down by the cattle: the shrubberies rooted up by the pigs, the produce of much solicitude and care; in short, the labour and anxiety of many years, all gone. When looking on the scene of destruction, and contemplating the gross neglect and shameful indifference of those concerned in it, I could not refrain from shedding bitter tears. Nor had the fruit-trees, which were planted and trained with no less solicitude along the road, escaped, whilst the field had been allowed to be overrun with grass and underwood, which completely destroyed all that had been planted in it; for it must be remembered, that in a tropical climate, and more especially in a newly-prepared field, the ground is rank, and the production of weeds most rapid. There is a kind of lianas, which with amazing rapidity entwines itself around trees and other plants, and checks them in their growth, if it does not absolutely destroy them. When I asked the catechist how all this had happened, he calmly answered, 'You did not leave them to my charge.' When next I turned to the schoolmaster, he replied, 'Why, sir, I thought you would never return again to this place'—certainly a very polite compliment to me, but surely no excuse for his own neglect. Although the taste of individuals may differ as to these things, and men of little minds think them incompatible with their high and heavenly calling, the book of nature has the same Author with that of revelation; and he who is taught to read them aright, will find not only sweet enjoyment in the study and culture of both, but also trace the Author's wisdom, love, and power in the meanest worm that we crush under our feet. And should not the contemplation of these objects excite gratitude, love, and trust in the heart of the believer, when he remembers that the same great and glorious being, who not only created, but sustains them by his almighty power, is his God and Father in Jesus Christ, willing, as well as able, to supply all his need?'

Mrs Bernau died after his return to the station, and his affliction for her loss gave birth to the following beautiful incident:—'I cannot forbear stating the fact that, no sooner was her departure known, than the room where she died was crowded by our dear people expressing their sympathy. Some mourned and grieved, whilst others, to

whom she had been a friend in need and an instructor, were seen bedewing her face with tears. It was a scene which altogether overpowered my feelings, so that I was obliged to withdraw for many hours together. One of our communicants, whose name was Simmon, found me sitting in a room by myself. He addressed me in the following words, 'Dominie, I think you cry too much.' I looked him in the face, thinking that this remark was rather an unkind one, and observed that tears were starting from his eyes. 'Yes,' said he, 'you have lost a dear wife; we, a dear and beloved mother. But, Dominie, why cry so much? You told me, when my mother died, I should not weep as one without hope; and I believe I shall see her again. Now you teach us so, you should show us a better example.' 'Simmon,' I observed, 'we are permitted to weep, for Jesus wept, as you will remember, at the grave of Lazarus.' 'Oh, yes,' he replied, 'but not too much. Come, let us pray, brother.' I accompanied him into an adjoining room, and there kneeling down, this Indian offered up a prayer of sympathy, thanks, and praise, which I shall never forget.

Mr Bernau returned home in 1846, where he now is, after having faithfully done his part as the harbinger of that glorious day when 'the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the bottom of the sea.'

SHORT ETYMOLOGICAL NOTICES OF THE TOPOGRAPHY OF ENGLAND.

Ours is emphatically an educational age: it is so, both as regards the quantity and the quality of the article itself, and the methods of its communication. These all have been amplified, refined, improved. Ours is also strikingly an age of instruction, in respect of 'the noble army' of those that communicate, and the mighty masses that receive, knowledge. Teaching and learning are studied both in theory and in practice; and, consequently, both as sciences and as arts, they are beginning to be more thoroughly understood and more skilfully practised. Plain, sound sense, solidity, and scholarship are getting the better of plausible superficiality, and flash, and glitter. Especially in the province of *etymology*, taking that term in its strict and true sense, much has been achieved, and more is being done, towards storing the juvenile mind with a competent knowledge of the ingredients of compound, and the *radices* of derivative words. This mighty improvement in the nature of modern elementary tuition it is which justifies the title 'intellectual' as applied to many modern systems of discipline, in contradistinction of the methods formerly in vogue, which, not dealing in verbal analysis, left the pupils, as a matter of course, with crude and inadequate notions of words, and therefore of the things which they represented. The superiority of the one mode over the other is now generally admitted; and, accordingly, scarce a spelling-book, grammar, or any educational work whatever, treating on English, now issues from the press, but either it is furnished with copious lists of Saxon, Latin, or Greek roots, or, in some way or other, is made to illustrate etymologically their prolific propagation into the stock of the English language and literature. Now, this process, from which so many undoubted benefits have accrued to other departments of knowledge, has as yet, strange to say, been but partially and casually applied to geography, though this last seems to be a field upon which, if soberly and dexterously directed, the beacon of etymology can be made to shed some of its strongest and brightest beams—a field, too, it is, be it remembered, of national education, the proper cultivation of which is of prime moment to British youth, nor barren of interest and utility to Britons of every age. We say on purpose, 'when soberly and dexterously directed;' for etymology is confessedly a subtle and a slippery subject—its light is oftentimes dim and fitful, and its guidance not always satisfactory—though this affords no solid argument for the rejection or depreciation of the service which the skilful employment of it can be made to render to geography, as well as to other branches of education, and other walks of

learned research; on the contrary, it just furnishes the most cogent reason for the student's exercising increased caution in his deductions, and assiduity in fitting himself to grapple with a subject attended with so much doubt.

It has been conceived that a series of occasional etymological notices, descriptive of the geography of England, and embracing her most important districts, cities, towns, and other localities of consequence—if planned and executed so as, while not altogether unworthy of the perusal of those who are connoisseurs in such studies, they should have something to attract and sustain the attention of the uninitiated—would be neither unacceptable nor unprofitable to the readers of the *INSTRUCTOR*. Interesting, too, at times they would scarcely fail to be; for there is no locality so insignificant or remote, the sound of whose name falls not sweet as music on some ear, and whose characters, traced on paper, charm not some eye. That man's feelings—if feelings he have—are not to be envied, who, in listless mood glancing over a paper, sees there, on subject trivial or otherwise, mention made of his native country or natal spot, be it busy city or sequestered hamlet, stately hall or homely cottage, and straightway feels not the bare name fascinate his eye, and, like wizard's spell, conjure up a crowd of mixed but not unpleasant associations, that rush upon his soul, and take possession of him for the while. We have ourselves seen an old worn-out Londoner—about as hackneyed and artificial a specimen of the genus man as is—who was 'ruralising,' as he elegantly styled it, in a northern province in quest of health—we have seen, we say, this battered septagenarian evince evident pleasure at the casual record in conversation of Cheapside, London Bridge, Towerhill, Temple-bar, St Paul's, and other crack localities of great Babylon, which had been from his infancy, as one may say with England's bard, 'familiar in his mouth as household words;' but at mention of 'Bow Church' the lack-lustre eye of old actually flashed coruscant, and the veteran Cockney stood *auribus arrectis*, as if the merry chime went to solace his youthful soul still singled in his senile ears. So irrepressible are man's best sympathies! and few, we feel convinced, are there so callous as to have had utterly extinguished those amiable instincts of our common nature, which are all distinct from low illiberal prejudices and narrow ungenerous partialities, local and national. Who cherished more passionately the former than Scott, while it was the daily labour and the nightly task of his giant genius and his graphic pen, by delighting the fancy and portraying character, to exterminate the latter from the minds of his readers? It shall be the aim of these notices, then, to make localities, replete with associations so endearing, still more interesting, by showing that not only have they 'a local habitation and a name,' but that that name is often most significant, involving in itself some important historical, traditionary, or descriptive information, the knowledge of which cannot fail but to be gratifying to the mind, which is ever pleased with the substitution of sense for sound, or, in other words, with the discovery of truth. Especially—and to the fact we presume to call the attention of the practical teacher of geography—can such knowledge be made most usefully available for educational purposes; for, when any particular place has been the theatre of an event of historical importance, and the very term itself indicates the fact, then, we hold, the intelligent teacher will, by a simple exposition of the term, more directly inform the understanding, and more forcibly impress the memory with the event, than by the more remote and mechanical method of merely associating it with the locality.

Northumberland, latinised by Buchanan and others *Northumbria*, signifies, the land north of the *Humber*. The modern *Northumberland*, though in point of size it ranks among the largest counties in England, being seventy miles in length, and above forty in breadth at its southern extremity, occupies but a diminutive portion of the territory which the name indicated under the heptarchy. The fact was then more in keeping with the mean-

ing of the term, for the kingdom of *Northumberland* extended from the estuary of the *Humber* to the Frith of Forth, which seems to have been the limit of the *Saxon* arms and language, as it had been of the *Roman* before them. Hence the jealous feelings, now happily well nigh extinct, long entertained by the Transforthian Scot against the marauding incursions of the '*Sassenach*,' as well as against the more systematic encroachments of the disciplined conquerors of mankind.

Berwick-upon-Tweed.—This strong and once important fortress has the adjunct *upon Tweed* to distinguish it from *North Berwick*, situate on a bay at the mouth of the Frith of Forth, in Haddingtonshire, in like manner as we say *Newcastle-upon-Tyne* and *Kingston-upon-Thames*, to distinguish these towns from *Newcastle-under-Lime* and *Kingston, Jamaica*. *Berwick* is contracted, by that figure of speech which grammarians call aphæresis, from *Aberwick*. This figure takes away a letter or syllable from the beginning of a word—a fault which uneducated Englishmen are very liable to commit. Now *Aberwick* is compounded of the British *aber*, which signifies primarily the mouth, or meatus, or embouchure of a river, and *wick*, which denotes a bend on a river, or a bay on the sea-coast; and, secondarily, a town on such bend or bay. The meaning of *Berwick*, then, when fully developed, is, 'the town upon the bend or bay situated at the mouth, viz., of the river Tweed.'—N.B. The prefix *aber* indicates the great antiquity of the place. Had it been a place of a more modern origin it would have been called *Tweedmouth* (as, in fact, the newer portion of the town is called), just as in the same county we have *Tillmouth*, *Learmouth*, and *Tynemouth*,—denominations evidently derived from their being situated respectively at the mouths of the rivers *Till*, *Lear*, and *Tyne*, and bearing on their face the manifest impress of a more recent date. Hereafter, then, should any of his English or Scottish neighbours, in allusion to its having been long deemed a district distinct from both countries, cast up to any *Berwick bairn*, as we oft have heard done, 'that after England and Scotland were made, *Berwick* was formed of the useless rubbish that was left,' let him boldly ask the name of the calumniator's calf town, and it is ten to one but he can retort the sarcasm by telling him, that *Berwick* was born, and named, and looked bonnily out upon the sea, as a new-busked bride, before the place of his nativity had either 'a local habitation or a name.' Should he be a *Newcastle kaeleer*, he may tell him (as shall hereafter be shown), that his town is but an upstart of yesterday in comparison. As the Israelites of old had their proverb, 'From *Dan* to *Beer-sheba*,' the Scots have their '*Frae Maidenkirk to John o' Groat's*;' so the country folks in England have a similar proverbial distich, which fairly casts those of the Jew and Sawnie into the shade, and which clicks sweepingly thus—

'From *Berwick* to *Dover*
All the world over.'

Bamborough is a contracted form of *Bebbanborough*, i. e. *Bebba's borough*, or the town erected by *Bebba*. *Bebba* was a Saxon princess, and *Bamborough* was once the court of the Northumbrian king.—N.B. The different forms of *borough*, viz., *berg*, *burg*, *burgh*, *broch*, *bury*, French *bourg*, Italian *borgo*, the Scotch *brae*, the Celtic *bruach*, with the latinised forms of *bria*, *brica*, *briga*, indicate in their primary sense a hill, a mount, or eminence, rising above the subjacent ground, much as the human brow overhangs the eyes and lower part of the face, or as the breast is protuberant over the stomach and lower parts. In a secondary sense, and exactly analogous with the Latin *arx*, they denote any erection on such hill, such as a tomb or pile of stones in honour of some valiant chief, thence termed a *barrow*, a *castle*, and, ultimately, a corporate town. As *Bamborough* has a *castle*, situated on a *promontory*, which was formerly of great strength and importance, it is probable that the postfix *borough* was first applied to the *castle*, and afterwards included the *town*. It is worthy of notice that the frowning feudal fortress, wont but too often to be the scene of cruelty and unjust imprisonment, has, by an exemplary bequest of Lord Crew, bishop of Durham,

been made now to serve the cause of humanity, being converted into an asylum for the reception and relief of shipwrecked mariners.

We have to request our readers to impress on their minds the significations of the terms *wick* and *borough*, for they will frequently occur in the course of our etymological trip into England, when it will be found that no locality having *wick* either as a prefix or postfix in its name, but is situated either on the bend of a river, or on a creek or bay of the sea. In fact, it is the descendant of the British radical *wyck* and Celtic *uise*, both denoting water. In like manner, it will generally be found, that the place whose name either begins or terminates with *borough*, or any of its varied forms, is situated upon or near a hill, or mount, or promontory, or rising ground of some description or another.

ANECDOTE OF JOSEPH THE SECOND.

JOSEPH the Second (Emperor of Germany, succeeded by Francis the Second, and grandfather to Ferdinand, the present Emperor of Austria) was fond of any adventure where he was not recognised as Emperor. But was this philosophy? I think not, for, when it was necessary to sacrifice some imperial caprice to the wishes of the nation, Joseph showed himself but little of the philosopher. Having arrived at Brussels in 1789, in strict incognito, he lived by preference in the delightful palace of Lacken, built many years before by his ancestors. Driving himself one day a very modest equipage, being a carriage to hold two people, with a servant out of livery, in the neighbourhood of Brussels, he was overtaken by a shower a short distance after leaving the avenue that surrounded the city to take the road to Lacken. He had not gone two hundred paces when he overtook a pedestrian going the same way, and who made a sign to him that he wished to speak to him. This was an old Belgian soldier. Joseph stopped the horses. 'Monsieur,' says the pedestrian, 'would there be any indiscretion in asking a place beside you?—it would not inconvenience you, as you are alone in your caleche, and would save my uniform, for I am an invalid at the expense of His Majesty.' 'Let us save the uniform, my good man,' says the Emperor, 'and place yourself beside me. Where have you been walking?' 'Ah,' says the soldier, 'I have been to see one of my friends, who is one of the royal park-keepers, and have made a most excellent breakfast.' 'What is it you have had so excellent?' 'Guess?' 'How should I know—some soup, perhaps?' 'Ah, yes—soup indeed, better than that.' 'A fillet of veal well larded?' 'Better than that.' 'I cannot guess any more,' says Joseph. 'A pheasant, my worthy sir, a pheasant, taken from the royal preserves,' permitting himself to give a slight tap on the imperial shoulder next him. 'Taken from the royal preserves, it ought to be much the better,' replied the monarch. 'So I can assure you it was,' answered his companion.

As they approached the town, and the rain still continuing, Joseph asked his passenger where he lived, and where he would get down. 'You are too good, sir,' says the old soldier, 'I shall impose upon your kindness.' 'No, no,' replied the Emperor; 'let me know your street.' The pedestrian naming the street, requested to know to whom he was so much obliged for such civility as he had received. 'Come, it is your turn,' says Joseph, 'to guess.' 'You are in the army, without doubt?' 'Yes.' 'Lieutenant?' 'Yes, but better than that.' 'Colonel, perhaps?' 'Better than that, I tell you.' 'Hollo!' says the old soldier, retreating to the corner of the carriage, 'Are you a General or Field Marshal?' 'Better than that.' 'Ah! Heavens! it is the Emperor?' 'As you say, so it is.'

There was no means of throwing himself at the monarch's feet in the carriage. The old soldier made the most ridiculous excuses for his familiarity, requesting of the Emperor to stop the carriage that he might get down. 'No,' says the sovereign, 'after having eaten my pheasant, you would be too happy, in spite of the rain, to get rid of me so quickly.'—*L'Impartial*.

GALLERY OF LITERARY DIVINES.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

NO. III.—THE LATE DR FERRIER OF PAISLEY.

EVERYBODY knows how common it is, each ten years or so, to hear an outcry raised about this or the other thing being on the decline—in a slow and deep, or high and galloping consumption. Everybody knows, too, that the cry varies at various seasons. Now poetry is in an extremely low and languishing condition; and now the potato, now hops, are looking down; and now history is losing its high and palmy honours, and verging on what Lord Plunket long ago called it, an 'old almanack.' It were a curious speculation, had we time, to trace the origin of such outcries, and show how often they result from sheer ignorance, how often from envy or stupidity, how often from a partial or narrow deduction of facts, and how often from the *ipse dixit* of some popular author or journalist, who, perhaps, having cast the paradox among the gaping crowd, is himself not a little surprised to find it caught up, canvassed, and at length entertained by many as a sober, serious, and ultimate truth. Among such vain and false alarms, we know none vainer or falser than that which prevails in certain quarters, that pulpit eloquence is in a state of decay or collapse. So far do we deem this wide of the truth, that we are persuaded that, whatever be the state of religion, the art of religious eloquence was seldom in a more flourishing condition than in the present day. We grant that the truths which are the basis of Christian oratory have, of necessity, lost much of the gloss and novelty which at first made the plainest proclamations of them the best, and of itself secured attention, if it did not awaken emotion or compel belief. We admit, too, that in the circumstances of the time, agitated as it is, there is not the ardent excitation which in former days enkindled and upreared such living volcanoes of eloquence as Luther or Knox, Renwick or Cameron, Wesley or Whitfield. Some of those men, at least, were prodigies; possessed of extraordinary powers, they were led by extraordinary circumstances to consecrate them to the service of religion; cast on fierce and troublous times, their fronts were fronts of defiance, and their language a two-edged sword; placed in the dark passage between two eras, their very position was eloquence; and standing suddenly up and against deep obscurity, the radiance of their powers and their characters seemed larger and more luminous from the surrounding gloom. Those men suited the periods on which they were cast; their minds soared up on 'storm-loving wings' into the highest heaven of pulpit oratory, where they dwell alone and unapproached; their powerful sentences, torn from their own hearts, float down the current of ages, safe as the sun in a stormy day; their books, containing high thoughts, higher aspirations, bursts of death-defying energy, 'gems of purest ray serene,' blended with 'live coals from the altar,' though at times, too, with baser and earthier materials, are often in our hands and often in our hearts; their names 'in fame's eternal volume shine for aye,' and we feel, besides, with strong assurance, that they are recorded in the 'Lamb's book of life.'

For such spirits we may not look speedily again; though should any dark crisis occur in the history of the church, it is not unlikely that (perhaps from quarters unexpected) the tones of religious eloquence, in its sternest and sublimest form, may again startle the nations, and that the pulpit of an enlightened and earnest ministry may again become the throne of the civilised world. Other Christian Anakim, girded with the ancient energy, and breathing the ancient spirit, may arise to teach the man to act, or, it may be, the martyr to die. Meanwhile, holding as we do, that Christian eloquence as an art, prosecuted with elaborate success by not a few, was seldom, if ever, in a more flourishing condition than at present, we propose now to depict another of those masters of Israel (too little known, alas! beyond the narrow bounds of his own Israel!), who have brought to their pulpit ministrations varied faculties, extensive erudition, accomplished eloquence, literary tastes,

and the resources of a genius which, through its united brilliance and strength, has excited the rage, the envy, and the admiration of religion's bitterest foes.

First, however, let us say a few words on the *nature* of Christian oratory. Opinions on this subject are very contradictory and confused. 'What is the idea of a perfect sermon?' is a question which, from Claude down to the late amiable Alexander Nisbet of Portsburgh, has been asked and sought to be answered, if once, a thousand times; although it had been as profitable to have asked and answered the question, 'What is the idea of a perfect *sauusage*?' It is implied in the very mooted of such a question that there is a certain formula or standard, to which, were it once discovered, all sermons should be arbitrarily adjusted. To this we strongly demur. In certain kinds of mental exertation, such as the writing of epic poems or the demonstration of mathematical theorems, there are general rules, fixed or presumed to be fixed, which writers and students are required to keep before their view. But how often is the rigour of such rules relaxed? Who now would dream of compelling the author of a heroic poem to conform it in all points to the *Epopée* of the *Iliad*, or to the mechanical rules of the *Stagyrite*? And though there be no royal road to geometry, who, in demonstrating a proposition, does not hail the most expeditious and most elegant mode of reaching the conclusion? How absurd, then, the attempt to press down a thing which in *verum natura* must depend so much as a sermon on circumstances, persons addressed, place of meeting, country, and even climate, under any wooden or iron model or mould! In the idea of a perfect sermon lies the same impossibility as in the idea of a perfect play, or a perfect essay, or a perfect anything. But then there is a second absurdity in the case; for even were such a *rara avis* as a sermon, perfect in a literary sense, formed or found, it would be a thousand to one that its very perfection proved its ruin, and that the faultless thing, which should baffle, if not please, the most censorious critic who ever carped in church or closet, might be *caviare* to the general, and perhaps produce more unmitigated contempt than the most feeble composition which ever sought to sound the bottom of the Bathos. The idea of a sermon implies in it not only a certain literary character, but something that should be level to the apprehensions, as well as in a measure accommodated to the tastes, of any 600 or 800 persons who may chance to be collected within the walls of a church; and this itself serves to show that no species of composition more spurns an artificial standard, and that as soon may we find a golden mountain or a black swan as a perfect sermon.

Taking, however, the word 'perfect' in a very modified sense—in the sense of 'good,' and bearing in mind the last remark, we may find various forms of preaching of a very high order indeed. For the country and court of France, during the reign of Louis XIV., were admirably adapted the ornate oratory, the piercing interrogation, the stormy pathos, the florid horrors, and splendid exaggerations, of Bossuet; the classic grace and mystic piety of Fenelon; the Ciceronian fluency and fervour of Massillon; the logic, the energy, and the terrible terseness of Bourdaloue. All those preachers, while essentially distinct from each other, suited the standard of their age and the excitable temperament of their countrymen, not yet in love with the lurid lights and eloquence of atheism. How well, again, was Barrow's preaching, in the plenitude of its learning, the richness of its language, and the fine easy amble of its motion, adapted to the secluded scholars, to whom, in general, his extraordinary productions were addressed. Taylor's preaching, less close in its thinking, and more coloured in its diction, was better fitted for gaining those popular audiences who were wont to think him 'a young angel newly descended from the climes of glory.' Howe's style, again, calm, majestic, diffuse, with highly laboured passages, and a fine vein of poetry intermingling with Platonic thought, was eminently suited to the unworldly and elevated views of that better class of Puritans who were privileged to hear him, and who, we are told, were wont to sit for five or six hours at a stretch, drinking in his

Athenian strains. Baxter, fervid, impetuous, searching, sometimes verging on the coarse, but sometimes resembling Demosthenes more than any religious author, especially in that Hall calls his abrupt and terrible interrogations, by which he trampled his adversaries in the mire, was qualified to storm the passions of the lower order of the same sect. Atterbury, Tillotson, Clark, and Sherlock suited a cold, languid, merely intellectual, and sceptical age but too well. How ridiculous to men of that day had been burning metaphors, and appeals to non-existent feelings! Never does an animated and passionate speaker look absurd, except when he is thundering with foaming lips to a beggarly account of empty benches, or to hearers entirely listless and unmoved, perhaps yawning in reply to his fervid expostulations, or finding a lullaby in the loud notes of his voice. So, if Tillotson, &c., had waxed imaginative or impetuous before their hearers, who had come to listen to a sermon as to a legal pleading, they would have produced ridicule instead of rapture. The men were cold, but their works and sermons, as calm, clear exhibitions of the Christian evidences and the common Christian moralities, were then very valuable. Whitfield, again, was designed by nature and education for the greatest mob-preacher that ever lived; and, considered simply as addresses to an English rabble of the eighteenth century, who were destitute of all refinement, of aught but the coarsest kind of imagination, and of the first rudiments of Christian knowledge, his sermons are excellent, derided and defamed as they have been by many by whom they were never read. Who more opposite, as intellectual men or as preachers, than Horsley and Kirwan? And yet both, when you take their audiences into account, were excellent and effective preachers. The first suited the hearers he usually got—the dignitaries of the church and the erudite of the land; and his discourses are unrivalled for original, if not always accurate, criticism; daring, if not always safe, speculation; controversial dexterity; strong but spare gleams of imagination, without an atom of fancy; and a most masculine style, conveying easily, sharply, and entirely the results of a most masculine understanding. The dean, in everything like power of intellect, was a pigmy to the bishop; his sermons are of a very inferior order to his; but they drew and they hushed crowds, they wrung tears from stony eyes, they made Ireland part with its pounds as with pebbles, and, even in that country of orators, have secured the preacher a hereditary reputation which may not soon die. We might, by a hundred similar instances, show that there are, in fact, as many ideas of sermons as there have been successful preachers, and that the sermon must be granted *good*, be it plain as the blue slate, or coloured as the peacock's tail; be it simple as the streamlet, or profound as the hollow sea; be it lowly as the daisy, or aspiring as the cedar's top; be it calm as the rock above, or tumultuous as the abyss of the cataract below; be it argumentative as Butler's, imaginative as Taylor's, discursive as Barrow's, critical as Horsley's, or practical as Whitfield's, which is best adapted to secure the object of preaching upon the particular audience of immortal men to whom it is addressed.

Such remarks, obvious as they may appear to some, and perhaps paradoxical to others, go greatly to clear the way and remove the rubbish in all criticisms of pulpit orators. Many proceed to criticise sermons and sermon-writers under the impression that there is some one model which must, like a Procrustes bed, be applied to the measurement of all aspirants. Whatever comes up to this pattern is praised, whatever comes short of it is abused, whatever surpasses it is abused still more bitterly. Yet, generally, this standard is altogether misty and undefined; sometimes it is gathered from some such treatise as Claude's, and, therefore, at best only one small segment of the truth; sometimes the model proposed is that of a living preacher, as if the generation of a spawn of imitators were a desirable object; nay, sometimes the pattern proposed is some classical *lay* author, and a preacher is condemned because he wants the inimitable graces of Addison, the solemn rotundity of Johnson, the nervous purity of Southey, or the melt-

ing cadences of Washington Irving. To name this absurdity is sufficient. Why should not a sermon be tried by its own intrinsic merits as a piece of composition, as adapted for a particular purpose, and as designed for a particular audience?

Whatever we may be, and at times have been, compelled to say in reference to the inferiority of a large proportion of the clergy of the day in their adaptation to the spirit and the wants of our 'wondrous mother age,' there are many worthy and some splendid exceptions. There are and were not a few, who, scorning to hem in the majestic form of celestial truth under strait-laced limitations, have sought to clothe her in a dress of free and flowing beauty; who, in her illustration, have laid nature and art under constant contribution; who have disdained not, in Jeremy Taylor's language, 'to sharpen their weapons at the forges of the Philistines,' and have studied to set before their readers a feast of taste, as well as of Scriptural and searching sentiment; who are distinguished, too, not only by their attention to the polish and elaboration of particular parts, but to the general and sustained excellence of their composition; and who, though in the magnificence of separate passages, as well as in the originality and force of single thoughts, inferior to our great early divines, excel them in regularity and equability of style, in correctness of taste, and in compression of matter; who do not so frequently delight, but who rarely disgust, if they seldom ravish with intolerable sweetness, or overwhelm with tempestuous power. For we have had of late no Taylor, that 'Shakespeare of divines,' to 'take our prisoned souls and lap them in Elysium'—no Barrow to carry us down on the calm, full current of his eloquence—no rough old Scott, author of that 'huge armful,' the 'Christian Life,' to tear us on, transfixed by his soul-piercing words—no quaint, but racy, profound, and brilliant Dr Donne—no sharp-tongued South, that genuine Swiftian spirit—no Bates, 'silver-tongued'—no searching Case, or 'incomparable Culverwell'—no learned Usher, himself a constellation. But our better preachers and writers, if they seldom reach their higher beauties, have fine endowments of their own, and, thanks to their age, avoid entirely those offences to taste, to propriety, to proportion, to decorum, which so often stumble us in the authors of that earlier age. Their sincerity, too, and earnestness are free from cant and fanatical delirium; and their writings have less of that *odium theologicum* which was wont to garnish the preachings of the Luthers, the Calvins, as well as of the Warburtons and the Wesleys, and from which even the gentler genius, milder temper, and more unearthly spirit of the Taylors and the Howes, did not altogether purge either their spoken or written style.

To the more eminent of such 'literary divines' we have repeatedly turned the public attention, both in a former 'Gallery' and in this. Our last but one sketch was of Dr Jamieson; and we are sorry to understand it has given offence in certain quarters. This seems to us strange, for our purpose was to do him the highest honour we could, in consistency with truth. That he was one of the most learned men in Scotland, an able preacher and controversialist, and has written one work of sterling, standard, and colossal merit, we cheerfully conceded. But it is equally true that as a poet he was a mere negative quantity—and a poet he aspired to be; that his poetry was dull, unsaleable rubbish—and poetry he ventured to indite; that strange stories were told of the quantity of his unsold stock—and we did not positively state whether or not those stories were true; that as a writer he possessed neither elasticity, nor elegance, nor eloquence; that as a thinker he had neither the insight of the philosophic nor the genius of the poetic mind; that, should we be told that we are not competent to judge of his pretensions, we simply ask, are our censurers? and should his reputation be appealed to, we answer that *that*, after shearing off all flatteries and passing feelings, is, with most judges, now identical with what we have expressed; our verdict is but the echo of the literary world's. In proof of this we merely ask, who reads any of his works now except his 'Dictionary'?

No! Dr Jamieson, though the best known of all our Anti-Burgher clergy, had not, by any means, the most mind or the best style. Grahame of Newcastle, author of the once famous work on Establishments, wrote a better style, possessed more liberal views, and seems to have been a man of deeper natural sagacity. The doctor's amiable namesake, Mr Jamieson of Methven, has risen in passages of his sermon on 'True Fame,' in some of his letters, and often rose in his preaching, to flights little inferior to the best of Hall or Foster's, and the 'fame' of which is, in our judgment, 'truer' and more enviable, though not so extensive, as that of the 'Dictionary of the Scottish Language.' And scarcely second to him in genius, and far superior in extent and kind of culture, was the late Dr Ferrier of Paisley.

Genius, after all, we fear, is and must be often indolent. While many second-rate men keep working themselves into perpetual paroxysms, struggling in the midst of the stream, and sending up in a constant whirlpool their minute bubbles of thought, the great frequently lie at full length outstretched upon the brink. They are large natures that can rest. Deep is their enjoyment of the calm Sabbath of their own souls. Recline they do, like the clouds of the golden eve, till

* Slowly, charged with thunder, they convey
Terror to the earth, and tumult to the air.'

Yet when the great hour comes, the great man is always ready.

Such remarks are irresistibly suggested by the subject of this sketch. Dr Ferrier is a name new to the majority of our readers; but it was assuredly the blame partly of his indolence, if partly also of his position, and not at all of his powers, that he requires introduction to any. In intellect he was noted for masterly clearness, dignity, and strength. Contemplative rather than logical, intuitive rather than deductive, comprehensive, not subtle, his glance was wide and his 'ken' commanding. Like Hall, he was in the habit of occasionally interposing brief dissertations amid his discourses, and, like Hall's, these were instinct with a fine philosophic spirit, and were compact, rapid, and satisfactory. His eloquence was of a lofty and dignified order. Far from being coldly classical, it was pervaded by a certain Grecian chastity; each word was culled with severe discrimination—each motion seemed tuned to some distant organ—and the steps of his advancing mind were stately steps of majesty. His sentences were often short and rounded, but never artificially curt and cropped. In quoting and applying the richer and loftier passages of Scripture, he was never surpassed; he knew well how to adorn the clustering and raven richness of his own eloquence with the starry gems of Inspiration. He had studied Milton and the Greek dramatists with close attention and enthusiasm, and their 'mighty line' coloured the pomps and intensified the power of his own style. As Dr Thomas Brown, in the course of his lectures, has quoted all Akenside's 'Pleasures of Imagination,' it is believed that Dr Ferrier, in the course of his ministry, quoted all the 'Paradise Lost.' The motion of his eloquence was never fast or fiery; his wheels carried too much weight ever to bicker or burn. On ordinary themes he was somewhat feeble; his great style flapped loosely about a little subject: but when a topic of real magnitude presented itself, he invariably rose to meet it, like a senator rising to welcome a king. Thus has he, in a funeral sermon on the death of his colleague Mr Alice, followed the steps of the ascending Elijah in a style of sober and sustained grandeur; thus, in a sermon on education, has he denounced the author of 'Political Justice,' then in his zenith, in a style of chastened invective, which that most candid of men would have himself admired; and thus did he, according to traditionary notices, read—in one noble sermon on the text, 'When I consider the heavens'—the religious lessons written around the stars, and in another describe Ethiopia stretching out her hands unto God, an 'awful appellant' against her innumerable wrongs.

Dr Ferrier's style of preaching, often silently and unconsciously soaring above his audience, added to a certain monotony and mouthing in his delivery, prevented his po-

pularity from being commensurate with his power; but by those who could appreciate him he was admired to enthusiasm. He could never be prevailed on to publish more than the two sermons, with which, by all who have seen them, his name is identified. The first, on Mr Alice's death, is one of the best in the language. A great deal of dispute has taken place as to the question, which is the best sermon preached or published in modern times? Some stand up for Massillon's on the number of the elect; and certainly its recorded effect was transcendent. Many prefer Maclaurin's 'Glorying in the Cross of Christ' as the most sublime and lyrical of Christian declamations. Howe's 'Vanity of Man as Mortal' has its partisans, and it has undoubtedly noble passages, and is distinguished by much of its author's lofty abstraction, who, were the metempsychosis true, might have passed for an incarnation of the soul of Plato. Hall's 'Modern Infidelity' has the suffrages of some, as a brilliant compound of logic and rhetoric; and Chalmers's 'Sketch of Modern Astronomy,' of others, for its unflinching energy of style. Mc-Crie's 'Thief on the Cross' is a singularly rich and picturesque composition. But, without depreciating any of those masterpieces, we claim a place amidst them for this discourse of Dr Ferrier's. Its subject is the ascent of Elijah—a noble theme; and finely does he track the illustrious traveller from Gilgal to Bethel, from Bethel to Jordan, from Jordan to the place where the chariot of fire met him, and thence looks up after him as he passes the aerial regions and enters the heaven of heavens. The whole description is modestly magnificent. Krummacher, the German (in a passage omitted for some inscrutable reason in the common translations of his 'Elijah the Tishbite,' although by far the best in the volume), follows the translated saint with a more daring pinion; nay, he throws himself in beside Elijah, mounts the chariot of fire with him, grasps the burning reins, smites the starry steeds—looks round on the rushing wildernesses of worlds—as the car ascends, hears 'Orion, on the left, sounding out his old and eternally new song, Great is our God, and of great power'—loses sight of the earth, and of the sun, and of the sun's system, and of every system from which the sun's system is visible—outstrips the comet's glowing wheel—rushes across firmaments at tempestuous speed—enters the golden gates of the city—passes through the wondering, rising, and welcoming first-born of heaven—and, like Mercury sunk in the beams of the sun, is lost to view at last in the brightness of the great white throne. Ferrier assumes the humbler position of Elisha watching below, crying out, 'My father, my father! the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!' stretching out his hands to catch the falling mantle, but closing his eyes, after the first look, from the terrific brightness, and the dizzy motion of the ascending chariot. As a specimen—faint indeed, but genuine—of Dr Ferrier's powers, we extract the following onset upon Godwin:

'And, brethren, we will venture to say that, notwithstanding all the sacred knowledge with which revelation has directly or indirectly supplied our present free-thinkers, many of them seem as ignorant of the nature, the obligations, and the only true supports of morality, as if they had dreamed in the darkness of heathenism. Let us hear one of the most conspicuous of those ingenious but vain speculators. 'Pleasure, or happiness,' says he, 'is the sole end of morality'; and again, 'Morality is nothing more than a calculation of pleasures.' And he tells us, that from this calculation all references to a 'world to come' must be 'dismissed' as 'air-built speculations, which cannot enter into any liberal and enlightened system of morality.' Morality, then, is nothing more than a calculation of present pleasures! And who is to be calculator?—this man, or any other, for us and for the world, or every individual for himself? Truly this method of calculation—this estimate of pleasures, from which speculations upon the chances of a 'world to come' are excluded—this 'liberal and enlightened morality,' which recognises neither the existence and government of God nor the responsibility and immortality of man—has filled the earth

from age to age with murders, fornications, adulteries, perjury, fraud, rapine, sedition, rebellion, and every evil work. Behold a moralist, who understands nothing of morality, who discerns not its connection with a Divine Legislator, an Omniscient Witness, an Almighty Governor, a Supreme and most Righteous Judge, a future retribution, but contemptuously explodes its most grand and interesting references, its prime obligations and most powerful sanctions! Behold a morality which is referable to no certain standard, reducible to no fixed rules, and enforced by no adequate motives—a morality which abolishes the essential distinction between right and wrong, which abandons rectitude at the prospect of temporal pain or pleasure, and which tends to extinguish conscience in men, to banish from the world the remembrance of God, and to annihilate those supreme and sacred obligations and restraints which have hitherto been found most efficacious for preserving the order of human society! This morality, which would detach the anticipations, the solitudes, and the interests of man from a world to come, offers no less violence to human nature than indignity to divine revelation; and is as repugnant to the original and interminable principles of the former as to the light and spirit of the latter. Most unreasonably, it assumes that those presentiments of a world to come which animate and elevate the good, and which ever recoil with dread upon those who are most anxious to dismiss them, and who, to escape the fears of futurity, would gladly resign its hopes—that impressions which have been universal and perpetual among our species, are not the result of the constituent elements of our frame. This morality degrades man into a most incongruous being, whose noblest capacities and tendencies, whose most exalted hopes, and whose most insuperable fears have no existent object—a being whom Nature (whatever Nature means) most wantonly tantalises and cruelly dooms to be the incessant sport of tormenting phantoms. This morality represents the whole moral world as a mighty anarchy—a scene of innumerable wrongs which are never to be redressed or avenged. It ‘dismisses’ those motives which have the most commanding and salutary influence on the human heart, and those sentiments which are often the sole excitement and support of virtue, and the sole curb and correction of vice. It relieves concealed, enterprising, or triumphant wickedness from its worst terrors; but from suffering goodness it withholds the consolations of hope. It is a morality without truth, dignity, or energy. It is the morality of atheism; and all the sublime virtue predicted from it is but extravagant reverie and ‘air-built speculation.’

As we copy those weighty words of Dr Ferrier's, they have met, in the events of the hour, with a memorable commentary. Need we say that that commentary has come from France, where a frantic party, in attempting to rear again the old ‘air-built speculation’ into a solid organised ‘iniquity,’ are themselves perishing by thousands. Yes, Paris, as we write, is a ‘sea of blood mingled with fire,’ through which the stern pilot Cavaignac is guiding the vessel toward the iron-bound coast of a military government. There can be no question about the result. The pilot is the ablest in France (‘the most extraordinary man,’ Thomas Carlyle told us five years ago, ‘he ever met’); he will—he has found and dissolved the stony knot of the barricades in fire, and it rests with himself whether he shall be the Washington or the Napoleon of the revolution; but sure we are that, so long as that malignant and infernal dream of ‘communism’ (first suggested, in this country at least, by Godwin) even hovers before the minds of the masses there remaineth no rest for him, nor for any ruler, nor for any country, nor for mankind; and it is faith, and not fire, that can finally dissipate and destroy it.

To return: As a man, Dr Ferrier was singularly amiable, every inch a gentleman, large-hearted, indulgent to a fault, modest, retiring, pure, and simple as a child. He lost, ere his death, one of his sons, an extraordinary youth, who inherited much of his father's majestic style, added to a quaint and rich humour all his own. Since his decease another worthy member of his family has published

his ‘Life,’ ‘Remains’ (including some sermons, scarcely equal to his former, and casting no new light upon his genius), and a ‘Diary,’ which presents in a pleasing aspect his retiring piety, and removes the veil from that private communion with his Maker, which sent him forth to public duty with his face ‘as it had been the face of an angel.’ We heard Dr Ferrier once, and we met him once. His sermon, preached at some moderation or other, was as poor as such sermons usually are. It seemed his last afternoon's discourse somewhat diluted. His appearance, however, struck us, particularly his large, ample brow, which, in prayer, appeared to be *open* and to *worship*, while his eyes were shut. In private we found him singularly urbane and intelligent; softened in the shades of illness and approaching death, his spirit gave forth no sparkles of that ready and sometimes sarcastic humour in which he could excel. One specimen we have heard of this quality. Travelling once with some other ministers, a person ‘half-seas over,’ and anxious to insult the clerical passengers, came up and said, ‘Well, it is curious that I'm never drunk but in the company of ministers.’ ‘No wonder,’ replied the doctor, ‘for there you get all the drink to yourself.’

We close this notice with a certain feeling of melancholy. It is melancholy to think of such a mind passing away from among us unappreciated, unknown, unlamented, save by a few, and without leaving aught behind him by which his admirers can fully account for and justify to the public their enthusiasm. Whoever may be the subject of our next sketch, it must be one, we suspect, to whom, on account of his notoriety, we cannot assume that absurd air of patronage which is absolutely, though ridiculously, requisite in reference to Dr Ferrier.

THE UMBRELLA-TREE.

IN many countries nature yields spontaneously those necessities of life which in others it requires much manual labour and care to produce. There grows in the islands of the Pacific the bread-fruit, which supplies to the natives of these countries one of the most expensive edible productions of Europe; in the dry arid deserts of South America, the cow-tree yields a rich milky fluid; and the cocoa-nut not only yields meat and drink to the people of southern climes, but it supplies to them utensils for containing the simple nutriment which they use as food. If we look particularly at the varied nature of the products of different countries, and the adaptation of these to the wants of the people who inhabit them, we cannot fail to mark and to be struck with the universal care and benevolence of a gracious and omnipotent God. In the most barren, frigid regions of the north, there is the scanty lichen and stunted moss, on which the man-supporting reindeer lives and thrives, and in the torrid deserts of the Sahara, or the teeming wilderness of the Selva, there is still the necessary means of supporting human life and supplying its common wants. There is scarcely a vegetable production more wonderful or more useful, however, than the talipot, or umbrella-tree, of Ceylon, whose leaves are not only adapted to supply the place of paper and waterproof cloth, but are used as the coverings of tents and huts, while its abundant pith forms a sweet and nutritious bread, which is used by the Ceylonese, during the earlier part of the season, until their corn becomes ripe. The talipot, or umbrella-tree, is not only a useful, but it is also a most beautiful plant; its stem, when at maturity, being one hundred feet high, straight as a rush, and tapering towards the top, where its great broad leaves grow without any branches. The circumference of the stem of one of these trees at the base, when it attains to its greatest height, is about five feet, gradually diminishing as it ascends. The leaves, when on the tree, are almost circular, and they are of such a tremendous circumference that one of them is capable of sheltering ten or twelve persons from the rain with the greatest of ease. On the very top of the tree grows the flower, which sometimes rises thirty feet above the ordinary height of the plant, before it bursts the rind which

encloses it, and looks somewhat like the covering over a collapsed umbrella. When the embryo has attained to maturity, it bursts this covering with a sharp snapping noise, and spreads abroad a splendid cluster of malodourous, but beautiful yellow flowers.

The development of the flower is the signal of the talipot's decay. It is the flushing of its beauty before its rapid decease. To the flower succeeds the fruit, and the latter is no sooner ripe than the parent plant, having fulfilled its mission, shrivels up, and, rapidly falling to the ground, rots away. The tree only bears flower and fruit once, and that is generally when it has attained about its thirtieth year.

The talipot, which is a species of the palm, possesses that common attribute of its genus, a hard outer bark and a soft herbaceous core, the greater part of its diameter being composed of a soft, brown, cellular substance from which sago is made, by beating and pounding in a mortar. The leaves, however, are the chief of its useful and wonderful constituents. When they are fully expanded upon the tree, they are of a beautiful dark green colour; but those which are appropriated to the use of man are cut before they have attained their full growth, and, being dried and pressed, they retain, so long as they last, which may be for long ages, a pale brownish colour, somewhat approaching to that of old parchment. Before being submitted to use, these leaves are rubbed by pieces of wood, and the sap being thus pressed from the vesicles, the leaf becomes thin, flaccid, and pellucid, and capable of being folded into the smallest possible dimensions. The form of the leaf is fan-shaped. One strong tendon, which is just a continuation of the leaf-stalk, traverses the immense folium; and from this main thread other smaller ones radiate, at almost regular distances from each other, and thus divide the great vegetable web into plies. The Cingalese use it as a fan; and doubtless the artificial article had its origin in imitation of this natural one. It is the only umbrella and parasol used in Ceylon, being perfectly impervious to wet, and offering a complete shelter from the solar rays. Although its superficial area is so large, it is so specifically light that it can be carried with the utmost ease in the hand; but as its immense size renders it inconvenient, when extended, it is cut into segments adapted to the various uses to which the Cingalese apply it.

The talipot leaves are sewed together into various forms, and make excellent, handsome, and very portable tents; a light framework being covered with this natural oil-cloth, from which the water runs off as from the feathers of an aquatic fowl. A little preparation is necessary to make the leaf into paper; but even that is very simple. Strips of about fifteen inches long and three broad, which is the general size of the Cingalese books, are steeped in boiling water for some time, and are then rubbed backward and forward over a piece of smooth wood to make them pliable. When dried they are written on, or rather graven, by a sharp-pointed instrument; and then, the sheet being rubbed over by a dark coloured substance, rendered liquid by the oil of the cocoa-nut, which only remains in the marks made by the stylus, the letters appear boldly relieved, ineffaceable, and easily readable. The leaf of the talipot is used as the medium of writing in all important cases, being of a most durable character, while that of another species of palm serves for general purposes.

A Cingalese book consists of a number of these leaves placed together. Two wooden boards and two cords passed through all these leaves near the extremities, constitute the whole of the binding. Many of these books have been exhibited in Europe as made from the Egyptian papyrus; but neither in form nor texture do they assimilate to the volumes of the ancients. In addition to the uses already described, the talipot leaf is employed in thatching the roofs of the Cingalese houses and in making sun-hats, whose broad, umbrageous brims extend to a great circumference, completely screening a mother and her nursing infant from the scorching rays.

The talipot does not grow commonly upon the coast,

but is found in the interior forests of the island, to which it is said to be peculiar. It is found indigenous on the Malabar coast, however, and in the Marquesas and Friendly Islands.

This wonderful tree which supplies material to man for making bread, sago, tents, house-thatch, umbrellas, parasols, hats, fans, and paper, is, as already hinted, one of the palm genus, being the *Orypha umbra culifera* of Linnaeus. Its fruits are as large as the common cherry; but, not being edible, they are left naturally to reproduce the plant, which dies in giving them birth. The natives, who, like those of all tropical climes, are content to accept the natural productions of their countries without any strong desire to improve upon them, never sow the talipot, but leave the seeds to grow up as they best may; and, in consequence of this neglect, the plant may be less abundant, and even less excellent, than it would otherwise be by a careful propagation and cultivation.

PANORAMA OF LIFE.

SCENE FIRST.

We love to think of childhood's sunny hours—of their innocence and of their love; they are not like those dark, thoughtful times, when age stamps upon the brow its signet-ring, and care, like Virgil's raven, croaks portentously. Fresh from the hand of God, the infant's soul has lovely visions of heaven, and kindred angels breathe celestial tales into its spirit. Life is beauty, and sunshine, and bliss, till reason takes his throne, and then material nature, mirrored in mind, effaces childhood's dreams. Look at that tiny child among the flowers, so fragile and so fair. Around his rosy lips, like morning sunshine, an angel's smile is playing; the butterflies that sport around him, that see themselves reflected in his eyes, and love to rest upon his little hands, are not more glad than he; the sunny beams that fall upon his bosom, and kiss it till it is brown—the sportive rays that dance amongst his silk-like golden hair, and make it flash again—the dew that glistens on his feet, like gems upon a seraph's sandals, are not more bright nor pure than his young spirit—the anemone and daisy, the bluebell and the primrose, garland his fair brow, and the rose and carnation answer his glad smiles! He can hardly pluck the flowers—he does not know their names—he knows not whence they come, nor when they fade away, and yet he loves them—aye, loves them, whatever proud analysts may say. They speak to him, in beauty's hues, of heaven, from whence so late he came, and whence they drink the glorious dyes that fill their leaves with glory. There is a power in beauty that wakes the flame of love in souls that seem to sleep, and nurses in the chambers of the mind a kindred beauteous sympathy. Shall that child forget these flowers? shall he cease to think of them, even though he bursts the pericarp of youth, and leaves his embryo state for manhood's proud fruition? Amidst the aspirations of his opening years—in the hours of his ambition and almost hopeful realisation, when big stern thoughts stalk into mind's amphitheatre, and trample down the indefinite remembrances of early days—shall these flowers, like weeds, be plucked from memory's garden, and left to wither away? The little stream runs on through devious winding paths, midst booby woods that hide it, and tall sedge and reed clumps that curtain it; it tinkles amongst round smooth stones, and flashes for a moment in the sun; it wimples round the mountain's shoulder, and deepens as it runs. It was a little stream at first, like latent thought, hidden amongst the very plants it fed, and then it swelled into a river, and none could stem its course. So this child's love for flowers. The child among the flowers has passed away, and so have the sweet flowers; but in a strong man's soul there is a beauty-spot—a sweet oasis, watered by remembrance and sweetened by the fragrance of the past. He stands among a hundred serious men, into whose eyes a sage might gaze and learn a hundred lofty glowing thoughts; there is no rosy radiance on his cheek, no golden lustre in his dark

brown hair, but still his eye is blue, of heaven's ethereal tint, and when he looks upon his clustered flowers he smiles as once a little child he smiled. He knows his old companions now—their nature and their names are as a book, in which he reads God's wondrous power and glory; and now LINNÆUS wonders not that, like a seraph's harp, his heart in youth vibrated amongst the flowers.

SCENE SECOND.

Boyhood comes, and with it come the stirrings of the soul, the spirit's first inquiries. Thought is bursting the soft silken cocoon that was woven round it in infancy, and, though the path of speculation is unknown, it essays to fly beyond its infantile sphere, and know it knows not what. It is evening, and a bright fire blazes on the hearth of a Scottish artisan. The ruddy flames dance round the drowsy, humming kettle, and the grey cat purrs in the cozy chimney-corner; the rays of fire-light skip on the broad discs of the pewter-plates, and then they wink at the cuckoo-clock, which gives an angry click, as if it 'wanted them up to time'; an old woman sits in her easy chair, and her eyes are closed in sleep; her spectacles, taking advantage of the closed eyelids, and conscious that their owner cannot now see through them, like a recreant dragoon, slip from the saddle of the nose, and are deserting their post of duty—they come so stealthily, that they seem to be affected also with a feeling of repose. The kettle's humming voice, the cuckoo-clock's sharp rejoinder, and the winking, dancing—now up, now down again—flames, are the only things that seem to have life and motion in that little room. But, see! there is a boy on the floor. He is a weakly little thing, the neighbours say, and he is not of much account. If his father had been a Spartan, that child would not have troubled his mother long. Poor little lad! he cannot pull a boat on the river like his compeers, he cannot lift the heavy bar nor throw the putting-stone, and so the goodwives shake their heads, and bless themselves that they have hardy children. We need not say that his mother loves him—good mothers always love their fragile, feeble, little children best; we need not say that he loves her—by love he seeks to compensate for a blooming cheek, and by affection, strong as martyrs' hearts, he makes her forget her cares for him, and think his frame is firm and powerful too. He is lying with his face towards the floor, that little boy, and with a piece of chalk he draws some strange devices on the boards. Old grimalkin in his chimney-corner, like some grim critic in his chair of state, looks at him with a sapient solemn air, and sees him draw and contemplate with sage indifference. The kettle ceases to hum, and now the steam comes gushing from its throat, and dissipates its unknown strength in the air, or rushes with the smoke up the dark yawning vent. The boy raises his head, and now the light shines on his beaming brow, as if it sought to circle it with a halo of glorious light. He has a thoughtful eye, and, as he looks upon the rushing vapour, who knows what mighty revolutions of thought are beginning to stir his soul? Expansive aerial fluid, there may be a hidden power in thy breath! If some strong hand, subservient to a mighty mind, would chain thee down and rule thy boundless strength, who knows what dreams of power might know through thee fruition? Little kettle! emblem of a giant agent—symbol of Samson on his mother's lap, there is an eye, a channel to the mind, open to drink from thee the seed of proud conceptions. Little boy! the crude and floating fancies of thy brain may yet be modified and embodied into a directing power, more potent than a thousand magician's rods.

It is broad day, and the sun is at the zenith. An aged man sits on a lofty rock—a river rolls along in its gentle devious course—and a city, full of life, and strength, and hope, stands on the river's banks, and is just beneath his eye. The clang of busy anvils comes rolling on his ear; the snort of the steam-ship, as it ploughs the river with the strength and speed of a war-horse, is borne upon the breeze; tall spire-like chimneys look down upon him, and houses with a hundred windows, in which are busy

people, encircle the seat of that venerable sage. From a thousand cities ten thousand hosts appear, who, borne on iron-ways by thews and sinews of iron, kneel where that old man sits, then pass away to bless him as they labour. He has no crown upon his head, no sceptre in his hand, and yet the world bends at his feet in homage, and shout he is immortal. He has ruled earth's mightiest motive power, and led from profitless darkness a great and godlike agent of human labour. He was a boy once—a weak and fragile boy—but in his feeble heart there was a fount of life that nursed a giant soul; thoughts grew in his young breast more powerful far than all the undirected energies of life. Let mankind never forget that in the weakest breasts may dwell the strongest souls; that man must pass away, and all his transient strength be conquered by old time; but while the sun can drink from one flower-cup a drop of dew in gentle exhalation, the name of mighty WATT can never be forgotten.

SCENE THIRD.

Youth is the proud transition-time of life, the era of heart and hope, when the bright eye of manhood looks beyond itself through time's opening vista, and 'impulses of soul and sense' begin to stir the frame. A young man stands beneath a spreading banana, and gazes on nature with an enraptured eye. The mountains, melting into distance, impress his soul with images of majesty, and, prone to speculate, he dreams of nations far beyond them. The waving boughs through which the winds are sighing, the sinking sunbeams and the mellow sky, the murmuring streamlets and the gorgeous flower-bespangled groves, are nature's open book, in which his heart cons lessons of benevolence and beauty; there are butterflies sporting around him, with their many-hued gossamer wings, coquetting with the flowers, which they rival in beauty; the songs of birds mingle with the zephyrs, and the sweet-toned winds breathe peace and love around the young enthusiast's brow. He looks on nature through the medium of love; no misanthropic vapours dim his sight nor deepen life's shadows; he has a gentle soul that teaches him to cherish, not to laugh at men. 'Father,' he says, and turns his eye to heaven; 'brother,' he murmurs, as he thinks on man. He loves the earth because God called it good, and man he loves because he, too, is man. Oh! how can man live on this fair world's face and die unlearned in love? All nature teaches it: the flowers entwine their tender stalks in unity, and lay their blossoms together, like infants cheek to cheek—the sunbeams, butterflies, and humming bees, all fondly love the flowers—the dew-drop loves the tender herb—the young fawn loves the verdure—the trees are vocal with the love-stirred birds—the groves are sighing for the breath of eve. Our holiest feelings and our best are born of love. The young man turns his beaming eyes from heaven, and smiles to see the tropic plants, in all their gay profusion, nod before him. But, hark! he listens with an awestruck face—oh, foreign sound to such a lovely scene!—the shriek of pain and groan of woe vibrate on his ear. Slowly he steps towards the doleful sounds, and, trembling, gazes all around in awe. And now his eye beholds a man tear with a thong a dusky brother's flesh. The red blood streams adown his sable back, the quivering flesh hangs from the bondsman's bones. The young man gazes till he scarce believes. The witness forces itself upon his sight. 'Father,' he murmurs, with a tear-wet cheek, 'are these actors men, and that poor passive captive not a man? Slavery!' he cries, 'foul blot on life and manhood's pages, ye must be washed away!' And so it will, when generous hearts are fired with holy inspiration from Him who loved all men, and died for them, and led captivity captive.

A man of mature years is standing in a proud assembly of senators. There is a calm resolute expression in his manly face, and his words of compassionate eloquence draw tears from strong men's eyes. There is no passion in his countenance; the frenzied look, the trembling hand, the quivering lip, and the defiant glance, are not his agents of persuasion. He speaks of kindred ties that never

should be discovered—of human rights that cannot be destroyed—of women fainting beneath a tyrant's lash—of children nursed, like brutes, only to toil—of men degraded like the beasts that perish; he speaks of hope and heaven, and weeps to call him man who makes his brother a slave in limb and soul. There is a death-like silence while he speaks, and when his soul's appeal for the deceased is finished, a murmur, as if a mighty wind had shaken a forest, swells in the high-domed hall.

It is near midnight, and a thousand men with sable skins are kneeling in a church. No voice articulates a syllable of prayer; silent and trembling, on the ground they kneel, and hold communion with the God of heaven. Sobs may be heard bursting from strong men's breasts, and tears may be seen stealing through strong men's fingers. Holy witnesses of pure emotion, burst out, and, oh, flow on! The tide of liberty is flowing too, and slavery's chains are now about to burst. As they bend to God, that band of dark-skinned men, and seem to listen for the first blast of the archangel of freedom's trumpet, a peal of thunder rolls over the awe-stricken throng—a solemn sound that comes from heaven, as if to hail the birth of chainless men. Scarce has the roll of thunder passed away when peals the thrilling proclamation, 'Ye are free!' And now a thousand chainless arms are waved on high—a thousand freemen's brows are turned to heaven. They grasp each other's hands—they laugh, they sing, they weep—they kiss each other's cheeks, and hail the hour of pure spontaneous brotherhood which now has dawned. Free! oh, they are free!—the chain is riven, and the shackle broken! Palsied the hand that wont to wield the lash, and proud the heart that wont of old to quail.

Now, see these freemen kneel, and now they pray, and in their aspirations bless the name of that white man who struggled on through good and bad report to make them free. They turn their grateful eyes to that far isle and lowly bed in which his body sleeps, and their free spirits hover over his honoured tomb, and they weave garlands of the green palm leaves to strew upon the grave of WILBERFORCE.

SCENE FOURTH.

Manhood is life's zenith; its attributes are maturity, action, and power. It looks upon the past with a view to rule the future, and upon the future, that it may be happy or prosperous by rule. Impulse is chained; reason is trained, and like a queuing hound traces events. Stern and indomitable manhood, perfecter of every glorious effort of youthful genius, and consummator of every youthful struggle for progression or freedom, all hail to thee!

It is a battle-field, and a warrior sits upon a coal-black steed, gazing on two kindred hosts of men drawn out in battle array. His eye is blue and thoughtful; his cheek is dark; and his form is tall and manly. The sun is rising, and its sportive rays are dancing from mound to mound; they glitter for a moment upon the battle-blades, and then they skip away as if they sought to shun them. They scowl upon each other those kindred hosts; and whet their blades to gash each other's flesh. Why should they fight? Why should they make the sword an arbiter of justice? Are truth and reason powerless to convince? Oppression will not reason; whenever it yields to argue it is vanquished; and therefore it must strike, and crush its obstacles by force or fraud. That man upon the steed was born in peace, and loves not war's alarms. He was bred to toil; and as he gazes on his kindred men drawn out in stern array, he sighs to think of ravished homes and plains. But that man has a home and country—a heart that feels for other's weal and woe—a sense of justice stronger than oppression. 'My native land,' he says, 'would that I could blot succeeding years of woe and desolation from thy ken, and wake thee up to liberty and life again! Would that I could lull thee to oblivious sleep, and bear thy wrongs alone! It may not be,' he sighs; 'aggression wills thee wrong, and we must succour thee.' The

mist of years rolls over the dread scene. Tears, and blood, and sighs, and groans, and smoke, and flame, and death, are hid beneath the sable curtain of desolation; but that patriot's face is still discernible, stern yet sad. Borne back, struck down, hemmed in, or strong in victory, that man's brow is changeless, and his heart untamed.

It is summer. The fields are green and gay; the spreading fruit-trees are bending beneath their load; gay labour, laughing, drives his team; children dance upon the lawns; commerce opens her sails to the breeze; the hunter leaves the city and seeks the woods, to chase the bounding deer. Earth is smiling with a reflex caught from heaven, and the rapient flowers creep silently over the ground that late was drunk with blood; they shed dewy tears over it, and cover it with oblivious verdure. There is a city, however, alive with life and joy; and in the market-place there stands a chair of triumph. There are thousands of youths and maidens in the throng, and grey-haired men and women turn their eyes to the elevated seat. It is a people who have come to do homage to a patriot, and to reward him for his years of care, of danger, and of toil. There is silence in that mighty throng; for memory holds communion with the kindred who have bled in freedom's cause. The mother's heart is yearning for her son; the maiden looks upon her wounded lover, and sighs for joy to think that war is over. Hark! a murmur rises from the mighty crowd. A man of toilworn aspect and of modest mien is seated in the dais. His brow is uncovered, and streaks of silver pervade his glossy locks. The storm is past; the hurricane has spent its fury, and swept away the pestilence of oppression; and now the leader of the patriot throng awaits his proud reward. A maiden stands beside him; she holds a wreath of green leaves in her hand, and now she lays it on his manly brow. He bends his head, and every head in that great multitude is uncovered now, and bent. They do not give him gold, nor lands, nor empty titles. It was not for a name or wealth he struggled. He vaunteth not; he is not filled with pride; yet never warrior felt a prouder thrill rush through his heart and soul than did GEORGE WASHINGTON, when his grateful fatherland gave him its 'thanks, and nothing else beside.'

SCENE FIFTH.

Age, holy age, whose pleasures are chiefly borrowed from the past, we reverently love thee! The sunlight of memory is thy solace—the very sorrows of bygone years, sublimated by virtuous resignation, afford thee holy joy. Thou approachest the goal—life's course is almost run; and now thou surveyest the path thou hast trod, that thou mayest warn the aspirant from thy false steps, or cheer and strengthen him with thy experience. Oh, it is well with thee if in the gleam of memory, that ever lengthens in thy sight, the specks are faint and few!

There sits an old woman at an open window with a Bible on her knee. There is a holy calm upon her brow, and in her pure blue eyes the light of virtue softly shines. The years of devoted personal benevolence have passed away, but still her bosom vibrates with a love of humankind. The ivy clusters on her cottage-wall, the sea-breeze sighs around her hoary head; she is reading the sacred oracles. They taught her how to live, and now she calmly asks them how to die. Her modest air, her gentle love-lit eyes, her placid brow, and snowy braided hair, steal on the heart and win spontaneous homage. There is an aspect of repose, of holy calm, on everything around her, as if mute nature held its breath to gaze on heavenly goodness. She closes the holy book and lays it reverently aside. Slowly her eyelids close like summer-clouds that veil the ethereal sky, and memory spreads her wings and soars away among the darkening regions of the past. Gradually the vista opens, and a fair maiden, radiant with beauty, stands amongst a group of children; they gaze upon her with eager inquiring eyes—eyes that are lighted with the soul's appeal for knowledge; in her hand she holds a book, and with her finger she points the path to heaven.

Angels look on thee, monitress of virtue, and bless thee, for thou art of their nature.

A young matron sits upon the hearth, and around her are her cherub children. They cling to her lap, they nestle in her bosom, and kiss her in their love. She has known joy and sorrow, too, and she can feel for all who weep in sadness. Oh, sympathy, handmaiden of bounty and source of active charity, thy fire burns strong in that young matron's heart! A dark cloud rises from before the eye of retrospection, and displays a charnel-house of vice—a prison. Hideous moral deformity in all its phases meets the gaze. The brutal jest, the scornful laugh, the demoniac oath, and fierce invective, ring through the vaulted prison-cells. Every accessory of disgust and moral pain is here. The barrenness of man's contaminated soul is seen; if virtue ever entered these dark walls, it is now latent, shrivelled, dead. But she comes—that apostle of goodness—from her own sweet hearth; she bears from her home, from virtue's dwelling-place, the incense that is ever burning on her altar, and she showers the dews of love even on the outcast felon. She bears a magic power within her breast. She lays her hand upon the culprit's brow, and tears come streaming from the fount of contrition. Hers is the faith that can remove mountains. Sin, rooted in the soul, is loosened by the power that heaven has lent her, and soon a peace, born of her inward goodness, sits on the captive's brow, nursing and rearing up his better nature. In lonely places by our seagirt shore, solitary men pore over the sacred page, and bless the hand that gave it. On the deep the seaman cons the holy book, and as he thinks on home and all he loves, she, too, is in his heart. The orphan almost knows a mother's name when she is present. The saddened sinner feels his hope awake when her soft voice is sounding in his ear. Slowly the gleam of memory is rolled up, and, like a sun, it shines upon that dreaming woman's head. Hark! from its glorious orb soft sounds of music steal upon the sense. Its radiant bosom opens, and angels gently come to earth. They place the olive wreath upon that dreamer's brow. They write in sunbeams on her life's bright record that sympathy is charity's sweet sister, and then they waft the light of her life away to radiate in heaven; and as they mount to God's empyreal thrones, sweet hallelujahs hail thy name, sweetener of life, immortal conqueror of vice—ELIZABETH FRY.

THE CHRISTIAN'S SLEEP.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,

Along the Psalmist's music deep,

Now tell me if that any is,

For gift or grace surpassing this—

'He giveth his beloved sleep.'

What would we give to our beloved?

The hero's heart, to be unmoved—

The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep—

The senate's shout to patriot vows—

The monarch's crown, to light the brows?

'He giveth his beloved sleep.'

What do we give to our beloved?

A little faith, all undisproved—

A little dust to overweep—

And bitter memories to make

The whole earth blasted for our sake?

'He giveth his beloved sleep.'

'Sleep soft, beloved!' we sometimes say,

But have no tune to charm away

Sad dreams that through the eye-lids creep;

But never doleful dream again

Shall break the happy slumber, when

'He giveth his beloved sleep.'

O earth, so full of dreary noises!

O men, with wailing in your voices!

O delved gold, the wailer's heap!

O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!

God makes a silence through you all,

And 'giveth his beloved sleep.'

His dews drop mntely on the hill;

His cloud above it saileth still,

Though on its slope men toll and resp;

More softly than the dew is shed,

Or cloud is floated overhead,

'He giveth his beloved sleep.'

Yes, men may wonder while they scan

A living, thinking, feeling man,

In such a rest his heart to keep;

But angels say—and through the Word

I ween their blessed smile is heard—

'He giveth his beloved sleep.'

For me, my heart that erst did go

Most like a tired child at a show,

That sees through tears the juggler's leap,

Would now its wearied vision close,

Would, childlike, on His love repose

Who 'giveth his beloved sleep.'

And friends—dear friends—when it shall be

That this low breath is gone from me,

And round my bier you come to weep,

Let one, most loving of you all,

Say—'Not a tear must o'er her fall—

'He giveth his beloved sleep.'

THE LAMMAS-TIDE.

THE date of the incidents in the following sketch is laid about the beginning of the present century; and we notice this that the reader may remark the change which has taken place on the habits and opinions of the peasantry of Scotland within the comparatively short period of forty to fifty years.

The midsummer sun had just risen from behind the eastern ridge of the Monnach Hill, pouring a glow of golden light upon a wide expanse of lonely moor, which was now, however, rich with a crop of heather in its full blow of red bell-flowers. A few cottages were scattered here and there by the side of some hollow ravines which intersected the moor; and these cottages, low and simple, could scarcely be distinguished from the heath around, except by their peaked roofs, and by the blue smoke which began in the early morning to curl up from the chimneys. The whole hilly region around was lonely and desolate in the extreme. On ordinary occasions no sound was to be heard but the bark of the wild fox from among the rocks, or the whirr of the porcock warning his brood to flee from danger; but on this morning the moor was enlivened by a group of merry visitors. In those days, when fuel of all kinds was very scarce, and wood of any description hardly to be procured in the plains below, it was the practice of the peasantry of the villages and the farmers to make an annual excursion to the hills with their carts and horses, in order to cut and collect heather, which they carried home and carefully stored up in stacks, to serve them for fuel during the year. It is true, they had, besides this, peats, which, however, were very scarce in the 'laich' country; and these, with whins, broom, and dried cattle-dung, constituted their fuel in the almost total absence of larger wood or sea-coal, both of which were in those days so expensive as to be rarely used. Dried heather was accordingly highly prized, and the particular use to which it was appropriated was to burn below the girdle on which were baked their thin rye and barley scones, which constituted, with oat-cake, their ordinary kinds of bread. On this midsummer morning, then, the moor resounded with the merry voices of several scores of young men and maidens, who had just arrived from the low country. This heather-harvest, as it might be called, formed, indeed, a sort of festival, and the time of its taking place was yearly looked forward to with no little anxiety. It was chiefly the young people, guided and directed by a few of the elders, who started on this expedition. The families of a whole district joined, and, due preparations having been made, they started about sunset, and travelled upwards to the hilly country during the night. At that season, and in a northern latitude, the summer nights

could scarcely be called so—they were rather a twilight of some five or six hours, the sun dipping for about that time a little way below the horizon, but still shooting out all along his track a soft mellowed glow of light into the sky above. The smartest carts and horses were selected on the occasion; but in those days the carts especially were of very simple and primitive construction; and when carts were not to be had, the sledge or *kelloch*—a large wicker conical basket, set into a frame of wood with wooden wheels—was substituted. The roads, too, were none of the best; but going up hill the company always walked—a few sober and staid persons attended the horses, while the rest formed groups before and behind, and much daffing and sport beguiled the way.

After several hours of hard work, their labours were crowned and concluded with a simple repast before they took their road homewards. Seated in groups upon the fragrant heather, 'each by the lass he loves,' profusion of cheese and bannocks baked for the occasion, and beer of home manufacture, formed the meal, which was enjoyed with a hearty relish. On these occasions the inmates of the neighbouring dwellings were usually invited to partake as guests; and although in general a sort of hereditary jealousy existed between the natives of the hills and the plains, yet at meetings of this kind nothing but cordiality prevailed. The sultry hours of the day were passed in rest and friendly conversation. Then many tales of the sea and the wonders of the great deep mingled with forays of the glens—with accounts of deer-stalking and fox-hunting, and the labours of sheep-pasturing in the hills compared with the tillage and husbandry of the plains. Many of these dwellers among the hills had never seen the sea, or only caught a glimpse of its distant shining waters from the top of some neighbouring mountain. The description of the lowlanders greatly excited the curiosity of these mountaineers, and several parties were made up on the present occasion for a jaunt to the 'salt water' at the next Lammas-tide. 'Oh, how I would like to be near the sea!' said Mary Macalpin, shaking back her fair locks, and looking up with her blue eyes and glowing face to her lover, who stood beside her; 'they say they who dip in the salt brine o' the sea are freed frae pains and trouble ever after.' The party around smiled at her innocent credulity. Her sweetheart consented that he would take her to the Lammas-tide; but some one exclaimed, 'She will certainly run off with some sailor;' while her cautious mother shook her head, saying that many a one rued a visit to the sea, and that many many did the cruel sea render childless and fatherless. Stories of shipwrecks and of drownings now followed in abundance, and many cheeks grew pale that before had glowed with anticipated delight of the proposed sea-visit. But these feelings also passed away, and as the period of the Lammas-tide approached, many anxious movements took place among the young people of the district, and much importuning, till they got reluctant consent from their parents to make out the long-talked-of visit.

The Lammas tide, as the name implies, occurs at Lammas, about the beginning of August, and is one of the highest tides of the whole year. It was formerly a prevalent opinion that at this period the waters of the ocean possessed a more than ordinary sanative power, and on this account an annual festival was held throughout the whole country, in order to pay a visit to the sea-side. Before the day arrived, there was a busy night of preparation. Old and young, male and female, were all on the alert, and long before the summer sun had looked through the grey clouds of the morning, the roads and tracks of the mountains and valleys were filled with pilgrims on foot, and on horses, and in carts, all well provided with viands to regale themselves throughout the journey. Of course, such a festival was eagerly looked forward to by school-boys, and its annual recurrence formed a regular play day both to master and scholar. As I have a pleasure on all occasions in mingling with my fellow-men, both in their joys and sorrows, I not unfrequently have joined the

mighty deep with all its wonders. On the Lammas morning in question, I started with the first peep of dawn, and so soft and soothing was the breath of nature around me, that I slid into a labyrinth of pleasing thoughts, which beguiled the time so insensibly that I had almost arrived at the place of destination while yet I thought it scarcely possible I had travelled two or three miles. As I passed through the fishing village, which is situated on a ridge overlooking the sea, the first person I met with was Jenny Jamfrey, who was in the practice of making a weekly visit to our parish with her creel full of haddocks, which, in the absence of coin of the realm, she readily exchanged or bartered for an equivalent of oatmeal, butter, or other goods in kind. She now found herself, as the saying is, 'on her ain midden head,' and, in revenge for the many tauntings she was in the custom of receiving from the people of the inland district, about her sea-faring notions and dialect, and her ignorance of horses, cows, and every other rural and agricultural object, she seemed resolved to become the assailant in her turn. Whenever she cast her eyes upon me she came slyly up, chanting the old rhyme:

'A Highland laddie spiert at me,
Grow there ony strawberries in the sea?
I answer'd him, baith sharp and shrill,
Grow there ony dulse on the Highland hill?'

'Aweel, dominie, sae ye hae come amang a' the knot o' the rag-taggers to see our bonny bit mill-dam here; but tak' tent o' yoursel'—ye and mony ither may rue the day that ye cam' to play wi' the lion in his wrath, or rouse the faem o' the leviathan o' the deep.' I replied to her heedlessly with some common-place observation, and was passing on my way, telling her to spare her concern for some other occasion where it would be wanted, for here there was nothing to fear. 'Ay, but there is something to fear,' said she, springing forward to the middle of the road, and holding out her sinewy and weather-beaten arm in a prophetic-like manner; 'there is muckle to fear, and that ye shall see before a' be done. It wasna' for naught that the sight appeared to me this morning which I saw as I looked out early to watch the return o' the boats. I saw on the black rock o' the skelly, left dry by the tide, the white figure o' 'the lady' gliding slowly alongst. I was terrified, and ran round and tauld my neebors that nae guid, but muckle dool, would happen ere lang; for never hae I seen the 'white lady' but something has happened before nightfa.' I could not help smiling at the superstition with which Jenny, in common with all her tribe, seemed to be imbued; and as I passed on, taking little heed of her presages of evil, she shook her head, and still called after me to mark well her words. It appeared pretty evident to me at the time that some white gull or other sea-bird, seen through the misty haze of the morning, had been the cause of terror to this superstitious brain of the woman.

I proceeded onwards, descending among the steep rocks by a narrow footpath to the sea-beach. The morning had now advanced within some hours of mid-day—the sun shone out in all his brightness and beauty—the green sparkling ocean lay before me, and everything around imparted ideas of grandeur and novelty. The shore formed a semicircular bay, which was approached through numerous hillocks of pure white sand, in which grew nothing but bent grass. To this succeeded a sloping declivity, covered with green grass, and decorated with red sea pinks in blossom, yellow clover, and a profusion of crow-foot blossoms. The sea had retired far back, leaving bare a smooth expanse of yellow sand, rippled up into curious wave-like furrows; huge rocks of fantastic shapes rose up on either side, from which hung dark moist sea weed and broad-leaved tangles, half-floating in the pools of water. Among the rocks, and along the sands, and on the steepest brows of the overhanging ridge, thronged multitudes of men, women, and children. Some sat in groups on the grassy declivity, where also were turned out the horses to feed, and where numerous carts stood unyoked. Others ranged the pebbly shore, collecting curious shells and sea relics. Some sat on rocks, bathing their limbs in the sea.

water; and others searched the caverns and chasms for marine animals, and dulse, and other sea wrack. From the middle of the rising ground there issued a clear spring of water, which was formed into a well that had long borne the fame of great virtues in many diseases. The spring issued with some force from the rock beneath, and, as it bubbled up through the pure siliceous sand with which the rock was covered, it had exactly the appearance of water boiling—hence its name of ‘the boiling spring.’ Here a numerous company of all ages were assembled. Some carried their young infants to dip them in the spring, to ensure future health and happiness; others bathed their shrunk and rheumatic limbs, while the feeble and declining drank sweet draughts of the crystal water, flattering themselves that health and renewed spirits awaited them afterwards. The well, in old times, had been patronised by some holy saint, and, in accordance with ancient customs, many offerings were on this occasion left at the shrine. Small pieces of coin, buttons, curious pebbles, pieces of silk, and even the humble offering of a pin were all deposited around—the water being thought inefficacious unless some such offering were presented. Many were there who had now for the first time cast their eyes on the mighty ocean—that vast and boundless space of waters of which they had heard so much, but which, in vastness and strangeness, far surpassed their excited imaginings. They gazed upon the rocks towering in fantastic shapes of castles, and turrets, and fortresses, and dim and hollow caverns; then the wide expanse of green waters, heaving up and down with incessant motion, and sparkling brightly in the sun, with now and then the shadows of the light clouds varying the tone of its surface, afforded them a continued delight; and no less the animated sight of sea-birds, screaming and fluttering above, or diving down and sporting with the white ripple of the waves. But, above all, the ships seen at a little distance, spreading out their white sails to the breeze, and gliding along, like living creatures, on the deep, roused their utmost wonder and astonishment. They marked them, with all their paraphernalia of sails and rigging, and their living inhabitants pacing to and fro on the decks; and when they sailed away into the far-receding distance, and vanished out of sight, their thoughts went still with them, even to foreign lands, and through the dangers and difficulties of the deep.

Thus pursuing their various amusements, hours passed away unheeded by the happy groups, till at last, the tide gradually approaching farther and farther up among the rocks, and over the level sands, they gradually and successively leave the beach, and begin to set about making preparations for returning home. Friends and families now begin to collect in parties together, and to look around that none of their numbers may be absent. Almost the whole mass of people had now made their way to the rising ground; but, on inquiry, two were found amissing—these were Donald More and Mary Macalpin. On looking along the bay for them, they were perceived seated on the point of a far-projecting rock of the Skirrie, now completely surrounded by the tide. The two had retired from the others at an early part of the day, and, engaged in conversation, they had allowed hours to elapse, without heeding the time or the approach of the flowing waters, which had now cut off their passage to the land. Their alarmed friends shout loudly to them from the shore. For some time their shouts were unheard; the cries were repeated louder and louder, till at last they reached the ears of the unconscious lovers. They started up, and, on looking round, became for the first time aware of their danger. The current of the returning tide was now at its height, and each wave and swell of the sea made a decided encroachment, and became every moment more threatening. The peculiar hollow roar of the in-coming tidal wave now seemed to give out an ominous sound, and the wailing screams of the sea-mews seemed to re-echo the human cries from the shore. The agitation among the spectators on land, especially of those who knew something of the nature of the tides, became very great. They rushed downwards from the heights, and, with signals

and wavings of handkerchiefs, looked on with anxiety, and, running to and fro, were loud in their directions and entreaties to the two prisoners to delay not a moment in leaving their perilous situation. The young couple were now seen making their way with difficulty over the ledge of rocks yet above water, and when they came to the brink, and saw the large span of water between them and the shore, they paused for a moment in consternation. But, looking back to the angry waves coming beating and dashing in from behind, and perhaps deceived by the clear transparency of the water before them, showing the bottom not apparently so deep as it really was, Mary's timidity, soothed and urged on by her companion, seemed to give way to firm courage, and she soon determined on making for the shore. The first plunge which they made, hand in hand into the water, was, however, far beyond their depth. They were on their feet in a moment, and now commenced their deadly struggle with the overwhelming element. Heart-piercing shrieks and screams were uttered as they clung together in each other's arms, but soon these were stifled amid the bubbling of the waters. Their dry clothes kept them floating for a few seconds, especially the female's; but at length these, too, filled full of moisture, and down she sunk to the bottom, and nothing was seen, but twice her bare arm raised above the tide in a convulsive struggle. The whole multitude of people crowd around the shore, and scream, and run about in frantic despair. So near were the unfortunate sufferers, that many run into the water, and vainly endeavour to stretch forth the helping hand—some of the most desperate even attempt to reach beyond their depth, and are only restrained by their more prudent companions.

The life-struggles appeared to be now almost over in both. Mary's head was again seen above the water, her long hair floating in folds about her pale, death-like face. Her companion still continued to struggle faintly, but both, now almost incapable of motion, are borne up and down at the mercy of the swelling and heaving waves. At this moment, a stout athletic man is seen making all speed down towards the shore, casting from him, in his haste, his jacket, hat, and other heavy clothes. The crowd instantly make way for him on every side, and he is recognised at once as a half-pay soldier, well known to many—a man of enterprise, great personal activity, and a practised swimmer. He fearlessly dashes into the water—a few vigorous strokes of swimming bring him within reach of the young man, now quite exhausted, and swirling about, like a sea-weed, at the mercy of the eddy; he seizes hold of him and drags him to the shore with one hand, and, having delivered him to the nearest on the beach, he proceeds a second time to the spot where the female had again sunk. A rope in the meantime is cast in from the shore, and the soldier, diving down with this in his hand, succeeds in fastening it around the body, which was immediately hauled ashore, amid the most intense anxiety of the spectators. Both bodies are carried up, laid sloping upon a sand hillock, and every means are used to restore animation. With one we succeeded, but the vital spark had fled from the breast of poor Mary, never to be restored. There she lay, stretched out upon the sandy hillock—a touching spectacle to the awe-struck crowd, who now stood mutely round in a circle of many hundreds. She looked even yet fair, and placid, and beautiful in death, with her long flowing hair spread dishevelled and dripping wet over her white bosom, and round her neck was recognised by many of her youthful companions a ribbon known to have been presented to her by her lover that very morning. Reason now returned in some measure to the young man. His first exclamation, on looking wildly up, was ‘Where is Mary?’ They made an attempt to conceal her fate from him, but turning suddenly round, and beholding his lifeless companion, a scream of horror was uttered by him, and he sunk back in an agony of lamentation. It was deemed advisable instantly to remove him to a neighbouring cottage, where he was laid upon a bed, and ultimately recovered.

It was a melancholy sight to see the cart containing the corpse of the unfortunate maiden winding slowly up through the fishing village, on the road homewards, attended by a weeping train of friends and relatives. Anxious, alas! would the poor mother, left at home, look out for that returning train, who left so gay and joyous in the morning; and sad would be her grief when the first tidings would reach her of her terrible bereavement! As I passed through the fishing village with the crowd, I did not fail to remark among the other spectators my old friend who had accosted me in the morning. She gave me a significant wave of the hand, and doubtless, from this singular coincidence of her prophecy fulfilled, she would be more and more disposed to put implicit confidence in what seemed to her disturbed vision a supernatural appearance.

As in accordance with the sad catastrophe which had happened, even the aspect of the day now began to suffer a change. Dark clouds were seen rising out of the deep—the wind blew hollow and hoarse—the sea lashed more fiercely and threateningly its swelling waves up upon the pebbly beach, and seemed to the minds of the grief-struck and dejected spectators as if it gloried and exulted in the late ruthless deed, and triumphed over its innocent victim. The shores are speedily completely cleared—not even a single loiterer is left behind—and we all take our sorrowful course homeward, grieved that a day which dawned with such promises of happiness and enjoyment should have closed so inauspiciously.

CHIPS FROM MY LOG.

No VI.

A WORD MORE ABOUT THE COCOS—A MISHAP—ARRIVAL AT MAURITIUS—PORT LOUIS—ASCENT OF LE POUCE—TOMBS OF PAUL AND VIRGINIA—ODDS AND ENDS.

THE climate of the Coco Islands is very equable, never too hot, and experience has shown it to be very healthy. During our stay, the thermometer ranged in the day-time only 4 deg., being twice down to 80, and a few times up to 84 deg., a temperature by no means disagreeable when coupled with the constant fanning of the trade-wind. In the early months of the year, when the westerly monsoon approaches the islands, the weather is often squally and rainy. The months of February, March, and April, may indeed be counted the rainy season, not that it is more rainy than ordinary spring weather in this country, but almost none falls during the rest of the year. In five weeks of March and April, are experienced nine rainy days. Many years ago a hurricane swept over the islands and did a good deal of damage, and the rain fell so heavily, as, in conjunction with the violent southerly wind, to displace great part of the salt water of the lagoon, and kill all the fish. Once also, a slight shock of an earthquake was felt, giving rise to some alarm lest the narrow coral floor should return to its native depths, and cause its tiny architects to begin their work anew.

The phenomena of the tides here are somewhat curious, and as they are not exposed to the deranging influence of extended coasts, we ought to have them in their simplest form, and best capable of elucidating the general theory. A person coming to these islands in June or July would find one high tide sometimes in the morning, and low water all the rest of the day. In December or January he would still have only one tide, but it would occur during the afternoon or night. About the equinoxes, again, he would find two tides in the twenty-four hours as at most other places. In point of fact, there are always indications of two tides a-day; but as the sun recedes from the equator northwards, the evening tide gets less and less until it is barely perceptible, and as he recedes southward, the morning tide does the same, so that at the solstices there seems to be but a single rise as above mentioned. At spring-tides the rise is about six feet, when not affected by the weather outside.

From the Coco Islands we were, as I have said, homeward bound; and it was not without regret that I thought

I had seen the last of the 'clime of the east.' But let no one put his trust in an old ship. In three days our prospects were entirely changed; my cruise was lengthened sixteen months, and probably the whole current of my life altered. It happened on this wise. On getting fairly away from the Cocos we encountered a heavy cross sea, and as we were carrying sail to a strong S.E. Trade, the ship pitched and strained so much as to cause her to spring a leak. At first she made four inches of water per hour, but in a day or two, although the wind and sea were both down, and we were going under reduced sail, it increased so much that when the pumps were allowed to stand for an hour we found two feet water in the hold. All the accessible parts of the ship were then carefully examined, and she was hove-to for some time on the star-board tack to see if that would make any difference, but no defect could be discovered. A council of the officers was then called, and the unanimous opinion entered in the log was, that the ship could not be taken home in that condition, and that it was incumbent on the captain to make for the nearest port. Our course was accordingly fixed for the Mauritius, distant at the time about 1500 miles. For eleven days more, then, the pumps regaled us with their horrid music, and had they not been of a very superior description, the ship could hardly have been kept afloat. They were wrought with cranks and fly-wheels, and each raised 360 cubic inches at every stroke, so that both together threw out a ton of water at eighty-six rounds. Seven or eight hands could keep them going at thirty-five rounds per minute, or forty when the men were fresh. As there was considerable probability that the leak would go on increasing, and cause us to abandon the vessel, the long-boat was put in thorough good order; masts, sails, oars, and tackle arranged; bread-bags and water-casks filled; and every preparation made for a sudden flight. The wind, however, continued fair and moderate, and the sea pretty smooth, so that this extreme measure did not become necessary: steering and pumping were almost the only duties performed on board till we reached port.

On the morning of the 15th May we rounded the north end of Mauritius (*L'Île de Maurice*, as the French call it), worked down the coast with a light variable wind, and were taken in tow by a steamer and lodged in the harbour of Port Louis in the afternoon. The first night still rises distinctly on my mental vision. The calm basin filled with ships and surrounded by forts and houses—the bright moon rising over the dark wall of rocky mountains behind the town—the evening gun and military music from the shore—and then the dead stillness, and the deepening gloom of the rocks, and the brighter glistening of the sea on whose glassy surface the ships at anchor were shadowed out so clearly, as the glorious moon rose higher and higher—all are daguerreotyped on my memory, and present yet a fair and vivid image. The beauty of eastern night has often been expatiated upon, and I would willingly add my testimony, were I not convinced that it comes not within the sphere of description, and that, without personal experience, no one can know what, under the most favourable circumstances, the moon and stars are really capable of.

The harbour of Port Louis is about a mile long, and a few hundred yards wide. The town stands at the end of this arm of the sea, on a small plain surrounded by hills. It looks extremely well from a distance, but proves rather tame on a close inspection. The houses are commonly of two storeys, built of stone, or the lower part of stone and the upper of wood; but a great many are only of one storey and built wholly of wood. The streets are straight and narrow, and cross each other mostly at right angles. Behind the town is a plain called the Champ de Mars encircled on three sides by hills. The heights on the left are crowned by a citadel; on the right, the 'Signal hill' rises to a height of about 1400 feet; and right away from the town the most conspicuous peak is Le Pouce, 'the thumb,' which we took an opportunity of ascending.

the way to the top, but, not being previously aware of its existence, we missed it, and got terribly involved among ravines and tangled brushwood—at least I did, for after separating to look for the best route, Captain S. hired a woodcutter to act as pilot, and consequently got on much better. The hill is said to be about 2600 feet high, and it terminates in an abrupt rocky peak, from which it receives its name. The sides are clothed with rich vegetation, among which are many beautiful flowers, tamarind, guava, and other fruit-trees, which I did not know; and near the top we saw tree-ferns and bamboos. Small streams of water running down the rocky sides, afforded us frequent refreshing draughts, and one of the springs near the top we found strongly impregnated with iron. The level space on the summit of the peak is only 18 or 20 feet long, and 6 or 8 broad, and the sides are so precipitous that we could not venture for some time to stand upright. The view was very fine. We saw the whole circumference of the island, with the exception of a part at the south end where a ridge of mountains intervened. The interior is mostly flat and divided into square fields for the cultivation of the sugar-cane, but a great deal of it seemed lying in pasture. The mountain ridges are all formed, I believe, of trap-rock (*trachyte*), rising abruptly from the level plains. The chief groups occupy the north-east, west, and south parts of the island. Towards the east also there are some low hills, but the north-west and north sides are quite flat and apparently well cultivated. A little to the north of us stood the 'Peter Bottle' mountain, very precipitous, and its peaked summit crowned by an immense block of stone resembling a head. It is said to be named after an individual who succeeded in reaching the top, but was killed in coming down. We left the summit of Le Pouce at three o'clock, and reached the harbour at six, quite done out by our unwonted exertions.

There are many pleasant walks in the neighbourhood of Port Louis, but the place of most popular resort is the village of Pamplemousse, near to which are the hypothetical tombs of Paul and Virginia. I started for it early one cool morning, and walked over a luxuriant plain stretching in a northerly direction between the mountains and the sea. The road (seven miles long) was shaded nearly all the way with tamarind trees and *bois noir*, a tree somewhat like the tamarind and much used in house-building and cabinet work. Small wooden houses, collected occasionally into villages, skirted the way, and here and there I passed fields of sugar-cane. On arriving at Pamplemousse I walked first to the church, a plain building with a square tower at one end. Finding the doors open, and no one to demand a fee for admission, I made my way up through the tower, past the clock and belfry, and out on the top by a trap-door. This gave me a good view of the neighbourhood, but the classic tombs of which I had come in search were nowhere visible. 'Savez-vous les tombeaux de Paul et Virginie?' said I, on descending, to a young Creole loitering near. 'Oui, monsieur,' replied he, and then he pointed with his finger, and said something which I did not understand. Following the road indicated, I came to a large garden full of fine trees and flowers, and intersected by broad avenues lined with various kinds of palms. The ground was irrigated by small rills of water, and at convenient distances were placed stone seats for the repose of visitors. After wandering in this place for about an hour—pleased enough with what I saw, but yet missing the chief object of my visit—I returned to the village, got a garçon to accompany me, and in a few minutes reached the desired spot. The tombs are placed beside clumps of bamboos, and separated from each other by a small patch of cultivated ground. Each consists of a square pedestal of brick, supporting an urn of red earthenware, the whole being about eight feet high. Both are considerably dilapidated by visitors carrying off specimens, but it tends to damp one's sentimentalism a little to remember the assertion of the historian, that no stone marked the place where his hero and heroine were interred.

The Mauritius depends for its prosperity solely on the

production of sugar. Formerly it exported indigo, cotton, coffee, &c; but these articles are not now grown, and so entirely does the sugar-cane engross attention, that the cultivation of even the common necessities of life are neglected. Wheat, flower, potatoes, and a few sheep, are imported from Australia and the Cape of Good Hope. Cattle and poultry are brought from Madagascar, and this trade gives employment to several very fast sailing vessels known by the name of *bullockers*—some of them old slavers. Mules and donkeys are brought in great numbers from France and the Persian Gulf; rice and other articles from India. Food, clothes, and lodgings, are all very dear, so that the Mauritius is a very expensive place to live in. Labour is supplied by coolies from India, who are engaged to serve for five years, and, at the expiry of that time, are returned to their native place if they so desire. Their wages vary from five to ten dollars a-month, with rations of rice and salt-fish. Most of them do return at the expiry of their engagement, and the planters complain much of having so often to take raw hands. At that time (1845) they were brought from Calcutta at the rate of about 500 a month. The produce of that sugar season (commencing about September) was expected to be about 50,000 tons.

After a stay of five weeks at the Mauritius, and when the ship, having been hove down and repaired, was nearly ready for sea again, a desire to see a little more of the world induced me to leave her, and join another vessel bound northwards for India.

COMFORTABLY SETTLED.

'Six hundred thousand pounds!' exclaimed Mrs Woodbee, 'you don't say so, my dear.'

'Ay, and more than that, if the truth were known,' replied Mr Woodbee, exultingly, and folding up a letter he had been reading. 'Six hundred thousand pounds and more—a real Nabob! Who would have thought it? My old friend Ben Baggs. Bless me! the last time I saw him he kept a linen draper's shop on Ludgate Hill, and now coming home with a fortune of six hundred thousand pounds—lucky dog! Why did not I go to India?'

'A snug little fortune to make in a few years,' said Mrs Woodbee. 'What a comfortable thing, if—'

'Delighted, he says, at the thought of renewing our old acquaintance, he means to call upon us the moment he arrives in town. We must give him a hearty welcome, my dear, seeing he is my old friend, and has six hundred thousand pounds.'

'By all means,' returned Mrs Woodbee—'a hearty welcome surely; old friends should always be received with a hearty welcome; besides, you know, my dear, we might make his stay very interesting, perhaps; our two daughters are just in their prime—that is, 'tis time to have them comfortably settled in life.'

'What you say is very true, my dear,' replied Mr Woodbee, 'it behoves us to see our children comfortably settled.'

'Certainly,' retorted Mrs Woodbee, 'and speaking of our visitor, a thought strikes me that Charlotte or Clarissa, one or the other, might turn the chance to advantage.'

'I was struck with just such a thought, said the husband, rubbing his forehead; 'if it *should* turn out so.'

'*Should*!' repeated Mrs Woodbee, 'it must, it shall. He must marry, he must have a wife; how else could he contrive to spend the income of six hundred thousand pounds. Charlotte shall be Mrs Baggs, and we will hold up our heads again with the best of them. When does he come, my dear?'

'Thursday next, he says, he shall be in London, when he shall do himself the pleasure of dining with his old friend.'

'Write to him this moment,' said Mrs Woodbee, 'and say that you shall depend upon seeing him at the time appointed. Give him every assurance of a hearty welcome. Insist upon his making your house his home—best wishes for his health—my respects, and compliments of the family.'

'By all means,' replied the delighted Mr Woodbee, following implicitly these shrewd suggestions of his spouse, as he set himself about his friend's letter. 'And now, my dear,' continued he, after he had finished and sent off the epistle, 'let everything be prepared for the arrival of Mr Baggs on Thursday; do the thing right, Mrs Woodbee, and old Ben is ours.'

'Never fear,' said his wife, 'tis as good as done.'

Nothing could exceed the flutter and agitation of the two Misses Woodbee when they were apprised of the event at hand, and the consequences that were expected to arise out of it. 'Dear me!' 'Fshaw!' 'Oh! la!' 'Fiddlestick!' and a thousand other ejaculations of a kindred sort, accompanied their protestation of not caring a straw about the old fellow. But the Misses Woodbee wished to carry their heads high, and remembered their father's hints that unmarried daughters were expensive, and that if they were not speedily provided for, nothing would be left for the family but to quit the West-End and economise. The thought was not to be endured. In fact, half an hour had not elapsed before each had prudently made up her mind in secret to marry Mr Benjamin Baggs, with his six hundred thousand pounds.

Everything was now put into execution to welcome the arrival of so interesting a visitor. Mr Woodbee, who had recently shown a disposition to retrench his expenditure (from some necessity, indeed), now opened his purse with a liberal hand. The house was newly scrubbed, and brushed, and polished, and furnished, and curtained, and carpeted, and glazed, and mirrored. The best chambers were selected for the accommodation of their guest, and the markets were ransacked for delicacies to furnish the dinner-table on that eventful day. Servants were duly scolded, tutored, and trained, and cautioned, to fit them for the service of a man who had lived in the land of coolies and palanquins, and for aught anybody knew, might have whims of his own. The whole establishment of the Woodbees underwent a convulsion from top to bottom, and all were in a fidget of anxiety, hope, and bustling expectation.

The hour came, but as Mr Baggs was to make a journey from Portsmouth to London, he could not be expected to arrive with perfect punctuality. However, Mr Woodbee was perpetually running to the window to mark if any carriage was drawn up at the door, and the hearts of the Misses Woodbee went pit-a-pat at every jingle of the bell. It grew dark, and they had just begun to talk of the probability of an accident, when a thundering rap at the door, a ringing, and trampling of feet were heard below. All started upon their feet, and after a moment of suspense, a servant burst into the room—

'Please, Sir, they are come.'

'They!' exclaimed Mr Woodbee, 'who do you mean?'

'Mr Baggs, Sir, Mrs Baggs, with the young Mr Baggses, and the young Miss Baggses.'

'Mrs Baggs!' ejaculated Mr Woodbee, overcome with astonishment.

'Mrs Baggs!' exclaimed Mrs Woodbee, unable to utter another syllable for surprise.

'Mrs Baggs!' screamed out the no less thunder-stricken young ladies.

Before another word could be spoken, the door flew wide open, and in bustled a puffy old gentleman with a good-humoured morocco-looking face, leading a portly middle-aged dame by the arm, and followed by a thriving progeny of five children. The Woodbees, one and all, gasped for breath.

'Woodbee, my old boy, how are you!' exclaimed his visitor, grasping his hand, with a hearty shake, 'Glad to see ye, and know you are glad to see me. Here we are at last; make you acquainted with my wife, Mrs Baggs, and my children, Master Benjamin Baggs, junior, Master Alexander Baggs, and Master Augustus Caesar Baggs, Miss Emmeline Baggs, and Miss Corinna Baggs. All glad to see old England and old friends.'

'Welcome home—happy to see—my old friend—and all his—but I had not the happiness to know before!—'

said Woodbee, faltering and stammering with confusion and chagrin at this unexpected and mortifying discovery.

'Oh, I understand you,' replied Baggs, with a hearty laugh. 'You didn't know I was married. Ha! I stole a march upon you there; never told you of it in my letters—ha! ha! I meant to come pop upon you; I knew you would be surprised, so agreeably surprised.'

'Very agreeably surprised,' said Woodbee, in the most dolorous tone imaginable, and casting a most piteous and commiserating look at his daughters.

It was a terribly dull time, that evening at Woodbee's—at least to one portion of the company. The meats were tasteless, the wine was flat, and conversation a mixture of civility and ill humour not to be described.

'Do you go back to India?' asked Mr Woodbee. 'No,' replied in one voice Mr Benjamin Baggs and Mrs Baggs, 'we consider ourselves pretty comfortably settled.'—*Court Journal.*

A B D - E L - K A D E R.

EVERY condition of society produces its remarkable men. The savage, who spends his life in hunting wild beasts and in fighting with his brother savage, whose knowledge of the arts scarcely extends beyond the manufacture of war-weapons, and whose civilisation has not even yet taught him what we esteem to be the decencies of life, has his hero and *beau ideal* of manly virtue, just as the most refined partisan has. In all the phases of social condition there have been men who may be termed the history-makers—men who have stood out in bold relief from their fellows, and have rendered their nations famous through their own individual activities. If we look into humanity we will find that all national fame has resulted from the acts of a very small number of men in any nation, the spheres and degrees of fame increasing and extending, of course, as the sciences and arts multiply. In savage warlike nations, such as the tribes of North America and those of the Caucasus, oratory and physical daring are the two most famous attributes of a man; indeed they are the only virtues of manhood that are regarded as worthy of cultivation and distinction by primitive nations. Oratory and military skill also maintain a high state of distinction in the most civilised states; but they are not the only elements of distinction, for famous mechanicians and artists are esteemed worthy of great honour amongst those who cultivate the arts of peace, and who have risen from that abnormal condition called savage life, in which the animal nature receives its fullest development, to that higher state of intellectual existence called civilisation.

Primitive nations can only produce two sorts of great men, then—their orators and warriors. The fame of the former is never likely to extend beyond his tribe; that of the latter may extend over a wide circle, and come down to a distant posterity. Oratory only operates upon the kindred council; war is a scourge that the stranger feels, and of course remembers; so that the savage warrior is generally glorified and exalted, while the savage orator is only esteemed so long as his tongue can be heard among his people. One other cause of the equal estimation in which a warrior is held both in civilised and savage life is that, in these two conditions of society, the warlike capacities are identical. The most inhuman savage on the battle-field is morally upon a par with the most skilful and courageous general; so that Schamyl, who leads his dauntless Circassians against the Russians, or Tecumseh, who combined the Indian tribes against the United States, or Abd-el-Kader, who led his Arab hosts against the French, were and are all equal in the high warlike attributes, and certainly far more noble in purpose than the so-called Christian generals with whom they have contended.

Abd-el-Kader was the third son of an old Arab merchant, whose tribe dwelt in the plain of Ghria, to the south of Oran. The ambition of the father, the genius of the son, and the condition of the Arabs of the plain, combined to produce those circumstances which have rendered the young emir illustrious. The old marabout's ambition

is said to have been stimulated by prophetic assurances that his would become a most exalted and famous family. The courage, firmness, and intellectual energy of Abd-el-Kader pointed him out as the object through which his house was to become great among the tribes, while the tyranny of the Turks, and the growing discontent of the Arabs whom they oppressed, pointed to the means by which this greatness should come. Abd-el-Kader was, from his infancy, carefully educated in all the Mussulman superstitions, and he early discovered that thoughtful and solitary austerity so much esteemed as an evidence of sanctity among the Orientals. In addition to his religious fervour, he was early remarkable for an enthusiastic patriotism; and, although small and apparently weakly in form, was distinguished above all his compeers for physical strength and endurance, and the ease with which he could manage the most fiery steed. Although withheld by religious considerations from rebelling against the Turkish oppressors of his country, he was soon brought into collision with them. No devout Mussulman who is able to make the pilgrimage to Mecca neglects to do so once in his life; so that the young chief and his father, when the former was not yet twenty years of age, set out to visit the tomb of the Prophet, intending to embark from Oran, and proceed by sea. They were seized and insulted by the bey of Oran, and only escaped from being sacrificed to his vengeful fears by the coolness and courage of the young chief. Mahbi Eldin, the father of Abd-el-Kader, and the young man, visited the east, and remained there two years, not only visiting mosques and tombs of saints, but studying politics. The character, designs, and political sagacity of Mehemet Ali are said to have greatly influenced the young Arab; and his success in rendering his pachalic so formidable as a warlike power, and at the same time so consolidated as a nation, operated much to direct his ambition. With the experience deduced from travel and observation, the aged marabout and his son returned home, to reflect upon the condition of their nation, and to watch in their tents an opportunity of shaking off the intolerable tyranny of the anarchical military power which sold the pachalics of Algiers, Oran, and the other provinces, to the highest bidders, and, like the Roman prætorian guard, deposed their pachas at will, while they ground and oppressed the Arabs by a system of brigandage.

The conquest of Algiers by the French considerably modified the designs of Abd-el-Kader's father, but it hastened the event which had been so long looked for. Mussulman might not with consistency raise the sword against Mussulman, and for this reason had they borne so long; but now when the Frank had come to conquer their land and to triumph over their co-religionists, it behoved all true Mohammedans to rally round the crescent, and drive the French from Africa. The Turkish beys were no longer able to oppress the Arabs, and these latter had refused submission to them; but at the same time the father of Abd-el-Kader went about from tribe to tribe urging them to combine in one grand confederation, to choose a sultan or supreme chief, and to prepare for a holy war in defence of their religion. The representations and appeals of the old chief were successful, and an immense host of Arabs met, and attacked the French at Oran, but, as they acted without concert and individual direction, they were repulsed with great loss. This repulse produced the necessity which was to constitute Abd-el-Kader sultan.

On the 27th of September, 1832, a great council was held at Ersebia, in the plain of Ghria, the leading member of which was the old marabout. He presented gifts to all the chiefs, impressed them individually with the necessity of choosing a sultan, and then, rising, he addressed the council upon the necessity of the true believers combining to rescue their brethren from the yoke of the Christians. He painted the future condition of the Arabs of the plains in the most fearful colours, and so operated by his eloquence upon the leaders of the tribes that they unanimously named him sultan. The politic old marabout declined this position, however, pleading his age as

an excuse for his refusal, but he named his third son, Abd-el-Kader, as worthy of the honour, saying, 'If I propose him in preference to his brothers, it is because I know him to be more capable; he is their superior in knowledge, education, skill in arms, and vigour of mind; and although his body is small and apparently weak, it contains a large soul and an iron will. He is active, cool, and indefatigable, full of ardent love for his country, and of zeal for our religion.' The chiefs hesitated to accept one so young, however, even after this recommendation, but superstition completed what policy had begun. An aged chief suddenly declared that it had been revealed in a vision to him that Abd-el-Kader should be sultan; and, as the old man was held in high esteem for courage and probity, the nomination of the young chief was accepted with loud acclamations. Mahbi Eldin, laying hands upon Abd-el-Kader, cried aloud, 'Behold your emir!' and the chiefs, hastening towards him, threw themselves at his feet in token of submission.

From 1832 until 1847, Abd-el-Kader maintained one of the most unequal and remarkable strifes that is upon record. Sometimes, at the head of hosts of well-appointed warriors, he met and routed the bravest and most skilful soldiers of France; and at other times, with a broken and scanty following, he has eluded the closest pursuit. In all his daring and dangerous enterprises, he was accompanied by his mother, wife, and children; and although foiled by his European foemen, deserted by his army, and reduced to the lowest condition that a warrior chief could be reduced, he always preserved those so dear to him safely about his person. He has been hunted like a wild beast for years past, and his subjugation and death have been predicted times without number, but he again and again re-appeared upon the stage of action, visiting with a terrible vengeance the armies that have seized upon the country of his birth.

Abd-el-Kader is now about forty years of age. His countenance is characterised by a gentle, half-sorrowful expression, which impresses one with the idea that his predominant sentiment is a religious one. His person has something of the ascetic about it, and recalls the appearance of those monks of old who ever preferred the tumult of the camp to the tranquillity of the cloister. His Arab costume, too, which is longish in form, conduces to render his resemblance to the monks altogether very striking. Abd-el-Kader's brow is large; his face is oval in form, little, and very pale. His eyes are black, soft, and extremely beautiful; they are deep sunk, and generally cast down, but their quick and incessant motion offers a striking contrast to the habitual immobility of his other features. His beard is black, thick, and short. He has upon his forehead, between his eyes, a little blue tattooed mark peculiar to his tribe. It is in the form of a lozenge, and is perfectly visible. Abd-el-Kader is very small in stature, but he is well proportioned. His shoulders are a little bent, however, but this is a defect common to Arabs of low stature, in consequence of their carrying their heads much forward on horseback, and bearing heavy garments and shields on their backs capable of resisting sabre strokes. His cloak, according to the fashion of his country, is fastened to the top of his head by a cord of camel's hair. In his hands, which are finely formed and very white, he always carries a chaplet, which he counts, as all Mussulmans do, when he repeats his prayers. In conversation he is very lively and easy; his voice is deep and monotonous, but his delivery is extremely rapid. He frequently repeats a phrase which is very common amongst the Arabs, 'In cha Allah,' which he contracts to 'In ch'Alla (If it please God).' He is sincerely and ardently pious; he is sober in his tastes, austere in his manners, simple in his dress, and devotedly respected and beloved by his soldiers, whose every fatigue he shared, and to whom he gave an example of all the warlike virtues; and so fortunate has he been in entirely escaping even from the most imminent of dangers, that the most superstitious of the Arabs believe him to be invulnerable. Anxiously desirous to justify the promises which his father

had made of him when he assumed the command of the tribes, he hastened to summon them to his standard, and in five days had twenty thousand men at his back, mounted, equipped, and ready for the fray. The young emir did not allow time for their courage to cool, but immediately led them before Oran. Mahbi Eldin, with Ben Thami, his son-in-law, and Sidi Haly, the brother of Abd-el-Kader, accompanied him on this expedition, Sidi Haly acting as his lieutenant. Abd-el-Kader's native power was fortified by that of the Emperor of Morocco, whom he had the policy to acknowledge as his sovereign, and who encouraged him in his expeditions against the French.

The cities of Medeah and Miliana, in the Barbary States, were held in the name of the Emperor of Morocco at the French invasion, and several places were still in the hands of the Turks, while the Moors and Kouloglis (or Turkish militia) held some provinces in conjunction; among others Kemeen, Mostaganene, and Coleah, the three principal divisions of the province of Constantine. Oran alone was in the hands of the French, and against this city Abd-el-Kader led his forces. He attacked it with the greatest impetuosity. His own horse was slain under him, but his negro slave, Ben Abon, immediately remounted him, and he dashed headlong once more to the attack. Driven back repeatedly by the discharges of the French musketry, Abd-el-Kader again and again rallied his men, and led them to the walls amidst showers of bullets. He manifested the coolest intrepidity and the most daring hardihood. His clothes were riddled with balls, one of which slightly wounded his right foot, but this he took care to conceal, so that the belief of his invulnerability was augmented, and his fame, instead of being compromised, was strengthened by his two successive defeats. In this affair at Oran many Arabs and French were killed and wounded, and Abd-el-Kader had the misfortune to see fall at his side his courageous and gallant brother Haly, to whom his brother-in-law Ben Thami succeeded as lieutenant.

After the death of his son Haly, Mahbi Eldin, who was at the siege of Oran, did not go forth any more to battle. After having seen his son Abd-el-Kader proclaimed sultan, he was satisfied, and remained at home in his tent for the remainder of his life. He had accompanied the young emir at first, to ensure to him by his presence the submission of his new subjects; his mission being accomplished, he retired to his guatna, which was the centre of Abd-el-Kader's hereditary kingdom, and dwelt thenceforth in the heart of the tribe of Hachan, stimulating their devotion to their young chief. As the power of the emir rapidly increased through the talents and influence of the old marabout and his own transcendent genius, formidable rivals presented themselves to dispute his authority. The boys of Constantine and of Titeri had all along protested against the pretensions of the young sultan, as well as the invasions of the French. These powerful chiefs, divided amongst themselves from motives of personal ambition, now united, in the hope of subduing Abd-el-Kader with the help of the French. But he had anticipated them, by entering into a treaty of peace with the General Desmichels, who rejected the propositions of the boys, and, in order to protect his new ally from their treachery, advanced against them with his army. During the continuance of this treaty, Abd-el-Kader returned to the guatna, to render the last tribute of filial affection to his now aged and dying father, who, shortly after his return, expired.

The great influence and accumulating power of Abd-el-Kader with his people began to receive the attention of the French, until at last, in order to consummate a design of permanently occupying Algiers, it was determined to suppress the young emir, and disorganise his power. General Desmichels had entered into a treaty with the sultan, and had recognised his sovereignty, as well as a definite territory, but the French soon found a pretext for breaking this treaty. Abd-el-Kader had crossed the Chelif, the boundary fixed in the treaty, and General Trezil, glad of the pretext, collected his forces and led them against the Arabs. With an army of two thousand

five hundred men, Trezil marched to the plain of Figuier, where Abd-el-Kader had twice before fixed his camp. Finding no Arabs here, he employed a deserter from the emir's forces to lead him upon the enemy. The French set out at four o'clock in the morning, with the hope of taking the emir by surprise and cutting his army in pieces. They found themselves suddenly involved, however, in a swamp, where their horses and baggage sunk so deep as to throw them into confusion, and where the feet of the men and the wheels of the carriages were obstructed by masses of rank herbage. After enduring much fatigue, the army at last passed through this swamp, and began to deploy leisurely upon a plain beyond it; and here it began to be supposed that the guide, to whose fidelity they had trusted, had proved false, and the whisper of treason had just begun to circulate through the ranks, when suddenly the advance-guard was attacked by the cavalry of Abd-el-Kader, and the whole army was surrounded. The Arabs rushed upon the French with great impetuosity. The carriages, half-buried amongst the mud, could not be removed, and the horses sunk under their riders to the stirrups. Confined to a narrow space, and treading upon a loose bottom, the army seemed to be a confused mass of men and horses, which the bullets of the Arabs incessantly mowed down. The battle was fierce and bloody, and the French were at last broken, routed, and obliged to retreat with great slaughter. The Arabs, always ready to give up the chase to pillage, ceased the pursuit, and the broken elements of the French army were collected and re-formed, and began to retreat in order. The flying host was still harassed by the horsemen of the desert, however, until it took up a strong position for the night; but when it began to move upon the morrow it was again furiously attacked. Twelve hundred Frenchmen fell in that expedition, nearly the half of the whole army, and almost all their baggage fell into Abd-el-Kader's hands.

This battle and defeat at Figuier decided the French government to send to Africa a large army, and an energetic leader, in order to contend with and crush the bold and able emir. Marshal Clausel was entrusted with the expedition upon account of his courage, firmness, and long acquaintance with the African mode of warfare; and now it was that France began to develop her vast project of African dominion and colonisation, by subduing a country whose government she affected to have merely gone to temporarily chastise. This old and experienced French soldier found, however, that he had no ordinary foe to contend with in the young emir. The war which the French had begun with the dey of Algiers, ostensibly as a war of defence against the piratical practices of that potentate, was now by degrees extended and maintained as a war of territorial acquisition, and treaties were made and broken with the young emir upon the merest pretences, if such suited the purposes of the agents of French aggrandisement. The courage, the skill, the rapidity of his motions, and the suddenness and constancy of his attacks, have conduced to render the Algerine war to France one of the most expensive, deadly, and harassing in which she ever engaged, and has exhibited her in the most heartless, cruel, and savage aspect that ever civilised nation assumed. She threw all the recognised chivalry of warfare aside, and, trampling under foot all the use and wont of national contention, began to commit those awful wholesale massacres and burnings called *razzias*, the memory of which will disgrace the name of Louis Philippe among civilised nations as long as the history of his reign remains. Men, women, and children were consigned to suffocation, and flames, and the murderous steel, not because they were the active enemies of France, but because the armies of Abd-el-Kader were recruited from the *dohairs* in which they dwelt. A cruel, brutal war of extermination was begun, and those who could not conquer the young emir of the Arabs by the sword, sought to destroy all his hopes and his power by annihilating his people. If the object of these *razzias* was the subjugation of Abd-el-Kader, they were successful. He who had refused to succumb to the French power succumbed to the

tears and groans of his countrymen. To save his people, Abd-el-Kader yielded, in 1847, to General Lamoriciere, under a solemn promise that he should be allowed to retire to Alexandria. That promise was broken in the most flagrant manner; the confiding chief was kept, in spite of his petitions and entreaties, in a climate which affected his health; and he still remains a prisoner in the Castle of Paris. The Republic has granted some relaxation to the severity of his confinement, but still it remains for them to deal justly with Abd-el-Kader. In his captivity the Arab chief preserves all the dignity that had characterised his freedom. The same patient submission to the will of Allah, and the same calm and heroic firmness, sustains him in a French prison that had raised him above personal submission, when he was mounted on his Arab steed, on his native plain of Ghris. One noble attribute of Abd-el-Kader's character is his humanity. He was never known voluntarily to consent to the execution of a prisoner. He would oppose the whole of his chiefs in divan when such a measure was proposed, and even submit to play upon their superstitious credulity rather than allow the death of a man in cold blood. He has often saved the lives of those who were in great jeopardy, from declaring that Muley (saint) Abd-el-Kader had, in a vision, denounced heavy misfortunes upon the tribes if they slew the prisoners under trial; and, as Muley Abd-el-Kader's benevolent protection is supposed to be extended over Jew, Mussulman, and Christian, without exception, the plea has often prevailed.

The life of such a man as the emir is a wonderful illustration of the effects of an idea, even upon the most darkened and credulous of minds. Impressed with a belief of his invulnerability and semi-divinity, hosts of armed men flocked around the standard of the young sultan, shaking their bright scimitars on high and shouting their warcries. Living on parched barley and water, sleeping on rush mats, and sweltering in the rays of a burning sun, they came to do the will of a supposed prophet, and they gave themselves courageously and devotedly to the work. Might not Christian men take from these darkened savages an example of courage and earnestness, in exemplifying the faith of peace and love? The fakirs, or professors of divination, in Ghris, still represent Abd-el-Kader as a second messenger of Allah, and his mother Lella Zahara is held in great esteem as the woman announced in the Scriptures as the mother of him who is to deliver the true believers from the power of the infidels.

That Abd-el-Kader's mission is divine is a general belief amongst the Arabs. They are convinced that he exercises an authority immediately derived from God, and that no human power can subdue him. His mishaps are viewed with a perfect indifference as regards his ultimate success. The loss of a battle and the abandonment of his standard by his friends are viewed as accidents from which he will rise more terrible than ever to crush his enemies. If Abd-el-Kader does not partake deeply of the general superstition, he is perfectly subject to the fatalist belief, and the desertion of his soldiers caused him no uneasiness. He speaks of his misfortunes as inevitable. Treachery and defeat are unable to shake his confidence. He yields to his fate without a murmur, assured that his day of success will soon return. It seems now, however, as if the hopes of the emir were completely extinguished, and that he has no other exercise for his faith save resignation. Yet he supports his misfortunes with a dignity which preserves the consistency of his character, and puts to shame the policy which would impose restrictions upon that liberty which he voluntarily placed in the hands of a man who pledged his honour that it should to a certain extent be secured.

Lella Kheira, the wife of Abd-el-Kader, unlike her husband, is tall, and possessed of a noble carriage, while her features are remarkably beautiful, and her voice soft and musical. Her costume is that of all Arab women; but she generally wears a peculiar cloak, made of red or blue cloth. In 1845 she had had four children, two sons and two daughters.

'WHERE THERE'S LIFE THERE'S HOPE.'

'Tis truly so: while thought remains
Hope lurks within the heart;
That constant friend will ne'er forsake
Till life itself depart.

In sorrow, how we cling to it,
And hope for happier days;
In poverty, how much of wo
And mis'ry it allays!

In joy, it is a constant guest
Within the trusting heart—
Increases all our happiness
And bids each fear depart.

The shipwreck'd mariner who has
A plank to rest upon,
Grasps it, nor quits till, overcome,
He sinks, and it is gone.

So is it with us: thus we cling
To Hope when Death stands by;
We hope for life till life is gone
And all emotions die.

The Christian has another hope—
His thoughts are all above;
His spirit soars above the tomb
Into the land of love.

Whate'er our aim, whate'er our wish,
What power with this can cope?
Fear may perplex and care annoy,
But 'while there's life there's hope.

M.

SUBTERRANEAN FIRE.

THE village of Lower Haugh, near Rotherham, on the estate of Earl Fitzwilliam, presents a curious and interesting aspect. The fact is well known to the inhabitants there that an extensive bed of coal beneath the village is on fire, and has been in that condition, burning with greater or less intensity, for at least twenty years. A gentleman residing in Sheffield, whom curiosity induced to visit the locality one day in the month of June, has furnished us with the following particulars:—The coal in certain places bassets out—that is, it comes up to the surface of the ground; and it was at one of these bassets that the fire originally commenced, having been ignited by a 'clump' (a fire for burning stones intended for road materials). The subterranean fire has continued to advance in various directions up to the present time, its progress being manifested by the appearance at intervals of smoke and flames at the surface of the ground, the spread of which has generally been stopped, however, by paddling the eruptions with clay, &c. A feeling of apprehension as to the ultimate fate of the village has always continued to prevail; and we understand that, a good many years ago, the destruction of the mausoleum of the Wentworth family was threatened by the approach of the fire, but happily the calamity was averted by severing the bed of coal, for which purpose a shaft was specially sunk. Latterly the work of destruction appears to have been going on with unwonted rapidity, and, naturally enough, has created a corresponding degree of alarm. The ground in several large tracts is one huge hotbed; and where the heat is not so intense as to destroy vegetation, the villagers turn it to good account in raising early crops of vegetables. Peas were seen some weeks before our visit flourishing luxuriantly in the open air; and potatoes are so forward, that one crop has been already secured, and a second crop got into the ground. The exposed earth is quite warm, even in the depth of winter. Were this state of things confined within prescribed limits it would be all very well—but this is by no means the case. The unnatural heat engenders a disagreeable smoke, which is continually ascending and adulterating the atmosphere, doubtless to the detriment of animal health; and the houses in the worst localities are often filled with warm air strongly charged with sulphur, rendering them as habitations little better than a coal-pit.—*Sheffield Times.*



Portrait Gallery of Hogg's Weekly Instructor.

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE alienation which took place between Great Britain and America, in the year 1776, was not only political but personal. The struggle which resulted in the constitution of the thirteen United States not only disrupted the colonial tie which bound them and the mother country together, but infused an antagonistic element into the feelings and ideas of these rival nations, although they were still essentially identical in origin, in literature, and religion. Britain had been humiliated. She had received the first blow to her pride from a hand she had hitherto beheld as that of a petulant child, and which she had affected to despise; and in order to conceal the chagrin which she really felt at the martial discomfiture and territorial disintegration which had followed the unseemly war of 1775-88, she pretended to smile disdainfully upon the men and novel institutions of the young republic. America, as jealous as Britain was disdainful, and as egotistical and vainglorious in her triumph as the latter was scornful in her defeat, sought, by a strange perversity of nationality, to detach herself in idea, as well as fact, from the motherland. Perhaps in no visible type of the British and American minds are this egotism, this jealousy, and rivalry of nationality so apparent as in the literature of the two countries, although in international politics and diplomatic policy the same spirit prevails. The general unity which actually exists between the two states is produced by commerce; the general antagonism which as really makes the British and Americans two nations, although one people, is the result of diversity of thoughts upon subjects of familiar polity, and of a reciprocal spirit of pride. Authors, more than any other class of men, possess capacities for producing and maintaining either unity or enmity between nations, and, unfortunately, causes of a very personal and exciting nature have operated to array British writers, especially, in opposition to the policy of the United States. When America gained her political independence she did not denude herself of the English tongue; and when her people had no longer cause to study so ardently the tactics of war, they devoted themselves with renewed energy to study the English mind in books. The individuality of the national laws, which were maintained on the one hand and adopted on the other, as they did but generally affect the subjects of Britain and the citizens of the United States separately, were beyond the pale of legitimate criticism, unless to their respective communities; for, however much the mercantile interest of this nation might deprecate exclusive or retaliatory laws enacted by Congress, still it was legitimate for the United States to regulate its own affairs of foreign and domestic policy, if such procedure did not involve an interference with the rights of other people.

There are certain attributes of humanity which cannot be confined or cribbed within the conventional boundaries of nations, however, and rights which may extend even into the bosom of a so-called foreign community. There are interests in which all men have a brotherly concern, and which all constitutional laws should heartily and freely concede. Nationalities should never refuse to affirm what assuredly involves the weal of humanity, and nothing that we can conceive of, save religion, can claim a higher respect or wider field of acknowledged right and influence than literature. The influence of British literature has been universally felt and acknowledged in the United States, but the interests of those who produced that literature have long been repudiated and scorned. An international copyright law, which seems so fair and equitable, and which would so materially conduce to produce a unity in American and British literature, and which would soon induce a harmony in the minds of those brother nations, has been long refused by the legislative assembly of the United States, at the instigation of certain interests, and upon the pleas of patriotism and principle, to the palpable sacrifice of the best interests of the American people, of British authors in particular, and humanity at large. The

pirates who reprint British works in America declare that a mutual copyright law would enable British authors to undermine the institutions of America, while under present circumstances the independent republisher can ostracise from the stolen book all obnoxious expressions; and this is extensively admitted as a valid objection to the enactment of a regulation which would assuredly cause the writer on this side of the water to consult his own interests by respecting and writing for America, and which would enable the people of the United States to obtain the original and not the diluted ideas of the author. The refusal by America of this international law has arrayed against the model republic the animosity of the British republic of letters; and instead of mutual interchanges of softening, humanising ideas, the literature of the two countries often presents acrimonious caricatures and depreciatory allusions to each other. The animosity of ideas, although still strong, is now gradually softening, however, and several journals of established fame and worth on the other side of the ocean strongly advocate a law acknowledging an author's proprietary right in literature. Nearly thirty years ago the exclusive principle seemed like a passion in the United States, and the scorn of British authors was as vehement as it was bitterly resented, when Washington Irving arose, not only to render American authorship respectable, but to become the pioneer of a more friendly and intimate relationship between the national minds. Washington Irving, one of the most elegant and classical writers of the English language, is a native of New York, who began, his literary career, in conjunction with his friend Mr Spaulding, at a very early age, as a contributor to the periodical press. Unshackled by the restrictive agencies of a stamp or excise act, literature in America, after the separation, became rapidly popularised; and the weekly periodical vehicle was sooner and far more extensively adopted as the medium of the best minds in the United States than was the case in Britain until within a recent period. It was while cultivating his fine taste and chaste idealism in this popular manner that Mr Irving conceived and executed the 'History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker,' his first independent publication, which appeared in 1812, and not only afforded the liveliest pleasure to the reading public, but led it to expect much from an author whose wit and genuine humour were only excelled by his descriptive ability and elegance of style. Exaggerating the popular ideas of Dutch phlegm and obstinacy, embodying these in several personifications which are as grotesque in appearance as could be conceived; dressing them in the quaint and multiplied attire of burghomastical amplitude, and placing them in positions of the gravest legislative importance and national peril, the fictitious Diedrich produces a fictitious history, which may be studied with as much profit as the majority of authentic histories, and with infinitely more amusement. The topography and scenic descriptions are spirited and true to the life; the men are as palpable as the reader's own conceptions. 'Knickerbocker' is not only a witty, humorous book, however, but a satirical book, and its satire is of the most smooth and agreeable kind. The obstinate valour of Peter Stuyvesant was but a type of the heroic, thick-headed chivalry of our ancestors; and the deliberative acumen of the sage Wouter Van Twiller a 'heavy' illustration of their wisdom. 'Knickerbocker' opened the door of Britain to its gifted author, and won friendships for him on our soil as well as fame. He visited this country in 1817, and was received and entertained in a manner as becoming to the British literati as it was deserved by so amiable and so accomplished an American author. Perhaps the most delightful of his sojourns was at Ashestiel, and the most earnest and heartfelt of his friendships was for Sir Walter Scott. Furnished with a letter of introduction by Campbell, Washington Irving, while *en route* for the borders, modestly stopped his carriage at some distance from the house of the minstrel, and sent a messenger to inquire if it would be convenient for the 'Great Unknown' to receive him on his return from Melrose Abbey. Presently the wondrous painter of mankind limped from his

keep, followed by a canine army, and the amiable American was forthwith installed into his home and heart. Scott was wont to speak with rapture of his short personal connection with Irving; and the latter yet recounts with pleasure the incidents of his visit to him who had peopled the Scottish border with a thousand bright idealities, and had rendered its hills and rivers classical for ever.

In 1820 Washington Irving accepted the immunities and privileges of British authorship, and, under the assumed cognomen of Geoffrey Crayon, published his 'Sketch-Book.' The sensation created by these fresh, vivacious, genial, and happy essays was as pleasant as it was unexpected. The pure, careful style of the author was representative of the pure and careful character of his thoughts. The penetration of a philosopher and the delicacy of a poet were combined to produce those most beautiful commentaries on men and things. 'Bracebridge Hall,' 'Letters to Jonathan Oldstyle,' and the 'Tales of a Traveller,' succeeded in rapid succession his first British-printed book, and he returned to his own land, not only more famous as an author, but as the honoured instrument who had taken the initiative in that brotherly kindness which ought to govern the intercourse of the united people of Great Britain and America.

In 1824 Washington Irving was attached to the Spanish legation, and during his stay in Madrid he devoted himself to the study of Spanish literature. In 1828 the fruits of his studies appeared in his most interesting and popular 'History of the Life and Voyages of Columbus.' In 1829 he published the 'Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada,' and in 1832 the 'Companions of Columbus' appeared, followed by the 'Alhambra.' His 'Crayon Miscellanies' issued from the press in 1835, and in the same year the 'Legends of the Conquest of Spain.' In 1836 John Jacob Astor, in conjunction with several other individuals, having determined to establish the 'American Fur Company' in the pathless wildernesses of the west, Washington Irving availed himself of the opportunity of visiting the unknown country since called Astoria, afforded by the romantic progress of a strong but motley mounted band of trappers, hunters, and other pioneers, whose appearance and manners, and the recapitulation of whose adventures as they bivouacked in the wilderness, offered as much pleasure and as many elements of romance to the mind of the author of the 'Sketch-Book' as did the more primitive natives of the wild scenes which he had come so far to behold. A spirited and graphic description of the forest, the prairie, and of the half and wholly savage life which he had seen during this visit to the wilds of the 'far west,' appeared in 1836, under the name of 'Astoria,' and a sequel in 1837 succeeded it, with the title of 'Captain Bonneville.'

France and America present a political phenomenon which does not find a parallel in Great Britain. Men of letters are often chosen, upon the ground of their literary and moral capacities, to occupy offices of trust, and fill high legislative and diplomatic stations. We could not point to a British author who owes to his talents a seat in the House of Commons, or who ever was privileged to interfere with politics in more than an editorial capacity. Monarchical France has taken her ministers and ambassadors from the closets of the *hommes des lettres*, and republican France and America have erected authors into prominent directors of their political sovereignties. Washington Irving, in his youth, had been employed as *attaché* to the Spanish legation; in his riper years he was appointed representative of the American republic to the court of Madrid—a situation, the duties of which his brilliant abilities, his sterling virtues, and his elevated urbanity, enabled him to discharge with credit and éclat.

Several years ago, the death of a citizen of New York placed at the disposal of the surprised author a handsome fortune, which enabled him to retire from the labours of political life to that elegant yet simple rusticity so congenial to his tastes and nature, and to gratify his gentle benevolence, as well as his longing for the life-giving leisure so essential to the cultivation of literature. The person who bequeathed this fortune to Washington Irving did not know him in person; he knew that part of him, however,

which was superior to personality—that soul which, breathing in his works, found entrance to the deepest fountains of the world's hearts, and stirred them up to love mankind in general, and himself in particular. Washington Irving yet lives in his native state, to adorn humanity with his virtues, and exalt it by his example. He is admired and loved by all who can appreciate the English language in its purest and most elegant combinations, and adapted to the finest thoughts, and who have been privileged to call him friend.

One beautiful characteristic of the books of Washington Irving is that they are consistent representations of himself. The elegance and purity of his style are rescripts of the elegance of his manners and the purity of his morals; and the fresh sympathetic sweetness of his written sentiments is but the effusion of his noble good heart. In wit and humour he resembles Sterne; but it cannot be said of him as it was said of the author of the 'Sentimental Journey,' that 'he could weep for an ass, yet smile as his mother wept.' The essays of Washington Irving have been compared to those of Addison for richness and variety of fancy, and for classic delicacy of style; while in vigour of composition and variety of sparkling metaphor they excel those of the author of the 'Vicar of Wakefield.' It is certain that Washington Irving has cultivated style with as much care as did the essayists of the 'Spectator' and 'Tatler'; but at the same time he has cultivated those sentiments upon which style is essentially dependent. Style is abstractly the peculiar manner in which a writer develops his conceptions through the medium of language; but at the same time it possesses attributes independent of words. Words themselves are insufficient to characterise the thoughts of a writer, and must possess some peculiarity of form and combination dictated by the writer's feelings, and, when written, representative of those feelings, before they can be designated as a peculiar style. Some styles are acquired, others are spontaneous; the latter belongs to what is termed genius, and of that character is Washington Irving's. It was dictated by his heart, modified by his taste, and not only became the vehicle of his conceptions, but of his sentiments also. We know of no living author who resembles Washington Irving so much as Dickens in sly humour and genial sympathies, and of no dead one with whose modes of feeling, thought, and expression his so coincide as with those of Sterne. No man in America has sought so earnestly to create a friendly feeling with Great Britain as Washington Irving, and as an individual, perhaps no one has so eminently conducted to effect so patriotic and so noble a purpose. Although devotedly attached to his country, and proud of his country's institutions, he was not wedded to the follies or crimes of his nation, nor had he any sympathy for the demagoguism that was not only political but literary.

The contents of his 'Sketch-Book' had appeared in an American periodical, but it was left to the author to reap the advantage arising from a republication of that popular work in this country, whose writers had been less honourably and ceremoniously used by the 'trade' of the United States. British booksellers were gentlemen as well as British authors. They repudiated transatlantic piracy; they disclaimed all sympathy with it in their own land; and seeing and feeling this principle as an author, Washington Irving sought to inoculate his countrymen with it as a patriot. Superior to the despicable subterfuge that would sustain the rejection of an international copyright law upon the plea of British enmity to republican institutions, he sought to render his country's laws, in reference to literature, more accordant with the spirit of the great republic of letters. There are writers in America who aspire for the 'nationality' of American literature, and seem as though they desired the invention of a new language, in order to destroy the popular vehicle by which their country's mind becomes conventionalised according to the model of British thought. Washington Irving knows that so long as we speak the common language of Milton and Scott, and so long as we can claim a common ancestry, so long will there be community of literature, which is the

revelation of thought. The primitive character of a great portion of the American continent will for a long time preserve the primitive integrity of the red men, and support those peculiarities in the frontier whites which now distinguish them. These circumstances of themselves will sufficiently nationalise the literature which seeks to illustrate frontier life, and the habits of the nation generally, in expression and thought, cannot fail to characterise the writers; but Washington Irving knows, and many of the best writers in America also know, that in political institutions, predilections, and speech we are one—we do not differ in essence but in form—our authors do not write exclusively for our own countrymen, although they write against the spirit of literary piracy in the United States—we are one people, although two nations—and therefore the noble author of 'Bracebridge Hall' strives to perfect a union in thought by accelerating a just legislation in fact. We do not know whether most to admire the man, the essayist, or the patriot; in all respects he stands out as a great moral, intellectual, and political example, and yet he scarcely knows the sound of his own modest voice in literary coteries or in political clubs.

CHIPS FROM MY LOG.

No. VII.

ROUTE TO INDIA—PONDICHERRY—MADRAS—LANDING THROUGH THE SURF—SIGHTS OF SHORE—START FOR CHINA—SQUALLS IN MALACCA STRAIT.

In ten days after leaving the Mauritius we crossed the line; then passed between two of the southernmost atolls of the Maldiva group; and next day, in lat. 1 deg. 50 min. north, long. 75 deg. east, the south-east trades ceased, and, after an hour or two of very heavy rain, were followed by the south-west monsoon, with which, amidst squalls and rain, we went bowling along at ten knots an hour towards Ceylon. On getting under the lee of this island we lost the monsoon, and sailed along the coast for two days under the influence of the sea and land breezes. During each forenoon we stood on the starboard tack, with the wind easterly; in the evening it fell quite calm for a short time, and then the land-wind came off, at first in puffs loaded with perfume, but by the time we got all the yards braced round on the larboard tack the ship was making way with a gentle, steady breeze. On crossing the mouth of Palk's Bay, after clearing Ceylon, we again met with a strong monsoon.

Coming upon the Coromandel coast, the first land we made was at Pondicherry. Being desirous of seeing this pretty French town, we tried to get into the anchorage, but failed, on account of a strong current setting northward. We then made a signal for a boat—our own ones not being fitted for landing in the surf that generally breaks upon this coast—and one being sent off, the captain and I went ashore and spent the day, the ship being kept all the time beating about in the offing. On landing I was bundled into a palanquin, and carried about from place to place by four coolies. The streets are covered with gravel, and so smooth and well kept as to look more like garden-walks than public roads, and this likeness is increased by the rows of trees along their sides, and the profusion of flowers and fruits about the dwelling-houses. In the course of our perambulations we visited Blin & Co.'s cotton-mills, where the indigenous raw material goes through all the processes of being converted into various kinds of cloth, the machinery being tended chiefly by natives. We dined with a French merchant, came off in the evening, were picked up by the ship, and then stood on for Madras. Among some purchases which we made at Pondicherry were a few sheep, for a rupee (about one shilling and tenpence) each; fowls, for two rupees a dozen; eggs, one rupee a hundred; and fruit also very cheap.

Early next morning we anchored in Madras roads, and after breakfast went ashore in one of the native boats. These *masoolah* boats, as they are called, are large, unsightly machines, formed of broad planks sewed together, and caulked with straw. They are flat-bottomed and very

deep, and at one end there is a small bit of deck or platform, on which the steersman stands. They are commonly pulled by ten oars, and if the rowers are not *quite* naked, they are as near it as can well be. On the unbroken water they pull steadily to a song, but on approaching the surf their manner changes entirely. First they stop to ask the passengers for a gratuity. 'Salaam, saab—boxis, saab,' cry they, and if the sea be anything high it would be very unwise to refuse them, as they will have no compunction in wetting you to the skin, or even upsetting the boat, if you do not make fair promises. On entering the surf, the uproar is tremendous. The man at the steer-oar stamps and yells like a maniac, while the rowers exert all their strength, kicking and twisting their bodies, and raising the most hideous cries. Presently a wave comes rolling in, breaks and dashes its foam about you, at the same time shooting the boat ahead. A few more of these send the boat broadside on the sand, and the coolies leap out and carry you on their shoulders ashore. You are then beset by a crowd of natives in turbans and flowing white dresses, who offer their advice and services most pertinaciously. A stranger does well to employ one of these, as he will run beside his palanquin all day, show him anything worth seeing, and execute any little commission. When you buy anything he gets some discount (called *dustery*) from the vender for bringing you to his shop, and if you leave him to pay anything he will cheat you as much as he can. An old dubash, calling himself *Ramsamy*, attached himself to me whether I would or not.

Madras presents from the sea a very handsome appearance. Along the street which runs parallel to the beach there is the custom-house, a row of merchants' offices, and a large hotel, all with fine fronts. Farther south there is an open space with a lighthouse in the centre, in the form of a doric column. Next comes Fort George, with its long line of batteries; then groups of miserable-looking native huts, formed of low clay walls and roofs of leaves; and beyond these is the rajah's palace and the fine country-houses of the European residents. With the exception of the houses nearest the sea, the town is mostly occupied by natives. The streets are straight and narrow, formed of smooth gravel as at Pondicherry, but wanting the garden-like appearance of that place. The native houses are low, flat-roofed, and whitened on the outside. In the streets the most picturesque objects are the native females, from the lavish mode in which they decorate themselves. They wear rings on their fingers and toes; large rings, bracelets, and chains on their wrists and ankles; their ears are perforated in two or three places to receive ornaments; and even their noses come in for a share, there being often a ring passed through the central column and a small stud fixed into one side. Add to this their light graceful drapery and the pleasing features of those not advanced in life, and you will see they are really worth looking at. Among native equipages in the streets I sometimes saw cars drawn by small white bullocks having their horns polished and tipped with silver. The European population is best seen about sunset, when they turn out for a drive about the fort and esplanade. The number of horses, carriages, and well-dressed people, together with the evolutions of the soldiers and the music of the military band, make the scene at that time very gay.

In the course of inspecting the town one day, I saw a specimen of an idol car—a huge pyramidal mass of carved work stuck full of gods and demons, and supported on six massive wheels. In a shed close by I was shown three grotesque images, eight or nine feet high, newly made for the further decoration of the machine. In the same neighbourhood, also, I met a native funeral procession. Three people beating small drums and another ringing a bell led the van. Then came three boys nicely dressed in white, and each bearing a tall gilded cross (the parties must have been Roman Catholics); and following these were four men carrying the bier by strings fastened to the corners, it being thus raised only a short distance from the ground. The body was that of a young child, fantastically dressed,

and lying with its face bare upon the little platform. A small party of stragglers brought up the rear.

The blind traveller, Holman, says, 'Madras is specially celebrated for two things—its fine chunam plaster for the internal walls of houses, and its fine mulligatawny soup for the internal coat of the stomach,' and the United Service Hotel, in which we lived while on shore, affords very good examples of both. The plaster is used for the out-sides as well as insides of houses, but in the former situation it is not so highly polished. It is put on in different layers composed chiefly of lime, from burnt shells and fine white sand, the last coating having white of eggs, ghee, and other things added to it. Its colour is white or yellowish, and it gives buildings a remarkably rich appearance while new, but where exposed to the weather it becomes stained and mottled.

Being the hot season at Madras—the thermometer in the shade in the middle of the day was generally above 90 deg.—there was little pleasure in going out except in the evening, and this, added to the great expense of living on shore, made me see less of the town and neighbourhood than I could have wished. It had been my intention originally to go on with the ship to Calcutta, but, considering that I would arrive there at the worst season, I determined to diverge somewhat from my previous plan, and take advantage of an offer that was made me of a trip to China. For this destination, then, I sailed after a stay of twelve days at Madras.

Before proceeding farther, however, let me mention one of the curiosities of this coast, namely, the *catamarans*, or small rafts used by the natives in fishing and for other purposes. They are formed of four straight logs fastened alongside of each other, with a small triangular piece of wood fixed to one end as a prow. They are manned by one, two, or more natives, according to their size, each person resting on his knees and toes, and propelling the raft by a paddle about four feet long and three or four inches broad throughout. Sometimes they stand up to paddle, and then, as the catamaran is almost entirely submerged, they seem to be walking on the water. These people are often employed to carry messages to ships in bad weather, and they will put a letter in their cap, and convey it safe and dry through the heaviest surf—this cap of plaited leaves being almost the only article of clothing they possess. They often venture a long way out to sea in the morning in search of fish, and return in the afternoon by the aid of the sea-breeze and a small sail.

We crossed the Bay of Bengal in a week with a steady south-west monsoon and fine weather, but as soon as we got into Malacca Strait we lost the monsoon and got light variable winds, mostly ahead, interspersed with frequent squalls and calms. On the second night we had a magnificent example of a 'Sumatra,' as the sailors call the squalls which rise here from the south-west: it will serve as a specimen of what frequently occurred afterwards. The day closed with a mild fine evening. The sun went down among bright golden clouds, and after his disappearance two distinct rainbows hung for some time in the eastern sky. With a light wind and smooth sea the ship glided quietly along, with studding-sails out on both sides, and every one was enjoying the beauty of the evening and expecting a fine night. The clouds, after the rich tints of sunset had faded, gradually dispersed, and left a clear, starry sky, except towards the east, which remained obscured; the horizon also, towards Sumatra, was occupied by a cloudy bank, which glimmered with distant lightning. Such was the state of matters when I turned in about ten o'clock. About twelve I was suddenly aroused by the loud orders of the mate and the 'singing out' of the men as they took in sail and trimmed the yards. Lightning was flashing and thunder pealing continuously; rain fell in torrents; the wind howled through the rigging and shook the masts with the ponderous flapping of the topsails, the yards having been lowered on the caps; and as the more furious gusts struck her, the ship lay over nearly to her beam-ends. At this time the curious electrical flames, known by various names among sailors, were observed at the

mast-heads. It rained all the morning, with occasional hard squalls of wind, till daylight, when the clouds cleared away, and we found ourselves becalmed in sight of five or six of the islands at the north end of the strait, the sky, by breakfast time, being as bright and sunny as though nothing had happened.

As these squalls recurred every other night, I had several opportunities of witnessing their progress. They generally came after hot days and light winds. A cloudy bank rose from the horizon, and gradually extended upward in the form of an arch, often leaving the sky quite clear below it. When the arch was seen expanding and approaching the zenith, although there was commonly no wind at the time, sail was reduced as rapidly as possible, until nothing was left but the topsails, at the haulyards of which men were stationed to let all go should the first blast require it. The man at the wheel had also to 'mind his weather helm,' and get her off before it as fast as possible. To people not accustomed to the navigation of the straits these squalls are apt to prove dangerous and even fatal, for if the rising arch be neglected, and no preparation made during the deceptive calm, the first burst of the tempest may, as far as the ship is concerned, be the last.

After one of these squally nights we saw, in the morning, upwards of a dozen waterspouts of various sizes and shapes, some of them very large and imposing. They had the same general appearance as the one noticed in Sunda Strait, but in this case we had a nearer view of them, and observed better the mode of their development. The hollow interior of a few was filled with a cloudy matter ascending rapidly like smoke through a chimney, and we observed that the sea contributed to their formation as well as the clouds; for while the hollow cone was descending from the latter, a vapoury pillar rose up from the former and joined it. There seemed to be no commotion of the water in the immediate neighbourhood, and we had at the time very little wind. This highly interesting display lasted, altogether, about two hours.

THE RIVAL MECHANICIANS.

BY MRS CHILD.

'I AM growing old; my sight is failing very fast,' said a famous watchmaker of Geneva, as he wiped his spectacles to examine several chronometers, which his two apprentices laid before him. 'Well done! Very well done, my lads,' said he. 'I hardly know which of you will best supply the place of old Antoine Breguet. Thirty years ago (pardon an old man's vanity), I could have borne away the palm from a hundred like ye. But my sight is dim and my hands tremble. I must retire from the place I have occupied in this busy world; and I confess I should like to give up my famous old stand to a worthy successor. Whichever of you produces the most perfect piece of mechanism before the end of two years shall be my partner and representative, if Rosabella and I both agree in the decision.'

The grand-daughter, who was busily engaged in spinning flax, looked up bashfully, and met the glance of the two young men. The countenance of one flushed, and his eye sparkled; the other turned very pale, and there was a painfully deep intensity in his fixed gaze.

The one who blushed was Florian Arnaud, a youth from the French cantons. He was slender and graceful in figure, with beautiful features, clear blue eyes, and a complexion fresh as Hylas, when the enamoured water-nymphs carried him away in their arms. He danced like a zephyr, and sang little airy French romances in the sweetest of tenor voices.

The one who turned pale was Pierre Berthoud, of Geneva. He had massy features, a bulky frame, and clumsy motions. But the shape of his head indicated powerful intellect, and his great dark eyes glowed from under the pent-house of his brows like a forge at midnight. He played on the bass-viol and the trombone, and when he sang, the tones sounded as if they came up from deep iron mines.

Rosabella turned quickly away from their expressive glances, and, blushing deeply, resumed her spinning. The Frenchman felt certain the blush was for him; the Genevan thought he would willingly give his life to be sure it was for him. But unlike as the young men were in person and character, and both attracted toward the same lovely maiden, they were yet extremely friendly to each other, and usually found enjoyment in the harmonious contrast of their different gifts. The first feeling of estrangement that came between them was one evening when Florian sang remarkably well, and Rosabella accompanied him on her guitar. She evidently enjoyed the graceful music with all her soul. Her countenance was more radiantly beautiful than usual, and when the fascinating singer rose to go, she begged him to sing another favourite song, and then another, and another. 'She never urges me to sing with her,' said Pierre, as he and Florian retired for the night. 'And with very good reason,' replied his friend, laughing. 'Your stentorian tone would quite drown her weak sweet voice, and her light touch on the guitar. You might as well have a hammer-and-anvil accompaniment to a canary-bird.' Seeing discontent in the countenance of his companion, he added soothingly, 'Nay, my good friend, don't be offended by this playful comparison. Your voice is magnificently strong and beautifully correct, but it is made for grander things than those graceful little garlands of sound which Rosabella and I weave so easily.'

Pierre sprang up quickly, and went to the other side of the room. 'Rosabella and I' were sounds that went hissing through his heart, like a red-hot arrow. But his manly efforts soon conquered the jealous feeling, and he said cheerfully, 'Well Florian, let us accept the offer of good Father Breguet. We will try our skill fairly and honourably, and leave him and Rosabella to decide, without knowing which is your work and which is mine.'

Florian suppressed a rising smile; for he thought to himself, 'She will know my workmanship, as easily as she could distinguish my fairy romanzas from your Samson solos.' But he replied, right cordially, 'Honestly and truly, Pierre, I think we are as mechanics very nearly equal in skill. But let us both tax our ingenuity to invent something which will best please Rosabella. Her birthday comes in about six months. In honour of the occasion, I will make some ornaments for the little arbour facing the brook, where she loves to sit, in pleasant weather, and read to the good old grandfather.'

'I will do the same,' answered Pierre; 'only let both our ornaments be machines.' They clasped hands, and, looking frankly into each other's eyes, ratified the agreement. From that hour they spoke no more to each other on the subject till the long-anticipated day arrived. The old watchmaker and his grand-child were invited to the arbour, to pass judgment on the productions of his pupils. A screen was placed before a portion of the brook, and they sat quietly waiting for it to be removed. 'That duck is of a singular colour,' exclaimed the young girl; 'what a solemn looking fellow he is!' The bird, without paying any attention to her remarks, waddled into the water, drank, lifted up his bill to the sky, as if giving thanks for his refreshment, flapped his wings, floated to the edge of the brook, and waddled on the grass again. When Father Breguet threw some crumbs of cake on the ground, the duck picked them up with apparent satisfaction. He was about to scatter more crumbs, when Rosabella exclaimed, 'Why, grandfather, this is not a duck! It is made of bronze. See how well it is done.'

The old man took it up and examined it. 'Really, I do not think anything could be more perfect than this,' he said. 'How exquisitely the feathers are carved—and truly the creature seems alive! He who beats this must be a skillful mechanician!'

At these words, Pierre and Florian stepped forward, hand in hand, and bowing to their master, removed the temporary screen. On a black marble pedestal in the brook was seated a bronze Naiad, leaning on an overflowing vase. 'The form was incomparably graceful, a silver

star with brilliant points gleamed on her forehead, and in her hand she held a silver bell, beautifully inlaid with gold and steel. There was a smile about her mouth, and she leaned over, as if watching for something in a little cascade which flowed down a channel in the pedestal. Presently, she raised her hand and sounded the bell. A beautiful little gold fish obeyed the summons, and glided down the channel, his burnished sides glittering in the sun. Eleven times more she rang the bell, and each time the gold fish darted forth. It was exactly noon, and the water-nymph was a clock.

The watchmaker and his daughter were silent. It was so beautiful that they could not easily find words to express their pleasure. 'You need not speak, my master,' said Pierre, in a manly but sorrowful tone; 'I myself decide in favour of Florian. The clock is his.'

'The interior workmanship is not yet examined,' rejoined his amiable competitor. 'There is not a better mechanician in all Switzerland than Pierre Berthoud.'

'Ah, but you know how to invest equally good workmanship with grace and beauty,' replied the more heavily moulded Genevan.

'Study the graces, my boy; make yourself familiar with models of beauty,' said old Antoine Breguet, laying a friendly hand upon the young man's shoulder.

'I should but imitate, and he creates,' answered Pierre, despondingly; 'and worst of all, my good master, I hate myself because I envy him.'

'But you have many and noble gifts, Pierre,' said Rosabella, gently. 'You know how delightfully very different instruments combine in harmony. Grandfather says your workmanship will be far more durable than Florian's. Perhaps you may both be his partners.'

'But which of us will be *thine*?' thought Pierre. He smothered a deep sigh, and only answered, 'I thank you, Rosabella.'

Well aware that these envious feelings were unworthy of a noble soul, he contended with them bravely, and treated Florian even more cordially than usual. 'I will follow our good master's advice,' said he; 'I will try to clothe my good machinery in forms of beauty. Let us both make a watch for Rosabella, and present it to her on her next birth-day. You will rival me, no doubt; for the Graces threw their garlands on you when you were born.'

'Bravo!' shouted Florian, laughing and clapping his hands. 'The poetry is kindling up in your soul. I always told you that you would be a poet, if you could only express what was in you.'

'And your soul expresses it so easily, so fluently!' said Pierre, with a sigh.

'Because my springs lie so near the surface, and yours have depths to come from,' replied his good-natured companion.

'The worst of it is, the cord is apt to break before I can draw up my weighty treasures,' rejoined Pierre, with a smile. 'There is no help for it. There will always be the same difference between us that there is in our names. I am a rock, and you are a flower. I might be hewed and chiselled into harmonious proportions; but you grow into beauty.'

'Then be a rock, and a magnificent one,' replied his friend, 'and let the flower grow at your feet.'

'That sounds modestly and well,' answered Pierre; 'but I wish to be a flower, because—'

'Because what?' inquired Florian, though he half guessed the secret, from his embarrassed manner.

'Because I think Rosabella likes flowers better than rocks,' replied Pierre, with uncommon quickness, as if the words gave him pain.

On New Year's day, the offerings, enclosed in one box, were presented by the good grandfather. The first was a golden apple, which opened and revealed on one side an exquisitely neat watch, surrounded by a garland tastefully wrought in rich damaskening of steel and gold; on the other side was a rose intertwined with forget-me-nots, so perfectly done in mosaic. When the stem of

the apple was turned, a favourite little tune of Rosabella's sounded from within.

'This is surely Florian's,' thought she; and she looked for the other gift with less interest. It was an elegant little gold watch, with a Persian landscape, a gazelle and birds of paradise beautifully engraved on the back. When a spring was touched, the watch opened, a little circular plate of gold slid away, and up came a beautiful rose, round which a jewelled bee buzzed audibly. On the edge of the golden circle below were the words *Rosa bella* in ultramarine enamel. When another spring was touched, the rose went away, and the same melody that sounded from the heart of the golden apple seemed to be played by fairies on tinkling dew-drops. It paused a moment, and then struck up a lively dance. The circular plate again rolled away, and up sprung an inch-tall opera-dancer, with enamelled scarf, and a very small diamond on her brow. Leaping and whirling on an almost invisible thread of gold, she kept perfect time to the music, and turned her scarf most gracefully. Rosabella drew a long breath, and a rosy tinge mantled her beautiful face, as she met her grandfather's gaze fixed lovingly upon her. She thought to herself, 'There is no doubt now which is Florian's;' but she said aloud, 'They are both very beautiful; are they not, dear grandfather? I am not worthy that so much pains should be taken to please me.' The old man smiled upon her, and fondly patted the luxuriant brown hair, which shone like threads of amber in the sun. 'Which dost thou think *most* beautiful?' said he.

She evaded the question, by asking, 'Which do *you*?'

'I will tell thee when thou hast decided,' answered he. She twisted and untwisted the strings of her boddice, and said she was afraid she should not be impartial. 'Why not?' he inquired. She looked down bashfully, and murmured, in a very low voice, 'Because I can easily guess which is Florian's.'

'Ah, ha,' exclaimed the kind old man; and he playfully chucked her under the chin as he added, 'Then I suppose I shall offend thee when I give a verdict for the bee and the opera-dancer?'

She looked up blushing, and her large serious brown eye had for a moment a comic expression, as she said, 'I shall do the same.'

Never were disciples of the beautiful placed in circumstances more favourable to the development of poetic souls. The cottage of Antoine Breguet was

'In a glade,
Where the sun harbours; and one side of it
Listens to bees, another to a brook.
Lovers, that have just parted for the night,
Dream of such spots when they have said their prayers;
Or some tired parent, holding by the hand
A child, and walking toward the setting sun.'

In the stillness of the night, they could hear the 'rushing of the arrowy Rhone.' From a neighbouring eminence could be seen the transparent Lake of Geneva, reflecting the deep blue heaven above. Mountains, in all fantastic forms, enclosed them around; now draped in heavy masses of sombre clouds, and now half revealed through sun-light vapour, like a veil of gold. The flowing silver of little waterfalls gleamed among the dark rocks. Grape vines hung their rich festoons by the road-side, and the beautiful barberry bush embroidered their leaves with its scarlet clusters. They lived under the same roof with a guileless old man, and with an innocent maiden, just merging into womanhood; and more than all, they were both under the influence of that great inspirer *love*.

Rosabella was so uniformly kind to both, that Pierre could never relinquish the hope that constant devotedness might in time win her affections for himself. Florian, having a more cheerful character, and more reliance on his own fascinations, was merely anxious that the lovely maiden should prefer his workmanship as decidedly as she did his person and manners. Under this powerful stimulus, in addition to the ambition excited by the old watchmaker's proposal, the competition between them was active and incessant. But the groundwork of their character was so good, that all little heart-burnings of envy

or jealousy were quickly checked by the predominance of generous and kind sentiments.

One evening, Rosabella was reading to her grandfather a description of an albino squirrel. The pure white animal, with pink eyes and a feathery tail, pleased her fancy extremely, and she expressed a strong desire to see one. Pierre said nothing; but not long after, as they sat eating grapes after dinner, a white squirrel leaped on the table, frisked from shoulder to shoulder, and at last sat up with a grape in its paws. Rosabella uttered an exclamation of delight. 'Is it alive?' she said.

'Do you not see that it is?' rejoined Pierre; 'call the dog, and see what he thinks about it.'

'We have so many things here, which are alive and yet not alive,' she replied, smiling.

Florian warmly praised the pretty automaton; but he was somewhat vexed that he himself did not think of making the graceful little animal for which the maiden had expressed a wish. Her pet canary had died the day before, and his eye happened to rest on the empty cage hanging over the flower-stand. 'I too will give her a pleasure,' thought he. A few weeks after, as they sat at breakfast, sweet notes were heard from the cage, precisely the same as the canary used to sing; and, looking up, the astonished maiden saw him hopping about, nibbling at the sugar and pecking his feathers, as lively as ever. Florian smiled, and said, 'Is it as much alive as Pierre's squirrel?'

The approach of the next birth-day was watched with eager expectation; for even the old man began to feel keen pleasure in the competition, as if he had witnessed a race between fleet horses. Pierre, excited by the maiden's declaration that she mistook his golden apple for Florian's workmanship, produced a much more elegant specimen of art than he had ever before conceived. It was a barometer, supported by two knights in silver chain-armour, who went in when it rained, and came out when the sun shone. On the top of the barometer was a small silver basket, of exceedingly delicate workmanship, filled with such flowers as close in damp weather. When the knights retired, these flowers closed their enamelled petals, and when the knights returned, the flowers expanded.

Florian produced a silver chariot with two spirited and finely proportioned horses. A revolving circle in the wheels showed on what day of the month occurred each day of the week, throughout the year. Each month was surmounted by its zodiacal sign, beautifully enamelled in green, crimson, and gold. At ten o'clock the figure of a young girl, wearing Rosabella's usual costume, and resembling her in form and features, ascended slowly from behind the wheel, and at the same moment, the three Graces rose up in the chariot and held garlands over her. From the axle-tree emerged a young man, in Florian's dress, and, kneeling, offered a rose to the maiden.

It was so beautiful as a whole, and so exquisitely finished in all its details, that Pierre clenched his fingers till the nails cut him, so hard did he try to conceal the bitterness of his disappointment at his own manifest inferiority. Could he have been an hour alone, all would have been well. But, as he stepped out on the piazza, followed by Florian, he saw him kiss his hand triumphantly to Rosabella, and she returned it with a modest but expressive glance. Unfortunately, he held in his hand a jewelled dagger, of Turkish workmanship, which Antoine Breguet had asked him to return to its case in the workshop. Stung with disappointed love and ambition, the tempestuous feelings so painfully restrained burst forth like a whirlwind. Quick as a flash of lightning, he made a thrust at his graceful rival. Then frightened at what he had done, and full of horror at thoughts of Rosabella's distress, he rushed into the road, and up the sides of the mountain, like a madman.

A year passed, and no one heard tidings of him. On the anniversary of Rosabella's birth, the aged grandsire sat alone, sunning his white locks at the open window, when Pierre Berthoud entered, pale and haggard. He

was such a skeleton of his former self that his master did not recognise him, till he knelt at his feet, and said, 'Forgive me, father. I am Pierre.'

The poor old man shook violently, and covered his face with trembling hands. 'Ah, thou wretched one,' said he, 'how darest thou come hither, with murder on thy soul?'

'Murder!' exclaimed Pierre, in a voice so terribly deep and distinct that it seemed to freeze the feeble blood of him who listened. 'Is he then dead? Did I kill the beautiful youth, whom I loved so much?' He fell forward on the floor, and the groan that came from his strong chest was like an earthquake tearing up trees by the roots.

Antoine Breguet was deeply moved, and the tears flowed fast over his furrowed face. 'Rise, my son,' said he, 'and make thy escape, lest they come to arrest thee.'

'Let them come,' replied Pierre, gloomily; 'why should I live?' Then raising his head from the floor, he said slowly, and with great fear, 'Father, where is Rosabella?'

The old man covered his face, and sobbed out, 'I shall never see her again! These old eyes will never again look on her blessed face.' Many minutes they remained thus, and when he repeated, 'I shall never see her again!' the young man clasped his feet convulsively, and groaned in agony.

At last the housekeeper came in; a woman whom Pierre had known and loved in boyhood. When her first surprise was over, she promised to conceal his arrival, and persuaded him to go to the garret and try to compose his too strongly excited feelings. In the course of the day she explained to him how Florian had died of his wound, and how Rosabella pined away in silent melancholy, often sitting at the spinning-wheel with the suspended thread in her hand, as if unconscious where she was. During all that wretched night the young man could not close his eyes in sleep. Phantoms of the past flitted through his brain, and remorse gnawed at his heart-strings. In the deep stillness of midnight, he seemed to hear the voice of the bereaved old man sounding mournfully distinct, 'I shall never see her again!' He prayed earnestly to die; but suddenly an idea flashed into his mind, and revived his desire to live. Full of his new project, he rose early and sought his good old master. Sinking on his knees, he exclaimed, 'Oh, my father, say that you forgive me! I implore you to give my guilty soul that one gleam of consolation. Believe me, I would sooner have died myself than have killed him. But my passions were by nature so strong! Oh, God forgive me, they were so strong! How I have curbed them, He alone knows. Alas, that they should have burst the bounds in that one mad moment, and destroyed the two I best loved on earth. Oh, father, can you say that you forgive me?'

With quivering voice he replied, 'I do forgive you, and bless you, my poor son.' He laid his hand affectionately on the thick matted hair, and added, 'I too have need of forgiveness. I did very wrong thus to put two generous natures in rivalry with each other. A genuine love of beauty, for its own sake, is the only healthy stimulus to produce the beautiful. The spirit of competition took you out of your sphere, and placed you in a false position. In grand conceptions, and in works of durability and strength, you would always have excelled Florian, as much as he surpassed you in tastefulness and elegance. By striving to be what he was, you parted with your own gifts, without attaining to his. Every man in the natural sphere of his own talent, and all in harmony; this is the true order, my son; and I tempted you to violate it. In my foolish pride, I earnestly desired to have a world-renowned successor to the famous Antoine Breguet. I wanted that the old stand should be kept up in all its glory, and continue to rival all competitors. I thought you could superadd Florian's gifts to your own, and yet retain characteristic excellencies. Therefore, I stimulated your intellect and imagination to the utmost, without reflecting that your heart might break in the process. God

forgive me; it was too severe a trial for poor human nature. And do thou, my son, forgive this insane ambition; for severely has my pride been humbled.'

Pierre could not speak, but he covered the wrinkled hands with kisses, and clasped his knees convulsively. At last he said, 'Let me remain concealed here for a while. You shall see her again; only give me time.' When he explained that he would make Rosabella's likeness, from memory, the sorrowing parent shook his head and sighed, as he answered, 'Ah, my son, the soul in her eye, and the grace of her motions, no art can restore.'

But to Pierre's excited imagination there was henceforth only one object in life; and that was, to reproduce Rosabella. In the keen conflict of competition, under the fiery stimulus of love and ambition, his strong impetuous soul had become machine-mad; and now overwhelming grief centered all his stormy energies on one object. Day by day, in the loneliness of his garret, he worked upon the image till he came to love it, almost as much as he had loved the maiden herself. Antoine Breguet readily supplied materials. From childhood he had been interested in all forms of mechanism; and this image, so intertwined with his affections, took strong hold of his imagination also. Nearly a year had passed away, when the housekeeper, who was in the secret, came to ask for Rosabella's hair, and the dress she usually wore. The old man gave her the keys, and wiped the starting tears, as he turned silently away. A few days after, Pierre invited him to come and look upon his work. 'Do not go too suddenly,' he said; 'prepare yourself for a shock; for indeed it is very like our lost one.'

'I will go, I will go,' replied the old man, eagerly. 'Am I not accustomed to see all manner of automata and androides? Did I not myself make a flute-player, which performed sixteen tunes, to the admiration of all who heard him? And think you I am to be frightened by an image?'

'Not frightened, dear father,' answered Pierre; 'but I was afraid you might be overcome with emotion.' He led him into the apartment, and said, 'Shall I remove the veil now? Can you bear it, dear father?'

'I can,' was the calm reply. But when the curtain was withdrawn, he started, and exclaimed, 'Santa Maria! It is Rosabella! She is not dead!' He tottered forward, and kissed the cold lips and the cold hands, and tears rained on the bright brown hair, as he cried out, 'My child! my child!'

When the tumult of feeling had subsided, the aged mourner kissed Pierre's hands, and said, 'It is wonderfully like her, in every feature and every tint. It seems as if she would move and breathe.'

'She will move and breathe,' replied Pierre; 'only give me time.'

His voice sounded so wildly, and his great deep-set eyes burned with such intense enthusiasm, that his friend was alarmed. They clasped each other's hands, and spoke more quietly of the beloved one. 'This is all that remains to us, Pierre,' said the old man. 'We are alone in the world. You were a friendless orphan when you came to me; and I am childless.'

With a passionate outburst of grief, the young man replied, 'And it was I, my benefactor, who made you so. Wretch that I am!'

From that time the work went on with greater zeal than ever. Pierre often forgot to taste of food, so absorbed was he in the perfection of his machine. First, the arms moved obedient to his wishes, then the eyes turned, and the lips parted. Meanwhile, his own face grew thinner and paler, and his eyes glowed with a wilder fire.

Finally, it was whispered in the village that Pierre Berthoud was concealed in Antoine Breguet's cottage; and officers came to arrest him. But the venerable old watchmaker told the story so touchingly, and painted so strongly the young man's consuming agony of grief and remorse, and pleaded so earnestly that he might be allowed to finish a wonderful image of his beautiful grand-

child, that they promised not to disturb him till the work was accomplished.

Two years from the day of Pierre's return, on the anniversary of the memorable birth-day, he said, 'Now, my father, I have done all that art *can* do. Come and see the beautiful one.' He led him into the little room where Rosabella used to work. There she sat, spinning diligently. The beautifully formed bust rose and fell under her neat boddice. Her lips were parted, and her eyes followed the direction of the thread. But what made it seem more fearfully like life, was the fact that ever and anon the wheel rested, and the maiden held the suspended thread, with her eye-lids lowered, as if she were lost in thought. Above the flower-stand, near by, hung the bird-cage, with Florian's artificial canary. The pretty little automaton had been silent long; but now its springs were set in motion, and it poured forth all its melodies.

The bereaved old man pressed Pierre's hand, and gazed upon his darling grand-child silently. He caused his arm-chair to be brought into the room, and ever after, while he retained his faculties, he refused to sit elsewhere.

The fame of this remarkable android soon spread through all the region round about. The citizens of Geneva united in an earnest petition that the artist might be excused from any penalty for the accidental murder he had committed. The magistrates came and looked at the breathing maiden, and touched the beautiful flesh, which seemed as if it would yield to their pressure. They saw the wild haggard artist, with lines of suffering cut so deeply in his youthful brow, and they at once granted the prayer of the citizens.

But Pierre had nothing more to live for. His work in the world was done. The artificial energy, supplied by one absorbing idea, was gone; and the contemplation of his own work was driving him to madness. It so closely resembled life that he longed more and more to have it live. The lustrous eyes moved, but they had no light from the soul, and they would not answer to his earnest gaze. The beautiful lips parted, but they never spoke kind words, as in days of yore. The image began to fill him with supernatural awe, yet he was continually drawn toward it by a magic influence. Three months after its completion, he was found, at day-light, lying at its feet, stone dead.

Antoine Breguet survived him two years. During the first eighteen months he was never willing to have the image of his lost darling out of sight. The latter part of the time, he often whistled to the bird, and talked to her, and seemed to imagine that she answered him. But, with increasing imbecility, Rosabella was forgotten. He sometimes asked, 'Who is that young woman?' At last he said, 'Send her away. She looks at me.'

The magic-lantern of departing memory then presented a phantom of his wife, dead long ago. He busied himself with making imaginary watches and rings for her, and held long conversations, as if she were present. Afterward, the wife was likewise forgotten, and he was occupied entirely with his mother, and the scenes of early childhood. Finally he wept often, and repeated continually, 'They are all waiting for me; and I want to go home.' When he was little more than eighty years old, compassionate angels took the weary pilgrim in their arms, and carried him home.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A RACE OF OLD; OR, THE UNIVERSAL OLYMPIC.

(A FRAGMENT.)

It once befell In times of old, As legends tell, By minstrels told, That earth one day Convened to try What longest should And fastest fly, And what should move most tardily.	The tribes of earth met to witness the comparative speed of the various crea- tures and elements.
And every caste and clime were there, From utmost west to farthest east, In robe of silk, or cloth of hair, Or fur, or skin of beast, Or sew'd palm-leaves, or vesture quaint, Or sleek with oil, or daub'd with paint; And some tattooed and plumed were seen, Or gay in gaudy moresaine; And gem and trinket, club and spear, And glittering brand, And bow, and axe, commixed were, Magnificently grand.	The specta- tors.
And high o'er land, From other spheres, Competitors, With their compeers, To act as fitting arbiters, Appear a shining band.	Competitors from other worlds, ac- companied by sat- iable judges.

CANTICLE I.

Upon a plain, Which swept away Beneath the chain Of Himalay, The racers stood;— A motley brood As ever yet On earth have met, Or e'er shall meet again.	The race-course and the racers.
With pond'rous mail And slimy track, First came the snail, With shell on back; And next to him Stood spider grim, With perilous waist And long lean limb; And up on branch The sloth hung prone.	The snail. The spider. The sloth.

The sleuth-hound then,
With sullen look
And shout on ground,
His station took,
Emitting oft a fearful sound,
Like cayman's bark, or lion's mumble,
Or distant earthquake's hollow rumble.

The sleuth-
hound.

Beside him ranged,
With somb'rous air,
Like Musclemen
At evening prayer,
On legs full slim,
And tall and grim,
The ostrich rose, like scaffolding.

The ostrich.

Then next appear'd
A savage red,
With shaggy beard
And matted head;
Encased in brawn
From neck to heel,
That oped and shut
Like leaves of steel;
Whose eyes now came
And went, like flame,
Unsettled in his head.

The savage.

The fairest thing
Of wild or wood,
The antelope,
Beside him stood,
And the wild mule of Tartary. The wild mule.
And snorting, nigh,
With bloodshot eye,
The race-horse paw'd
The ground, and gnaw'd
His chaps, and toss'd
The foam away,
As breakers fling their spray
Upon a stormy coast.

The antelope.

The race-horse.

With wings outspread,
Like mainsails sprung,
Right overhead
The condor hung;
While by his side,
In speckled pride,
The swallow lay—
A cock-boat gay,
Beside that ship of air.

Flying things.

And next was heard
The wild-duck's wing,
Above the rest
Sharp whistling;

And intermittently
The eagle's scream
And falcon's cry;
And on the mane
Of hurricane,
A cloud, begat
Of whirlwinds, sat,
In buoyant act to bound away.

And then there came
(A dazzling sight)
A car of flame
And steeds of light,
Sent from the sun
That race to run—
The crowd admire
The harness'd fire,
And boast 'twill win the crown.

Oriental things.

Then last of all,
On cloud of snow,
An angel stood,
And look'd below.
A lovely light,
Divinely bright,
In streamers fed
Around his head,
And changed its hue,
As diamonds do
Beneath the setting sun.

And still he look'd
And look'd again,
Nor up the sky,
Nor o'er the plain;
Nor gave he heed
To bird or steed,
Or cloud or car,
Or Jeer or jar
Of congregated men.

But fix'd he gazed
(As one that looks
On pictured skies
In summer brooks)
At peak retired,
Where sat, inspired,
An aged man,
Whose features wan
Burn'd like a coal,
While through his soul
The fires of revelation ran

An old man sit-
ting in a pre-
sbytery frame.

CANTICLE II.

But, hark! the trumpet
The 'warning' sounds!
The way is clear'd;
Each bosom bounds.
The countless throng,
The line along,
Moves to and fro,
As if, below,
A rolling earthquake pass'd.

The trumpet is
sounded, and
the course is
cleared.

Another blast,
And off they bound!
But ere yon hoofs
Have reach'd the ground,
Ere twice the duck
His wings has struck,
Or snail has gone
A hair's-breadth on,
Right round the world
Yon car has hurli'd,
And thrice 'tis round again.

It blows again,
and the race
begins.

So swift its flight,
Nought meets the eye
But one red ring
Round earth and sky,
Like meteor vast
From *Etna* came,
Or that huge cone
Round *Saturn* thrown,
Which sages see afar.

But see that ring
In shreds is riven,
For halts the car
In middle heaven,
And, lo, upon
His cloudy throne
The angel lights again;
And up ascends
A shout that rends
The solid sky in twain.

The car stops,
and the angel
re-aligns.

Now duly weigh
Whose is the prize,
Ye umpires brought
From other skies,
While, o'er the plain
And through the air,
The things of earth
The strife maintain.—

The celestial ar-
biters deliberate
between the cha-
racter of fire and
the angel.

CANTICLE III.

Immeasurably bebind
Past jeering throng
The stilted spider
Jerks along,

The race goes
on between the
things of earth
and air.

And, slow as growth
Of tree, the sloth.—

Above!—the clond,
On tempest's wing,
Before them all
Shoots thundering—

The storm clond
takes the lead
among the things
that fly.

Below!—the steed,
With frantic speed,
At one wild bound
Usurps the lead.
But ere he gains
The distant plains
He dashes to the ground,
A corpse of living fire.

The ostrich, next,
And antelope,
With desert strength,
Triumphant cope;
While, far behind,
But cool as wind,
The bury head
And bounding tread
Of noble savage comes.

The savage wins
below.

Yet, long before
They reach the bay
Whose billows roar
Far, far away,
He fires them down,
And wins the crown
Of earth, but not of sky.

And loud huzzas
Are coming near,
And men grow white
As if in fear;
And each makes pause
: The news to hear,
And as he hears
He shouts on high,
And 'Savage! Savage!'
Is the cry—
And on the rapid tidings fly.

CANTICLE IV.

But, hush! they come,
Yon umpire band,
And in mid sky
Take up their stand.
A silence deep
As ocean's sleep
Pervades the throng,
While up are bent
A firmament

The celestial
judges come for-
ward to proclaim
the issue between
the sun-car and
the angel.

Of eyes intent,
The list'ning line along.

And one comes forth
From out that band,
With parted lips
And lifted hand,
And speaks them fair,
In few fit words
That shake the air,
And earth profound,
And solid rock,
With deep majestic mellow sound,
As if a cavern spoke.

Then to the sun
He cries aloud,
'The angel's won!'
(The angel's won!)
'While round the world
The chariot hurli'd
A thousand times,
The angel flew
Till rose in view
The utmost star
That burns afar
Upon creation's verge.
By many times
He's gain'd the prize!'
'By many times,'
The assemblage cries.
'By many times,'
The hollow'd earth replies.

The angel victo-
rious.

'Not mine the prize,'
The angel cries;
'But his, who, borne
On wings divine,
Hath swept the skies,
And circled round
The mighty bound
That girds sublime
The course of time,
And heaven high,
And hell profound,
Since blew the trumpet-horn.

The angel assigns
the victory to the
old prophet that
sat apart upon the
rock.

His is the prize!
Yon aged man
Who sits apart
With upturn'd eyes
And beating heart,
Conceiving he beholdeth still
The wonders he hath seen,
Of what shall be and what hath been—
Of glorious and of terrible,
In heaven above, in earth between,
And in the depths of hell—
His is the prize!

'His is the prize!'
The mighty concourse cries;
'His is the prize!'
The vaulted heaven replies.

A VISIT TO OLNEY.

BUSINESS having lately called us into the northern district of the county of Buckingham, we resolved to fulfil an intention, long cherished, of visiting the small town of Olney, one of the meanest and most insignificant of English market-towns, but hallowed for ever in the affections of every admirer of genius, as the residence for so many years of Cowper, who has immortalized the scenery in its neighbourhood in his poems, and not less the daily life of its inhabitants in his letters.

Olney is five miles from Newport Pagnell, which again is nearly four miles distant from the Wolverton station of the London and Birmingham Railway. The portion of the country thus intersected by the iron-way forms a sort of peninsular triangle, protruding itself between the two adjoining counties of Bedford and Northampton. Of this triangle Olney forms the apex, being in part the most northerly town in Bucks. But the interest of the district to the lovers of Cowper's gentle spirit, begins at Newport Pagnell. This is a respectable country town of about 5000 inhabitants, with several good inns in it, and a fine old church, in the Gothic style, situated with even more than the usual attention to the picturesque which is usually displayed in the sites of English churches. Newport church stands upon a natural terrace, on the left bank of the river

down. A row of tall trees fringe the river brink, and disclose at intervals, through their foliage, the quiet stream flashing in the sun-light. The southern wall of the church is covered with the China-rose, which being, at the time we visited it, in full bloom, imparted to the whole place a singularly pleasing effect.

But the Cowperian feature in Newport is an unpretending house in the main street, about two storeys high, and holding out, in its exterior features, no sign that would attract the notice of a stranger. This was the residence of the Rev. William Bull, Independent minister at Newport Pagnell, a friend of Newton, who, on his leaving that part of the country, introduced him to Cowper, and between whom a friendship, distinguished by all the warmth and strength of Cowper's affections, soon sprang up. The Independent minister was a man after Cowper's own heart—a man of considerable erudition, with an active fancy, and a vein of quiet humour, which was sure to recommend itself to the author of 'John Gilpin.' By way of eking out a salary, which must at all times have been scanty, Mr Bull took a few pupils into his house as boarders, with a view to prepare them for the Dissenting ministry. Out of this humble beginning has since arisen an institution of some note among the English Dissenters, being in fact one of their academies for the education of their pastors. In this respect, it may be remarked, the English Dissenters are not so fortunate as their Scottish brethren. The English Dissenters have

closed against them, they have to educate their candidates for the ministry, not only in systematic divinity, but even in the elementary studies necessary to fit them for their sacred profession. The college at Newport Pagnell has been much extended of late years, and several eminent ministers now flourishing in the Independent denomination, have received their education there. The extension of the college has caused the extension of the premises, but these additions have been all in the rear of the old house; in front it maintains the same appearance as when Mr Bull resided in it, and when Cowper, footsore and weary with his walk from Olney, came, by appointment, to dine with the minister, who had forgotten all about the invitation, and had dispatched his wife some miles into the country. Between two such spirits, however, ceremony was not wanting, and these little cross purposes, no doubt, only served to enhance the mirth and enjoyment of their meeting. In the back of the house, however, things are altered. Long unsightly brick buildings, intended, we suppose, as the private apartments of the students, rear their heads and appear to occupy altogether the place of the small garden, which, at great labour and expense, Mr Bull had reduced into something like cultivation, and where, Cowper tells us, he took him, after the dinner above alluded to, and showed him his favourite seat, 'where he sits and smokes, with his back against one brick wall and his nose against another.' The chapel of which Mr Bull was the minister is still farther in the rear of the house, and though it is a large and commodious place of worship, and apparently numbering many of the most respectable inhabitants among its hearers—at least if one might judge from the number of elegant monumental marble tablets which were ranged along its walls—yet, hidden as it is, and enveloped on all sides by other buildings, a stranger might easily pass through every street of the town, without knowing that it possessed a Dissenting chapel at all. This modest character of Dissenting chapels is almost universal over England—even in London itself, and still more in country towns. The old Dissenting churches are hidden in yards or back lanes, or, as here, in the rear of private premises, never coming openly to the front, and challenging the notice of the passers by. This is in all probability a relic of the persecuting days of the Stuarts, when conventicles in market-towns were strictly forbidden and eagerly hunted down, and when the Puritans were constrained to hold their meetings in secret places, concealed as much as possible from their lynx-eyed persecutors.

The Ouse, on leaving Newport, takes a bend to the north, forming an arc of some compass between that town and Olney, of which the highway may be described as the chord. The road presents nothing of much interest, until, about halfway, the crest of some considerable rising ground is gained, whence the first view of Olney, with its tall church-spire conspicuous in the landscape, bursts upon the view. The fertile vale of the Ouse lies at your feet, and a country, beautiful indeed, and rich in suggestions of plenty and comfort, but possessed of few bold or striking features, is spread out before the spectator. It is, in fact, the opposite ridge to that on which Merton is situated, and would have afforded to the poet as good materials as those which the view from the above furnished him, when he drew that fine description of woodland scenery which occurs in the first book of the 'Task.' With expectations heightened from this first view of the poet's home, we hastened forward, and on reaching the bottom of the hill, we were able to extract another reminiscence of Cowper from a sign-post that pointed out the road to Clifton.

Clifton is a neighbouring parish, on the opposite side of the river to Olney, and was for some time the residence of Lady Austen, a woman whose name will always be associated with Cowper, along with Mrs Unwin and Lady Hesketh. She it was who first incited him to the writing of the 'Task,' and gave him the sofa for his subject. It was an abortive attempt to visit her in miry weather which gave occasion to his sportive ballad, so truly revealing the gentle and playful character of the man—

'I sing of a journey to Clifton
We would have performed if we could,
Without cart or barrow to lift on
Poor Mary and me through the mud,
Sleeve sleeve slud,
Stuck in the mud!
Oh, it is pleasant to wade through a flood!'

But we had no time to visit Clifton, and therefore, contenting ourselves with chanting the ballad (as Burns says, 'crooning till a body's sell does weel aneuch'), we turned in the opposite direction, through the rich meadows that led to Olney. A short time brought us to the bridge, no longer the one

'That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood!'

for that, it is well known, was, even in the days of Cowper himself, considered a nuisance from its old age and decay, and many allusions are made to it in his letters, where we find an attempt was made to assess the Olney people for its renewal, which Cowper, with true burghal feeling, helped to resist. The old bridge, however, is not wholly gone—a portion of it still remains, and even does duty. The 'wearisome' length of the bridge was needful, not because the river is a very broad one—it is, in fact, rather insignificant at this part of its course—but because the meadows on the south are so low that in winter they are generally overflowed, and therefore a bridge is necessary to pass not only the ordinary channel of the river, but the flooded bottoms that are contiguous to it. It appears that after much litigation, a compromise was come to; the county trustees having been at the expense of a smart new bridge across the meadows, while that portion of the old bridge which spans the ordinary channel of the river still remains. Like all patched pieces of work, the result has been unsatisfactory. There is a raised causeway between the two bridges, and they do not stand parallel to each other; so that a man who should hold a straight course on leaving the old bridge, would, instead of entering on the other, tumble right over into the bottom below. It seems that the old bridge is the property of the Earl of Dartmouth, lord of the manor of Olney, and to him it should fall to renew this relic of the olden time, which, besides the inconvenience we have mentioned, is so narrow that two horsemen could scarcely pass each other. But, whether it be from reverence for its association with Cowper, or whether it be from the more vulgar motive of saving his money, his lordship retains the bridge as it is, to the annoyance of the inhabitants—an annoyance, however, in which the poetical visitants of the place will hardly share.

Olney is a smaller town than Newport—in fact, though possessed of a weekly market, it has more the appearance of a large village than anything else. It consists chiefly of one large street, stretching to the north-east. At the upper end, the street opens out on the right, and forms a triangular area, which constitutes 'the Market-hill.' At the upper end of this Market-hill, and upon the right hand, stands Cowper's house. It is in some respects of more ambitious pretensions than its neighbours, being a storey higher than any of the others, as well as being much longer, but without any pretensions to superior elegance of style or convenience of accommodation—in fact, it is exactly what Dickens would call 'an old, large, rambling house.' Its eight windows in a row are all of the same dull common-place style; and, looking at the monotonous appearance of the old house, with the mean accessories that surrounded it, and recollecting all the poverty and distress which Cowper himself describes as surrounding him, we could not feel surprised that a man of his exquisite and morbid sensibilities should have deeply felt the depression these daily scenes were calculated to inspire. The house is so large that it is a marvel how the small establishment of Cowper and Mrs Unwin could have occupied it; though certainly its size explained at once how it was that the poet was able to entertain so many of his friends at the same time, and to assure the Johnsons and the Roses, that, though Lady Hesketh and her servants were with him, there was still room for their accommodation. It is now no longer in the occupation of one family. At

the one end is a grocer's shop, at the other an infant-school (and the noisy lessons of the children swelled pleasantly in our ears as we stood in the street on that summer's day), while between them, is a sort of arched gateway, apparently intended for a carriage-entrance, leading to a yard, up which a straw-plait manufacturer carries on his trade. From the market-place, a narrow lane leads down towards the vicarage. This is Silver End, famous in Cowper's correspondence as the abode of most of the idleness and depravity of Olney. The vicarage itself stands in another street, and nearly opposite to Cowper's house, each house having a garden behind it, with one wall at the upper end, serving for the boundary of both; and it was that Cowper might meet the Olney curate—that curate was John Newton—without encountering the stare of the 'Silver End blackguards,' that a door was broken out in the wall aforesaid, to allow the two friends to communicate through their respective gardens. The vicarage is a sweet and pleasantly situated house, forming a strong contrast to the gloomy old mansion on the Market-hill. Its front is nearly hidden with evergreens and flowering shrubs. We were told that the inmates of Cowper's house, as well as the person who now holds possession of the garden, were very courteous to strangers, and willing to show the relics that still remained of him. There, it was said, are to be seen the hole he cut in the parlour-door to allow of the uninterrupted gambolling of his tame hares on the carpet, and also the greenhouse in the garden, in which he composed the greater part of the 'Task,' and translated the 'Iliad,' and which is kept up much as he left it: while, though the door broken out in the garden-wall to communicate with the vicarage was closed again when Mr Newton left for London, still the patching was visible. These were tempting objects to gaze upon; but, on the other hand, we hate to exhibit our enthusiasm before strangers; we must either indulge our fancies in the presence of a friend or in solitude; and we turned away to those objects of interest which lay accessible to all, and where we needed no cicerone. Among these was the tall and solitary elm which grows at the bottom of the market-place, and which forms so conspicuous a feature in all the pictures we have seen of the poet's residence; and near it there stands the identical pump of whose erection Cowper so humorously complains in one of his letters, as entailing expense on the inhabitants, while it would benefit no one but the shoemaker, opposite whose door it was erected. We repeated the lines with which he commemorated the event—

'Let Bannister now lend his aid
To furnish shoes for the baker,
Who has put down a pump, with a lamp at the top,
For the use of the said shoemaker.'

The pump is now in a state of dilapidation, arising from neglect, so that it does not seem to have gained popularity with years. There is no lamp on the top, nor could we learn there ever had been, so that it is probable the opposition to the schemes of the reforming baker had been too powerful for him as for some greater reformers, and that he had been compelled to give up his design of surmounting it with a lamp as some solace to the outraged feelings and pockets of the frugal inhabitants.

In wandering through a strange town, it is always instructive to get into its back streets and lanes. We have no faith in the appearance which the main thoroughfares present, as revealing the character of the place or the condition of its inhabitants. They are always sure to put the best face on the matter; they wear a starched, hypocritical demureness, as if to cheat the stranger into a belief in their respectability. But in the back streets, and still more in the narrow lanes, you have the character of the place presented to you without disguise or any effort at concealment. There is no painful struggle there between poverty and respectability; want, and beggary, and profligacy feel that there they are upon their own ground, and that they have no occasion to hide their heads. Animated by such feelings as these we turned down Silver End, and through a back street, and emerged again upon the main

thoroughfare by a lane that was narrower than any wynd in the High Street of Edinburgh. The accounts that are scattered through Cowper's correspondence of the deep poverty of the people, seemed, as far as we could judge by this hasty glance, to be borne out to the letter. The hovels of the people were small and ruinous, though in most cases scrupulously clean; while, through the open doors, it could be too plainly discerned that their huts were almost destitute of furniture. In one case, an aged woman sat at the door of her cottage with her needles and her pillow, in the act of lace-knitting—the very picture of the cottager whom Cowper so finely contrasts with Voltaire as one who

'Just knew, and knew no more, her Bible true,
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew.'

From the town we bent our steps to the churchyard, and, pacing in its quiet walks, we mused upon the exalted privilege of genius, which could confer upon an insignificant village like this, and its no less insignificant inhabitants, an immortality for which thousands have struggled in vain. What a satire upon the restless schemes of ambitious men, that in a few years oblivion, in spite of all their efforts, closes over the names and memories of so many of them! while here, without an effort, and without even the intention, the routine business and the petty squabbles carried on in an obscure village, with the petty actors in these ignoble affairs—the Reedons, the Rabans, the Peares, and the Pages, 'poor Nat Gee,' and 'old Geary Ball'—have become enshrined in the memory of every reader of sensibility and taste, and their names have received an immortality as lasting as the English language can bestow. And now where were they all? Daniel Raban, the baker, who would not tolerate Thomas Scott the commentator's preaching, and set up a rival meeting himself—Reedon, the schoolmaster, who had 'made his prayer to God that he might become acquainted with some talent, and now, in the acquaintance of this worthy gentleman (meaning me, says Cowper), had found that prayer fulfilled'—Thomas Ashburner, the joiner, who, at a county election, had courageously throttled the ringleader in a riot, and quelled the disturbance—all of them, unknowing and reckless of the fame which had been secured for their memories, slept beneath the turf we trod, without even a stone that we could find to mark their graves.

Musing on these sobering recollections, we turned our steps outside the town, paused again on the old bridge, and gazed on Weston, about a mile and a half up the river, and which is truly what its name indicates, 'underwood,' reached the division of the road that leads to Clifton, gained the crest of the hill, and, pausing long on its summit, where the best view of the town could be obtained, we turned at last, and bade farewell to Olney.

W A R.

WAR! who that has witnessed it in its loathsome and revolting details would not, if a single spark of humanity has survived the ordeal, deprecate all that may, by possibility, lead to it? What more fearful scourge can light upon our race? See how, upon its first appearance, myriads of households are invaded by dark forebodings, heart-wasting anxieties, and spirit-killing fears! Where is he that can compute the sum of daily duties left unfulfilled, the amount of daily enjoyments spilt upon the ground, in consequence of the flurry and apprehension excited by the unleashing of the dogs of war? In how many bosoms, at the first shrill cry of their hated voices, does tender-hearted charity faint away, and leave an open door for the entrance of malignant and cruel passions! What a strain does the fierce excitement of the public mind bring to bear upon those gentler sympathies which Christianity has nourished! How many rules of inward morality give way beneath the pressure, and to what a vast extent is injury inflicted upon the whole existing breadth of spiritual sense and feeling! Follow an army in its march! Mark the recklessness of soul that spreads from man to man throughout the ranks! and, as the fear of death is gradually

surmounted by pride and passion, see, too, how usually the fear succumbs with it! Onward sweeps the walking pestilence, ruthlessly devastating the fields of patient industry, scattering the seeds of demoralisation in countless families along its course, trampling down weakness without pity, and leaving behind it a broad wake of physical and moral ruin. And then, the battle, who shall describe its hideous features? Involved in a cloud of dust and smoke, thousands of men are plying the engines of death. Maddened with the fever of the hour, and choked with thirst, they deal out and receive momentary destruction. Hot blood bounds through their veins, and makes them deaf alike to the moans of suffering and the promptings of compassion. The dying are beneath their feet, the dead are before their eyes—neither are regarded. To and fro rock the living billows of ruin, leaving the soil, wherever they meet, deluged with blood, and covered with the broken and battered wrecks of poor humanity. The fortune of the day is decided—the smoke and dust clear away—and the setting sun, perhaps, or the rising moon, looks upon a spectacle of carnage, which not the stoutest-hearted can contemplate without sickening horror and dismay. Such is war! Who would not labour with all his energies of body and of mind to avert it, if possible.—*Nonconformist.*

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE:

BEING GLEANINGS FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.

In recent times much new and valuable light has been thrown upon the manners, customs, and facts recorded in sacred Scripture. Apparent inconsistencies have been removed, obscurities elucidated, difficulties explained, and allusions, once ill understood by gifted theologians, have been made clear to the wayfaring man. This is a matter of unmingled delight to every Christian. That knowledge, which illuminates the sacred page, and throws out its glorious truths in more prominent relieve, must be hailed as no ordinary blessing. In fact, the more widely and thoroughly the Bible is understood, the more majestic and overpowering will the claims of Christianity appear. The glory of the sacred volume, like the glory of its Author, needs only to be seen as it really is in order to be felt as no earthly emanation. The Bible is ever regarded as most glorious where it is best known.

'It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven.' (Matt. xix. 24.)—With regard to this passage, it has been advanced that, owing to a slight error in translating, the sense is misconstrued; and that our Saviour's illustration was as natural and obvious, as he evidently intended his meaning to be plain and simple. It has been urged that the word in the original signified 'cable,' as well as 'camel,' the former of which would render the sense more in accordance with common expression—thus, 'It is easier for a cable to go through the eye of a needle,' &c. Had this been the case, however, it is most likely the attention of some scholar would have been directed towards it. In fact, the Rev. W. S. Gilly was aware of this surmise, and in his valuable work, 'The Spirit of the Gospel,' although he neither refutes nor admits the supposition, considers it was more probable that our Saviour's words were intended to apply to a gate in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, called 'The Needle's Eye,' through which, on account of the narrowness of the pass, the loaded camels could not go. He takes occasion to point out the force and beauty of this illustration, which compares the riches with which the worldly-minded are encumbered, and which obstruct their entrance into heaven, to the wide-spread burdens which render it impossible for the camels to pass through the Needle's Eye, on the way they are destined to journey.—The words, 'It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle,' were proverbial among the Jews; they used them to signify a thing of great difficulty, next to an impossibility.

'His meat was locusts and wild honey.' (Matt. iii. 4.)—Dr Clarke has related that a tree grows in the Holy Land which is called the locust-tree (*Ceratonia siliqua*),

and which produces a fruit somewhat similar to that of the bread-fruit tree; and this fact was previously known to those who had been in the Mediterranean. In the stems of the locust-tree, wild bees deposit their honey. Wild bees, in Palestine, we are informed by Mr Moore, frequent hollow trunks and branches of trees, and also clefts of rocks; hence it is said, in Psalm lxxxi., 'honey out of the stony rock.' We should naturally have concluded that the fruit thus mentioned so peculiarly in connection with honey, was the food of the Baptist in the wilderness, were we not assured, on the authority of modern and intelligent travellers, that the locust of the insect tribe is still used as an article of food. 'The Bedouins eat locusts,' observes the Rev. C. B. Elliot, in his instructive book of travels; 'these they fry on an iron plate, and then preserve in bags of salt. Some cut off the head and tail, which others eat with the rest of the insect.' Pliny mentions that some of the Ethiopians, in his day, lived 'only on locusts salted and dried in smoke;' and of the Parthians he observes, that they were 'very fond of locusts;' and St Jerome notices the same taste among the Libyans. There can be little doubt that it was the animal and not the vegetable locust, which constituted the frugal fare of the Baptist, 'or, while the former is universally eaten on both sides of the Jordan, the latter is given only to cattle.

'Arise, take up thy bed, and go unto thine house.' (Matt. ix. 6.)—In Syria, Turkey, and Greece, we are informed by travellers that the bed, instead of being the heavy and cumbersome article it is with us, merely consists of one or two light coverlets, which might be thrown down in any corner for immediate use, and which it was easy for the owner to remove in his arms. This accounts for the command of our Saviour, which sometimes, to the young and unlearned, throws considerable obscurity on this passage.

'That which ye have spoken in the ear in closets shall be proclaimed upon the house-tops.' (Luke xii. 3.)—In the villages in the East, the houses are built of bricks dried in the sun; the roofs are composed of mud laid over branches of trees, supported on trunks of aspen. Each is furnished with a stone roller, and rolled after heavy rain; the falling in of a roof from wet is an event of ordinary occurrence. The houses are all of the same height, never exceeding one storey, and their tops, communicating with one another, form a favourite promenade, as well as a sleeping-place for the men in summer. A knowledge of these facts, and of the construction of Syrian dwellings, throws light on the narrative of the paralytic, whose friends uncovered and broke up the roof of a house to let down his bed before our Lord. It was not unusual to place a sick man's couch on the roof; to open a hole in it was a simple operation, and to repair the damage scarcely more difficult. The roofs of houses are even converted into thoroughfares; and mules frequently pass over the tops of the dwellings. The right to do this is so generally admitted at Safet, that an amusing anecdote is told of a native, who brought an action against a fellow-citizen, for breaking through the roof of his house, by conducting over it a mule very heavily laden; and was met by a counter-suit for the value of the beast, whose leg he had been the means of fracturing, by not making his roof of sufficient strength to sustain the weight of the animal. The custom of growing corn upon the flat-roofed houses also occasioned the sacred writers to speak of 'the grass which groweth upon the house-top,' which in dry seasons, on account of its insufficient rooting, 'withered before it was plucked up;' or, in other words, fit to harvest.

'If the salt loseth its savour.' (Luke xiv. 34.)—What was meant by salt losing its savour has puzzled many. There is found in Syria a peculiar kind of fossil or rock salt, which, in progress of time, by exposure to air and moisture, loses almost entirely its taste, except in the very centre of the lumps. This is probably a mixture of salts crystallised, sulphate of lime (gypsum), and common salt—the first, quite tasteless, and nearly insoluble in water, is consequently but little altered by exposure; but the common salt mixed with it readily dissolving away, its savour would be gone.

'The sheep hear his voice, and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out.' (John x. 3).—The flocks of sheep in Asia Minor are all led, not driven, by the shepherds. The sheep are perfectly acquainted with the voice of their pastor, whom they obey; and when the flocks are not too numerous, they have their distinctive names, and answer to them.

'Neither do men put new wine into old bottles.' (Matt. ix. 17).—Vessels used to hold water are sometimes the skins of calves, sheep, or goats, with the orifices carefully sewed up, while smaller utensils of the same material frequently attract the eye of the traveller, and explain this Scriptural allusion, unintelligible to a European. In the East, indeed, at every turn, the Christian student meets with illustrations of the inspired writings. The expressions, parallels, and imagery of the Bible are peculiarly adapted to this holy land; and Syria may be regarded as a local commentary on the sacred volume.

'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days.' (Eccles. xi. 1).—This was a plan literally followed in the East, by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood of the great rivers, which in the rainy season overflowed their banks; and it was customary, before the waters retired, to throw over them the seeds of maize, which had sprung up by the time the land appeared, and yielded fruit after many days.

'An ark of bulrushes daubed with slime and with pitch.' (Exod. ii. 3).—The *papyrus*, or paper-reed (*Cyperus papyrus* of Linnæus), is, in Scripture, the rush or bulrush. We find mention made of ships, boats, or canoes, composed of the papyrus, in the book of Job, in Isaiah, and in Exodus; in ancient writings, such are mentioned by Herodotus, Pliny, and Flutarch; in modern writers, by Bruce, and others. Pliny says (according to Bruce), that the whole plant together was used for making boats—a piece of the acacia-tree being put at the bottom to serve as a keel. The vessels that were formed of the papyrus, in the earliest times, as a means of navigating the Nile and the Red Sea, are still in use among the primitive inhabitants of Eastern Africa. The ark of the child Moses was a small vessel of this description.

'But all their works they do to be seen of men, they make broad their phylacteries, and enlarge the borders of their garments.' (Matt. xxiii. 5).—The phylacteries of the Jews were strips of parchment, with passages from the law written upon them. Sometimes they were scrolls, on which were inscribed the ten commandments. They were worn round the hem of the garment, fastened to the forehead or wrist, or sometimes pinned on the left sleeve. They were thus worn, that the laws of God might be continually before their eyes and in their remembrance; and the custom evidently originated in a pious desire to regard habitually the law, however it might have been abused by the hypocritical Pharisees. They complied with the command of Moses, in the 11th chapter of Deuteronomy—'Therefore shall ye lay up these my words in your hearts, and in your souls, and bind them for a sign upon your hand, that they may be as frontlets between your eyes.'—Customs similar to this were not confined to the Jews. Mohammedans are very careful to enforce the observance of their prophet's laws, and render them familiar to the people. Sentences from the Koran are profusely inscribed in the interior of their mosques, on their tombstones, and fountains; while the Moolas from the tops of the minarets and the doors of the mosques proclaim, in the deep bass voice and solemn accents of the Arabic tongue, that 'God is great and merciful, and Mohammed is his prophet.' The custom of the Jews' writing Scripture passages in their apartments, and on the 'door-posts of their houses,' has also descended to their more immediate successors. During the travels of the Rev. C. B. Elliott, in the East, he visited the Archbishop of Philadelphia, throughout whose palace he found inscriptions in Greek, containing such sentences as—'Know thyself,' 'Respect old age,' 'Honour thy parents.' The feeling of mankind to place before their own eyes, or the eyes of others, objects which may conduce to their instruction or improve-

ment, may be termed universal. The pious and moral sentences usually hung in our infant schools partake of this character; and as the design is to promote the cause of religion and virtue, we may hope, however humble the means, that it may be sanctified and blessed by the approval of the Most High.

WILD FLOWERS OF THE MONTHS AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS.—AUGUST.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

Hark! amid the 'shivery leaf sounds' of the forest comes a voice,
From the vale, and from the upland; and it saith: 'Rejoice! rejoice!
For the corn is ripe and heavy, full and golden is the ear,
'Tis the teeming time of plenty—festival of all the year.'

Lo, the crimson Poppy flushes all the landscape, where the grain
Seems a sea of gold, whose billows flash the sunbeams back again;
Russet husks in hazel copes cluster like to swarming bees,
And at night the broad moon shineth upon laden orchard trees!

Lo, the gadding vine is hanging ripening clusters in the sun,
And the thick-set bramble-berries their rich purple tinge have won;
And the hops with fragrant tassels deck the poles round which they climb;

Shout ye hills, and shout ye valleys, 'tis the bounteous harvest time!

Hark! again amid the leaf sounds of the forest comes a voice,
Sounding like a solemn dirge-note; yet it saith: 'Rejoice! rejoice!
But rejoice with fear and trembling, as ye think upon the day,
When the latter harvest cometh, and the earth shall pass away.'

Are ye ready for the reaper? are ye wheat, or are ye tares?
Can ye bear the awful flashing of the sickle that He bears?
Are ye meet for heavenly garner—full and heavy like the corn;
Or but idle weeds that unto everlasting flames are borne?

Lo, the land is covered over with Hawkweed and Marigold,
Flaunting gaily. Where will they be when the winter winds blow cold?

Where will they be!—where will ye be? if ye have no fruit to show:
Many lessons nature teaches; ponder on them as ye go!

Now commences what Keats poetically terms 'the season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,' and before the month is over, in the more southern parts of Europe, the corn, which lately rustled to every passing breeze, and glorified the landscape with its rich golden hue, will be cut down, and stacked or gathered into the barn, for the sustenance of man. Now is the time which Tennyson describes, when he speaks of

'Youngest autumn in a bower
Light-thicken'd from the grape, and blinded
With many a deep-hued bell-like flower
Of fragrant trailers; when the air
Sleepeth over all the heaven,
And the crag that fronts the ev'n
All along the shadowing shore,
Crimsons over an inland mere.'

Spencer describes August as

'Being rich arrayed
With garment all of gold down to the ground;'

and with great propriety, for the whole face of nature seems this month transmuted, as by some alchemical process, into the richest and most precious of all metals. The flowers are nearly all decked in a golden livery, and one of them—the Marigold—the *Soliesqua* (sun-follower), and *Solis sponsa* (spouse of the sun), as ancient writers have termed it, appears to have gazed upon the great luminary of day, and drunk in his aureate beams, until they have become part of its very existence;

'The Marigold that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping.'

as Shakespeare describes it, alluding to the action of light upon the flower, causing it to open and shut at regular periods of the day. The great bard also mentions it under another name, in one of the most beautiful of his lyrics:—

'Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins to rise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lie,
And winking *Marybuds* begin
To open their golden eyes.'

Marybuds—buds dedicated to the Virgin Mary—appears to have been a not uncommon term in the old Catholic times, when people were fond of associating the names of

their favourite saints with the flowers, and other natural objects around them. It was a good and commendable practice, and we should do well if, while discarding their errors and superstitions, we still retained this custom, and associated devotional thoughts of the great object of our adoration with all the outward manifestations of His wisdom and goodness, which we cannot fail to observe on every side of us—

'Oh, to what use shall we put
The wild weed-flower that simply blows?
And is there any moral shut
Within the bosom of the rose?'

asks Tennyson; and who shall doubt that there is a 'moral shut' within every flower, and bud, and folded leaf, and grassy blade, that grows—a moral and a meaning? for, as the same writer observes,

'Every man that walks the mead,
In bud, or blade, or bloom may find,
According as his humours lead,
A meaning suited to his mind.'

One of the best and greatest meanings which we can derive from these floral teachers, is that of faith and humble dependence upon divine bounty and protection. We observe that—

'All its allotted length of days
The flower ripens in its place—
Ripens, and tades, and falls, and with no toil,
Fast rooted in the fruitful soil,'

again to quote the poet of 'Locksley Hall,' with whom, however, we must not linger too long, or our readers will fancy we have got among his dreamy 'Lotus Eaters,' where—

'With half-dropt eyelids still,
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
They watch the long bright river drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hill,
And hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave, thro' the thick-twined vine,
And hear the emerald-coloured waters falling
Thro' many a woven Acanthus-wreath divine.'

We should like to place the graceful *Acanthus* leaf in our August wreath—for it is to be found, according to Dioscorides, at this period of the year—only that we think it best now to confine ourselves to plants which are indigenous to this country, hoping at another time to have a gossip with our readers about those which are of foreign origin, and are more especially alluded to by the old classical writers. Tennyson, in his description of 'youngest autumn,' speaks of 'fragrant trailers;' and one of these, the *Clematis*, is now in full flower, festooning the hedges in every direction. The poets have variously called it 'Traveller's Joy,' and 'Virgin's Bower,' and no description of a sylvan retreat, or a trysting-place for lovers, would be at all perfect without this elegant creeper. Look what a glorious bower Keats builds up for the moon-loved Endymion:—

'Above his head,
Four lily stalks did their white honours wed,
To make a coronal, and round him grew
All tendrils green, of every bloom and hue,
Together interwined and trammell'd fresh:
The vine of glossy sprout—the ivy mesh,
Shading its Ethop berries—and woodbine,
Of velvet leaves and buple blooms divine—
Convivulus in streaked vases flush
The creeper mellowing for an autumn blush—
And 'Virgin's bower' trailing airily,
With others of the asterhood.'

Including, of course, although he does not specifically mention it—

'The *Jessamine*, with which the queen of flowers,
To charm her god, adorns his favourite bowers;
Which brides, by the plain hand of neatness drest,
Unenvied rival! wear upon their breast;
Sweet as the incense of the morn, and chaste
As the pure zone which circles Dian's waist.'

The *Jessamine*, however, beautiful and fragrant though it be, and common as it has become amongst us, is not a plant on which we should here bestow much notice, perhaps, because it is undoubtedly of foreign origin—a native of the sunny Orient—Persia, Arabia, and the islands of the Eastern Archipelago being the countries in which it is principally known as a wild plant. It appears also to

be very generally found as such in many parts of the south of Europe, where it was probably introduced by some of the early Crusaders.

We have alluded, in our song of the month, to the *Hawkweed*, the blossoms of which—and there are several kinds, all yellow, yet varying greatly in their size and depth of tint—assist in giving that pervading 'golden' hue to the landscape by which this month is mainly characterised. The historical associations of the *Hawkweed*, into which Phillips enters somewhat fully, are to us not pleasing ones. It is true, we have visions conjured up of gallant cavalades issuing forth from the portcullised archway of the grim castle, and sweeping over the green sward, and beneath the stately trees of the forest, with the *ti-ra-la* of bugles, and shouts and merry laughter; we have forms of manly beauty and of female loveliness passing before us, amid the waving of plumes, and the sheen and rustle of silken attire, and the flashing of sunshine upon the silver bells of the hawks, which jingle with every movement—on the burnished bosses, and studs, and buckles, which adorn the caparisons of the stately steeds and ambling jennets—and on the jewelled clasps and ornaments of the rich dresses of the knights and ladies fair; making the whole a perfect picture of enchantment, a gorgeous and bewildering spectacle, which stirs the blood in one's veins, and quickens the pulses, and makes the heart leap like that of the child when he 'beholds a rainbow in the sky,' or any other sight that is beautiful and animating. But, alas! if we follow the joyous cavalcade to its place of destination—the banks of a shallow stream, wherein the grey willows dip their pensile branches, or the borders of a wood-encircled mere, or rushy pond, we shall see that which will dissipate all the pleasure which the gallant spectacle afforded:

Up from his still retreat the heron soars,
Aroused by dogs and shouting serving men,
And strives in vain to 'scape his swift-wing'd foe.
A strike—a swoop—a struggle brief—and then,
Prone on the earth, with blood-betabbed plumes,
The stately bird lies in death agonies;
While the fierce hawk upon a snowy hand
Exulting sits, careless by maidens fair
And gentle dames, who glory in his might,
And think it sport to see him strike to earth
The quiet haunter of the streams and lakes.

'The old tradition,' says Miss Pratt, 'that the hawk fed upon the *Hawkweed*, and led her young ones early to eat the plant, that by its juices they might gain acuteness of vision, was believed, some centuries since, not only in our land, but throughout Europe; for the popular name of this flower in France is *L'Eperrière*, and the Germans call it *Habichts kraut*.' For this reason, and also because the Greeks called it *Accipitrina*, Phillips presents the *Hawkweed* as an emblem of quicksightedness, and recommends it as a remedy to those whom Cupid has rendered blind. The Latin name of the plant is *Hieracium*. Like the *Marigold*, it is one of those which compose the 'Horologue of the Fields,' and is thus alluded to by Charlotte Smith—

'See *Hieracium*'s various tribe,
Of plummy seed and radiate flowers,
The course of time their blooms prescribe,
And wake or sleep appointed hours.'

Now are several kinds of *Camomile* in blossom. Most of these resemble the ox-eye daisy in appearance, having yellow discs with white rays, but one or two kinds are wholly yellow, or rather a pale straw colour. Such is the *Anthemis nobilis*, that commonly used for medicinal purposes. There is an old English proverb, which says, 'Camomile the oftener it is trodden upon the faster it grows;' and this faith is still held to be orthodox in the rural districts of our land. Whether, with the old pastoral poet William Browne, the country people believe the plant to be nutritious to the finny tribes, we cannot say. Speaking of the river nymphs, he tells us that—

'Another from the banks (in mere good will)
Brought nutriment for fish, the *Camomile*.'

There is another plant now blossoming, which ought to be a favourite with the poets and scholastic men, if it were only on account of its name—*Grass of Parnassus*! It has,

however, something more than this to recommend it—grace and elegance. Bishop Mant says—

'Parnassian Grass, with chalcid bloom,
And globes nectarious, like the earl's
Rich coronet, beset with pearls.'

In the south of Britain this is rather a rare plant, but in Scotland it is more common. This flower, too, is of the prevailing hue, yellow, though somewhat inclining to white, as is also the more deeply and brightly-tinted Elecampune, that favourite old remedy for many of 'the ills which flesh is heir to'—one of the largest and handsomest of British wild-flowers, the downy stem frequently growing to the height of six feet, and bearing a profusion of bright golden stars. Of a totally different hue is the fragile little Flax-flower, 'as blue as is the sky,' as Mary Howitt tells us, who celebrates its praises in a poem of half a dozen dancing stanzas, of which we give the concluding one:—

'Oh, the goodly Flax-flower,
It groweth on the hill,
And be the breeze awake or sleep,
It never standeth still!
It seemeth all astrife with life,
As if it loved to thrive;
As if it had a merry heart
Within its stem alive!
Then fair befall the flax-field,
And may the kindly showers,
Give strength unto its shining stem,
Give seed unto its flowers.'

This is one of those plants, in the praise of which the mere utilitarian, who is constantly turning away from the beauties and wonders of nature with the contemptuous expression '*cui bono?*' may well join with us. 'We are under so many obligations to Flax,' says the compiler of the '*Language of Flowers*,' 'that we cannot open our eyes without being sensible of them. We are indebted to it for linen, cloth, paper, and lace.' Then there is the wild Mignonette, or Dyer's weed, as it is popularly called, pushing up its spike of pale yellow flowers amid the nettles and long grasses of every hedgerow; and on the river's brink may be seen the tall Hemp Agrimmy, with its flesh-coloured clusters of blossoms, close by where the Reed Mace, or Cat's tail, gives its long streamer-like catkins, and grey green leaves to the wind. If you go to the marsh lands you will most likely find the Sea Southernwood putting forth its blossoms of a verdant tint, and the little glossy Sandworts, with their white flowers; and the Seaside Convolvulus, with its rose-coloured bells; and Thrift, or Sea Pink, giving a delicate flush to the face of the marsh; and the Horned Poppy, strewing its frail yellow petals upon every gale; and this reminds us that we have yet omitted to make particular mention of that most conspicuous feature of an August landscape, the Scarlet Poppy of the cornfield and the wayside:—

I wander'd forth one August morn,
When skylarks trilled their matin tune,
Beside a field of waving corn,
With Scarlet Poppies thickly strewn;
Where'er from out the fruitful ground
The bending stalks most thickly sprung,
There did the Poppies most abound.
And there their flaunting streamers hung:
I liken'd them, those Poppies red,
To *Pride*. My reason for't was this—
Pride e'er is gaily raiment
And groweth most where plenty is.

Perhaps our readers will be satisfied with this conceit of our own, rather than impose upon us the heavy—we should say sleepy—task of culling a quotation or two from the immense mass of allusions and similes with which the poets, ancient and modern, but especially the former, have honoured the somniforous family of plants, to which the common Scarlet Poppy, and several other kinds known to us, belong. Ceres and the god of sleep both claim the Poppy as their peculiar flower, according to Hesiod, Virgil, and other Greek and Latin poets; and we opine that the 'sons of the soil,' as Mrs Ellis calls them, of our day, would not *much* care if they had taken it altogether to themselves, for, beautiful an object as it is, giving a rich crimson flush to the wide waving expanse of golden corn,

are men who look rather to the *utile* than to the *dulce*, which in this case cannot exactly be combined. But we have now reached the limits of our monthly gossip, and must leave unnoticed many plants which are still in blossom. As the most important of them, however, will still be so in September, we shall have another opportunity of alluding to them. A few more descriptive lines, then, and we have done for the present:

Lo! what a wealth of golden lustre fills
The valleys, standing thick with bending corn;
With undulating motion o'er the hills.
Wing'd Thistle seeds upon the breeze are borne;
The scarlet Pimpernel creeps here and there,
Amid the corn the crimson Poppies blush,
Still on the brooks gleam Water-lilies rare;
Mid purple Loosestrife and the flowering Rush;
Still Honeysuckle blooms perfume the gale
And Bryony wreaths adorn the hedgerows green,
Where peeps the Scabious and the Campion pale
The trumpet-like Convolvul between:
The blue Campanula, the Chicory wild,
With yellow Toad-flax variegate the plain;
With eye, with ear, with every sense beguiled,
We look upon the fields of ripening grain,
And on the azure canopy above,
And on the leafy woods so richly dight,
Our lips o'erflow with praise, our hearts with love,
To God, who giveth all this plenty and delight.

SHORT ETYMOLOGICAL NOTICES OF THE TOPOGRAPHY OF ENGLAND.

ALNWICK, latinised by Buchanan *Alnevicus*, and commonly pronounced *Annick*, has its name, as our readers will now readily perceive from our definition of *wick* in our previous article, from being situated on a bend of the little river *Alne*. Though *Alnwick* is the county-town of Northumberland, it is a place of very little importance. Its princely castle, the family mansion of the Percies, is its principal attraction.

Warkworth is situated at the mouth of the Coquet, which crosses the centre of the county. It has its name from old English *wark*, i.e. *work*, and Saxon *worth*, i.e. a farm-court, a rural habitation, a village, a town. *Warkworth*, then, indicates the *town* at or near the *work*. The *work*, to which the name alludes, is its ancient castle and celebrated hermitage in the vicinity. This latter consisted of a chapel and a cell, which were both hewn out, by dint of indefatigable labour, from the solid rock, and had neither beam, rafter, nor any piece of timber. The altar was also hewn from the same rock. In the chapel the *hermit* conducted his devotions; in the cell he lived.—N.B. Our ancestors were wont to denominate any stupendous structure, on which had been expended more than ordinary pains and time, '*the wark*,' by way of pre-eminence. It is thus that that noble educational edifice Heriot's Hospital still popularly goes in Edinburgh by the name of '*Heriot's Wark*.' Thus, also, in this same county of Northumberland, the strongest border-fortress, which the English built to check the incursions of the Scots, situated on the Tweed a mile above Coldstream, was for the same reason styled '*Werk Castle*.' It is now in ruins; but even they testify, like the giant's disjointed members, to the propriety of the name. In like manner, the borough of Southwark, in Surrey, commonly reckoned a suburb of London, derives its name from its vast business, and the *magnitude of its works* of various descriptions, among which may be particularised her prodigious porter-breweries. *Tilbury fort*, in Essex, opposite Gravesend, is a striking synonyme. This fort being the principal protection of the Thames, the fortifications and stores are consequently on a large scale. It signifies the fort which cost *great labour*, or *toil*, from Anglo-Saxon *tilian*, to labour, to toil, to till.

Morpeth is pleasantly situated on a river, which rejoices in two names—*Wansbeck*, alias *Cammas-water*. It gives the title of Lord Morpeth to the eldest son of the Earl of Carlisle. It signifies the *path* of or into the *moor* or *moors*; for not far in a westerly direction from this town begins the dreary tract, appropriately called the '*Waste Grounds*,' which the homeward-bound almost invariably

desert district is also called *Readsdale*, from the river *Read* intersecting it.

North Shields is most commodiously situated just within the mouth, as it were, of the Tyne, on the Northumberland side, whence its epithet *North* in contradistinction to *South Shields*, on the opposite side, in Durham county, standing in exactly the same relation to it that *Norfolk* does to *Suffolk*. It may be remarked, that *North Shields* is to Newcastle what Gravesend is to London, for it is here that the coal-vessels of large draught take in their ladings. The coal is carried down the river from the collieries in *keels*, or lighters. Hence the men employed in this laborious task are technically denominated *keelers* or *keel-men*. A rough, undisciplined, and boisterous race they are, to be sure; yet, like their own 'black diamond,' they are of more worth and value than many a more sparkling jewel; for they and their hardy brethren, who—

'In sable squadrons o'er the northern main,
With bleak *Northumbria's* entrails stored, resort,
A sooty tribe, to fair *Augusta's* port.'*

constitute the great perennial and prolific nursery whence the British navy is manned and recruited; and their trade, whilst it is directly a source of vast opulence to Newcastle and vicinity, is indirectly the best preparatory prelude to that gallant service, on whose efficiency England's fame, prosperity, and safety from foreign foes, rest.

Shields, or *Shiels*, signifies properly any temporary erection of boards, branches, turf, or other chance materials, to afford present protection or *shelter*, a hut. It is exactly synonymous with Latin *tugurium*, from *lut. tego*, to cover. The diminutive form is *shieling*, a little covering. The root of the term is Anglo-Saxon *seal*, i.e. the bark of a tree, rind, *skull*, *shell*, because a *shieling* just *shelters* its inmates from the inclemency of the weather, as a *shell* the yolk of the egg, or the rind the kernel within. In Scotland we have terms still in common use, that well illustrate this fact, viz., grain, which has been freed from the husks or *shells*, is called '*shielins*;' the husks themselves are called '*shielin-seeds*;' and before the introduction of *artificial*, or 'devil's' wind, as that created by the fanners was branded by our superstitious ancestors, the *shieling-hill* or *knowe* on which it was customary, on a breezy day, to separate (dight) the chaff from the corn by the *natural* element, formed an indispensable adjunct to every farmer's steading. And here, lest any of our readers should be disposed to marvel that, in order to elucidate more graphically and truthfully the topography of *England*, we should often have recourse for illustration to the living language of *Scotland*, it seems proper to remark, that, as at the Saxon invasion, many of the Britons, so at the Norman conquest many of the Saxons fled into Scotland, where the language was better preserved than in the mother country, where it was the scope and policy of the conqueror to extirpate the speech, as well as to cancel the liberties and laws of his new subjects. Hence it is that Gavin Douglas's translation of Virgil is the most standard monument of Old *English* in existence; not that it can be held perfectly pure and genuine, but because it is least adulterated by Normanisms. The history of *North* and *South Shields* is abundantly corroborative of the etymon which we have given. Their names appear only on maps and charts of a recent date.

* The Shipwreck. Canto I. *Augusta*, the Roman and poetical name of *London*.

When we first visited them, Virgil's graphic lines, descriptive of young Carthage, flashed on our minds, as literally applicable to the dense swarms, the fervid bustle, and the exhilarating din of the keelers, sailors, carpenters, and other artificers, engaged in the shipping business of those now throng towns, originally but scrambling villages, or collections of fishermen's *sheds*, huddled promiscuously together:

'Miratur molem Aeneas, magalia quondam
Miratur portus, strepitumque, et strata viarum.'

'The prince, with wonder, sees the stately towers
(Which late were huts, and fishers' homely bowers),
The ports, and streets; and hears from every part,
The noise and busy concourse of the mart.'—Dryden.

THE LOVE OF NATURE CHERISHED BY ENLIGHTENED PIETY.

THERE is frequent reference in the Bible to the works of nature, such as would indicate a common origin. The various writers extol their beauty, and dwell with intelligent emotion on their sublimity. Some trace their origin to the great first cause—the Self-Existent One; others sing of their entire dependence on his power. All see the character of God manifested in his works, and thence draw food for meditation and motives for praise. In those times the most intelligent and devout of the people held communion with Him in his works as well as in his word. The prophets seem to have been deeply imbued with this spirit. We can scarcely conceive of such descriptions of natural scenery as are scattered over their writings flowing from their pens, dipped though they were in inspiration, without their hearts being now touched by their chaste beauty, and then moved by their bold magnificence. David is an illustrious example. Take the book of Psalms and analyse it, and you will be astonished at the frequency with which reference is made to the works of nature. But this is always done with devout feeling, and yields, as it is intended to do, glory to the great Creator. Take we the 104th psalm; and what is the scene therein presented to us? That of the man according to 'God's own heart' breathing forth the praises of his pious soul to the God of nature, in the loftiest strains that ever flowed from mortal lips. David seems to have been standing on 'woody Carmel.' Perhaps it was evening, and all nature glowed with the mellow tint of the setting sun. His eye rested on a scene of indescribable beauty and grandeur, his ears drunk in the richest music, his senses were regaled by the sweetest fragrance. From the base of the hill on which he stood, for many miles to the east, stretched the valley Megiddon, rich in pasture and fields of grain. In the distance rose the Mount Tabor, and the snowy peaks of the greater Hermon; far to the north he might descry the mountains of Lebanon; southwards, his eye ranged over the mountains of Samaria; while to the west rolled, farther than the eye could pierce, the blue waves of the great sea. It was when he had gone over the magnificent panorama—his imagination excited to the highest pitch, and his heart overflowing with devout adoration—that he gave utterance to these remarkable words, 'O, Lord! how manifold are thy works, in wisdom thou hast made them all; the earth is full of thy riches, so is this great and wide sea!'—*Wight's Mosaic Creation and Geo-*



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